

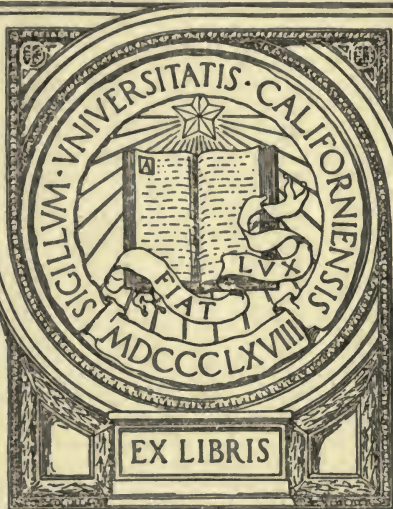


THE FALSE STAR

By A. D. GASH

LOUIS HOLZER
74 W. 96th St., N. Y. C.

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THE FLAG OF TRUCE AT MOUNTAIN MEADOW.

THE FALSE STAR

A TALE OF THE OCCIDENT

BY A. D. DASH

"There's no glory like his who leaves his country."
Talbot to Anne, Mary

W. B. LITTLE, STERILY

1888



THE TRAIL OF THE CHILD OF THE MOUNTAINS

THE FALSE STAR

A TALE OF THE OCCIDENT

BY A. D. GASH

"There's no glory like his who saves his country."
Tennyson—Queen, Mary.

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TO
MY WIFE AND MY COUNTRY

This volume is dedicated.

“He that has light within his own clear breast
May sit i' th' center and enjoy bright day;
But he that hides a dark soul and foul thoughts
Benighted walks under the midday sun.”

Milton—Paradise Lost.

THE FALSE STAR.

A TALE OF THE OCCIDENT.

CHAPTER I.

The land of Utah consists of fertile valleys, high mountains, deserts, and plains which abound in rushing streams, beautiful canons and lakes. Chief among these lakes is Great Salt Lake, or the Dead Sea of America; its elevation is 4,200 feet above the level of the sea, and it is twenty-two per cent. salt.

Fifteen miles southeast of the lake, near the foot hills of the Wasatch range of the Rocky Mountains, lies the great city of "Zion," or Salt Lake City.

Utah valley lies thirty miles south of this city. It is a valley about sixty miles in length by about twenty-five in width. A beautiful fresh water lake, twelve by thirty-five miles, stretches along and lies close to the western mountains, which rise rather abruptly from the water's edge until they gain an elevation of from one to two thousand feet above the surface of the lake, which is two hundred feet in turn above that of Great Salt Lake.

The country forming the valley, on the east, north and south of the lake, is of rich, fertile

soil, the productive qualities of which almost equal that of the Euphrates or the Nile. The Jordan river flows from this lake, Utah, into Great Salt Lake.

Not many years since, the lands of this, and all other valleys in Utah, were covered with sage brush and were the haunt or rendezvous of wild animals, such as the jack-rabbit, wolf, deer, bear, mountain lion, and many other kinds, all of which have mostly been killed out or have fled to the adjacent hills, and are seldom seen in the valleys, except in very cold winter weather when the snow lies deep in the mountains.

The population of Utah valley is about twenty-eight thousand. The sage brush has given away, under the hand of industry, to wheat, corn, lucern, and most all other kinds of products known to the north temperate climate, and the soil is specially adapted to fruit growing.

The fields and orchards are watered during the summer season by a splendid system of irrigation. The water is taken from the streams that flow from the Wasatch range which bounds the valley on the east, rising in many instances very abruptly from the valley to an elevation of twelve thousand feet above the level of the sea.

The largest of these streams is Provo, or Timpanogos river, which has its source near the summit of the hills eighty miles east of Utah Lake, into which it empties. It receives its supply of water from a vast number of springs and from

the heavy fall of snow which never entirely leaves some of the highest peaks.

The flow of this stream is very rapid. On its way it passes through Provo valley, a circular valley of springs, hot-pots and verdant fields. These hot-pots are deep holes in the earth, from three to forty feet in diameter, whence hot lime water, clear as crystal, has boiled up for ages, pouring over the sides of these pots and flowing away. The sediment of lime in the water has formed solid stone walls around these holes which have piled up until they have the appearance of large vases, or pots. (Hence the name.) In some instances they are a hundred feet in height, and are fathomless. A stone thrown into one can be seen several seconds as it sinks; and long after it passes from view, it can be heard striking against the sides of the walls. For miles around these pots, a vehicle passing over the ground sounds as if it were running over a bridge.

From this valley the river enters the canon two miles below Charlestown, a small town at the west; and, for twenty miles, it dashes from rock to rock so rapidly at times that it is lashed into a white foam. Onward it passes into a deep cavern. It now assumes a tint of green—still so clear that one can gaze far into its crystal depths. Four small tributaries flow into this river on its way through the canon. One of these tributaries comes from far above, leaping down a perpendicular precipice two thousand feet

to the river. It has been appropriately named "Bridal Veil Falls," as the last five hundred feet of its descent has the appearance of a white veil.

On each side of this canon are towering peaks pointing heavenward as if trying to get nearer the presence of the Great Creator. Niagara's falling waters are sublimely grand, and to see them, one is struck with the idea that he has beheld the most magnificent scenery of all the world; here you have not only restless, dashing waters, but crags, cliffs, peaks and domes of every description. To wander up and down this canon on a bright summer morn at sunrise, and behold his first rays kiss the topmost peaks is a scene sublime; or to angle for the mountain trout in the bright and sparkling stream in the midst of these scenes is a pastime fit for the Goddess Clio to record. The mountain breeze, the rippling water, the magpie's chatter, the songs of the birds, the sight of an American eagle, as he soars high above all, lift the mind of man to the highest degree of imagination.

As we pass the mouth of the canon, we hear the hum of industry, the cackle and crowing of domestic fowls, the lowing of cattle; these with a panoramic view of the whole of Utah valley below, inspires one with the thought that here man should live freest from crime; yet, this was once the scene on which plots were laid and crimes committed that were as black and fiendish as were ever instigated by man—planned and

committed in the name of God and the Lowly Nazarene.

Provo City (known as the Garden City) is the metropolis of Utah valley and the seat of the county of Utah. It is located on the Timpanogos, on the east side of the valley, five miles from the mouth of the canon, and forty-eight miles south of Salt Lake City. Provo and the surrounding settlements of the valley have contributed their share to those awful plots and crimes.

During the years of 1856-7-8 and 9, a reign of terror prevailed throughout the territory: Murder after murder followed in rapid succession—murder coupled with other crimes of so shocking a nature that the blood creeps and thrills, as the soul of man shrinks with horror at the thoughts thereof. In the midst of it all the leaders of the church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, from the Prophet Brigham Young down, endorsed the same from the pulpit. The following is an extract from a sermon preached by him in the tabernacle at Salt Lake City on the 8th day of February, 1857, which is a fair specimen, to-wit:—

“All mankind love themselves; and let these principles be known by an individual and he would be glad to have his blood shed. This would be loving ourselves even unto an eternal exaltation. Will you love your brothers or sisters likewise, when they have a sin that cannot be atoned for without the shedding of their blood? Will

you love that man or woman well enough to shed their blood? That is what Jesus Christ meant. He never told a man or woman to love their enemies in their wickedness, never. He never meant any such thing; His language is left as it is for those to read who have the spirit to discern between truth and error; it was so left for those who can discern the things of God. Jesus Christ never meant that we should love a wicked man in his wickedness.

“I could refer you to plenty of instances where men have been righteously slain in order to atone for their sins. I have seen scores and hundreds of people for whom there would have been a chance (in the last resurrection there will be), if their lives had been taken and their blood spilled on the ground as a smoking incense to the Almighty, but who are now angels to the devil, until our elder brother, Jesus Christ, raises them up, and conquers death, hell and the grave.

“I have known a great many men who have left this church for whom there is no chance whatever for exaltation, but if their blood had been spilled it would have been better for them.

“The wickedness and ignorance of the nations forbid this principle being in full force, but the time will come when the law of God will be in full force. This is loving our neighbor as ourselves; if he needs help, help him; if he wants salvation and it is necessary to spill his blood on the earth in order that he may be saved, spill it.

“Any of you who understand the principles of eternity, if you have sinned a sin requiring the shedding of blood, except the sin unto death, should not be satisfied or rest until your blood should be spilled, that you might gain that salvation you desire. That is the way to love mankind. . . . Light and darkness cannot dwell together, so it is with the kingdom of God.

“Now, brethren and sisters, will you live your religion? How many hundreds of times have I asked that question? Will the Latter Day Saints live their religion?”*

Think of such unholy deductions being drawn from the blessed words of Jesus when he said, “Love thy neighbor as thyself.”

Under such teachings as these, two hundred and seven persons were murdered, for which the Latter Day Saints are responsible. These unfortunate people were murdered in cold blood, because most of them were never followers of their faith; while others refused to accept and practice some of their infamous doctrines and had grown cold in the faith.

In the autumn following this sermon, a company of wealthy emigrants from Missouri and Arkansas, numbering one hundred and forty-nine, reached Salt Lake City bound for California. They were followed from that city by an ever-increasing band of bloodthirsty, thieving Danites, to the southwest part of the territory, to a

* “Journal of Discourses,” Vol. IV, pp. 219, 220.

place known as Mountain Meadow; there a hundred and thirty-two were massacred; seventeen small children, too young to remember the awful scene, were spared. Sixteen of the children were subsequently recovered by their friends and sent back to the states. One child, however, a little girl, was reported as a little boy; but no trace of her, at this time, could be found.

Howard Allison and his wife resided at Logan, Utah. About this time they adopted a very beautiful little girl into their family, supposing her to be the child of one, Phillip Klingensmith. They shortly afterward moved to Provo City, where the secret of her adoption was not known, even by their most intimate friends, for years afterward.

Shortly after this family located in the Garden City, the government troops of the United States came into the territory, commanded by Gen. Albert Sydney Johnston. They passed through Salt Lake City, camped on the west bank of the river Jordan. They then marched south forty miles to a place which they entitled "Camp Floyd;" there they established a permanent post. This camp is located in Cedar valley, twenty-five miles due west of the Garden City, and in a direct line across the lake and the first low range of mountains.

On June 1, 1860, Vernon Stanton standing in a small adobe building, in this camp, uttered these words to his brethren who had just organized the

first Masonic lodge ever established within the bounds of Utah, to wit:—

“Veiled in purity, wrapt in holiness and blest by Heavenly power, is virtue; steeped in sin, laid in iniquity and loved by the blackest fiends of hell, is lewdness.”

He paused for a few moments then said further:

“I have traveled from ocean to ocean, and been in all the countries of Europe; but here, in Utah, I see more lewdness, according to the population, than any place I have ever been. Truly the Scriptures say, ‘By their fruits ye shall know them.’ ”

Mr. Stanton had spent all his life, until about three years prior to this date, at Rochester, N. Y. He was a man of sterling qualities, highly educated, and fine business judgment, honest, upright and just in every respect. Although but twenty-six years of age, his experience in the world had been greater than many who were much older.

At the age of twenty-two he married a young lady of that city. Their devotion to each other was of the truest type. She was a highly accomplished lady, and devoted much of her time and attention to religious work. Her happy days were brief, as she was stricken with pneumonia fever one year from the date of their marriage, and three days later she lay in their beautiful, and once happy home, a corpse.

The heart of the strong man was almost crushed,

and for a time his friends feared he would lose his reason. His physician advised a trip abroad. He traveled all through Europe and parts of Asia during the next two years, then returned home. He was an expert chemist and mineralogist, and, soon after his return to his native city was employed by a rich mining syndicate to inspect the mining regions of Colorado, Utah and Nevada. He was at this time inspecting the resources of the mineral belt which lay in the mountains west of the camp.

On his way to Camp Floyd, he stopped a short time at the Garden City, and boarded with the Allison family. They were truly devoted Saints, with enough liberality however to treat even a non-Mormon (who are termed Gentiles) with due respect and courtesy, even if it displeased the leaders of the church to some extent. They were above the average Mormon, intellectually and morally; but followed the instructions of the church authorities in most things, both spiritual and temporal, with a blind, fanatic faith.

The pride of the household were the two children—Lola, a little girl of six, and Willy, a baby of three. Near the Allison home lived Sylvester Waltham and his wife and their only child, Adrian, a son ten years of age. This family were devoted Saints, as were the Allisons, but each was opposed to the practice of polygamy. This opposition was the primary cause of many trials and hardships, which they afterward endured.

These people were all so kind to Mr. Stanton that he became their true friend, and often endeavored, in his kind and gentlemanly way, to show them the error of their faith.

When business called him to the Garden City, ever after this first visit, he made his home with the Allison family, and soon became very much attached to the Allison children and their young friend, Adrian Waltham. Adrian Waltham and Lola Allison were constant playmates. Lola was a pretty little girl, with golden hair, bright blue eyes, and a faultless complexion. Adrian was a well-formed boy, having dark brown eyes, dark hair, and a noble, intelligent face.

Mr. Stanton noted their play, how kind and gentle they were to each other, and the attachment of pure friendship which existed between the two. He often admired the beautiful picture presented by the children walking hand in hand under the blooming boughs of the fragrant locust.

"Mrs. Allison," said Mr. Stanton one day as the children were playing on the lawn, "it seems to me that Adrian and Lola were designed by nature to be companions for life."

She glanced fondly at the children as she said, "I have never thought of that; but we certainly think Adrian a noble little fellow."

Mr. Stanton noted many other things while stopping at this place. He met many officers and members of the church, and observed that these churchmen were forever exacting money as tith-

ings from these people for the church ; and, being a man of keen perceptions, he discovered that this money, in many instances, never reached the till of the church ; but, on the contrary, found its way into private purses. He further observed the fact that these dignitaries were constantly advising Messrs. Allison and Waltham to go into polygamy. Their chief argument used was, "You are well fixed and can afford it, therefore you ought to obey the will of God." The men stoutly refused to enter the relation ; but the stronger they refused, the oftener the bishops demanded cash.

One of the principal bishops to give this advice and make these collections was Bishop Myron Blatherskite. This model bishop boasted that he had a dozen wives and seventy-eight children, living under one great roof, adding, with pride, "I have the most charming harem in all the church diggins."

Bishop Blatherskite was a very heavy set individual ; large in the middle,—almost as wide and thick as he was long. He had a round, fat, greasy face. He never shaved, but allowed his beard to grow natural, sometimes attaining the length of an inch on the face, and growing in irregular patches—growing more luxuriantly, however, from the point of the chin to the collar. He carried a snuff box, and, on all occasions, would take a pinch of snuff up each large nostril, keeping them constantly grimy. He wore a

broad-rimmed hat, with grease showing through the band, a short sack coat, loose fitting pants much bagged at the knees, and his shirt and vest being always crushed and untidy.

He went about his arduous duties in a one horse cart, his hat tied under the chin with dainty black ribbons. He imagined himself a politico-ecclesiastic authority. Besides, being a bishop all the time, he had filled the position of town alderman, and was now county selectman. He advocated strict economy in all things except tithings to the church and his favorite wife's wardrobe.

In his sermons, as well as his street talk, he said—"There should be the strictest economy in all things except the salaries of church officers. The city, county, territory and nation, through their officers, should accept all kinds of farm products in payment of taxes, such as pumpkins, squashes, wheat, lucern, cow hides, pigs and poultry, in order to help the farmer out."

His legal wife, Rhoda, was a good, honest, modest woman who had always been opposed to the plurality. She had married him in obedience to the wishes of her parents, and on the solemn promise that he would never enter into that relation; but he had broken this vow on eleven different occasions, each time renewing the promise, by saying, "My dear Rhoda, this shall be the last."

The twelfth wife was a terror, and ruled su-

premely over the harem. Her name was Zina, and the bishop greatly admired her gaudy taste, her bold, overbearing and domineering disposition, and entitled her, Zina, "The Divine."

Zina was thought to be a charming woman by many of her friends. She had a very pretty complexion, and an abundance of dark, glossy hair, and piercing black eyes; but her features and general bearings truly indicated her character—sensuality. She kept the whole family of ninety-one souls in constant turmoil. She had learned that she was quite a favorite with the hierarchy, because of her smart sayings in favor of polygamy and against monogamy. She was very much in evidence on all occasions and declared frequently, "I can get up more beneficiary balls in the ward meeting houses, to raise money for our dear missionaries, than any other member of the church; and I can, also, dance longer and oftener than any of the women or girls, which is acknowledged by everybody, to be the greatest accomplishment a lady can have."

When Vernon Stanton first saw a crowd of people dancing in a house which they claimed was dedicated as a house of worship, he was shocked beyond expression. How men could conduct themselves thus in a house of worship, and blaspheme the name of God in every conceivable way, yet claim that they had the only religion, was a puzzling question to a man of his high sensibilities and moral worth. He had heard many of

the church dignitaries, both men and women, take the name of God in vain, with as much zest as if they were the roughest "cow-boy." He had further learned, on good authority, that Zina Blatherskite and many other leading female Saints, believed in and practiced the plurality of husbands, yet boasted of virtue. He had heard many of them say, "The only hell in the future life will be for those who commit the unpardonable sin (apostatizing from the Mormon church), and that hell will be a total incapacity to satisfy the sensual desires!" These, with many other circumstances, bordering on the same lines, caused him to make the strong expression, at Camp Floyd, on the date mentioned.

CHAPTER II.

Some time later, while yet pursuing his labors in Utah, Mr. Stanton was requested, by a New York publishing company, to write a series of articles on Utah, its people, their customs, and religion. He complied, and the letters appearing in this and the subsequent chapter are taken from the series contributed, which are applicable down to the present time.

CAMP FLOYD, UTAH, September 10, 1860.

To————, Editor New York ———.

As explained in a former communication, Utah was settled by the Mormons, or, as they entitle themselves, "the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints." The church was founded by Joseph Smith. The Saints look upon him as having been the greatest prophet who ever lived. They believe him, and his mission in the world, to have been divine—little, if any, below that of Christ; yet, he was one of the vilest impostors who ever disgraced the world, a fanatic and a profligate. He posed as a superior being, and his followers verily believe such to have been the case. He said of himself, "I am learned and know more than all the world put together."* This ridiculous expression demonstrates plainly his lack of intellect and his egotistical disposition.

The book of Mormon he claimed to have translated from brass plates which were delivered to him by a personage, whom he termed the "Angel Maroni;" when, as a matter of fact, it was written

* 6 Jour. of Disc., 5.

as an historical romance, by one Solomon Spaulding, the manuscript afterward falling into the hands of Sidney Rigdon, an unscrupulous, but educated bigot who gave the same to Joseph.

Smith's whole life was one continual violation of state, moral and divine laws, as all true history records. His followers delight to speak of him as having once been a candidate for the presidency of the United States. If such was the case, history has failed to record it. His picture, dressed in Napoleon tights, claw-hammer coat, uniformed as a general, sword raised high in hand and pointing heavenward, entitled, "Lieutenant-General Joseph Smith Silencing the Mob," adorns the home of all good Latter Day Saints.

He was general of the Nauvoo legion, mayor of the city, president, prophet, seer and revelator of the church, and at the head of all business organizations of the Saints at the same time. He affected to believe that he was destined to rule the United States, and, perhaps, the world; and his followers still maintain that their power to rule will yet extend round the globe and they bind their adherents, by the most solemn vows, to work to this end.

They teach that Adam is the God of the people of this world, and that God and Christ were and are polygamists. They teach that exaltation in heaven is in proportion to the number of wives and children they have in this life.

They believe in the pre-existence of the soul, in marriage for time and eternity, and, also, in being sealed to the dead. Through this system, neither man nor woman is free from being sealed to some Saint for eternity; how revolting is the thought that the Empress Josephine, the beloved Martha Washington, or some member of our own

household might be sealed to some good Saint to be his wives for eternity.

They believe in baptism for the dead, and, by this means can bring many souls even after death into their church. They claim to have been baptised for all the famous men and women of this or any other country, who have passed into eternity, and that they are now workers and believers in their faith.

They believe in a continuous revelation from on high, coming through the leaders of their church, the president being the chief prophet, seer and revelator. It matters not what subject he may have a revelation about, whether it be of the silliest nature or otherwise, the Saints grab at it and know it is true at once; neither does it matter how much the new one contradicts a former, still the dignitaries have sufficient grasp on the brethren to make them accept it and say, "It is exactly in harmony with every thing that has gone before." Any member of the priesthood is liable to have a revelation, at any moment; but those of the head leaders are all that is followed to any great extent. Everything, both spiritual and temporal, is controlled by these revelations.

I know of an instance, when the dignitaries of the church held an important meeting in reference to matters of the church, and before eleven o'clock at night, all of them were drunk except the man who carried the whisky. A revelation claimed to have been received by one of these drunkards, while in this condition, would have been believed and followed by the faithful to the minutest detail, and each of them would not only have believed it, but would have said they knew it was true.

Poor and benighted, indeed, is he who, if he be

a just man, believes that some other man stands closer to the living God than himself. This belief has been the cause of more misery to the human family than all things else. God is a true, a just, a merciful, and an all-wise being; infinite in wisdom, in love, and all things good, and wholly impartial. Narrow and cramped must be the mind of him who believes that God is a respecter of persons. "There is one God, and one mediator between God and man, the man Christ Jesus; who gave himself a ransom for all, to be testified in due time." The sunlight, the air, the earth, and all the laws of nature, repel the idea that He is in any degree partial.

The hierarchy of the church is composed of the president and two counselors who constitute the first presidency; next the patriarch, the twelve apostles, presidents of seventies, presidents of stakes, bishops, ward teachers, block teachers, elders and deacons and their respective counselors. These various officers together with their counselors constitute the holy priesthood. They have the whole world divided into districts, which they call stakes of Zion, Salt Lake county being the center stake; each officer having his respective sphere and jurisdiction in these various stakes and wards; and those above presidents of seventies have general jurisdiction in all matters pertaining to the church powers, which finally becomes absolute in the prophet, seer and revelator.

I will discuss the customs and general characteristics of the people more in detail in my next.

Respectfully, VERNON STANTON.

CHAPTER III.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, October 15, 1860.

To————, Editor New York——.

Since contributing my last article I have had an opportunity of learning more of the customs of the people of Utah.

There are many of the Latter Day Saints who are generous, honest and liberal, if their ecclesiastical masters would allow them to be so. The better element seems not to have that invisible, unbreakable chain attached to a ring in their noses; but the great majority are so obedient that the leaders have only to say "kneel," and they kneel—"bob up serenely," and they bob. This better element would like to act free in all matters; but the stream cannot rise higher than its source—the priesthood. Occasionally a member attempts to rise far above this source but the invisible power of the priesthood forces him back to his cringing, fawning serfdom or undermines him and wrecks him financially.

According to the established doctrines, coming down from the days of the Prophet Joseph, it is right to lie to a Gentile, if, by so doing, the church is benefited by gaining converts, or by shielding its members from criminal prosecutions. Upon this point the Prophet said, when speaking of those Saints who were charged with horse stealing and othe like crimes at Nauvoo, Illinois, "At this time the truth on the guilty should not be told openly; strange as this may seem, yet this is policy."*

*19 Mil. Star, 454.

Heber C. Kimble, first counselor to the Prophet Brigham, also spoke on this subject recently in his instructions to the missionaries:—

“It is no matter what way you convert them, so that you convert them to believe the doctrines of the very Bible they have always professed to believe.”*

Under such instructions the missionaries go into the states and foreign lands, convert poor unfortunates, and bring them to Zion. Generally speaking, these converts are a poor, ignorant class. It is impossible for them to make a living without the aid of the Brethren, and, being unable to return to their native land, finally grow into the faith. Many who have been raised in the church and have never known any other faith, are to be pitied rather than scorned. It is impossible for them to see the actual conditions of the present, or to know the actual circumstances surrounding the early history of the church, for the simple reason that they have been taught from their earliest infancy, that all was of the purest nature and revealed from on High. They cannot see the infamy of its founders, the long train of crimes committed by its members, and sanctioned by the leaders, while in the secret chambers as a priesthood, thereby making the church organization absolutely responsible for their crimes. The members are as devoted to their worship as it is possible for men to be. There is no argument nor reasoning that can get them away from it. They attend their places of worship as regularly as clock-work; and the quarterly stake conferences find a multitude from all over the county at the seat where the conference is held; while the general conference, held at Zion, is the occasion

*23 Mil. Star, 297.

for tens of thousands of the Saints of every grade, to meet and show their unbounded faith in the teachings of Joseph. Everything pertaining to the church, even the selection of its officers, is first prepared by the officers at the head, then submitted to the people at the general conferences for their ratification by vote; but woe unto the member who is so derelict in his or her duty as to vote contrary to the prepared will of the dignitaries, which they claim as having been prepared by revelation. This farce is next carried to the stake conference, thence to the wards where the same proceedings are rehashed; but in every instance the vote must be unanimous, or the recalcitrant member will be disciplined.

The average moss-back seldom, if ever, goes to the front door of either his own or his neighbor's domicile for any purpose; but almost invariably he sneaks to the back door (in fact they delight in sneaking about everything). The front yard to their homes is usually utilized as a vegetable garden, instead of a lawn and flowers. The full-fledged serfs, or those who do the bidding of the anointed, without a murmur, go along the streets with their heads down, seldom raising their eyes from the ground or "sidewalks," as they call the mud in winter and dust in summer.

Dancing is their chief amusement. To be able to dance well is the greatest accomplishment, according to their way of thinking, that a human being can have. They all dance from the time they are six years of age. Four generations will sometimes appear on the floor at the same time. One of the chief places for holding their balls is at the various ward meeting-houses; especially is this the case when the dance is given as a beneficiary to raise funds for a man who is just starting on a mission.

The leaders band themselves together for the purpose of controlling all kinds of business throughout the Territory. The mercantile part of the business runs under a co-operative plan; each town or city has a co-operative institution, owned and conducted under the supervision of the leaders, according to revelation.

The chief store is located at Zion, and is called "Zion's Co-operative Mercantile Institution." All of the places, owned by these leaders to fleece the brethren, have a sign above the door, which consists of the name of the institution, the All-seeing Eye, and the words "Holiness to the Lord." These several places of business and the various tithing offices located in each stake are permitted to do an act of sovereignty, by issuing a circulating medium, entitled "script," which they force the brethren to accept as pay for their produce and labor. If a good brother should chance to need a little U. S. money he can obtain it from these leaders by discounting his "script" twenty per cent. Under this management of affairs the dignitaries become very wealthy, and the masses very poor. Should you ask, "Why does this condition exist" the answer is, "The Lord blesses his servants."

The polygamists keep harems, chief among them is that of Brigham Young's. This harem consists of a large stone building resembling an old-fashioned, square hotel. This house is called the "Bee Hive," and is designated by a dome, representing a large bee hive. It is located at the southeast corner of the first square east of Temple Block, at the city of Zion. Next to it, with a small space between, is the Lion House; so named because a large stone lion stands, as a sentinel, at the front entrance. The next building to the

west, on this block, is the school house where his children are educated. Next to the school house, on the corner west, is the office of the prophet. On this block is located everything pertaining to the domestic life of the governor, president, prophet, seer, and revelator. Except two or three favorite wives and their children, all of his wives, with their children, live in these houses. A stone wall, built of cobble rock and mortar, about eight feet high, with regular columns, surrounds this square on which stands the mighty harem.

It is the custom in this harem to have the morning and noon meals served in each separate apartment to each wife and her children. The evening meal is served in a large dining-room where all the wives, children, and visitors, if any, assemble together with the prophet. After the meal is over they all repair to a large family room where a social is held. Frequently, after the evening meal, the dining-room is cleared, and apostles and other dignitaries come in, and they all indulge in a merry dance until a late hour. All the wives must make their appearance at this evening meal and the socials, and remain until dismissed, unless they have permission from their master to retire or remain away.

Respectfully,

VERNON STANTON.

CHAPTER IV.

Vernon Stanton left Utah a short time after Johnston's army left for the south, after the breaking out of the civil war, and went back to the state whence he came. After remaining a short time at Rochester he went to New York City on a business trip; then recrossed the plains, going immediately to Virginia City, Nevada, at which place he arrived in the spring of 1862. He saw and took part in the great mining operations of that silver region, where men became rich in a day, and millionaires in a week. He resigned his position with the eastern syndicate in 1866 and went to the city of Zion, where he took up a permanent residence shortly afterward.

His great influence was ever found on the side of right. "Honesty and Virtue" being his motto, his deportment soon won the respect even of the Saints, although they very much disliked his strong opposition to the plurality, as well as their other evil practices. He made a visit to the Garden City in the fall of 1868, and again stopped with the Allisons whom he had not seen for several years. Having a great deal of business to attend to, his stay was prolonged here for nearly a month.

The sweet little Lola, whom he used to take

upon his knee, had now grown to be a miss of fifteen, and Adrian had grown to be a young man of nineteen. They were delighted to see him, and told of the many happy days they had spent together since they had seen him last, and of the many pleasant trips that they and their parents had taken together. They told him that they had been to conference at Zion twice, and had made one trip to be baptized for friends who had departed this life in an unsaved condition. They explained that Lola had been baptized for six, and Adrian for ten, and that they were going again in a year or two to do more Temple work for other friends and relatives who had died unsaved.

They told him of many trips up the various canons, on pleasure excursions, and that on two of these occasions they had visited the great hot-pots. Their description of the hot-pots interested Mr. Stanton greatly, as he had long desired to visit these wonderful freaks of nature.

They told him of their many walks together down the long streets, as they had done when he accompanied them, and how they had talked of him as they strolled under the old locust boughs, and breathed the sweet perfume from the blooming branches above; or, if, perchance, their stroll was along the stately poplar rows, as they watched the wavering of their shadows in the beautiful moonlight, their conversation would involuntarily turn on him who had ever improved each oppor-

tunity to impress upon all around him the necessity of pure thoughts, chaste actions and noble deeds.

How it thrilled the soul of Mr. Stanton to hear these stories and to know that the seed he had sown was producing good fruit. ° He thought that the time would soon come when they would begin to associate together as lovers instead of mere friends, or as brother and sister.

Mr. Stanton next learned many things connected with the lives of the elder Allisons and Walthams, and their experiences with the dignitaries while he was away; and how much they had suffered at the hands of the priesthood, because of their opposition to polygamy, and of their refusing to go into its practice; how they had been robbed under the guise of "tithing" for the church; plotted against, and at times their lives made a burden because of their upright sentiments in this regard; how they had striven, in both families, to keep their troubles from Adrian and Lola, but alas! they, too, were reaching the period in life when they must soon begin to drink the bitter cup and feel the stinging thorn of priesthood oppression. Already they had been forced, by surrounding conditions and circumstances, which they could not avoid, to share some of the griefs heaped upon their parents; but, blinded by a faith which knew no wavering to most things connected with the teachings of the church, all bowed to the inevi-

table, and bore their sufferings with Christian fortitude.

During this visit to the Garden City, Mr. Stanton formed the acquaintance of John Bodenheimer, president of Utah stake of Zion, and also of Francis Lehman, bishop of one of the wards of Provo. His first meeting with these men was at the house of the Allisons.

Vernon Stanton was in the library, President Bodenheimer and Bishop Lehman were across the hall, directly opposite, when Lola passed through the hall between. He heard the two in close conversation and overheard Lehman say:—

“O! what a voluptuous sixth Lola would make! A revelation to that effect would indeed be heavenly—yes, heavenly.”

Vernon Stanton's blood ran cold as he heard these words, and he said to himself,

“Can it be possible that this old demon is looking with lustful eyes upon that innocent girl, while he already has five wives?”

He did not catch the answer of the president, but noted his nods and suggestive smiles.

The infamous remark rang in his ears all the rest of the evening. When he came to the supper table he could scarcely eat for thinking of her, how innocent and happy she appeared, and yet what possibly might be in store for her. The very thought of her being a plural wife, an harlot to the lusts of any base fiend filled his soul with the deepest horror, to say nothing of the

cruel wrong which he felt would be heaped upon Adrian, as well as both families. The remark gave him much uneasiness; still he could not believe that such a thing was seriously, or even lightly, lurking in the bishop's mind, therefore, he took it as a light remark and let it pass.

It had been decided by the leaders that John Westmeland and Martin Bodenheimer, two young men, were to start at an early date on a three years' mission to England.

Young Westmeland had but very little means, and it had been determined to give a beneficiary dance in his behalf. This matter was turned over to Zina Blatherskite to complete arrangements, with power to act, in appointing the various committees, and making all other necessary provisions. She had decided to have the ball at the third ward meeting house, which was an adobe structure, about one hundred feet long by forty in width, with a room at the rear for the accommodation of the priesthood when holding services. All the arrangements were now complete and it was to be a grand affair.

It had long since been contemplated by Adrian that the time would come when he should cease to accompany Lola with the understanding that they were simply friends, or brother and sister, but that he should escort her as a lover, with the same being thoroughly understood between them. He had studied over the matter many times as to the best possible way of approaching her on the

subject, yet giving her perfect freedom of action. He finally decided to send her a note.

He had never before written a letter to a young lady; in fact he had never gone with any girl but Lola, and he had never mentioned a word of love to her, but had shown her the greatest respect as a brother. So he wrote the note and summoned a messenger to take it to her at once. It reached her a few moments later, when the messenger said:—

“I will wait a few moments, Miss Lola, to receive the answer.”

Her whole frame was shocked as never before.

“What can it mean? A note from Adrian,”—as she knew his handwriting.

“Be seated,” she said to the young messenger, and immediately went to her room, broke the seal and began to read. How her young heart beat for joy as she read the contents as follows:—

PROVO CITY, UTAH, Nov. 1, 1868.

Miss Lola Allison,

City:

My Dear Friend:—You will please pardon this formal note on this occasion, but there is a matter of much consequence to me, which has been upon my mind for a long time. I desire that you know the full purport of it at this time.

We have long associated together as the best of friends; in fact our whole lives have been as if we had lived under the same roof and born of the same parents.

With all of this I have ever deemed it wholly improper until we arrived at a suitable age, to

mention the subject of love to you, although the temptation has been very great many, many times. I feel that my first expressions upon this subject to you should be in a way and manner that you would not feel the least embarrassment in your answer to me upon this very important subject. I, therefore, address you at this time and in this way.

If it is agreeable to you I should be pleased to accompany you in the future as a lover; and, as such, I ask the supreme pleasure of accompanying you to the party this evening, to be given in honor and for the benefit of our worthy missionaries who depart at an early date.

You are, no doubt, aware of the fact that it will be given at the third ward meeting-house. Awaiting an early reply, I am,

Yours very truly,

ADRIAN WALTHAM.

Oft had she hoped that this change would come some time, and that she could hear the sweet words of love fall from his pure lips. How the change was to come she could not devise; but oh! how dreadful the thought, which she sometimes entertained, that he might never look on her as anything but a true friend; and when he came to the days of love his heart might turn to another; and, as she would allow such fancies to come into her mind, the tears would roll down her pretty cheeks in rapid succession. Never had the slightest word of love passed from his lips to her, and she was too pure to lisp a word to him on the subject until first approached. As she read the precious words in the letter she was so overcome

with joy that she could scarcely contain herself. Tears came into her eyes amidst smiles; then clasping the message to her bosom she danced around the room in joyous glee, repeating, "At last! At last!"

Again she read the words and thanked the Lord for the contemplated blessing. She forgot to answer it, or that the messenger boy was in waiting until her mother opened the door to her room and asked:

"Are you going to answer the message, my child? The boy says he has been waiting fully an hour for an answer."

"O! My dear mamma, in my wild delight I forgot that it required an answer; and I presume that not being used to receiving notes in this way has something to do with my neglect. Look! it is from Adrian, his first words of love to me," she said, as she handed the note to her mother. The mother took the message and hurriedly read its contents, saying, as she finished:

"Thank Heaven! but you must answer it at once, dear."

She pressed Lola to her breast and kissed her fondly, then left the room.

Lola seated herself at the table to answer the note, but as the boy had been in waiting already too long, she made her reply very brief.

"CITY, II-I, '68.
My dear Adrian:—With all my heart I accept your company as a lover.

Your loving LOLA."

She then hurried down stairs and gave the tiny note to the messenger, at the same time apologizing for keeping him in waiting so long.

Soon the messenger was at the door of the Waltham home. Adrian was restlessly walking back and forth across the library, anxiously awaiting his return. As he ascended the steps Adrian met him at the door, where, with trembling hand, he received the answer. It had been an hour of anxious waiting, during which many conjectures as to what her answer would be passed through his mind. He had long felt that his love was reciprocated; yet when he reached this point in life he half doubted, and the thought seized him that she might never think of him only as a brother, and he felt that a negative reply to his earnest request would crush his every hope in life.

On receiving the answer he turned into the library, seating himself at the desk, where an hour and a half before he had signed his name to his first message of love to her. He hurriedly broke the seal, then scanned the few short words of love, which told all that his fondest hopes desired—that his love was fully reciprocated.

O! blissful state! life holds not in store for man a happier period than when he first realizes that he is loved by the one who is the idol of his heart, and surely no man ever had happier moments than were those to Adrian Waltham.

As soon as the first agitation of his soul had

passed away he went to the sitting-room, where he found his mother. He sat down by her and was silent for a moment from excess of happiness; he could not clearly explain to her this new happiness of love coming into his life, such joy had been thus far unknown to him. He told her something, however, that filled her with delight—that he loved Lola and that she loved him in return.

Adrian longed all day for the hour to come when he should go, for the first time, to meet Lola as a lover. The hours wore heavily away; he consulted his watch many times during the day to note the time.

At last the hour arrived for him to prepare for the evening. He repaired to his room, and with much more care than he had ever taken before, arranged his toilet; as he reached the foot of the stairs his mother was standing in the doorway to the library. She said:—

“I am very proud of my handsome boy.”

This was not a light remark on the part of his mother, as he was everything that she termed him. Truly a handsome young man; his every feature was that of intelligence; his high white forehead, beneath a crown of dark waving hair; his large, expressive, brown eyes and open countenance, coupled with his dignified bearing, made him all that she had termed him.

His father was seated in the library reading, and looked up as his mother finished the remark

about his appearance. Adrian smiled in answer to her compliment, as he said:—

“My dear parents, I shall not become engaged to my love this evening, as I consider that we are entitled to some time for enjoying the happy days of courtship, leading up to that part of the drama, which I hope will take place at no distant date; besides, some critics might say, at present, that we were a little young to enter into that relation. I presume that I shall not see either of you before morning; so good night, dear parents.”

He vanished into the darkness before either of them had time to speak. Mrs. Waltham turned to her husband and said:—

“I wonder if that boy thinks that we can resist the temptation of going to the party this evening?”

“I cannot say; his remarks are evidently based on the fact that we seldom go to a ball; but we shall surprise him this time. We will get ready at once and join them at Allison’s; then all go from there together.”

The scene at the Allison place had been one of hurry all day, getting ready for the ball. The dressmaker had just finished a beautiful evening dress for Lola, and was now assisting in the arrangement of her toilet. She combed her long waving hair back from her pure white forehead, and tied it with delicate blue ribbon, allowing the natural curls to hang unconfined below the waist.

Her dress was snow white, with short sleeves,

and low in the neck, and trimmed with a soft, filmy lace. Around her slender waist was tied a sash of the same tint of blue as the ribbon on her hair. A delicate gold chain clasping her neck and small gold bands encircling her wrists were all the jewelry she wore. Her dainty feet were encased in white slippers. After completing her toilet the dressmaker, standing back in order to get a good view, carefully surveyed her, as she said:—

“Lola, you are certainly the most beautiful girl in all the world.”

Lola blushed and replied:—

“I fear you are growing extravagant in your compliments, good woman.”

Her mother had entered the room, but a moment before, and answered her by saying:—

“All that she has said is as true as gospel itself.”

“I can't stand much more on that score,” said Lola, and she left the room, going directly to the parlor. After reaching the parlor she seated herself on a sofa and began to muse thus:—

“O! Is it mine at some sweet day to call such a man as he husband? All earthly powers combined could make no better. He is the possessor of as pure a heart as ever beat within the breast of a being; an intellect as bright as a diamond and as quick as the lightning's flash; wholly without guile and free from rancor; a form on which the god of loveliness and grace has set his

seal in perfection"—here came a ring at the door-bell. She walked quickly to the door, every nerve wrought to its highest tension, opened it, and Adrian, with a blush upon his cheeks, greeted her, stepped into the hall and closed the door; and as they walked arm in arm into the parlor, he took her soft white hand in his and with a smile, said:—

“How is my darling Lola this evening?”

“O! you should easily guess that I am very, very happy.”

They then walked to the sofa and seating themselves, Adrian began, saying:—

“My dear Lola, why were you so long in answering my note this forenoon? It must have been hard for you to make up your mind in this regard. The suspense of waiting so long for an answer was indeed an ordeal.”

“I am very sorry it happened so, but I was taken so by surprise that I could not collect my thoughts sufficiently to think of the fact that it demanded an answer; but the facts are that, for some time, I have loved you so well, and you were so silent on this subject that I have, until this forenoon, kept the secret of my love locked within my heart. Often, when in your company, I have thought of my own love for you, but your extreme silence caused me to wonder and ask myself this question, ‘Will he, when he reaches man’s estate, forget me and seek a fairer one on whom to bestow his precious love?’ Then, when”—

“Enough, sweet one; a more lovable being than you does not exist. When the Councils above determined to send you to this world it was there decided by a unanimity of action, that you should be among the fairest; that within your alabaster bosom should be the home of one of the purest hearts ever given to mortal. Once in a dream, my imagination soared to the highest Heaven; and it was mine to behold the angelic beauty of that bright realm. I saw you in the midst of that vast multitude, and you were the fairest of all. My soul was lifted to the highest degree of joy; for I thought you mine, wedded and sealed, for time and eternity. Then suddenly I awoke, something told me, ‘Lola is not yours; neither do I know that she ever will be; for this beautiful flower that is developing into perfection, may be wrested from you by the hand of another.’ Then, in my most earnest prayer, I asked the powers above to guide your mind aright, and forbid that your love should ever turn to another. Guided by that which I deemed to be prudence, I have put off, until the latest date possible, this question of love to you; but when you were so long in answering my note I feared that it did not meet your approval; those dreary moments of waiting seemed hours; but O! the sweet relief which came to my heart when I beheld the precious words you sent me. Those were sweet and happy moments; for a time I was lost in meditation, and forgot all things else but

you; but come, my dear, you did not finish what you were going to say."

"Again you take my wits away. You charm me. What was I going to say? O, yes, I had forgotten; I was going to tell you that when I received your note it gave me such a shock, at first, that I scarcely knew what to do, for I knew the handwriting on the envelope. I told the boy to sit down, and I immediately repaired to my private room; and when I beheld the contents of that letter, as the angels are my witnesses, I felt that the joy of that moment could never be excelled. My long pent love broke free from every barrier. I laughed, I cried, I danced, I sang. Had you seen me then you would have thought me crazy. I am sure I never would have thought to answer your letter if mamma hadn't come into the room and called my attention to the fact that the messenger was still waiting. I then took further time for her to read it, and I here declare that there was considerable joy and satisfaction displayed on her part, even, at the contents of that letter."

Lola's parents, Willy, and Mr. Stanton walked into the parlor at this moment, and the conversation changed.

Mr. Stanton advancing to Adrian, gave his hand and said:—

"My young friend, I am remarkably well pleased to note the step you have taken."

Still holding Adrian's hand, and extending his left to Lola, he continued:—

"I am exceedingly glad to congratulate you both as lovers. Never did two persons more worthy of loving each other meet in this world; and perhaps I was the first person to ever think of you in this light. I have never attended a ball in a house of worship during my whole life, except, for a moment, on two occasions, when I was here eight or nine years ago; I then went simply to see with my own eyes that such things sometimes happen; neither had I attended such places, as a participant, for a long time before that; but as this is to be rather an extra occasion and you are going in your new sphere I have concluded to walk over for a short time at least."

"We thank you very much, Mr. Stanton, for your kind expressions in our behalf. We have just been felicitating each other on the happy change," said Adrian.

Here the front door was unceremoniously thrown open, and Mr. and Mrs. Waltham came in unannounced. All arose to greet them, and extend the courtesies of the evening.

"I will teach you better, next time, than to leave your father and mother behind when you and Lola are going out for a delightful time," said Mrs. Waltham, as she advanced toward Adrian and Lola. Then taking Lola by the hand, she kissed her fondly, saying:

"God bless you, my child."

"This is hardly fair," said Mrs. Allison; "if you kiss Lola and call her your child, I shall kiss Adrian and call him my boy."

All joined in a merry laugh and were soon on their way to join in the gay festivities at the meeting-house.

CHAPTER V.

A girl, in the service of the Waltham family, overheard the conversation between Adrian and his mother, in the sitting room that day; and, evidently mistaking what he actually said for the announcement of an engagement of himself to Lola, set about to busy herself concerning the imaginary secret. She knew that Zina Blatherskite was desperately in love with Adrian and that she was bending every effort to allure him into her meshes; so this busy body went to this powerful, yet dangerous, bawd, and informed her that Adrian and Lola had just become engaged to be married, and that it was to take place at no distant date.

“This marriage shall never take place; never, no never, while I breathe the breath of life,” said Zina when left alone. It was through the design of Zina, in the first place, that this girl sought a position in the Waltham family, Zina bribing her to learn every movement and secret of the family, and to report to her, that she might know their whole inner life. After a long meditation in silence, she again said:—

“I will spread the news of their engagement far and wide, and will make my first demonstrations against them this evening at the ball. I must make the real motive of my actions be silent

as the grave, for I must have the dignitaries of the church with me. I know how to get their influence, and can, if I will only condemn in scathing terms the everlasting tendencies of these two families toward monogamy: it shall be done."

She caused this news to be circulated, and the story had become generally known throughout the town. By half past eight o'clock the room was filled with anxious people awaiting the arrival of the supposed-engaged couple.

The aggregation assembled consisted of every class of Mormonism, from the intellectual leader of this stake, President John Bodenheimer, down to the most servile of the serfs.

The reception committee consisted of the two young men who were going on the mission, David Blatherskite—son of Zina before marrying the bishop—(father of David unknown), Miss Electa Bodenheimer, daughter of President Bodenheimer by his third wife; Miss Mary Hildreth, daughter of the bishop at Spanish Fork by his seventh spouse, and Fannie Larsen, daughter of one of Bishop Blatherskite's counselors by his better fifth. When Adrian's party arrived, the members of the reception committee met them at the door, and conducted them down the center of the room to the altar, where they separated, the ladies to the left, and the gentlemen to the right, to small dressing rooms, on each side and a little to the rear of the altar. Lola threw her wrap across her arm, as she entered the door; and, as they

walked from the door to the altar, all eyes were turned toward her and Adrian. Suppressed whispers in several parts of the room passed from neighbor to neighbor; such as "Oh! h'aint she sweet!" "I wonder who she bought that purty dress off uv."

After they were in the dressing rooms, an old sister shook her head suggestively, saying:—

"Ah, me; too much style; they need their pin feathers plucked."

An envious, ignorant, young fellow, standing near, heard the remark of the good sister and replied:—

"You're right, sister——, by hell."

Then Zina Blatherskite stepped to the front of the altar and addressed the crowd as follows:—

"These infernal monogamists are becoming entirely too numerous around here. Adrian ought never to be permitted to marry Lola, at all, nor given a recommend to go through the endowment house, until he marries someone else, then he would be very glad to enter the plural relation with her as a second; besides their parents might become converted to the plurality also; by this means, we would secure all of them as advocates of this sacred practice. I call your attention to another thing, and that is, that they are continually entertaining these Gentiles who go through the country for no good purpose; I tell you it is for no good. These un-Godly Gentiles want to destroy the sacred practice of plural marriages;

and here they have brought this rank Gentile, Vernon Stanton, with them this evening. If he hadn't come, I was going to read the riot act to all of them; there is one thing certain, Adrian and Lola shall never marry, until he has taken another."

"That's right, and just the proper doctrine," echoed Bishop Lehman.

President Bodenheimer then spoke up and counseled moderation for this evening, at least; and said further:—

"We have gathered here to have a good time, and to celebrate the departure of two brothers, who go on a mission to work for this grand principle, as well as, all the rest of the Prophet Joseph's sacred teachings. Let no Saint be so indiscreet as to reveal one word that our good sister Zina has spoken here this evening."

After the president had finished his remarks, Adrian and his company emerged from their dressing room and stood waiting near the altar for Lola, her mother, and Mrs. Waltham, who joined them in a few moments. At this juncture, Zina marched boldly in front of Adrian and Lola, and, taking Adrian by one hand and Lola by the other, said, while a deceitful smile played on her face,—

"I congratulate each of you, if I am correctly informed, on the step you have taken; and I welcome you and your party to our festivities."

During this little speech, she was all the while bowing and smiling to each of the company.

“What a black-hearted old hypocrite!” thought several of the most liberal of the faithful; but they dared not think it loud enough for their neighbor to hear, and thus let it reach the ears of that venomous, influential creature.

Adrian thanked her in his usual honest way, and all the party bowed their acknowledgments of the hearty and kind reception they had received. Zina then stepped upon the altar and said:—

“All is now in readiness. Will the musicians please take their places on the pulpit? Now, Bishop Lehman, you come forward, and, in company with myself, act as floor manager; and Brother Frank Johnson will act as prompter. Now, Brother Bodenheimer, come to the pulpit and lead us in prayer.”

All complied at once. The president standing on the altar, Zina continued:—

“Now, brethren and sisters, you will all rise and be led in prayer by the president.”

As he advanced to the front of the altar, all arose, and the president offered up the following prayer:—

“Almighty Father, we ask Thy blessing upon this gathering. We have met here this evening as Thy children to do Thy bidding, to raise funds for a worthy brother to go out and work in Thy vineyard for the upbuilding of Zion, and to celebrate the departure of both of these brothers.

“Bless their labors, Almighty Parent, and may

they convert many souls to the only true religion, and bring them to Zion. Let their tongues speak the wisdom that shall be supplied to them from on high. Let them be cautious and discreet in mentioning our sacred practices of the plurality unto the ungodly, while they are yet in darkness and cannot appreciate it; for well do we know that, in the course of Thy divine providence, all men will be led into the light.

“We ask Thy blessing on our dear Sister Zina, who has labored with unabated zeal for the success of this occasion. Bless the brothers and sisters who have acted on her various committees. Sanctify their work to Thine own glory. Finally we ask Thy blessing on all true Saints everywhere; give them strength to overcome their enemies, and power to rule this country; and, finally, save us all, we ask in the name of Thy servant and true prophet, Joseph. Amen.”

As soon as the prayer was ended, Zina announced,—

“We will now sing the ‘missionary hymn:’ ”

“Lo! the Gentile chain is broken;
Freedom’s banner waves on high;
List, ye nations! by this token
Know that your redemption’s nigh.

“See, on yonder distant mountain,
Zion’s standard wide unfurled;
Far above Missouri’s fountain,
Lo! it waves for all the world.

“Freedom, peace and full salvation,
Are the blessings guaranteed;
Liberty to every nation,
Every tongue and every creed.

“Come, ye Christian sects and pagan,
Pope, and Protestant and priest;
Worshippers of God or Dagon,
Come ye to fair Freedom’s feast.

“Come, ye sons of doubt and wonder,
Indian, Moslem, Greek or Jew;
All your shackles burst asunder,
Freedom’s banner waves for you.”

As they sang this song which entitled the standard of Mormonism, vice and shame as being the “Banner of Freedom,” Vernon Stanton’s soul was filled with disgust; and he said to himself,—

“Even the sacred name, ‘Freedom’s Banner,’ which has ever been entwined with that of ‘Old Glory,’ has been torn from its towering monument of loyalty by the poets of this organization of deception and crime, and woven into its hymns. There is nothing free with this vast machine, except the sexual relations of a great majority of its members; otherwise, they are bond slaves to the priesthood, with shackles riveted so firmly that they dare not think, much less act, contrary to the will of their masters.”

As soon as the song was ended, Bishop Lehman took charge, and announced the following:

“Brethren, you will all take your partners for the grand march. Sister Zina and myself will lead the same, yes, lead the same.”

They soon formed in numbers sufficient to make the floor very much crowded, Zina seeing to it that Adrian and Lola were the next couple after herself and the bishop, so that she could

have an opportunity of speaking to Adrian when the sets were formed at the close of the march.

He had cautiously avoided her for the past year, at every turn he possibly could, all the while being very careful not to give her offense; yet the advances she made toward him, at every opportunity she had, were so distasteful to him, at times, that he was tempted to tell her that he could hardly bear her in his sight. Then, as he would reflect over his condition and her wonderful power to do him harm, he would suppress his feelings, and treat her with respectful courtesies, of which he deemed her wholly unworthy.

From this time, until three o'clock the next morning, the floor was alive with merry dancers of every age and size between eight and eighty years.

A long table, laden with good things to eat, stood in the large room immediately behind the altar and two side rooms. The guests went into this room by means of doors between the pulpit, or music stand, and the two side rooms. The spread was kept, continuously, with the finest edibles known to the valley, and waiters dressed in white were kept busy waiting on the crowds who came to eat and to pay for the good things which they had previously donated. Those who had cash were compelled to pay in that, but those who had only scrip could pay in that, at the usual discount of twenty per cent., which a great majority were compelled to do.

A small stand with waiters was kept in the gents' dressing room, where the guests could go and be accommodated with all kinds of drinks, the receipts thereof helping to swell the mission fund. Many of the men and large boys, and even some of the sisters, patronized this part of the refreshments freely, among this number being Zina, "The Divine," who, it was noticed, was comfortably full ere the ball was ended.

All took part in the pleasures except Mr. Stanton; he partook of the supper only, which he really enjoyed, and pronounced a splendid repast.

The night was wearing away; the dance still continued; many of the guests wore a tired look, yet scorned the very thoughts of leaving. Lola was dancing with James Blatherskite, and the "Divine Zina" now saw an opportunity of talking with Adrian alone. Adrian had started to find a seat by Vernon Stanton, but barely had he moved, when before him stood the infamous creature, who placed her hand on his shoulder and whispered,—

"Come, converse with me; you are free now, and no one will hear."

"I had just started to find a seat near Mr. Stanton; I see him sitting alone across the room."

"O, you can talk with him any time. - Come with me; I want no time wasted. I have waited for this opportunity all the evening, and I must speak to you alone."

Adrian saw that she was determined to force

him to a private conversation, so he took her arm and walked into the ladies' room. On entering the room Zina promptly closed the door. She began by saying in a pouting way,—

“Adrian, why have you not danced with me to-night?”

“Why,” he said hesitatingly, “you have missed very few dances and should be satisfied. It happened that I always found some lady friend near me to assist me in the dance.”

She leaned her head on his shoulder and insisted,—

“O Adrian, you can never know how you are loved.”

Adrian's heart was elsewhere; he could think of no one in the whole world, in this light, but Lola. Then drawing back from her, he said,—

“I love but one.”

“Ah! Adrian, that is what I feared. You are too exclusive in your love. Love is a free gift from heaven, and when given, it should be freely bestowed on all who are willing to love in return.”

Adrian felt that he was not in the proper place; his keen sense of prudence caused him to blush with shame; he opened the door, and to his great relief saw them forming for another dance. He took her arm saying,—

“Come, we will dance now.”

As this was a cotillion, it did not please her; she would have much preferred a round dance with Adrian; but as he was engaged for the next dance, she had to be content.

At the hour of three o'clock in the morning, Bishop Lehman stepped to the front of the altar and said,—

“It is now time to bring this grand ball to a close. We hope that all have had a glorious time. Will Brother Blatherskite dismiss us with prayer?”

Bishop Blatherskite advanced to the center of the room, and raising his eyes and hands imploringly said,—

“Almighty Father, we ask Thy blessing upon these pleasant associations. Grant that we may have a happy continuation of the same. Go with us through the changing scenes of life, and save us, we ask in the name of Joseph. Amen.”

Although Vernon Stanton had stayed until the festivities were over, he had taken no pleasure in them; he had simply stayed in order to know all that took place at one of these balls, given in a house supposed to be dedicated to the worship of God. These thoughts filled his mind as he left the building,—

“Is there a self-respecting body of church members on earth who would have such scenes as these I have witnessed this night, in their sacred places of worship—conducted by its leaders? I am convinced there is not.”

CHAPTER VI.

On the Sunday following the grand ball, at the hour of two o'clock in the afternoon, the regular Sunday meeting was held in the same building. The house was well-filled, but some of the members were not so full as they were on the previous Friday night.

After the regular singing and prayer, Bishop Blatherskite, taking a pinch of snuff, and shaking himself together, arose as the first speaker and addressed the congregation in a moderate speech. He was followed by each of the young missionaries in turn; then Bishop Lehman arose and made a strong plea for the universal practice of polygamy, closing with the following words:—

“In conclusion, my brothers and sisters, allow me to quote from our holy prophet, Brigham, when he uttered the most sacred words which ever fell from his pure lips, yes, his pure lips. The words of the holy prophet must and shall be fulfilled.”

Here he read from President Young's words as recorded in the “Journal of Discourses,” as follows:—

“I know what my women will say. They will say: ‘You can have as many women as you please, Brigham.’

“But I want to go somewhere and do something

to get rid of the whiners; I do not want them to receive a part of the truth and spurn the rest out of doors.

“Let every man thus treat his wives, keeping raiment enough to clothe his body, and say to his wives, ‘Take all that I have, and be set at liberty; but if you stay with me, you shall comply with the law of God, and that, too, without any murmuring and whining. You must fulfill the law of God in every respect, and round up your shoulders to walk up to the mark without any grunting.

“Now recollect that two weeks from to-morrow I am going to set you at liberty. But the first wife will say, ‘It is hard, for I have lived with my husband twenty years or thirty, and have raised a family of children for him, and it is a great trial to me for him to have more women.’ Then I say that it is time that you give him up to other women who will bear children. If my wife had borne me all the children that she ever would bear, the celestial law would teach me to take young women that would have children.

“Sisters, I am not joking; I do not throw out my proposition to banter your feelings, to see whether you will leave your husbands, all or any of you. But I do know that there is no cessation to the everlasting whining of many of the women of this Territory. And if the women turn from the commandments of God and continue to despise the order of heaven, I will pray that the curse of

the Almighty may be close to their heels, and that it may be following them all the day long. And those that enter into it and are faithful, I will promise them that they shall be queens in heaven, and rulers to all eternity."*

As he finished the reading of this quotation, he brought his clinched fist down on the altar with a vengeance, then looking straight at the Allisons and Walthams, he continued in a loud voice:—

"And I say to you, my brothers and sisters, that the holy prophet further said, 'If any of you deny the plurality of wives and continue to do so, I promise that you will be damned.' " †

Here the bishop closed, the congregation sang "Hurrah for the Camp of Israel," and the meeting was dismissed.

On that same evening the Waltham family spent several hours with the Allison family. During the course of the meeting Lola observed a shade of sadness on her mother's face, and going to her side she asked in a low tone,—

"Mamma, you look sad, are you not well?"

Her mother replied as tears came to her eyes,—

"My dear child, if all the women who attended meeting this afternoon feel as I do, there are many sad hearts in this town to-night."

While this quiet conversation was taking place between Lola and her mother, the men were dis-

* Des. News, Vol. VI, 4 Jour. Dis. 56.

† 3 Jour. of Dis. 266.

cussing the events and receipts of the ball, when Mr. Waltham addressing Mr. Stanton, said:—

“By the way, Mr. Stanton, how did you enjoy the ball?”

All eyes turned to Mr. Stanton, as they were eager to hear his reply.

“I did not like it in the least, and only stayed until it was over, after I was there, from curiosity.”

“Was there anything curious about it, or out of the line of the usual way of conducting balls?”

“Yes, there were many things out of the line of the usual, as I view them.”

“May I ask what they were?”

“Since you ask I will give you my reasons. First, it is a very unusual thing for balls to be given in a church. Secondly, I never saw men, claiming to be divines, take the lead in worldly pastime, especially dancing. And again, it seems to me like sacrilege to open and close a gathering of this kind with prayer. Things sacred should be treated as such. There are many things that might be carried on with propriety in a theater or dance hall, which cannot be proper, under any circumstances, in a house that is dedicated to the worship of God. To see the president of this stake offer up prayer, asking a blessing on the people gathered there, and later to see men and women going into an adjacent room, under that same influence, and there carry on such actions as are only seen in the lowest drunken dive, seem

to me wholly incompatible with the rules of morality, to say nothing of the refining influences that Christianity ought to bring. While I do not pose as a model Christian, yet I feel that I should ask forgiveness for being in such a place and remaining as long as I did. This ought not to be; when people assemble at a house dedicated for worship, they should have no cause for regrets when leaving."

There was a painful silence followed. Each member of the company present seemed in deep meditation; his words seemed to sink into their very souls.

Then Mr. Waltham, turning in his chair as if awakened from a dream, broke the silence, saying,—

"Our young people must have places of amusement; is it not better for these good men and older people to be with them, to save them from excesses?"

"Good people who have attained mature judgment certainly ought to lend an elevating influence to the young; but in this case, if I should say the young should go along with the old to keep them from excesses, I would not waver far from the truth."

"What have you to say, father, as to what he says about having dances in our places of worship?" asked Adrian.

"Well, I hardly know as to that, ——"

He paused, when Mr. Allison, interrupting, said:—

“As to that part of the argument, I am convinced that he is absolutely right, and I shall never attend one given in these sacred places again.”

“I have never thought the meeting houses were the proper places to give these balls,” said Mrs. Allison, “nor have I ever gone to them with my own consent. I have never enjoyed them, for I have always felt out of place; but it was our custom, and I have often wondered if I was the only one who felt that way.”

The conversation here drifted into another channel; then Adrian asked Lola to favor them with some music. She stepped to the piano and rendered several instrumental selections. Then, striking the keys as if by magical touch, she sang “I Canna Leave the Old Folk Now, We’d Better Bide a Wee.”

Her sweet voice was at its best, and, as it filled the room with its charming melody, blending the delicate vibrations of the accompaniment in perfect unison with the sentiment, a thrill of joy, at once sublime, filled every heart.

CHAPTER VII.

During the progress of the meeting at the Allison home, another meeting was being held at the private apartments of Zina Blatherskite. Zina had never met with a brother, either young or old, who had not succumbed to her cunning ways of love when all her power was brought to bear; and when Adrian indicated that he did not care to enter the field of shame, there to pluck the luscious bloom, it aroused a fire of lustful love which knew no bounds, which to miss would crush her every hope. She resolved on strategy; and, if that failed, she would sacrifice his life.

At the long supper table of Bishop Blatherskite, after all the twelve wives and most of the children had been comfortably seated, with the bishop at the head and Zina at the foot, all became quiet for a moment, then the bishop returned thanks for the blessings bestowed. The blessing ended; then Zina began,—

“Bishop, I have not had an opportunity to speak to you about a little matter of business to-day; consequently I want you to meet me and Bishop Lehman at my room promptly at eight o’clock.”

“My dear Zina, I have made other arrangements for this evening, and I fear I shall have to disappoint you.”

“Curse your engagements; you had no business to make other arrangements without consulting someone else.”

“I did consult Rhoda.”

“Yes,” said Rhoda, “he did consult me, and it is to spend the evening with me, for we have not had an evening to ourselves for two months or more.”

“I don’t care a — if it has been twelve months; he shall come to my room this evening, for we have church matters to consult about, which must be attended to without delay.”

“What is it that is so urgent, Sister Zina?” said Rhoda.

“It is to consult about how to proceed in the matter concerning young Adrian Waltham and Lola Allison, if you must know. These two young people and their parents are getting very stiff-necked on the subject of the blessed plurality, and their stubbornness shall be subdued.”

“Well, about that matter, I think”—said Rhoda hesitatingly, as if fearing to let her thoughts be known—“that is a matter where they should be allowed to act according to their own minds. If they want to marry and live to themselves, that should be their privilege. I can hardly endure this interfering with matters of matrimony from outside parties, and, if I were the bishop, I would not have anything to do with it.”

“I know well and good that these are your sen-

timents, but they are not the sentiments of a good Saint. If the bishop had gone according to your wishes, he would have had only you and your three children to exalt him in his future life; but by going according to wise counsel, he has eleven more wives and seventy-five more children for his eternal exaltation," quoth Zina emphatically.

The other ten "hand-maids" nodded their heads in assent, exclaiming in chorus, "That's right, Sister Zina; that's right."

"I say, to you all, that it is not right," said Rhoda emphatically. "I know that he is not the father of all of them, for David was born before the bishop ever saw you, Zina," and, with a significant glance around the table, she continued, "and there may be several others who will not add to the bishop's exaltation."

Such a thrust as this was never known to come from the kind-hearted, mild-tempered Rhoda. She was a true, devoted Christian, and, as such, her very soul revolted against polygamy. She had been tortured beyond endurance by his eleven plurals; and now to be deprived of his company, at a time when she so earnestly desired it, by this woman, in the face of his engagement with her, his only wife, was more than she could bear.

"You infamous apostate! Cursed creature of the Almighty! Dare insult me again and I will scald your infernal eyes out with the contents of this coffee pot," said Zina, clutching the handle of a large, steaming coffee pot beside her.

“And you would do her about right, for she deserves it, in the face of her malicious insinuations,” declared the better tenth of the bishop, who sat next to Zina. James Blatherskite, a twenty-year-old son of Rhoda, was her oldest child, and only son. He was sitting by her side, during this violent attack on his mother. Pale with rage, his eyes flashing with the fire of resentment, James pushed his chair back and rising, glared, like an aroused tiger, on the base creatures, who were the source of all his mother’s great sufferings, saying:—

“Let either of you barbarian strumpets dare touch my mother, and I will fill that one of you full of lead.” Then turning to his father he continued, “Father, why do you allow my mother to be subjected to such treatment as this? She is too good to be among them. What she has intimated about children of this family that are not yours, is true to the tune of six. Put me to the test, and I’ll prove it; ‘by the eternal,’ I will.”

“Well, well, well. Now, don’t let this matter go any further. It don’t do any good to carry on like this; besides, good Saints ought to know better. In order to have no more trouble, I will go to your room, Zina, promptly at eight; and, Rhoda, I will visit you from seven to eight. Now, James, don’t make another display of your temper as you have here this evening; men ought to know better than to interfere with trifling

disputes among the women. Now, Rhoda, it wants fifty minutes of seven; I will be at your room promptly at that hour."

"You need not trouble yourself; if you can't fulfill your engagement, I pray you not to come at all."

"Well, I am sorry, but I guess that will do. It's anything with me to stop this brawl, and keep peace in the family, and everything quiet on the Timpanogos."

The rest of the meal was eaten in silence, and Zina felt, as she always did, that she was victorious. Poor Rhoda felt that polygamy was an awful curse; and in her soul's deep anguish she recalled the happy days when her husband's love was undivided; what a blessing it would have been to her and her children, if that happy condition could have continued. She recalled the day when they were wed, when he told her that she was his only love and ever would be; but alas! they had been married but one short year, when the leaders counseled him to take another woman to rob her of her husband's love and the happiness of her home. Then she protested; she pronounced the practice as being evil and licentious; she was counseled and advised by the leaders to cast away her sinful spirit or she would be forever damned; still she would not yield. As a final result, they threatened that her blood should be spilled as an atonement for her sins; this crushed her outward protests, but no power could crush her consciousness of right.

As these thoughts passed through her mind, she grew pale, a fullness raised in her throat; she could not eat; she left the dining room and sought the privacy of her own chamber, where she threw herself across her bed and sobbed bitterly; then raising her voice to heaven in prayer, she asked, "O Father in heaven, hear Thou my earnest supplication. As Thou hast tempered the winds to the shorn lamb, wilt Thou not likewise shield me from this storm of cruel injustice? If it were not for my children, I would pray that You take me from this cruel world, but I must live for their sakes. Gracious God! Can this be the religion of Christ that destroys the happiness of home and breaks a mother's heart? It cannot be. It cannot be."

James left the table at the close of his father's remarks and went to his room; he heard his mother come to her room a few minutes later. He thought he heard her sobbing, and started to go to comfort her; on opening the door softly he heard that prayer. He closed the door softly as he had opened it—sank into the first chair, and burst into a flood of tears; then in a low voice amid his tears, he prayed, "Heavenly Father, relieve my poor mother from this terrible suffering; bless her, I beseech Thee—she who has the purest of hearts—she who never wronged any mortal. Have compassion on her I humbly beseech Thee."

He walked the floor; he felt as if his heart

would break. He stepped into the hall, hastened down the stairs and into the open air.

The mother needed not the prayer of her darling boy, for she was dead. Her "spirit had returned unto God who gave it."

James returned soon from his walk somewhat refreshed, and found his sisters in the sitting-room. They all went upstairs together. Evelyn was busy in her room, and James told Lily to see if their mamma was still up. Lily went and opened the door quietly; it was dark and still, so she closed the door saying,—

"Mamma is asleep, brother."

"I am glad, I hope she will have a good night's rest."

The children soon retired, but James could not sleep—the sound of his mother's voice when she said, "Can this be the religion of Christ that destroys the happiness of homes and breaks a mother's heart?" still rang in his ears, and many times did he repeat her sweet answer ere he fell asleep—"It cannot be."

Promptly at eight o'clock Bishop Blatherskite stepped into Zina's private parlor, she being the only one of the twelve allowed such a room. This room was about twenty feet from the room where lay the body of his dead wife—the only woman of all that household who was worthy of the sacred name of wife or mother.

Shortly after the appointed time, Bishop Lehman made his appearance. Zina locked the door

as he passed into her room, then going through her bed chamber to the children's door, locked it, and returned to the parlor saying, "I do not want to be bothered with children, at an important meeting like this."

"We have all met as agreed, Sister Zina," said Lehman.

"Yes, but I had a hot chase to run Bishop Blatherskite in here. Old Rhoda had made an engagement with him, and I almost had to make a scene in order to break it off. I'll bet I teach her a lesson one of these days. The rest of the bishop's wives are all perfectly agreeable; but you take an old Jezebel with Gentile tendencies and apostate proclivities, and she is sure to be obstinate every time. She opposed the bishop's taking any of his other wives, and they have each been far better wives than she has been; any of them have borne more children to him than she. You know, Brother Lehman, that it has been the great desire of the bishop to be sealed to several great singers that are dead; and they have all been set aside for him by President Young, at least a dozen of the best, who have never been sealed to any one, are among this number. The rest of us are all perfectly willing, knowing how well he likes good singing; but Rhoda won't give her consent, she says it is perfect foolishness. I am clear out of patience with her for the way she did this evening at the supper table. I'll make her suffer for that yet. I——"

"Zina, dear Zina," said Blatherskite chidingly, "now let that pass by. You have had your way, and that ought to satisfy you."

"Well, we will let that pass, I guess, for this evening," said she, "and take up this other matter. You remember what I said at the ball the other evening? Well, I have fully made up my mind that Adrian and Lola shall be brought to time; they assumed to be very independent, especially Adrian; they must be taught that there is a power that can make them bend. They are both very adverse to the blessed plurality; but by managing the matter properly, we can force them into this relation; and when once in it, they dare not renounce it. Bishop Lehman and I have had a conference on the subject, and we have decided on a plan of action. When they want their recommend to go through the endowment house, you must deny it to them, until he has either taken another, or agrees to take Lola and another on the same day, then give your recommend as his bishop for all three. He must consult you as his bishop and file leader, and get your recommend the first move he makes in this direction, among our holy leaders; therefore, it becomes your duty to recommend to him the blessed plurality, and press it to the limit; then President Bodenheimer must endorse your action, next. If they refuse to accept this counsel, deny them any recommend whatever. Lola was never designed for Adrian anyway, for Bishop

Lehman has already received a divine revelation that she should be his sixth, and this was long before Adrian ever made love to her. Brother Lehman has already indicated this revelation to President Bodenheimer."

"Is this a fact, Brother Lehman?" said Blatherskite, with a feigned look of surprise at Lehman.

Then Lehman, assuming a sanctimonious air, replied, "Verily, verily, it is true. Yes, it is true."

"Then I will never give my consent, much less a recommend, for them to marry; further, she must marry the man whom the Lord has intended and set apart for her."

Then turning to Zina, he said, "By the way, my love, have you nothing to drink?" Then taking a pinch of snuff, he continued, "Ha! ha! ha! you certainly would not invite two brothers in consultation about matters of this kind without giving them something to arouse their drooping spirits and especially when you wanted to enlist them in your cause?"

"Well, you must have had a revelation, too," said Zina, smiling on her corporate husband in whom she had one-twelfth stock. "I was thoughtful enough to have a little good beer on hand for this occasion."

So saying, she tripped out of the room, returning soon with a large tray bearing half a dozen bottles of beer, glasses, and cork screw.

They laying aside their arduous duties for a

time, Lehman pulled the corks, Zina filled the glasses; all drank until filled, leaving no fragments.

"Now, let us return to business," said Zina presently. "You understand that you will not have an opportunity to mention this matter to them until they ask you for a recommend," continued Zina.

"Well, that will not be long, I trow; and in the meantime am I to understand that we all keep silent?" queried Blatherskite.

"No, not by any means," answered Lehman. "We have got to win two others to our side, and the whole plan must be laid deep in order to be able to carry it out as we desire, yes, as we desire. The two I have reference to are the president of this stake and the president of the church; and when the revelations are mentioned to them, Adrian and Lola, they (the revelations) must be as coming from the head of the church."

"Now, brethren, just leave the matter of getting the two presidents and proper revelations to me, and I will assure you of their services and sympathy, when the proper time comes; but in the meantime 'silence is golden.' I may have said too much at the ball the other night, but I will amend by encouraging them and their friends. There is one thing that must be understood, it is this; if Adrian consents to enter the plurality and treats me right, he is to have Lola as a second, even in the face of your revelation, Brother

Lehman; for we must win them and their families to the holy cause, for the general good of the church; but if he refuses absolutely, he must not be allowed the girl, no matter what the cost."

These remarks of Zina's evidently were a surprise to Lehman. He sat for a few moments in deep thought, nervously pulling at his long, grizzly beard; at last he replied with a firm voice,—

"I will consent to all, for the sake of my church; although it would be hard under any circumstance to forego the supreme pleasure that would come from the fulfillment of my revelation, yes, my revelation."

The thoughts that were passing through his mind were, "If Adrian refuses the plurality, the holy priesthood will place the girl in my hands according to my revelation. If he consents, there will be a way provided to get him out of my way." After Lehman had fully agreed to the plan, as marked out by Zina, Blatherskite said,—

"Fix it as you please, 'hic,' I am agreeable to anything, 'hic,' for the building up of Zion, 'hic'!"

"As everything has been fully arranged, now let us separate," said Lehman. Then thoughtfully continuing, he said, "Let no one know of our plans except those we have agreed upon! Yes, agreed upon!"

So saying he arose from the table, when Blatherskite spoke up,—

"Hold! 'hic,' let us take a little nip before you,

'hic,' go, and I will go a short way with you, 'hic,' as I am going to stay with my first to-night," said Bishop Blatherskite arising from the table. Zina staggered to her feet, clutched the sleeve of Blatherskite's coat, saying incoherently,—

—"Not much—stay with your first—come in here—drink my good beer—and run away from me like that—" Then staggering up against him as she grabbed him by the other shoulder, her head swaggering as she talked, she continued, "Not by any manner of means, 'old hoss.' I just guess Zina has the strings on you this time."

She then turned to the table, poured out more beer and said,—

"Here, my best of men, drink with Zina."

They all drank; Lehman started to go, but instead of going out at the hall door, he strayed into Zina's bed chamber. Here they all had a merry laugh over the mistake the divine Lehman had made. The other two assisted him to the hall door, bade him good-night, closed the door, and Zina had her bishop safe for the night. They caroused for another hour; then going to bed half-dressed, fell into a deep sleep.

On reaching the fresh air, after staggering down the stairs and through the hall, Lehman soon gained his head; his step became more firm, and he was soon able to think rationally. He meditated on everything that had occurred at this meeting, and finally said to himself,—

"I do wonder why Sister Zina didn't keep all

of her plans in harmony with my revelation; but whatever her motive can be it will be all right in the end. She is such a brilliant woman—a most charming entertainer, and the best worker for the upbuilding of Zion in the whole church. But I will get the girl, I am satisfied, for Adrian will never consent to making her a second; if he should chance to weaken on the proposition, I will have another one of the dignitaries of the priesthood brace him up; but my hand shall not be seen on either side of the question, for I will swim deep beneath the surface. At all events the girl shall be mine, yes, shall be mine.”

It was the custom of Bishop Lehman to repeat his closing words with a “yes” prefix, when he was very much in earnest and wished to make his words impressive.

CHAPTER VIII.

“The path of sorrow, and that path alone,
Leads to the land where sorrow is unknown;
No traveler ever reached that blessed abode,
Who found not thorns and briers on his road.”

—William Cowper.

The sun was shining brightly when James awoke the next morning. He was much surprised to note the fact, and that his mother had not called him as usual. It had been a long-established custom of hers, when her health permitted, that the sun should not rise and find her in bed. She always called him promptly with the rising of the sun. The first thought on awakening was that his mother must be ill. He arose, dressed himself hurriedly, and stepped into his mother's chamber.

She was lying diagonally across the bed, in the same dress she had worn the evening before, cold and still in death's embrace. He was at her side in an instant; and as he lay his hand gently on her brow, he gave vent to his soul's deepest anguish, as he shrieked, “O heavens, my poor mother!”

His agonizing cry aroused all the house. He staggered to the door, gasping for breath. The blow had almost taken his life away. On opening the door, he was met by David. “O David, my poor mother is dead! Where is father?” he said. David hurried to find his father; and the

hall was soon filled with excited women and children, rushing toward Rhoda's bed chamber. All were anxious to learn the facts connected with this strange coincidence. Her sudden death, almost contemporaneous with her first resistance, and the stinging rebuke administered to Zina, filled all with the idea that murder, foul murder, had been committed under their roof, while the inmates were wrapped in slumber. Every suspicion involuntarily turned to Zina as the perpetrator; but as they swarmed into the room, James was bending over his mother, when he uttered these words, "My poor unhappy mother; you were so good, yet you had to die of a broken heart."

At this moment Zina appeared on the scene, white with rage, as she had heard some one say in the hall while she was hurriedly dressing, "I guess Zina has killed her." She failed to recognize the voice in her excitement, therefore, she could not take any particular person to task about it; and seeing the intense grief of Rhoda's children, she tried to smother her anger, affecting great grief. The bishop came in at this juncture, and for the first time in years was greatly moved; not so much at the loss of Rhoda as for the manner in which he had treated her for the last few years, and the many promises he had broken.

"I did not know she took things to heart so much," he said, presently.

"Father," said James, "I could have told you,

years ago, that this infernal polygamy business would kill her."

"My dear son, do not call this sacred practice 'infernal business.' It is certainly a divine principle."

"Principle? there is no principle about it. It is as rotten as carrion a week old in August, with maggots oozing at every pore, and those who uphold it are worse."

"O bishop!" said Zina, "I do not like to criticise at this time; but if I were you, I'd teach that young braying ass how to talk. I'd make him cease his braying about things he knows not of. See the intense horror written upon each of your loving wives' faces. If you don't protect them against such infamous attacks, you are wholly unworthy of them."

"Yes, I know what I am talking about," said James furiously, "and I have reached the point when I cannot keep quiet longer. My poor mother was driven to her death by you and your allies. My father gave her his solemn pledge before they were married that she should be his only wife while she lived. She would never have married him, under any circumstances, if she had had the slightest idea that he would ever have broken his sacred vow. I have heard these words from her own lips; and those lips, now cold in death, never uttered falsehood. He dare not deny it, the remembrance of that pale face (pointing to his dead mother) would haunt him,

at every stage of his future existence if he did. Yet within a few years he had broken that vow eleven times, thus reaching the zenith of his infamy and her punishment. I wonder that she, with her pure heart and high sense of honor, did not die long years ago, under this torture. I say to you all, that I am desperate, and it will be well for you if you soothe rather than inflame; for a friction may beget a spark—a spark, a flame—a flame, a conflagration. The men who resurrected and re-established this barbarian practice, in this civilized and enlightened age, should have been hung higher than Haman before they had contaminated so many beings with this diabolical doctrine; and the detestable women who advocate such licentiousness should have infamy branded on each satanic forehead.”

He paused; not a word was spoken in reply. While Zina was making her plea to the bishop, James had gone into his room, buckled his belt with a brace of revolvers around his waist, and returned just as she closed; but he had heard all that she had said. Continuing, he said,—

“I heard words of disrespect and vile threats against her last evening. Then she was alive; now her lifeless form is before us. Her children are grief stricken, almost to despair. Our feelings must be respected. One disrespectful word of her, or of her belief, or a word in praise of that which she most despised, polygamy, while in the presence of her remains, and, as sure as there is

a God in heaven, I will send a ball through the hearts of just ten women of this harem, leaving my father with one, as he should have always lived; and you, Zina, will get the first ball."

A death-like silence fell upon the scene. The terrified women held their breath in horror, fearing that some act, some look, some word or deed might occur to cause the desperate boy to carry his terrible threat into execution. Presently the father broke the silence saying,—

"James! James! I, too, am grief-stricken, almost beyond endurance. God knows that I never intended to be cruel and oppressive to your mother. In answer to you, I say that all shall show her due regard. Now let us join in family prayer."

This was the wisest act of the bishop's life, for James had learned at his mother's knee to reverence the time of prayer, under every circumstance; and the bishop, for once, prayed in earnest, as if life depended upon it. This earnest prayer had the effect to soothe James, to some extent. The bishop arose from prayer, wiped his streaming eyes; then turning to David said, "Go, my son, as soon as possible for the undertaker and Rhoda's friends; all must do honor to the good Rhoda who, I acknowledge, deserves the greatest reverence."

David had witnessed the wild and desperate demonstrations of James in silence; for he was a true friend to James, and felt that he had good cause for all that he had said and done.

Zina was wrought up to the highest stage of frenzy, as she swaggered into her bed chamber. The rest of the women of the harem followed her to her lair, to see what her wise brain would coin from what James had said. They were all deeply gratified that Rhoda was out of the way; and, when they were in Zina's room, with doors closed between them and the enraged boy, they felt no restraint in revealing the true sentiments of their hearts. Here Zina unbosomed her wrath—"While that imp of hell roams free, we will be compelled to suppress our Christian spirits; but, before the sun sinks many times behind yon western hills, beyond the lake, his life shall pay the penalty. He little realized the danger of threatening my sacred life. I, the president of the Ladies' quorum of the holy priesthood, leader of the Sunday schools of this stake of Zion! I, also, hold the key to the hearts of our sacred Danite band, who were ordained by our holy priesthood as destroying angels; and as such, covered themselves with glory at Mountain Meadow, when they destroyed those ungodly Gentiles. Ah! my dear sisters, think what this young fiend of Rhoda's has said. Has he not but echoed the wicked sentiments of her? If so, why should he not follow her? All of you, who feel that this unbelieving wretch should not menace our lives by remaining in our sacred family, will raise your hands?"

She paused; her will was indicated to them.

Responsive to the call, each hand went up. Then, with a look of vain satisfaction depicted in her countenance, she said,—

“My beloved sisters, I am deeply gratified to know that your verdict is unanimous; and a more just decision never came, even from our holy prophet. It shall be carried into execution. I will go to Zion in person in company with President Bodenheimer, as soon as Rhoda is in the ground, where she ought to have been long before she sowed seed of discord and strife, and we will have a conference with the higher powers; and, when our sacred plans are carried out, James will have been saved by the power of his own atoning blood. And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose!”

James was an exemplary young man, and had been thoroughly devoted to his mother. He was as mild and gentle as a lamb, in peace, slow to anger; but, when thoroughly aroused, was as dangerous as a lion. During the past few years his experience as a herder had made him a bold rider and a skilled marksman. He had encountered, at different times, the ferocious wild beasts that made their appearance in his herds; but his skilled marksmanship and undaunted courage always made him victor of the combat. The members of the household understood these qualities well; hence the apparent tranquillity which prevailed until his mother was laid in her last

resting place. Alas! James had made an unfortunate talk for himself. Where the powers of the infernal regions have full sway, he, who dares to assert his manhood and reveal the purity of his heart, even in the presence of his dead mother, and under the pressure of grief which reaches the stage of despair, is marked as a prey on which the vultures of that black region may feast.

CHAPTER IX.

The funeral services of Rhoda took place at the Third ward meeting-house, at two o'clock, the Tuesday afternoon following her death. A great concourse of people came together; some, through sympathy and respect; but the greater number, out of curiosity to note the conduct of the other wives of the bishop on this occasion, knowing the intense hatred that they had had for Rhoda during her life, and also, to take the last look at her who had strength of character sufficient to stand up against twenty years' of intense suffering from a polygamous relation. This infamous condition had filled her home to overflowing with women and children, had forced her to pass the years of married life in sorrow and neglect, and had finally sapped her life away. Among the true friends of Rhoda and her children, were the Allison and Waltham families. Mrs. Waltham and Mrs. Allison had been her confidential friends and had greatly sympathized with Rhoda in her trials; and they now felt that all that was good and true of the Blatherskite family, except the children of Rhoda, had passed to the great beyond. These two families, together with James, Evelyn and Lily, constituted the little group of real mourners.

At the services President Bodenheimer opened with prayer. He earnestly prayed to the Lord

to forgive her one and only sin and that the husband might be comforted, beseeching Him also to throw His loving and protecting arms around the grief-stricken children.

By request of her children the choir sang her favorite hymn, "Jesus, Lover of My Soul." Oft had their childish voices joined with hers in singing this sweet hymn, after their evening prayer. They remembered now the tremor in her voice and the unbidden tears that fell, when singing these lines,—

"All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of Thy wing."

The funeral speeches, or disconnected remarks, were made by Philander Lintle, David Bronson and Bishop Francis Lehman. The latter closed by saying,—

"I have not been very well acquainted with Sister Rhoda, owing to her secluded life; but we all earnestly pray that the Lord will forgive her only sin, murmuring against His will. I am so deeply interested in the salvation of her soul, that I will go to the Temple, myself, and be baptized for the remission of that sin, that Sister Rhoda may stand among the Saints in heaven."

The choir sang another song; then the time came to take the last look at her remains. Her burial robe, according to the usual Mormon custom, consisted of a white linen shroud, with a small light green silk apron, and a close-fitting,

square-crowned linen cap. The only color inside the casket, aside from the apron representing the fig leaves, was a spray of green leaves lying beneath a pure white lily which Evelyn had placed over her mother's heart.

The crowd viewed the remains and passed on; then came the wives of the bishop and their children; and, lastly, Rhoda's three children and their father.

Evelyn was holding to James, her whole frame convulsed with agony. Lily was standing a short distance from them, her face deathly pale, and her eyes staring vacantly. The father stood at the head of the casket apparently much affected. James and Evelyn mingled their bitter tears, as Evelyn repeated, "O, my sainted mother! 'tis so hard to give you up. Life will be such a burden without you, my angel mother!" No one had taken much notice of Lily, till the poor girl gave a death-like groan and fell almost to the floor. Mrs. Allison, standing near, caught the fainting child in her arms and sat down with her on the nearest seat, while Mrs. Waltham went for a glass of water. Lola went to Evelyn's side and putting her arms gently around her true friend, tried to console her. Mr. Waltham came to James and, taking his arm, they all stepped back; the casket was closed; and the face of that dear mother was shut from view forever. During this pathetic scene the congregation, including the bishop's wives and most of the children, had left the building, evidently very little concerned.

Rhoda's children realized that, in the death of their mother, they had lost their only stay in life. To children in general, the loss of a mother is indeed, a severe blow; but to be deprived of a mother and to know, at the same time, that they are to fall into the hands of eleven harlots as step-mothers—each to dictate and hector over them—is truly a dismal thought; and before this group of children, a dark and desolate future yawned, into which they dared not look, but from which they could not turn.

Rhoda and her children had been a family exclusive to themselves. They were compelled to keep their own counsel, have their own worship; and, in fact, everything that was sacred to them was confined within the limits of their private rooms. Now that mother was gone; they dreaded the very thoughts of going home to the empty and silent chamber, where she had instilled into their very souls the teaching of the Saviour, instead of that of Joseph and Brigham. She had taught them there that one wife is all that God, in His infinite wisdom, designs for man; had pointed to the pure example given by Him, before sin and sorrow came into the world, when He placed Adam in the Garden of Eden and gave one wife as a help-meet, one pure woman in the person of Mother Eve.

This little band of mourners followed the remains of this good mother to the cemetery, one-half mile southeast of town, where, in a beautiful

spot she was laid to rest. Her children planted a weeping willow at the head of the grave, the only mark to indicate the sacred spot where rests this sainted mother.

CHAPTER X.

For three years Martin Bodenheimer had paid his undivided attention to Mary Hildreth. He and his companion, John Westmeland, were making their final preparations to start on their mission. Even the ball in honor of their departure had been given. Six months prior to this event, Martin had, under a solemn promise of matrimony, betrayed Mary; and she was now suffering the terrible consequences of their sin.

Mary was a pretty girl and worthy of Martin in every respect; but Martin, after deceiving her, shrank from his promise and evaded her. He was seeking to get away on a two years' mission—away from his crime in a foreign land—and to leave the burden of shame upon her. True to his base instincts, his heart had grown cold toward his victim. She had written to him and plead with him to fulfill his promise, before her disgrace came to the knowledge of her parents, and especially before his departure. She had come to the Garden City, apparently to attend the ball; but, in reality, it was to make the last fight for her good name. Zina, designing to please Martin, had placed Mary on the reception committee with him.

She stopped at President Bodenheimer's, ostensibly to visit Electa, but, in order to force an in-

interview with Martin, before going to the party. He had studiously avoided her, for months; and now she must come into his presence and be in his company alone, in order to let him know all her sufferings and persuade him, if possible, to marry her. She planned a walk before the dance and requested Electa, who was going to accompany them, to allow herself and Martin to go alone. They strolled far to the north until coming to the river. For a time they walked silently along, when Mary broke the silence by saying,—

“Martin, when are you going to fulfill your promise?”

“I do not know, Mary.”

“It is growing near the time when you are to leave for a two years’ mission. Your answer should not be, at this time, that you do not know. You cannot have forgotten your promise to me? Ah! Martin, I thought your every word was true, or my heart would not be breaking to-day.”

“My dear Mary, is this the reason why you wanted me to take this walk with you? Are you desirous of diverting my attention from this evening’s pleasures and of causing deep regrets for the past, to come to my already unhappy mind? I think we had better turn back.”

“We shall not turn back until you have heard what I have to say. You must know that my life depends upon your actions—you whom I have almost worshiped—you whom I have loved in my dreams and thought mine, only to

awake to sad disappointment—you whom I have dearly loved, from the day I first met you, and, upon whose solemn promise, I gave that which is dearer than life to woman. Now, when it is too late to retrace my steps, can it be possible that you contemplate, for one moment, the destruction of my life, by deserting me and leaving me alone to suffer our terrible mistake? O! Martin, I pray that you will not treat me thus, but keep your vow to me; for the love of honor, be true to your promise—that promise you made me, one beautiful evening, under the gleam of yon pale moon, as she peeped over the mountain tops—then it was that you swore by the holy prophet to be true to me. O, Martin! dear Martin! save me from that dark abyss, the depths of which my eyes cannot penetrate and into which I dare not look, lest it dethrones my reason.”

“Permit me to say one word, Mary.”

“Say the word, Martin; that is what I want.”

“Well, against we get to the party, it will lack but a few minutes of the time I promised Sister Zina we would be there. Please allow this matter to pass for this evening and, if you will look at your best, I will give you my answer to-morrow evening.”

“With all my heart I grant your request; there is nothing in this wide world that is within my power, I would not do for you; but, Martin, you ought not to defer action longer. In ten days you will depart on your mission of work for the

Lord; we have but a little time to act; besides, I do not quite understand what you mean when you speak of my looking 'at my best'; but, if it will add to your pleasure, I promise you that all in my power shall be done without direction."

The dance over, the Bodenheimers went home together, hence she had no other opportunity to have a private conversation with Martin. She had made a desperate struggle to hide her grief and appear happy; but, at times, her outraged feelings would almost overcome her self-possession.

Next morning she went to visit other friends and returned to President Bodenheimer's for the night, hoping to receive Martin's answer. But alas! he did not appear. Her feelings gave way under the heavy load. She could not sleep, but walked the floor and wept bitterly until dawn. She fully resolved to bring her troubles before Martin's father, President Bodenheimer; and if he could not or would not bring about justice, to call her father into the dreadful secret.

All were shocked to note her changed and sorrowful appearance the next morning. She made arrangements with President Bodenheimer for an early meeting, at which she laid before him all of her troubles. She then said:—

"I now ask you, as my divine leader, and, as his father, to use every effort to force Martin to do justice by me."

Bodenheimer went and held a close conversa-

tion with Martin; he then returned to his office where Mary was still waiting. On entering the office, with a solemn and determined expression, he sat down in front of the girl and said,—

“It certainly cannot be true as you have related. On strict examination and close questioning, my son emphatically denies every charge and says his relations with you have been that only of a good friend, and that you are now trying to throw this responsible burden of shame on his shoulders and thus drag him down when he is innocent. If your charges against him were true, there is no time now for him to marry, as it would greatly interfere with the work of the Lord; for Martin declares that he will not go on the mission if he is forced to marry you. Now, Mary, if you are simply seeking some one to marry you, and thus hide your shame, I think I can find you a man; but the work of the Lord must not be interfered with; Martin must go on the mission.”

Such an ultimatum, coming from Martin's father, the president of the stake in which she held her membership, completely overwhelmed her. She wrung her hands and wept; she plead for mercy; then, on bended knees, she begged for a meeting with Martin in his presence—anything for justice and to relieve her wretched condition—but all to no avail.

She ordered her carriage at once and was driven home, where she laid the whole matter before her parents.

After hearing all, her parents were determined to force Martin to marry her or bring the whole matter into the United States courts, by having Mary sue Martin for twenty thousand dollars for breach of promise. This was the first time that a Saint, in good standing, ever recognized the courts of the United States, in any way, which were beginning to have a footing, even in Utah.

Bishop Hildreth took Mary and her mother and started at once for Provo, arriving there late in the evening, after Martin had preached in the afternoon.

They stopped at the home of Bodenheimer and demanded an interview, which was granted. This meeting was carried far into the night, when it was finally determined that they should meet the next afternoon (Monday), at which time Martin and his mother also should be present; and then they would try hard to settle matters among themselves, without going to the "ungodly Gentile courts."

Just before day, the next morning, Bodenheimer started a trusty servant to Zion with a message to the prophet under strict orders of secrecy. He had spent the remainder of the night after the Hildreths had gone to the hotel, writing to the prophet, fully explaining to him the whole trouble, urging upon the chief to come in person and help them out of the difficulty, adding that it would require a revelation to accomplish the desired end.

They met, according to agreement, at the office of President Bodenheimer. All expressed their surprise at the sudden death of Rhoda, the first wife of the good bishop, Blatherskite. Then, turning to the business of their meeting, each side argued from his standpoint the way to right the wrong. The stormy meeting of the two families was still in session at eight o'clock, the hour Bodenheimer's messenger returned from Zion. He returned as secretly as he had gone. Bodenheimer went into another room to meet him; again warning him about the strictest secrecy concerning his trip, he excused him. He hastily broke the seal and read the contents intended for him, which ran about as follows: "I will be here Wednesday, at two o'clock, p. m. Arrange a meeting for that hour; enclosed you will find a letter to Brother Hyrum Nolby, of Springville. Go in person, and in the dark, and deliver this note to him; say not a word to any living soul but Hyrum, and tell him that our movements must not be known of men. Do this, and I will do the rest."

Bodenheimer returned to his office and said,—
"My good Brother Hildreth, you know, as well as I, that we ought to be guided in all our troubles by the hand of prophecy, if such can be received. I have earnestly prayed to heaven for light, and this plan has just been revealed to me. The vision said, 'Arrange a meeting on Wednesday at two o'clock in the afternoon, at which time I

will cause my prophet to appear with a solution to this whole trouble; until then, talk not of this matter, as I will establish justice, and bring peace to my people, who are workers in Israel. I will soothe every heart and see that right prevails."

"Is this as the Lord hath spoken?" queried Brother Hildreth.

"Yea, verily it is, as I live; revealed to me, within this hour while on bended knees, I did ask the right. We can do nothing further to-night, except to arrange for the meeting and make our promises. Come with your wife and daughter to-morrow morning, and stay in my household until after the meeting. If the prophet does not appear my son shall marry Mary at once, but, if so be it, that he comes, let all abide by the will of the Most High; and, as proof positive, to each other, that we will stand by the will of the Lord, let us join hands and form the holy prayer circle, thus forming the union between our hearts; then bow upon our knees and promise high heaven that we will obey the divine will, as shall be revealed through our holy prophet, let come what will."

"I here agree to all, do you agree Mary?" said Hildreth.

"I do father, provided Martin also agrees to be directed by the holy revelation; for I know that the heavenly powers are just."

"I have been selected, through revelation, as one of the Lord's disciples to bear his Gospel to

foreign lands; to refuse to stand by his holy revelations would be to prove myself wholly unworthy to bear his mission; therefore, to prove my honesty of purpose, I here agree and join hands with Mary, while we kneel within the holy circle, having implicit confidence in the justice of my cause."

The mothers agreeing, all knelt while Bodenheimer prayed; then, while yet in that solemn position, each pledged himself to secrecy, concerning this and the meeting agreed upon; still kneeling all repeated in concert, after Bodenheimer, the following:—

"I furthermore promise that I will attend the sacred meeting, as arranged by revelation, at this time, and abide by the decision in reference to our differences, as shall be directed by our blessed prophet."

The circle arose; Hildreth, wife and daughter, went to their place of lodging; Bodenheimer's family retired. As soon as the Hildreths were gone and his family asleep, Bodenheimer hitched his horse to his buggy and an hour later, was rapping at the door of Hyrum Nolby's house. On learning who was at the door, Nolby hurriedly dressed and welcomed the president of the stake, into his parlor; knowing that some secret work was up, he closed all the doors to the room, pulled down the blind to each window, turned the lamp low and then asked, in a low breath,—

"What wilt thou, my holy leader?"

"I have a letter for you—open it at once and read its contents to me."

The letter read, they held a hurried consultation, that Hyrum might understand fully the whole field of action. Then Hyrum said:—

"Have no fear, Brother Bodenheimer; I will happen at the meeting, promptly, at a quarter past two. I will play my part to the dot—I will, by h—l—especially when it involves the bestowing upon me of another young, sweet, voluptuous girl, and at the same time, relieving a young brother who is to work in our sacred mission field. By h—l, the thought is inspiring."

With this, they parted.

Hyrum Nolby was a man ever ready to receive the revelations of the priesthood, in all things, even to the shedding of blood as an atonement. By reason of his obedience he was entrusted with some important responsibilities, to wit: He had been mayor of the city of Springville twice, he also participated as leader of the gang, who, while acting under the instructions of the prayer circle, offered up old man Parrish and his two sons, at Springville, on the first day of March, 1857, as a blood atonement for the terrible sin of having grown cold in the faith.

Bodenheimer had instructed Martin, prior to the meeting with the Hildreths, to agree to everything that he (Bodenheimer) should propose in the meeting; promising that if he did so, he, as president of this stake of Zion, would release his son

from any responsibility whatever; hence, when called upon by his father, Martin readily agreed to join in the prayer circle.

This circle is considered by the brethren as being the most sacred way of making a vow, except vows made in their temples.

CHAPTER XI.

About noon, on Wednesday, the carriage of the mighty prophet, seer, and revelator came in sight and stopped in front of Bodenheimer's home. All were astir, in a moment, and rushed to the carriage, as he alighted, to shake the hand of the holy man of earth. It was not long until the whole populace knew of his presence in the Garden City and was anxious to meet him; but he at once announced that he could see no one but those whom the Lord had directed him to see, until he had first fulfilled his mission.

As soon as the prophet was ready, dinner was announced. The meal being over, all of the interested parties to the conflict between Martin and Mary, together with the holy man, repaired to the private office of Bodenheimer. After all were seated comfortably, the prophet said:—

“If I have not misunderstood the Holy Spirit I have been directed to come here, at this time, to consult with part of the families of two of my best workers in and for the upbuilding of Zion. It may appear strange to these young people, but not to you older ones, I am quite sure, just why I happened to appear here, and how I know the circumstances for which I came. It is by revelation from above. I had a vision. I saw two of my influential and good workers, struggling in

bitter combat, as it were. This was on Monday evening last; the Spirit revealed to me what it meant. It further said that it had appeared unto Brother Bodenheimer and had arranged a meeting for this hour, which I should attend. Is it not a fact, my brethren, that there is some trouble between you, about these two young people?"

"You have spoken as the conditions are," replied Hildreth.

"Have no more trouble about this matter; for the eyes of Heaven are upon you. Verily, your differences have even threatened the peace of Zion, by threatening to go before the infernal Gentile courts with this petty dispute. Let me ask you, have the so-called courts of the United States any right to settle matters between the Saints? Nay, verily; the lowest decision of a Saint is far above the highest and wisest of theirs. Theirs is a debased government; ours is exalted and knows no wrong. Ah! is it not a fact that they have sent an army here to rob us of our rights, and are now seeking to establish their so-called courts here to harass our people? We have petitioned their debased congress to grant us statehood, under the name of Deseret, that we might build up a state like unto the holy kingdom. They denied our petition; yet, I here prophesy unto my people that we will yet place a star upon their flag that will become the ruling star; for the state that it shall represent shall be ruled by the holy priesthood from among God's

chosen; and the influence thereof shall spread from state to state, until this so-called government shall quake beneath its power; then, why will any of my people threaten to recognize their imaginary courts, in any matters whatsoever? In fact, my brethren, you have no differences to settle. All is well. The spirit revealed to me that thy daughter, my Brother Hildreth, is divinely conceived; and that she shall bear a son, who shall become most wonderful in wisdom and power, annointed from above and loved of all men, for they shall look to him for light and knowledge. The man who is to be his earthly guardian resides at Springville, just half way to your home from here; he is divinely chosen to fill this sacred office. I speak of no less a personage than Brother Hyrum Nolby, who is one of the best, most attentive and noblest members of our sacred priesthood. Why, my dear brothers and sisters, the vision further told me that he should be at this meeting; can it be possible that I misunderstood the words? Nay, verily; I see him alighting from his carriage now; let us give him a hearty welcome, and ask him to explain why he came here at this time."

The prophet had scarcely closed his remarks when Hyrum entered the room. All, except Mary, arose and gave him the "hearty welcome" by a good handshake and cordial words; but poor Mary saw the way that things were turning and she would have protested against the whole pro-

ceedings, even in the face of her oath; but she saw that there was no use; even her parents had forsaken her, by welcoming this man, under the words spoken by the prophet.

Again all were seated, when the prophet asked Nolby to explain why he had come to the Garden City, at this particular time, and what his business was at this meeting.

Hyrum began slowly by saying:—

“I do not like to be called to speak upon this delicate question, especially in the presence of so many; but knowing that we should ever be willing to respond to the will of the Lord in all things, I fain would yield my selfish feelings and explain the mission of my coming. It is in answer to the commands of a personage of light, I know not whom, but this is its command: ‘Go to the office of the president of this stake, for the Lord has work for thee. Thou shalt enter his vineyard and do his pleasure, by taking unto thyself a young bride who shall bear a son unto me (the vision).’ For a few moments I was paralyzed and stood riveted to the spot, as it ascended and vanished behind the clouds. I dropped my work, prepared myself, according to directions, and came to know if such were the case; and, if so, does it meet with the approval of all concerned?”

“It is the case,” said the prophet, “and meets the hearty approval of all; for it is the Lord’s will and must be followed; there is no other alternative. If we should attempt to go against

such manifestations, as we have seen demonstrated here, we would most surely be damned. I now ask all who are in favor of standing by the Lord's will, to rise to your feet."

Each one present arose promptly, except Mary. She hesitated; but finally was induced, under strong persuasion, to stand up; as she did so she burst into tears. Many things had taken place which she could not understand; yet there was an indwelling witness in her soul which told her that all was false.

With a broken heart she obeyed everything that was bidden of her, even to entering Hyrum Nolby's carriage, when she was driven to the nearest endowment chamber, where she was made his third wife for time and eternity. Hyrum entirely forgot the vision in the temple, and instead of having poor Mary reserved for that personage in the spirit land, he took her to himself, not only for this, but for the future life as well; thus completely shutting the vision out forever.

Three months later a little daughter of Martin Bodenheimer's came and took up her abode at the home of Hyrum Nolby's. Its father was far from the scene, across the wide Atlantic, preaching virtue and honor as a Saint. By every manner of deception, as to conditions in Utah, and the teachings of the Saints, Martin was trying to convert human beings to the religion of deception and licentiousness in order to bring them to the land of Zion.

When Mary and her parents went to the authorities of the church to know the reason why things had not turned out according to the revelation, their answer was that it was because of her obstinancy in refusing to give her full consent to the will of the Lord. Another month of intense suffering from remorse of conscience passed by, when poor Mary lost her reason; she raved at times, but at other times she was calm. She was given the slackest care, in this, that she was neither sent to an insane asylum nor provided with a constant watch. She wandered away from the miserable place of Nolby's one beautiful evening in April, as the shades of night had begun to hover over the valley. The next day she was found in a deep hole in Spring Creek, with her babe tightly clasped to her breast. Thus ended the poor, unhappy girl.

CHAPTER XII.

Zina Blatherskite was waiting in a room adjacent to Bodenheimer's office for a private meeting with the great leaders. As soon as the case of the Hildreths was disposed of, they took their departure and the president and prophet were soon alone.

Zina stepped into the room with her usual daring manner, without the slightest invitation, and walking up to the prophet took him by the hand, saying:—

“Beloved Brother, I am so glad to see you, and at the very moment when I was contemplating a trip to Zion, in company with Brother Bodenheimer, on purpose to see you. You can readily notice that I need no solicitation to come, even into your divine presence, when I have matters of vital importance to our holy church and the blessed plurality.”

Still clasping hands, the prophet answered: “I am well aware of all you have said, my good sister, and I like your good natured way about everything and your charming manner of putting all things; for they are always to the point. I have often remarked that you, Sister Zina, are the best worker for the upbuilding of Zion of all the sisters, not barring Sister Snow. Now, make known the urgent matter to which you desire to

call our attention. Any request of time that is within the power of the holy priesthood shall be granted thee."

The door being closed, she proceeded to lay before the two great leaders all that James had said and done on the morning of the discovery of the death of his mother; nor did she allow any of the glitter that would arouse the ire of the two great men to fall from the picture she painted. She related, in the strongest terms her intellect could devise, everything that had transpired at the time, adding many untruths to what James had really said and done in order to inflame the terrible wrath which sometimes lurked within the bosoms of these holy men. She finally closed by saying:—

"Oh my heavenly guides, he said that each of you should be drawn and quartered in order to get your just deserts. You say that I may have anything within the gift of the holy priesthood. Is there anything that is not within the power of this divine body? Certainly that which I ask is within their power, for I ask only that this stumbling block be taken to the mountains and dispatched, that he may not return to destroy the peace and tranquillity of our sacred family circle."

A meeting of the prayer circle of this stake was held that same evening, at which the doom of James was sealed.

James was very fond of hunting, and when three of his supposed friends invited him to

accompany them on a hunting trip, near the mouth of the river, he accepted the invitation, thinking such a trip might temporarily turn his mind from his sorrows. The time was arranged for the trip on Saturday, one week and four days after the funeral of his mother.

The shooting was fine and James enjoyed the sport, as much as possible, under the circumstances. He killed more ducks than any two of his companions. They hunted until it was too dark to see to shoot, then all started to go to the hack to start for home. On reaching the wagon, one of his companions proposed that they all empty their guns before getting into the vehicle. James thought there was no danger, if they were careful; then all three declared that it was their usual custom to do so and that it was the only safe way to avoid accidents. Finally, it was agreed to empty their guns, which were muzzle loading shot-guns therefore, had to be fired off in order to get rid of the loads. They fired a volley in rapid succession, which, according to a pre-arranged plan, was a signal for action. The guns were no sooner emptied than one of the men seized him from behind, and had both hands behind him before he had time to realize his condition. His gun fell to the ground and the other two men had hold of him in an instant. He struggled desperately as if knowing what was up and that his life depended upon it; but finally was overpowered, bound hand and foot, and

gagged. One of the men, who afterward left the church, related that before having the gag thrust into his mouth his last words were, "infamous Mormon treachery."

When the volley from the guns rang out, two men in a heavy skiff, about a quarter of a mile above, started to row down the river at once to the place where the shots were fired; they reached the point about the time James was securely bound and gagged, and he was hurriedly carried into the skiff, and the two men with their victim, pulled for the lake. They rowed across the lake to a place called Pelican Point, a sharp point of land projecting into the lake about one-half a mile. At this point he was turned over to two Danites, or "Destroying Angels." These men said not a word, but each seemed to know his part and played it to perfection.

The two "Destroying Angels" took him about five miles southwest in the hills, where he was brutally murdered, according to revelation. At the time of his death he wore a heavy leather belt with a metal buckle. On the inside of this buckle were engraved the initials of his name. Long years afterward some prospectors came across a bleached skeleton of a human being at this point. A half-decayed, hardened leather belt was found around the bones, with a metal buckle attached thereto, on the inside of which were the letters, "J. B."

The two sisters waited in silence for his return.

They listened for his foot-steps on the long stair and in the hall; but alas! they waited and watched in vain. All their anxious inquiries and grief were unheeded, and soon they learned that it was useless to ask about him. They deeply mourned his absence, but dared not mention it, except to each other.

The place where he lay they never knew. The summer rains and the winter snows fell on the form they had loved so much in life. The flowers bloomed around his bones, and shed their petals over them as if trying to cover them. The sly coyote trotted by and eyed askance the ghastly spot.

CHAPTER XIII.

There was sorrow in the hearts of all in the homes of the Walthams and Allisons over the death of Rhoda. They loved and sympathized with her during life, and now they turned all of their sympathy to her poor, bereaved children. On Thursday of the next week after this sad death, Vernon Stanton left the Garden City and went back to Zion. While in the Garden City some things had transpired that would always be remembered with pleasure, but there were many things which came to his notice that filled his heart with sadness.

There was a young woman by the name of Margaret Baird, who worked in the Allison family, whose story of life filled his heart with pity.

He had been confined to his room on account of sickness for several days during the stay with the Allisons. Margaret had been very kind to him during this time. She had taken special care in preparing dishes which his delicate appetite might relish; also, in keeping his room in perfect order and at a comfortable temperature. In this way he became well acquainted with her. He often noticed as she went quietly about her work in the room, tears standing in her eyes and sometimes rolling down her pretty cheeks and dropping to the floor. He saw that her soul was

bowed down with some deep sorrow, and his sympathetic heart was touched. He had never seen so intelligent a girl working as a servant, and wondered what conditions had brought her to this state. One morning as she made her usual visit to arrange his room, evidently more sorrowful than usual, he ventured to ask the cause of her sadness. She answered him confidently, as she believed him to be an honorable man, who would sympathize with her in her distress. She stood silent for a moment, then approaching him, she said in her meek and modest way,—

“You will pardon me, Mr. Stanton, for I did not intend that you should detect my lonely sorrow. You are so much like the good people of old England, where I was raised until I was thirteen years of age, that every time I see you my mind is led back to the happy days of childhood, to my mother, brother and sister.”

As she spoke these names her voice trembled and the tears flowed freely, and it was with difficulty that she was able to finish the sentence.

“And where are they now?” asked Mr. Stanton. After a few moments silence, in order to overcome her emotion, she answered:—

“O, sir, they are there still, if they are living, and I pray to Heaven they are. I would have been there, too, but for the reason that I had always idolized my father, and when he decided to come to Utah he and the missionaries painted such a glowing picture of this promised land that

I came along with him; but alas! the bitter sorrow I have experienced from taking that step. You see my father was an Episcopal clergyman, preached for the good Church of England, was highly educated, and had many friends. The Mormon missionaries came into our community, and for some unaccountable reason he became a convert, and at once decided to come to Zion. He tried every scheme he could devise to induce my mother to come, but her strong intelligence and forceful character could not be swayed by their teachings. She took a firm English stand against coming, and no persuasion could change her determinations. The other two children decided to stay with her, and I, poor miserable wretch, came with him. When we reached Zion, he was greatly disappointed. The mission promises of 'flowery beds of ease' all vanished. He soon began to lose self-respect; then he became wholly changed from the high-toned, dignified gentleman that he had been, to a groveling serf of a Mormon, with all that the word implies. He then took a young wife, who had neither sense nor decency; soon after another, and still a third, all within a year after reaching Zion. He was degraded not only morally, but mentally, socially, physically and reduced financially. There he moved in the highest circles of an English clergyman—to-day he lives in a little adobe hut in the western part of this town, with no floor except mother earth. There in that hovel he keeps

three women and twelve children; and there is not sufficient bed clothing in the house to cover them comfortably at night. I am compelled to work like a slave to help feed and clothe them; and yet the leaders of the church say I must not complain; and added to all this they tax me ten per cent. of what little I can earn for tithing; but they give me this consolation, that if I will be baptized into the church and become a plural of David Bronson, the Lord will relieve me of my burden. I have said nothing in answer to these propositions, and have evaded both; but, sir, I have fully resolved that I will sacrifice my life on the altar of purity before I will ever consent to do either. Oh! what a change has come in the seven years since last I saw my loving mother. Four months from that time my father spoke his last words of love to me because I refused to accept their doctrine and be baptized into the church; in fact I have been ostracized. No human being has expressed any love or feeling for me until I got to work in the Allison family. This family and the Walthams are fine people, far too good to be Mormons. Oh! Mr. Stanton, when I reflect over the past I am crazed with grief. Would to heaven that I had died before I ever saw Utah."

As she grew into the story, her eyes sparkled with uncommon brilliancy, her pale cheeks flushed from excitement; her intellectual features, her strong forceful character, clearly portrayed the type of this pure English girl.

In answer to a question, she subsequently told him that she would gladly go back to England if her mother would forgive her and take her back, and if she could, by any honorable means, secure the necessary funds to pay her transportation and expenses.

Mr. Stanton told her to have courage and that he would see what could be done. He took her mother's address and told her to be patient.

He found an excuse to visit her father's place, to ascertain all for himself, so he could be able to corroborate her story and speak from absolute knowledge.

The first thing he did after arriving at Zion was to write fully everything he had learned about this young woman to her mother. He explained her unhappy surroundings and repentant condition. He told her how much her daughter had longed to come back to her home in England, and to get away from scenes of disgrace and degradation, closing the letter with this solicitous prayer:—

“For the love of everything that is pure and holy, I pray that you will allow your broken-hearted child's return to your own hearthstone—to the home of her youth; for her very nature has revolted against Mormonism, and at the risk of life she has steadily refused to go into polygamy or be baptized into their faith.”

Four months afterward he received an answer. It came from a true, devoted mother. His letter

to her had been delayed in transit, but as soon as she received it, she hastened to answer:—

“MANCHESTER, ENGLAND, February 25, 1869.
Vernon Stanton, Esq.,
Salt Lake City, Utah.

Dear Sir: Yours of November 15th last past just received, and contents carefully noted. Allow me, my dear sir, to thank you for the kindness you have done me, by sending me this information, and also for the kindness you have shown my daughter and the interest you have taken in her welfare.

Tell my darling child I forgive her youthful error with all my heart. Her brother and sister long for the time when they can greet the long lost and absent one with fond embrace.

Enclosed you will find exchange for fifty pounds sterling to bear her expenses home. May the God of the universe guard my child until she arrives safely in my arms.

Yours with much gratitude,
MARGARET E. BAIRD.”

Mr. Stanton wrote Margaret at once, enclosing her mother's letter. This was on Monday. He also enclosed a ticket for her to come to Zion on Wednesday's stage. He gave her instructions that if any one should object to her leaving the Territory for her to tell him that she was of age, and, further, that she was under the protection of the laws of the United States and himself, as agent for her mother; and he further explained to her that while the courts of the United States were yet somewhat handicapped, the Saints had begun to fear the action of the same.

When she read her mother's letter, her joy knew no bounds. She was wild with delight, and clasping the precious letter to her breast, she exclaimed:—

“Thanks be to the Powers above, for it shall not be my fate to be forced into Mormonism, although it has been my misfortune to be cast among its devotees for eight long and weary years; yet will I escape from their inhuman grasp, free from its lecherous taint. I have been repeatedly insulted by ignorant, contemptible block teachers, who have exerted every influence to force me into the loathsome and degraded relation of being a plural; yet have I meekly borne it all in silence, knowing full well that if I permitted one word of condemnation to escape my lips, my life blood would flow for daring to cross the will of their so-called holy priesthood. I shall yet stand before my dear mother, pure as the crystals on yon towering mountain—pure, yet so near to scenes most vile. God did not intend it so. He who sitteth upon the celestial throne gave unto man one wife, not a multiple. Oh, how sweet to think that I shall kneel again beside my mother's knee, with brother and sister, in our dear old English home, there to hear the prayer from my mother's lips ascend to the throne on High, as I heard it in my childhood days; to feel her gentle touch as she lays her hand upon my head and asks His blessing upon her child; to hear her hallowed voice again, as I heard it in

days gone by, singing that old sweet song:—

“Rock of Ages cleft for me.”

A throng of fond remembrances and happy expectations thrilled her enraptured soul as her voice rang out in melodious strains, as she sang the song.

As she finished the hymn, which had recalled so vividly to her mind the sound of her mother's voice, the door to her room, which was standing slightly ajar while she sang, opened wide, and Lola, in utter amazement, rushed into the room, and embracing Margaret, said:—

“Why, Margaret! I did not know you could sing. Your sweet voice has enchanted me. I cannot understand why you have kept that angelic voice silent so long. You seem so happy. Has anything happened?”

No person had ever heard her sing a note since her arrival in the land of the Saints. She was like a song bird pent up in a cage, and longing to be free would not be reconciled to its imprisonment; but having gained its liberty, soared high into the breeze to again test its pinions—stopping to rest on the loftiest bough, where its voice broke forth to testify to the sensations of the heart in its old accustomed melody.

“O, my kind friend!” she said; I am going to see my mother. I start for my native land day after to-morrow.”

“What do you mean?” cried Lola.

“Just what I say, sweet friend. No longer

will I make this valley my home. I go to a land where purity is revered."

"Is it not revered in this land?"

"Yes, except in this Territory. Utah is a blot upon this fair and mighty land."

"I never heard you talk so strangely."

"Nor any one else except Vernon Stanton; but I have thought so from the day my feet first touched her soil."

"Are there no redeeming features about Utah?"

"Oh, yes, there are many redeeming features. Her soil is splendid, delightful climate, and grander scenery is not to be found; but I detest the religion."

"I scarcely understand you, Margaret."

"You don't? Well, to be plain, there is no religion about it. It is merely a form of tyranny, oppression and sensuality; and I am going to get away from it. I have just received the sweetest letter from the best woman I ever saw—my mother. She has forgiven my waywardness, and has consented to my return, and I promise you that I will lose no time in that direction."

"Where is your home, and when do you start?"

"My home is in grand old England, where my mother, brother and sister reside. I shall take the stage for Salt Lake City at eight o'clock day after to-morrow morning."

Here Mrs. Allison entered the room; and Lola, turning to her mother, said:—

"Margaret is going to leave us, mamma; she is

going back to her old home, in England, and starts day after to-morrow morning."

"This is rather sudden, Margaret; I am very sorry to give you up," said Mrs. Allison.

"I, too, have some regrets on leaving your home. You have been very kind to me, also, the members of the Waltham family have treated me well; but I will always remember Vernon Stanton as my true friend and great benefactor."

Then Margaret continued to tell Mrs. Allison everything that had occurred.

The next day it became generally noised about town that Margaret was going to start the next morning for her old home in England. Then it was recalled to mind that she had never imbibed the faith, nor had been baptized; and they remembered, also, that she had never attended any of the church sociables or dances. No one had ever tried to keep church secrets from her, as they took her to be simply a stupid daughter of old Baird; but on reflecting they remembered that he was a high-toned man when he came to Zion, and it was reported then that she was highly educated for one of her age.

When the fact of her contemplated leaving came to the ears of President Bodenheimer, after first consulting with different members of the high council, he called a meeting of the priesthood to convene at seven o'clock in the evening. At the meeting it was soon decided that they did not want her to leave, as she might divulge

something. The case being rather a desperate one, with little time to act, a prayer circle was formed, and a revelation received that Margaret should not go. After the prayer circle was over, and while the meeting was still in progress, they sent for her father, who came, and, for the first time, was informed of Margaret's intentions. He was getting over a hard drunk, which had extended over a period of two or three days' time. When informed of Margaret's intention, he said:

“‘Hic,’ by —, she shall not leave, depend upon it.”

“That is what we wanted you to see to and without fail,” answered Bodenheimer.

“Well, brethren, ‘hic,’ you heard what I said, did you not?”

“Yes, we heard what you said, but what are you going to do about it?” said Lehman.

“Do about it, hey? ‘hic.’ Don't you doubt my doing about it.”

“The question is, What will you do? She is intending to leave at eight o'clock to-morrow morning, yes, to-morrow morning.”

“Well, she won't start. ‘Hic,’ I'll be there. ‘Hic,’ I'll be there, president; ‘hic,’ don't you doubt me, president, for I'm Henglish.”

They decided to do nothing until they met at the station the next morning.

The members of the priesthood were on hand in force at the station the next morning. Zina Blatherskite and many other leading women

were also present, to witness "the fun of old man Baird clipping the pin-feathers of his upstart daughter," as they termed it.

They were all there waiting when Margaret and her friends, the Allison and Walthams, came up. They observed that she carried a small American flag on a staff. Mr. Stanton had provided it for the occasion, and told her how to use it if necessary, and that help would be on hand. She carried in her other hand a package in paper. It was a silken English flag, given her by her mother, at parting, which she had carefully preserved. Mr. Stanton had sent her ticket to save her the trouble of getting it there. It was fifteen minutes before the stage would leave. It was all excitement. "None of the crowd was on the station platform, as it was especially for the passengers and their immediate friends.

Margaret walked up on the platform with a firm step, followed by her friends. Her father coming up on the other side, approached her, and said:—

"Say, Margaret, where are you going?"

"I am going home, father."

"Home? you are already at home," he thundered.

"I have never considered it as such, father; hence I am going back to my good old English home and my blessed mother."

"Not if I know myself, child," he said with a swaggering movement of determination.

"Then, father, you do not know yourself; for I am going."

"What! remember, child, you are yet mine; you have never disobeyed me but twice before—once when you refused to be baptized, and also when you refused to become Brother Bronson's sixth woman; but if you refuse to obey me now, I warn you that you do so at your own peril; for you shall not go."

"Father, how old am I?"

"Let me see, I believe you were twenty-one last February; but what has that got to do with it?"

"You are right as to my age, and it has much to do with it."

With that she broke the string from the package, tore the paper off and threw the silken flag of England around her, and as quick as a flash she waved the American flag above her head, saying:—

"Under this flag—every star on its folds is true to the cause of liberty—I here proclaim my freedom, for I am of age; in the name of the good people of the United States and under the instruction of Vernon Stanton I place myself beneath its protecting folds; and on my own motion, as a subject of the British crown, I throw this sacred flag my mother gave me at parting, praying that it might protect her child, around my form. I, therefore, say to all vile and hostile people, hands off! I leave a father's hatred and degradation to

go to a mother's love and purity. While I am weak physically, I am strong when protected by these two flags of civilization. Father, you have disgraced yourself beyond redemption, and lost all sense of justice and propriety; therefore you go your way, and—I will go mine. Good-bye."

He shrank back at her strong, defiant words, and the sight of those two flags; and, as she closed, he vanished through the crowd.

She stood the Goddess of Liberty in the midst of a maddened throng, ready to tear her limb from limb. Four Gentiles had moved into the Garden City during the past winter, and they appeared upon the scene. A U. S. marshal and his deputy came up at this time, as pre-arranged by Stanton. The marshal stepped upon the platform and said in a loud voice:—

"It will be well for you all to disperse and not infringe upon the rights of this young woman."

The stage drove up to the station as Margaret bade her friends farewell; and as she bowed her acknowledgments to the officers, she stepped into the stage coach and rolled away.

At one o'clock in the afternoon she alighted from the stage coach at Salt Lake City, where she was met by Mr. Stanton. He accompanied her as far as Evanston, Wyoming, where she was to take the Union Pacific train for New York, where she stopped a week with friends, preparing for the ocean voyage.

CHAPTER XIV.

Evelyn and Lily had experienced many bitter trials since the death of their mother and the mysterious disappearance of James. Evelyn was now sixteen years of age, and Lily would soon be thirteen. They had complained about the strange disappearance of their brother, and had refused to believe the stories that were told them about his having gone on a mission; finally, through fear, they had to remain silent, except to one or two of their dearest friends. They had talked to Adrian and Lola a number of times about it, and while they did not like to doubt the stories of the priesthood, yet they, too, thought it very strange that James would leave so unceremoniously and not even write to his sisters.

Zina set to work as soon as James was out of the way to eradicate all the good teachings and impressions they had received from their mother, and to force Evelyn to become a polygamous wife of John Harrisson.

At the time Margaret Baird left Provo, Evelyn was visiting Beulah Little, a cousin, at Lehi, eighteen miles northwest of the Garden City.

The priesthood, feeling much chagrined at being foiled in their bold attempt to hold Margaret, now endeavored to keep the matter quiet, fearing that a general discussion of the matter might create, in others, insubordination and a desire to get away.

Beulah was two years older than Evelyn, and she had seen and heard enough about the brethren to prejudice her mind strongly against them. She was rather a homely girl, but virtuous and honorable in her ideas, and also keen of perception. The two girls were bosom friends, confiding in each other with implicit confidence.

After Evelyn had told Beulah all about her mother's death from a broken heart and the mysterious disappearance of her brother, Beulah answered:—

“I thoroughly comprehend and understand it all. You have my heartfelt sympathy, dear Evelyn, for there have been many thorns in life's pathway for me, also. My mother, too, had a bitter cup to drink and as sad an experience as did yours. By nature, she and your mother were as much alike as two sisters could be. She told me, just before she lost her mind, seven years ago, all her troubles.

“Our grandparents lived in Indiana, where my father and mother were married. My father was then a handsome, well respected young man and my mother was the idol of his heart. Soon after their marriage, our grandparents were converted to Mormonism and moved with their family to Nauvoo, where the Saints were then gathering. By earnest persuasion, my parents soon followed and my father became a convert. Your father and mother were married just before the Saints were driven out of Nauvoo, and started on their

long, dreary march across the plains. After reaching Utah my father became one of the vilest of men. It was not long after reaching Utah before he took a young wife. Then he forced my mother to divide her jewelry and fine clothes, which were bought for her before leaving Indiana, with the plural. Scarcely a year passed by before she was forced to divide with another, thus reducing her wardrobe to the scantiest condition. From the time he took his second woman, my mother was shamefully neglected. His cruelties did not stop within our own family circle; but he committed many crimes, yes, dear Evelyn, many cruel and bloody crimes, at the behest of his leaders. He was a member of the gang who massacred that train of emigrants at Mountain Meadow."

"What do you mean by that train of emigrants at Mountain Meadow?" asked Evelyn in amazement.

"Did you never hear of that horrible deed?"

"I never did."

"It was simply terrible. Come closer, that no one may hear," she said, in a low and excited manner, as if the very remembrance of her mother's story had startled her. Then she continued in the same low tone which was almost a whisper: "An emigrant train of one hundred and forty-nine people, I believe, was passing through this Territory, from Missouri and Arkansas, on their way to California. They were good

people, and very wealthy; it was the finest equipped train that had ever passed through the Territory. The leaders saw that it was a golden opportunity to secure a great prize. They sent a strong band to slay them, some disguised as Indians. This blood-thirsty band followed them southwest from this valley about two hundred miles, and there murdered men, women and children, except seventeen small children, who were too young to remember the awful scene. He came home, not long afterward, with a large bundle of clothing, consisting of silk dresses, fine shawls, and many other things. He gave my mother one of the dresses and one of the shawls. Of course my mother wanted to know where he had got them. He told her that they were the clothes of his sister, who had recently died in the southern part of the Territory. My mother, being in need of clothing, wore them frequently and did not learn where they really came from until five years afterward; and the thoughts of wearing a dress or anything that had been taken from these innocent, good people who had been so foully slain in order to get them, made of her a raving maniac. When quiet, she would pick at her dress, then she would shriek in the wildest despair, 'There are blood spots on my dress; I cannot get them off.' In this manner did she rave until death came to her relief. After she was dead, I heard my father say to one of his wives, when he thought no one else heard, that

he felt thankful that he was relieved from such a contrary woman as she was. Ah! my dear Evelyn, if there is a soul on this earth whom I despise with every fiber of my being, it is the fiend who holds the relationship to me of father."

"Horrible! horrible! horrible! But, dear Beulah, do not talk so of uncle. Remember that he is your father."

"Father? He is not worthy of that blessed name. He is only fit to be chief for the prince of the 'infernal regions.' I have had experience—I know whereof I speak, and as for your brother James—remember what I tell you—he has been murdered; yes, murdered by revelation, and by order of the saintly priesthood. I have seen so much that I know their every mysterious movement"

"Oh, it certainly cannot be that my dear brother is dead—murdered by the order of our saintly priesthood! I cannot, I will not believe it," said Evelyn, wringing her hands piteously.

"Evelyn, be more quiet. I would not have you believe this if it were possible for me to believe otherwise: you may wait and watch a hundred years, could you live so long, but you will never see your dear brother again. When they go on that long mission, they never return."

"Then I shall revolt against the tyranny of the church leaders. It cannot be true; for father says James has gone on a mission, and that he knows where he is now. I know he would not be

a party to taking my brother's life. No, no, Beulah, it cannot be true."

"That is where you are mistaken, Evelyn. He is like my father and every other true, devoted Saint. They will all obey the holy priesthood (?) even to shedding the blood of their own offspring. Dear Evelyn, the revolt you speak of must be confined within the limits of your own brain and bosom or you will go on the same mission as your brother."

"What! do you think they would kill me, if I openly object to some of their proceedings, and refuse to do their bidding?"

"I do not think anything about it; I know of what I am speaking. Refuse to obey the revealed commands, raise a disturbance about something they have done, and if they deem it necessary to get you out of the way, you will go—that is all."

"I have already refused to obey them; for they have advised me several times to marry old John Harrison, since mother died and brother left home. They say I must become his third; but, Beulah, I will never act contrary to the teaching of my dead mother; I will die first."

The priesthood had begun to get over the shock that Margaret Baird gave them, about the time Evelyn came home. Shortly afterward they held a general council, at which they accused old Baird of neglecting his duty, and excused themselves, for Margaret having got away, and finally decided that the priesthood had not really failed.

They resolved to make it a little warm for the few Gentiles who were there and for all who opposed the will of the priesthood in any manner. A list of the names was presented at the meeting of those who had not complied with counsel which had been given them; and upon this list was the name of Evelyn. This list had been sent to Bodenheimer by Zina, "The Divine," specifying that the case of Evelyn demanded immediate investigation. So they held the usual prayer circle, with Bishop Blatherskite leading in prayer. He had just been sealed to a number of fine operatic singers, who had passed to the future life, and he had secured the promise of the higher authorities, that, if Jenny Lind died before he did, he should be sealed to her, as he wanted to make her his prima donna in his celestial opera company. Exultant over those who had already been sealed to him, and the prospect of Jenny, he was prepared to go to the last degree of fanaticism that the priesthood and Zina might suggest, even against his own children, and was perfectly willing to pray for the death of his own daughter, if the priesthood so decided.

After prayer, it was decided that Evelyn should marry Brother John Harrisson, as she had long since been counseled that she was expected to do this in obedience to the Lord's will. Her father, in the course of his remarks, among other things, said:—

"If she absolutely refuses to obey counsel, I

will sacrifice her upon the sacred altar as a blood atonement, if it is required by the Lord, and so expressed through the holy priesthood."

A committee was appointed to wait upon her the next evening, at eight o'clock, in her father's office. Blatherskite was to talk to her in the meantime, and try to subdue her rebellious spirit beforehand. If he could not force her to yield, then this committee of three was to give her the ultimatum; and if this failed, they were instructed to bring her at once, by force, before the priesthood meeting, as that body would be in session, until the committee should report.

Her father called her into the office the next afternoon, and said, "Dear daughter, I desire to have a talk with you about your marriage."

"Why, father, I am not even in love, much less at the point of marriage."

"But, my child, you have been counseled to marry Brother John Harrisson, who is a good man, and first counselor to Bishop Lehman."

"Father, I am surprised that you would suggest such a union to me—a young girl—your own daughter! Marry that old crackling, who already has two wives and a herd of children, some of which are older than I?"

"Yes, I know all this, Evelyn, but he is a good man; besides, the Lord has revealed it unto him that you should marry him."

"Did he say as much?"

"He has said this in the priesthood meetings, at four different times."

"Then he has falsified in the priesthood meetings just that number of times."

"My child, you must not talk thus, I know it is true; for the Lord has revealed it unto me, also," he said in a strong, commanding voice.

"Father, if any other human being on earth should say that to me, I would say to him that it is as false as false can be; but as it is you, you being my sire, I will simply say to you that the Lord will be disappointed when he sees that I will not comply."

This was said with such determination behind it that the father saw that there was no use in pressing the matter further at this time.

The sacred committee came at the appointed hour, when the father conducted Evelyn into the office and left her with the committee. The spokesman of the committee opened the conversation thus:—

"Sister Evelyn, we have come to advise with you about your marriage."

"Gentlemen, that is a question with which you have absolutely nothing to do, and I will not countenance you, nor dignify you sufficiently to discuss it with you. There is no one with whom I am in love, as yet; and I am very sure that I shall not marry until I find the right man, and one that I love with all my heart."

"Yes, but the Lord has revealed it to Brother Harrison that you should be his wife, and each of us is a witness to the fact."

“The Lord has sadly neglected to say anything to me about it, and I will say here, for fear that you should misunderstand me, that the Lord has had nothing to do with this shameful proposition.”

“Sister Evelyn, you must not dispute the holy revelations of the priesthood.”

“The holy priesthood must not falsify then; neither must it meddle with those things which do not concern it.”

“Does not marriage concern it?”

“Mine doesn’t.”

“Your soul’s salvation depends upon your complying and marrying Brother Harrisson.”

“Then my soul is lost; for I will not comply. I don’t happen to believe it, however. Your false revelations cannot affect my soul; for it is secure in its faith in a just and merciful God, whom I adore and worship, with all the zeal that animates my being. I will trust only in Him, and until He reveals these things to me, I will not act, except as my conscience dictates.”

“Sister Evelyn, reflect well before your final decision. Your life depends upon your complying. We cannot tolerate such disobedience. Already the discipline of the holy priesthood has been threatened. It shall not occur again.”

“That, perhaps, is true. I can readily believe that my life depends upon my complying with your demands. A band of fiends, who would torture my poor mother into the grave, and rob

an honorable young man, such as my brother James, of his being, because of his righteous opposition, would not scruple at taking the life of her daughter or his sister, if she should dare to disobey counsel; but I am determined that I will not obey, nor countenance this infamous proposition."

"Who said we had tortured your mother into the grave?"

"I did. Is it possible you did not hear me?"

"Sister Evelyn, have you counted the cost of such language? Who told you, I pray, that any one had robbed your brother of his life?"

"Yes, I have counted the cost. Well do I know just what to expect from such vile hands; as to James, I know whereof I speak; the circumstances surrounding his disappearance absolutely exclude every other reasonable hypothesis."

"Young woman, you will repent of this talk."

"I may suffer, but I will never repent."

"Do not talk back to us thus, thou wicked transgressor! We were sent by the holy priesthood to deal with you. Your father knows that the Lord has given unto all of his brethren the testimony as to Brother Harrisson's divine revelation. We demand that you comply this night, by agreement, and that the contract be carried out to the letter at an early date, or your blood will atone for this terrible sin—disobedience to the Lord's will. We are loving friends, who would gladly lay down our lives for you, if you would

but live up to our sacred teachings. We do not want to be forced to the last extremity; but it must be done, if you refuse the word of the Lord; for it is a thousand times better that your own blood atone for the mighty wrong, than that you should be eternally lost."

"Gentlemen, I will be true to the teachings of my mother. I would rather die a martyr to her sacred teachings—yes, the most ignominious death that your fiendish minds could conceive—than live in luxury, to prostitute the pure, upright life that she had mapped out for me. Therefore, if it is so decreed that my life shall pay the penalty for refusing, depend upon it, that I will depart this life with the consolation of knowing that I sacrificed my frail being on the sacred altar of virtue."

With this they seized, bound and gagged her, and dragged her into the darkness; finally bringing her into the presence of the priesthood, then in session. Her father had sufficient compassion to stay away from this disgraceful meeting. Zina, with another lewd friend, was waiting in an adjourning room, expecting to enjoy seeing Evelyn yield her stubbornness when brought into the presence of this august body.

When in their presence and relieved of her fetters, she was catechised as to her and her mother's faith, and as to everything connected with their secluded lives. She was next catechised as to the condition of her person, when the most

obscene questions that their nefarious brains could coin, were put to her tauntingly, as to her virginity and the proof she might produce. These questions came from each one present. They tried every conceivable method, at the command of their base intellects, to force her into submission; but to no avail. Crazed with anger at their failure to shake her in her determination to remain true to the teachings of her mother, they then sought to humiliate her into submission. It was then that fanaticism dragged the priesthood of Utah Stake of Zion to the lowest pit of degradation.

They rudely forced her into one of the side rooms, where their malignant hands tore every vestige of clothing from her trembling form. Her long, abundant hair fell on her neck and to her waist, hiding a tiny chain which held a small locket, on the inside of which was a lock of her mother's hair and Evelyn's name. This simple memento, given by her mother, she held as sacred as her life. Zina assisted in this work. In this nude condition, they carried her back into the presence of these insatiable beasts—the priesthood. High counselor Harrisson came in from an opposite room, in like condition, with a demoniacal smile playing on his countenance, and seizing her hands, forced her to kneel while the prayer circle formed around them; and while in this shameful pose—at which Satan would turn his back—they claimed to receive a revelation

that she should obey His will or yield up her life.

On arising from the circle her hands were loosed, she arose to her feet trembling like a leaf. Her heart beat against the walls which encased it, until each pulsation shook her frame. Her deep breathing told her agony. She raised her hands to hide her face, while the ringlets of hair fell between the fingers.

Here Bodenheimer said, in a deep, rhythmic monotone:—

“Sister Evelyn, do you still refuse to be united with Brother Harrison, whom you now behold in all of his unveiled voluptuousness as Father Adam was placed in the Garden of Eden? Was ever man more grandly made than he? Behold that noble breast, and arms on which the standing muscles slope, which would enfold thee in fond embrace, if thou wouldst only yield.”

“Do not insult me further. I have been tortured, disgraced and humiliated to a degree beyond endurance. O, contemptible vipers! destroyers of all that is pure of earth! I beseech you to take my life at once and save me from further humiliation. You would transform the world from the sacred abode for man as intended by the divine plan, into a lecherous brothel!” She sank to her knees, and in the most agonizing tones, she cried, “O, my angel mother, intercede at the throne of mercy for thy suffering child! Ask that my suffering may end at once, that my

soul may ascend to thy loving arms. Save me, I pray, from further persecution at the hands of these hell-hounds, who gloat over my misery!"

With this she sank unconscious to the floor. She was taken from the room and placed in a carriage, in the custody of two men and a driver. She was never heard of afterward. About the year 1894 a skeleton was found in an old deserted cabin near Castilia Springs. In removing the old structure, it was found under the floor. There was a small gold locket, attached to a chain around the neck, which on being examined revealed the name "Evelyn."

CHAPTER XV.

Adrian and Lola had spent most of the time during the winter at their books, under the instructions of a private teacher. They were advanced far beyond any of the young people of the Garden City; yet they desired more knowledge of the world and of things in general, and knew of no other way of acquiring it, than by the closest research of good books, under the supervision of a good tutor.

They enjoyed each other's company and their studies so well that they did not attend many of the parties during the winter, and did not meet many people. They had been with Evelyn and Lily quite often, and had talked over the loss of their mother and the disappearance of James many times, and had sought to console them.

For some unknown cause the members of the priesthood had been unusually kind to Adrian and Lola and their parents. They did not exact so much tithing. The dignitaries called oftener than in former times. Zina and her workers made it convenient to call at their homes often. She exerted her influence, as they thought, in their behalf. It was so marked a change that they could not understand the cause.

When Margaret left, each family suffered their old time oppression from the leaders, for a time.

The fact that they did not like the plurality, and had accompanied Margaret to the stage station, was simply horrible in the eyes of these divines.

A very few days elapsed after the disappearance of Evelyn, before it was known to most of the members of the church in the Garden City, outside of the members of the priesthood who were present. The facts connected with the humiliation of the poor girl were too horrible to meet the approval even of those who believed in the blood atonement. The more moderate and liberal minded members had a little rest from oppression, as the brethren of the local priesthood had sufficient upon their hands, that of trying to quell the rising tempest that was threatening. The agitation grew to such extent that even the serfs, so to speak, denounced the proceedings of bringing the heart-broken girl before the meeting, stripped of her clothing, for the purpose of humiliating her into submission, as being an outrage and a scandal. Threats of violence were made against all concerned in the diabolical work. It was apparent to all that such outrages would drive many to apostasy. Blatherskite was denounced on every hand by all who were not closely connected with the leadership; while some jestingly said, "It is old Zina pulling the strings to her jumping-jack."

These were the conditions that existed at the Garden City when the general conference of the church met at Zion, in April, 1869. These con-

ditions demanded and received special attention of the secret session of the general priesthood, in its most solemn deliberations. A special revelation was received, justifying the deed, which had caused so much commotion. This revelation was transmitted to the Garden City by three of its head leaders, as soon as the conference adjourned.

Within an hour after the arrival of these divines at the Garden City, things changed from a warlike appearance to perfect peace. It was a calm after a storm. Evelyn's name was never mentioned again, only in the most secret manner. Adrian and Lola and their parents never became reconciled to the horrible deed, but knowing the danger of speaking the sentiment of their hearts, they kept silent.

The Union Pacific Railway was being rapidly pushed into Ogden, and many Gentiles were coming into the Territory; therefore the days for such dark crimes being kept out of the courts were nearing the end.

The leaders from the general conference remained in Provo until the next Sunday, at which time the quarterly conference for this stake was held.

At this conference the machinery of the stake was again put into perfect working order. Everything that had been done at the general conference was duly ratified by unanimous vote.

The next order of business was the vote to sustain the officers of this stake, and to ratify their

work for the past quarter. The vote was unanimous, except that of the Allisons, Walthams and five others, who did not vote; they did not dare to vote in the negative. Up to this time there had never been a member of the church who dared vote against any question submitted to them by the leaders.

For refusing to vote, this little band was black-listed as subjects on whom the leaders should afterward wreak their vengeance.

Under the head of "work of the foreign missions" for this stake, Bodenheimer said:—

"I desire to read a letter from my son Martin. This is a matter which gives me great pleasure. I am glad that I have lived until I can stand before you and announce unto you that I have a son in the mission field. You all know that my son Martin is on a mission in England. That you may know the good work that he is doing, I will read his letter to you."

"ISLINGTON, LONDON, ENGLAND, March 5, 1869.

My dear Parents: As I wrote you in a former letter, we arrived here from the head-mission at Liverpool, on December 20th, and at once began the good work for the building up of Zion. My mind is thoroughly absorbed in my field of labor. To work for the Lord and his church is a pleasure which should inspire the most derelict of our faith. I have made my work, thus far, in the form of lectures upon morality and virtue. I think the subject best suited to my inclinations and disposition. When I arrived here, I was grieved beyond measure to note so much licen-

tiousness among the English people. Then I concluded that the subject I have selected is a good theme. These people are sadly in need of being elevated to a higher plane, in this regard, and I have preached it with telling effect. Many have joined us by reason of this alone. Some have said to me that they did not know we taught virtue, but were of the opinion that we were a band who practiced polygamy and all kinds of cohabiting crimes. My answer has invariably been that our church teaches virtue and morality in the highest degree, and practices what it preaches. Of course, they take my answer to mean that we do not practice the blessed plurality. I am not responsible for any misunderstanding that they may glean from the holy truth. I am well, and in the best of spirits. Tell the brethren to pray for me, that I may continue the good work.

Your son,

MARTIN."

About the time this letter was written, a little girl of Martin's came to take up her abode, during her short life, at the home of Hyrum Nolby.

At the close of the reading of this letter, the brethren united in prayer for his special benefit, that he might keep up his good work.

The deception displayed in Martin's answers, as to the obnoxious teachings of the Saints, as delineated in his letter, was sanctioned by the priesthood, and his answers have been pointed to many times as models to be followed by all missionaries.

CHAPTER XVI.

After the defeat that the priesthood met in the Margaret Baird affair, and the trouble that had arisen from the outrage and murder of Evelyn, the brethren of this stake decided to act with more caution in the future.

The "ungodly Gentiles" were becoming so numerous that they felt that the practice of blood atonement should be carried on in the most secret way, and that their designs and plans must be different in all future cases. Already the plans were being laid with reference to Adrian and Lola, and, by all means, they must be a success; hence the movements of the priesthood must be very subtle. They had learned that the reported engagement of the young couple was a mistake; but all expected that they might become engaged at any time, when they would be expected to apply for a recommend. Until they should apply for their recommend, everything must be done that would tend to throw them off their guard.

Zina was instructed to put them to the front on all occasions possible. She had secured the co-operation of the prophet and President Bodenheimer. This trio really wished that the young couple would enter the plurality. Zina, however, was playing a double part. She resolved to pretend to Adrian, at the proper time, that she was favorable to his marrying Lola, without taking

another. She would strive in every way to gain his firm friendship; then she could hope to lead him on until he became entangled in the meshes of her lustful design.

Bishop Lehman was also plying a secret hand. Openly he pretended to be in favor of Adrian taking Lola, provided he entered the plurality; but behind the scenes he had enlisted the services of the first and second counselors of President Bodenheimer, who had considerable influence over the young couple, to advise them, if they showed signs of yielding, to stand out against the leadership and positively refuse.

Owing to the quiet dissatisfaction which the leaders of this stake imagined existed among the brethren, even after the pacifying conference, they determined to do everything, for a time, to make every one harmonious. So in order to divert the minds of the people from the recent crimes, dances, card parties, home theatricals, horse-racing, pugilistic combats, picnics, ball games, hunting and fishing parties, were of daily occurrence. All of these entertainments, as well as everything else, was carried on according to revelation. This was kept prominently before the people's gaze; therefore, no one objected to anything that was carried on, if it was in the bounds of humanity.

It was on the twenty-fifth of June when the most enjoyable event of the season took place. This was a fishing excursion to Bridal-Veil Falls,

where a dinner was to be served, and the fish caught were to be prepared and cooked on the ground, as a part of the picnic dinner.

The young people were to do the fishing, and the married people were to fry the fish and prepare the dinner. The afternoon was to be devoted to dancing, singing and speaking. A ladies' gold watch, diamond set case, and a chain were to be given, as a prize, to the young couple who should bring in the greatest number of fish of their own catching, by ten o'clock, so that they could be prepared by the noon hour. The young people were to go in couples, the young man to catch the fish, and the young lady to help carry them.

All the young people were out by four o'clock on this morning, in order to get the early fishing. They were eager to get started in the contest, which was a most delightful task. From a mile below the mouth of the canon, to one-half mile above the falls, a distance of six miles, the river was lined with the merry fishermen as soon as it was light enough to see.

Adrian owned a beautiful pair of dark bay horses, and a new buggy which he used for the first time on this occasion. He and his love led the party to the canon. He drove to the upper edge of the picnic grounds and tied his team to a tree.

At a quarter past five o'clock he cast his first fly. He fished from the second bend above the

falls down to the falls. He was an expert at trout fishing, and could cast a fly to perfection. No sooner had his first fly touched the water than a trout struck the hook, and a moment later it was safe in Lola's basket; and by the time they reached the falls, two hours later, they had forty-two of the speckled beauties. He had waded the stream most of the time, and was now near the center of the river, the water dashing almost to the top of his hip boots. There was a deep and dangerous hole just below him, which he could not pass, while in or near the stream. Suddenly a mighty stroke came against his hook, almost wresting the split bamboo rod from his grasp. This, with the surging water, caused him to sway with the force and almost lose his footing. Before he gained his steadiness, and had time to give it line, the rod was bent nearly double. He gave it line, still holding a firm rod against it. Down the swift stream the fish darted with such rapidity, that the reel hissed a sharp spinning sound. Fifty feet of line had unwound—a hundred—a hundred and fifty—still the fish ran against the pressure of the rod, as if there was nothing to hinder his flight. There was but fifty feet left on the reel. If it should keep steadily on to the end of the line, the fish and the splendid tackle would surely be lost. Still the trout sped on; one hundred and seventy feet was now out; on it went; one hundred and eighty-five—ninety; suddenly the coveted prize turned up the stream toward him. He

now felt that he was master of the situation; but to keep the pressure of the hook in its mouth he must not allow the line to slacken. He wound it up as fast as his right hand could turn the reel, gradually moving up the stream, as he slowly raised the rod above his head. On it came, until within a few feet, when at sight of him, it instantly turned and down the stream again it went, with apparently as much energy as before. As it neared the hundred feet, moving against the strong line, it changed its course up the stream again. Five times it made the dash down the stream, each time the distance being shorter. Then Adrian moved toward the shore, and pulled the fish close to him; but as he started to put his hand into its gill away it went again. Again he snubbed it up, only to repeat the effort; but on pulling it in the third time, the fish lay perfectly limp until Adrian got his hand securely in its gill. On raising the fish from the water, it made its final struggle, throwing the water above his head. The fight with the ten-pounder had been gained only by the greatest skill. The sunlight of the early morning gave everything a charming appearance. He turned to Lola, with the trophy held high, that she might see. She clapped her hands with delight. As he looked at her, he was enchanted with the scene. The sun's rays, streaming through the canon, struck the mossy bank on which she was standing; the rising hills clothed in green, the blooming flowers, the dash-

ing water, was a picture not easily forgotten. He came to the shore at once, hanging the fish and basket on a limb, and setting his rod at the foot of the tree. He and Lola then walked arm in arm to a tree, which forked near the ground, one branch shooting out almost horizontally for a short distance, then growing upright. It was close to the water's edge; here they seated themselves, and Adrian said:—

“Dear Lola, wading and fishing with so much zeal, together with early rising, has fatigued me somewhat. We will take a rest even if we are beaten in the race.”

“I will warrant we are victorious; we have forty-two already, and in such short time. I was wild with excitement, when you were working with the last one. Isn't he a beauty, as large a trout as I ever saw. I greatly feared that you would lose him in that wild, dashing rapid.”

“Your speaking of losing the prize in that wild, dashing stream, reminds me of our hopes and fears in life. In many respects our lives are like a turbulent stream, in which, oftentimes, the most precious jewels are lost. As I raised my eyes and looked at you, when I lifted that large trout from the stream, such charming beauty and lovely expression met my gaze, as I shall not forget. I could not resist the temptation longer, of coming to your side and telling you the feelings of my heart. You were anxious for me to land that beautiful trout; so was I. We

now realize our full hopes and desires with reference to this. Let us trust that all our hopes of happiness may be realized as this has been."

There was a silence. Presently he continued: "This scenery is sublime, and the day is wonderful." Then laying his arm gently around her, for the first time, he drew her more closely to him, as he said:—

"O, Lola! My darling love! There is one object on which my heart is set, which, for a long time, has filled my breast. It is the longing of my heart for the day to come when I can call you wife. Dearest one, may I know from your sweet lips, that this hope will sometime be realized?"

She laid her beautiful head upon his shoulder, as the tears stood in her eyes, and said:—

"O, Adrian! I love you with all my life, and can never love another; I am yours for time and eternity!"

They were again silent. The reflection of the sunlight through the mist, which arose from the falls, dashing from the opposite cliffs, cast a mellow light beneath the deep shade where they sat, softening the tints of her charming countenance, rendering her surpassingly beautiful. Kissing her forehead repeatedly, he said:—

"Dearest and adored one, your answer has filled my soul with happiness."

He paused, unable to utter another word from excessive emotion; the beating of each heart told the old story, louder than words. The only

sounds heard were the vibrating roar of the cataract, beyond the Timpanogos, mingled with the rippling and rushing of its waters; the songs of the birds, and the morning zephyrs gently whispering through the boughs. In the midst of these surroundings they gazed intently at the dashing stream, in deep meditation over the delicate and pure relationship borne between a true husband and one loving wife.

It was but a short time, when another young couple came in sight, at the bend above where they sat, but on the opposite shore. The young man had hooked a four-pounder, but not knowing how to handle so large a fish with a light fly rod, it was gradually taking him down the stream. The love scene was over, for the present, as they were soon filled with excitement, and cheered the young couple heartily when the young man finally landed his fish in safety, almost opposite the spot where they stood. Adrian took his rod and again resumed his fishing. When he and Lola came into camp, just as the old folks were assembling, at a quarter of ten o'clock, and the fish were all counted, it was found that Adrian and Lola had brought in a considerable number more than any other couple.

There were nearly four thousand Saints at the picnic, and all feasted sumptuously. The dinner was splendid and every one enjoyed it immensely. The leaders held out the idea that the great number of fish caught was miraculous, and brought

about by their earnest solicitations at the throne of grace, insisting that the large fish, caught by Adrian, could never have been landed with an eight-ounce fly rod, without the aid of a divine hand. Many of the boys, however, protested that they could do equally well, at any time, when conditions were favorable, if they were to work as hard as they had that morning.

The first thing on the program after dinner was prayer, followed by the presentation of the prize to the winning couple. President Bodenheimer arose and called Adrian and Lola to the stand, addressing them as he held the beautiful time-keeper in his hand.

“My young friends, by the zeal and energy you have displayed on this occasion, you have won this beautiful prize. I cannot do otherwise than congratulate you on your great success, and to say to you, Sister Lola, that the knack displayed by your companion proves him to be possessed of much zeal and energy, and indicates that he will succeed in life, and further demonstrates that he will be able to maintain you well, even if he should be good enough to take unto himself a number of wives. To you, my young brother, I desire to say that if you prove as successful in the matrimonial field as you are in catching the speckled beauties, you will, indeed, prove yourself most worthy of exaltation. I now have the supreme pleasure of presenting to you this beautiful time-keeper. May you have joy in the con-

scious feeling that it was merited in an honorable contest."

This said, he placed the watch and chain in Adrian's hand, both gracefully bowing their grateful acknowledgments. Adrian then replied,—

"We are thankful for the charming gift, and will ever prize it highly; as we note the hour from the register on its face, in the future, our minds will ever revert to this happy day.

"In answer to your remarks about a number of wives, I am quite sure that, if I should be so fortunate as to get one wife, I shall be the happiest man on earth. It is not quantity I desire, but quality. I am well satisfied with the quality of the one I have in mind.

"We are very grateful to you, sir, and, also, to our many friends for this manifestation of kindness."

Every woman present, who was living in the plurality, took the unguarded remark of Adrian, where he spoke of "quality and not quantity" that he desired, as being a direct thrust at herself.

Some grew so desperate about it that it was only through the influence of Zina and the leaders being brought to bear, that a disgraceful scene was averted. The priesthood were more determined than ever that he should be brought to time, at the proper period in the game, as they termed it, because of this rebuke, which was not intended in that way. If President Bodenheimer had not taken what he conceived to be a golden

opportunity to commit Adrian to the plurality, Adrian would never have spoken as he did; but thinking that silence would indicate consent, he was determined to let them know then and there his stand.

Next on the program was a song by a male quartet, which was rendered beautifully, and was enjoyed by all.

Next was a speech by one of the twelve apostles, from Zion, on the question of statehood for Utah.

“My brethren:

“I desire to talk to you, this day, about some of the ills that have been thrust upon the Saints, by our enemies; and, further, to speak of the glorious prospects that are at hand, for us to be freed from the shackles that have always bound us down, by being a part of this accursed government.

“The Saints have been persecuted in the past by every contemptible bigot in the land. In 1849, we, the chosen people of God, prepared a good constitution for this territory to become a state, under the name of the state of Deseret. We adopted the constitution, by unanimous action, and forwarded it to Washington, together with a petition, praying that we might become a sovereign state. Think of the humiliation—the sad spectacle of the anointed people of God, driven to the dire extremity of being compelled to ask favors of a viper nation of earth. In the face of this spectacle, the infernal machine called a gov-

ernment, run by a pack of demagogues, absolutely, rejected our solemn petition. Not only that, but they reduced our territory by taking off enough land to make two or three other states.

“We do not care to belong to the contemptible old hulk of a highway-robbing nation; but, as our land is a part of it, we must become a state, in order to preserve our most sacred rights. Already have they passed laws against the sacred practice of the plurality; but, thank God, they have been utterly unable to enforce the same, and they shall never enforce them here. (Cheers.)

“If we get the bliss of statehood we can do as we please in all things. We will elect our own officers, pass our own laws, and do all things according to the plans of Joseph, as given to him by divine revelation. (Cheers.)

“When Speaker Colfax, Governor Bross, of Illinois; Hon. Samuel Bowle of the Springfield *Republican*, and Albert D. Richardson, the author, were here in Utah a few years since, Prophet Brigham, in company with some of the rest of us, had a conversation with them. Mr. Colfax then said to the prophet, ‘As long as you practice polygamy you may expect the continued disapproval of the government. There is no other objection to the admission of Utah as a state.’

“Brother Young then asked, ‘If we could or should surrender polygamy, would not your people then go on and insist on our giving up our form of church government, and many other things?’

“Then Mr. Colfax gave us positively to understand that they would not. My brethren, President Young has had a revelation to fit this case, and we have framed a constitution, absolutely prohibiting the practice for all time. Of course, you all understand that it is simply a promise on paper to get in on, and then we can do as we please about everything. (Great cheering and cries, “That’s right, that’s right.”)

“It has been prophesied many times by the Prophets Brigham and Joseph, that the Saints would, at some day, become the rulers of this land, and that the Gentiles would come running and begging to be our servants. I heard the Prophet Brigham as he spoke, by divine command, say ‘that there are high officers in the United States government that would make good servants, and that the President of the United States will, yet, black my shoes.’ (Great cheering.)

“Verily, I say unto you, O my people, that these things must and will come to pass! (Thunderous applause and shouts of “That’s right, that’s right.”)

“My brethren, one of the means in the hands of the Lord to bring about this glorious result, is for us to secure statehood for our fair territory, and it shall be in the name of Deseret, for so the prophet has spoken many times.

“As to the constitution we have adopted, some may say, ‘It is wrong to say one thing in that document and practice or mean another.’ Ah! my

brethren, when you are thoroughly acquainted with the plan of the Lord, no such evil thoughts will ever enter into your minds. If the work is for the Lord, it is right to lie or steal, if this be the only way by which you can advance the holy cause: besides, we must fight the devil with fire, and I say unto you, my brethren, that this so-called nation and its law makers are made up of a band of devils in human shape, 'who will not come unto the knowledge of the truth.' (Loud cheering and cries "hear, hear.") Would to the powers above that it had been destroyed during the days of the rebellion. (Cheers.)

"In order to convert them to the truth, and show them the right we will be compelled to reduce them to slavery, and then, as they begin to see the right, we can raise them up gradually in the holy ways of the Lord. Statehood is the sacred door through which we must travel, in order to bring about this hold condition: therefore, let come what will, statehood must be realized; then we will avenge the blood of the martyred prophet Joseph and his brother Hyrum. (Cheers and cries, "We will, we will.") Then let us buckle on the armor of the Lord and go forth to vanquish our foes, and let the Lord rule upon earth through his holy priesthood. Verily, I say unto you that whosoever falters in this glorious work shall fall by the wayside. (Cheers.)

"If all the leaders of Zion were here to-day they would heartily endorse every word that I have

spoken; for we have had this matter up, many times, in the high counsel of the general priesthood meetings, and there, under the divine guidance, we so decided to act by unanimous vote." (Immense cheering.)

The congregation then sang the,—

"BATTLE HYMN OF THE MORMON THEOCRACY."

"In thy mountain retreat, God will strengthen thy feet;
On the necks of thy foes thou shalt tread;
And their silver and gold, as the prophets have told,
Shall be brought to adorn thy fair head.
O Zion! dear Zion! home of the free,
Soon thy towers will shine with a splendor divine,
And eternal thy glory shall be.

"Here our voices we'll raise, and we'll sing to thy praise,
Sacred home of the prophet of God;
Thy deliverance is nigh, thy oppressors shall die,
And the Gentiles shall bow 'neath thy rod.
O Zion! dear Zion! home of the free,
In thy temples we'll bend, all thy rights we'll defend,
And our home shall be ever with thee."

The next on the program was a speech by Bodenheimer on the same subject and along the lines of the former speaker. Then the gathering sang another war song, entitled:—

"Up, Awake, Ye Defenders of Zion."

The remainder of the day was spent chiefly in dancing, in which all above the age of eight years took part. The crowd dispersed about seven o'clock in the afternoon.

It is a delightful drive at this time of the day from Bridal-Veil Falls to the Garden City.

CHAPTER XVII.

The remainder of the summer passed without anything of great importance happening in the Garden City, except the continuation of the games and sports. The Allisons and Walthams could scarcely account for the good treatment they received at the hands of Zina and the local leaders. Adrian and Lola were made the leading couple wherever they went. They had spent all the time to themselves that they could. Many pleasant days they had spent together, in reading good books, rowing on the lake, driving far and wide, taking moonlight strolls far down the long rows of stately poplars, which stood as silent sentinels to keep vigil o'er the sleeping Saints, or angling for the speckled beauties along the crystal streams, far back in the different canons.

Adrian had become interested in the mining business to some extent. He had watched the movements of his good friend, Vernon Stanton, who was, perhaps, the best mining man in the whole inter-mountain country.

Mr. Stanton could do anything in connection with gold and silver mining from pushing a wheelbarrow to superintending or experting a mine, and had been very successful while at Virginia City, on the Comstock. He was now beginning operations at what was to be one of the best mining regions of the world.

Adrian had heard of the magnificent fortunes that men oftentimes made on short order at this attractive business, and longed to reap a harvest of this character at some future day himself; to this end he had made several prospecting trips in company with Mr. Stanton.

The time for the semi-annual conference of the church was at hand. It was to convene at Zion on the sixth day of October. Adrian and Lola had never attended but two general conferences; in fact, their parents seldom cared to go on account of the treatment they received at the hands of the members of the priesthood, because of their lack of harmony with the brethren on the one paramount distinction of the Saints. On account of the kind treatment they had all received during this summer, they felt that they would enjoy going to this general gathering. The parents and Willy were to go in one vehicle and Adrian and Lola were to go in his buggy and drive his favorite team.

On the morning before the first day of conference they all started for Zion. The young couple were glad to get out on the road, and they sped along over the good roads as swiftly as the wind. All along the route were camp fires, yet smoking, where Saints had camped the night before; some were just moving on, while many had already got well under way, when the happy couple swept swiftly by. At the beginning of the trip Adrian and Lola traveled at twice the speed as

did their parents, but, as they neared the great city of the Saints, the crowds poured into the main road from all directions, and the increased number of campers made fast traveling next to impossible.

As they were passing through the Jordan Narrows, Adrian turned the conversation from the question of love and planning for the future to the scenes of nature around them, and said:—

“The physical features of this basin are very similar to those at Palestine, the Holy Land, or home of the Saviour, chosen by our Heavenly Father. Often has my mind dwelt upon it. What a grand panoramic view can be seen from yonder height, which you see to the east. Looking south we see one of the most beautiful valleys that is to be found amid the towering Rockies. Its fields are the most fertile of any in this broad land. Along the western side lays the beautiful Utah lake, which I shall liken to the Sea of Galilee, where Jesus wrought so many miracles, in order to bear witness to the truth and power of his Father’s holy name. It was there that Simon, James and John made the miraculous draft of fishes under the guidance of the Master. I have often wondered if the fish they caught were as delicious to the taste and as beautiful to sight as our speckled trout are. The similarity of the two countries is very striking. The river Jordan flows from the Sea of Galilee and empties its contents into the Dead sea of the old world. Our

Jordan river flows from Utah lake and empties into the Dead sea of the new world, Great Salt Lake. There seems to be a design in this to me. I have heard our leaders say, many times, that in addition to those things which prove our religion to be absolutely true beyond controversy, that this is another proof. There certainly is a design in it all, coming from on High, the plan being that the Latter Day Saints, or the chosen people of God, should inhabit a country similar in condition and appearance to that which was inhabited by his chosen people in ancient times; for our divines all tell us that they were led here by the hand of God. Did you ever think of this matter seriously?"

"Many times, and I had my conclusions somewhat upset at one time, when expressing the same sentiments you have just mentioned."

"How was that, Lola?"

"On one occasion I drew this picture and elaborated upon it, to the best of my ability, to Mr. Stanton. We were in the library and I took the maps and charts to illustrate everything. I tried to convert him to the truth, for I would like so much for that good man to believe as we do. I then tried to show him that everything was the same, including the people and their religion, and I further tried to prove to him that it was designed by Him who doeth all things well, when he said to me, 'Miss Lola, did it ever strike you that the conditions are the opposite? The Jordan

river of Palestine flows south, while the Jordan river of Utah flows north—the one flowing toward the light, the other toward the darkness?’ He said further, ‘If we use this as an illustration, may it not be logical to conclude that our modern brethren are traveling in an opposite direction from that traveled by our ancient brethren? That while they, of that day, traveled toward the light, by following the teachings of Christ and using the Holy Bible as the revealed word of God, our modern Saints travel toward the place of darkness, by following the teachings of Joseph Smith, and using the book of Mormon as the revealed word of God?’ O, Adrian! I cannot get away from the illustrations and arguments that he brings to bear, when talking on the question of religion; and I never refer to the similarities of the countries any more, to any one, as tending in any degree to prove our position.”

The conversation turned to other objects of interest along the road. The crowds were beginning to be more numerous; yet, on they went, passing the slow-moving but ever-increasing numbers at every point of vantage.

When within eight miles of the city the throng of moving humanity, animals and vehicles, filled the wide thoroughfare, so that it became a matter of impossibility to pass anything, so dense was the throng. Every class of vehicles, such as covered and uncovered wagons, dog carts, mountain carts, buggies, carriages, stage coaches,

filled with Saints of all ages, sexes and sizes, and drawn by horses, mules, burros and oxen, while many were on horseback and afoot. Many families had their extra supply wagon, loaded with tents, camping outfits and food sufficient for themselves and horses while on the trip. Another class of loaded vehicles was those laden with one-tenth of the people's products, as tithing, such as lucern, hay, pumpkins, cabbages, carrots, potatoes, wheat, barley and all kinds of vegetables and grain, poultry "on foot and in the shell," hogs on foot and in wagons, sheep in small droves, cattle in small bunches—all uniting to form one mighty, mingled aggregation. The moving concourse stirred the deep dust, which arose in immense clouds and at times became stifling; then could be heard the wail of thirsty children, the vicious swearing of the Saints in charge of the unruly stock, the lowing of cattle, the bleating of the sheep, the neighing of the horses, the braying of the donkeys, the gabble of the geese and ducks, the creaking of the heavily-loaded wagons, blending into one mighty discordant note of confusion: still the mass moved on with unabated zeal to the sacred place, where they could show by every manifestation of enthusiasm their devotion to the teachings of Joseph.

They finally arrived at Zion where they saw a like concourse coming in from the north on the main road. The crowds, from both north and south, were turning into and filling the various

streets until it made progress very slow. Finally Adrian and Lola reached the old Continental hotel where they were met by Mr. Stanton and given a cordial reception. He had made arrangements that the best apartments in the house should be reserved for the Allison and Waltham families.

Adrian and Lola were glad to reach the end of the journey and be relieved from the dust. It was about five o'clock, in the afternoon, when they reached the hotel. After the reception mentioned Mr. Stanton said:—

“My young friends, you are very dusty and seem greatly fatigued. I fully expected you by one o'clock.”

“We would have been here before that hour,” said Adrian, “but it took us twelve hours to make the distance which should have taken but five, under ordinary circumstances, but the immense throng on the road impeded our progress.”

“I presumed this was the cause. I see that the brethren are striking camp at every place where there is a vacant spot, and the lodging houses and homes are all filled to overflowing.”

They were then shown to their apartments, where they were glad to rid themselves of the dust; and rest. The parents arrived about an hour later, and, after having an hour to rest and arrange their toilet, all went to dinner.

After dinner an hour was spent in social chat; but, as all the arriving party were very tired from the long and weary journey, they retired early.

They arose early the next morning, much refreshed from a good night's rest, and at the hour of the convening of the great conference, they were at the tabernacle. Mr. Stanton had never attended a conference, through its entire course, but, through respect to his friends, he accompanied them wherever they chose to go during the four days of their visit. They attended all of the sessions of the conference, except the secret meetings of the high council of the holy priesthood. The mighty tabernacle was one mass of humanity at each session, seating from ten to twelve thousand people, while twice this number were unable to gain entrance but were satisfied with the privilege of walking on the holy ground of Temple Block, and being so near the harem of their great prophet.

On the inside of the tabernacle, the space beside the great organ, the parquet and galleries were filled with anxious auditors; the rows of elevated seats on either side of the pulpit were filled with bishops and elders from outlying stakes of Zion—about four hundred in all. The four long seats constituting the pulpit proper were occupied by the first presidency—Brigham Young, Daniel H. Wells and George Q. Cannon. The twelve apostles, the heads of seventies, the church secretary, historian and local bishops also occupied these seats.

After the meeting was called to order the choir sang,—

"My soul is full of peace and love,
I soon shall see Christ from above," etc.

Apostle Snow then offered up prayer, which was followed by the choir singing,—

"Pray for the peace of Deseret."

Apostle John Taylor then addressed the meeting, which was followed by the choir singing the following hymn composed for the occasion by Eliza R. Snow, plural wife to the prophet Joseph and later to the prophet Brigham:—

"OUR PROPHET, BRIGHAM YOUNG."

"O God of life and glory,
Hear Thou a people's prayer,
Bless, bless our Prophet Brigham;
Let him Thy fullness share.
He is Thy chosen servant
To lead Thine Israel forth,
Till Zion, crowned with joy, shall be
A praise in all the earth.

"He draws from Christ, the fountain
Of everlasting truth,
The wise and prudent counsels
Which he gives to age and youth.
Thyself in him reflected
Through mortal agency,
He is Thy representative
To set Thy people free.

"Thou richly hast endowed him
With wisdom's bounteous store,
And Thou has made him mighty
By Thy own Almighty power.
Oh, let his life be precious—
Bless Thou his brethren, too,
Who firmly join him side by side,
Who're true as he is true.

"Help him to found Thy kingdom
In majesty and power,
With peace in every palace
And with strength in every tower;

And when Thy chosen Israel
Their noblest strains have sung,
The swelling chorus then shall be
Our Prophet, Brigham Young."

Then came historical reminiscences in the form of addresses, each succeeding one growing more bitter than the preceding, until finally Brigham arose and delivered one of his course and vulgar tirades against all who were not of their faith.

The rest of the conference was devoted to a movement to prevent the brethren from trading with the "ungodly Gentiles."

Each succeeding speaker seemed to try to outdo his predecessor in his bitter and intemperate denunciations of the Gentiles and apostates.

Such language as "d——d apostates," was freely indulged in by apostles, priests and presidents. During the prophet's speech he threatened vengeance on the apostates and then said, "I am only sorry for one thing, that God didn't tell us to fight the d——d mobocrats," to which the great tortoise shell tabernacle rang with many voices, "Amen! amen!" The principal cause of the prophet's regret, as expressed, was that the government of the United States had sent an army to Utah some time before, which had made it possible for Gentiles and apostates to live in Utah with any degree of safety.

When George Q. Cannon addressed one of the later sessions of the meeting, he evidently tried to exhaust all the vituperative vocabulary of the English language to provoke the people to mob

violence without directly commanding it. The bitterness of his spleen was directed toward a Gentile newspaper, recently established, and St. Mark's mission school, the only Gentile school then in the Territory. He characterized the school, "An institution of the devil, set up in Zion," and asked, "Shall such an institution be allowed to go and inoculate the minds of our children with its damnable and pernicious doctrines?"

Then the tabernacle resounded with a tremendous shout from the multitude, "No! no!"

The government of the United States came in for some of the vilest denunciations from several of the speakers, and thus they went on for a period of four days, one of the last speakers, an apostle, closed his remarks by saying:—

"Young sisters, let me speak a word of advice to you about matrimony; you should not marry these young, lazy, reckless and good-for-nothing chaps. They won't take care of you. You just come along and marry us old men who have proved that we can take care of a large family of women and children, and you are sure never to want."

The choir then sang a song, and the wonderful conference was over.

The time between the sessions of conference had been spent by those from a distance in laying in their winter's supplies. It had been a golden harvest for the mercantile establishments of the

city of Zion, especially Zion's co-operative mercantile institution, which was owned by the leaders and run according to revelation.

The crowds of people were moving in every direction. The conference closed about noon, and all the afternoon was occupied in loading the goods which they had purchased and getting started for home. Every one seemed in a hurry and anxious to leave at once.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Allison and Walthams were going to leave the next day. They had attended all the sessions of the meeting in company with their good friend Stanton. Their hearts were heavy because of the things they had seen and heard. They came to the holy place expecting to hear and see something that would advance them morally and spiritually; but, instead, they had heard a perfect tirade of abuse of all their fellow men, except those who were faithful to the teachings of the Prophets Joseph and Brigham. They had visited several places of interest during their stay; but, on the whole, the trip was a sad disappointment; however, they resolved to keep it to themselves. Mr. Stanton had not mentioned the question of religion to either of them, but he felt assured that the proceedings had not met with their approval, and had not affected them, as it had the great majority who were in attendance. After the excitement of the day had worn away and they had assembled at his parlor for their final social meeting, he ventured to mention the subject of religion in connection with the speeches delivered at the conference. He opened the conversation by saying:—

“Well, my friends, how did you enjoy the conference, and especially the addresses?”

Messrs. Waltham and Allison said, almost in a breath:—

“I haven’t anything to say.”

This is the usual response of the Saints when they disapprove the actions of the dignitaries. Mrs. Allison was very outspoken on this occasion, and said:—

“I think the whole proceedings a disgraceful affair. It was nothing but a tirade of abuse and complaint, from beginning to end. I do wish that our leaders would cease this rehashing of old troubles at every important meeting throughout Zion. I further wish, with all my soul, that they could see some good in others, and, at least, yield the point that some people in the world have some honesty of purpose outside of our church; but they never will. ‘We are and have always been absolutely right in all our troubles, and those who have opposed us have been absolutely wrong in all things of dispute between us; and everything has been oppression, and persecution heaped upon us.’ This is all that our leaders harp on. I am disgusted with it. I think a very good rule to go by is to say, ‘if I am eternally in trouble, and brawling with my neighbors, that I am to blame at least one-half of the time.’ This thought seems never to have occurred to the minds of those who constitute the organization of our church. To say the least of it, I didn’t enjoy the meetings, the speakings, not any part of it.”

"I liked it fine," said Willy: "I tell you, I have had a whizzing time."

"Where have you been all the time, child? We have scarcely seen you since we reached the city; only at meal time, and when you slept, have we known your whereabouts," said his mother.

"O, I have been having a peach of a time."

"You haven't been to the tabernacle once, have you?"

"Well, I rather guess I have. I have been all around the old squatter several times. I tell you, she's a hummer of a shanty, isn't she? As long as a hundred goats standing in a row, and a regular old hog-back—a red hog at that. If I owned the old hulk, I'd clear the long benches out of the center and make a dog pen out of it—a pen for fightin' dogs. Whoop-ee! wouldn't they howl when the big organ bellowed."

"Willy, do hush. Don't talk that way about the house of the Lord."

"Is that the house of the Lord? You shock me, mamma, I thought it was the place for the holy prophet to rear and swear in. I only looked in once, as I stood near one of those old flap-doodle doors on the side, and I heard him say the 'damned apostates,' so I thought I could hear as good cussin' as that on the outside. Some of the girls even, and especially the old dowdies, that were on the outside, could cuss better than that. I'll bet that some of these dowdies around this

conference could lay a cowboy in the shade, or beat a bishop cussin'; but if you trot out one of those old apostles agin' um, then I'd flatten. I've had a circus all the time, and I've been the ring-master part of the time."

"My son, you must hush; I never heard you talk so ridiculously before."

"Let him talk, Mrs. Allison, I enjoy it. I want to know the boy's ideas of the conference," said Mr. Stanton.

"I am afraid he will talk too much." Then turning to Willy she continued, "I am afraid you are getting to be a regular tough, Willy."

"Well, mamma, if such a place as a conference wouldn't make a boy tough, then I'm a rose—a speckled rose at that. If I attend about three of these things, I will be about as tough as any of them fellers who were cussin' over there in the tabernacle. I've wondered jest lots of times what made some of them people so mean."

"Dear Willy, do hush. You don't know what you are talking about."

"Yes, I do. I've simmered these old sardines down until I understand the essence to a dot. If I become a good man like papa, Mr. Waltham or Mr. Stanton, or as Adrian is going to be, then I'll not be noticed much more than a grasshopper; but, if I get to be an old dough face, they will fall over each other to get to shake hands with me. Then I'd be able to fleece the brethren of some of their surplus tin. I'd tell you more, but I've got to go."

"Now, son, I think you have run around quite enough since coming to Zion, and you had better stay in this evening," said his father.

"O papa! I won't be here after to-night, and I want to see the aggregation that hasn't already left, once more before I go home."

"Then don't be out late."

"I won't," said Willy, as he sped out at the door. His mother said,—

"I don't know what we will ever do with that child. I never heard him talk so before. He has always been the best and smartest lad I ever saw, but he has simply gone wild since we came to conference."

"Don't worry about him, we will simply keep him away from conferences, and he will be all right, I am quite sure," said his father. Mr. Stanton then spoke up and said:—

"The boy is bright. I was very much taken with his observations,—so much like a boy, but well to the point. Have no fears, Mrs. Allison, of that lad ever giving you trouble or turning bad. He is not of that turn. There is nothing of the sneak about his make-up; but, on the contrary, he is as truthful, open, and honest about everything as he can be. I am a little anxious to hear your views about the meeting, Adrian," he continued, as he turned to Adrian.

"I have not been very favorably impressed with the proceedings," said Adrian. "For the time being, however, I prefer to meditate over the affair instead of talking."

“How about you, Miss Lola?” queried Mr. Stanton.

“I fear that brother Willy is about right in his deductions, Mr. Stanton; you are also about right when you tell mamma to have no fears about him, for he will be a good man, I know. He has the best heart imaginable; if Adrian were not here I would say the best in the world. He has an intellect of the highest order. Sees hundreds of things that an ordinary person would pass unobserved. He has gathered more slang phrases, on this, his first trip to conference, than I have ever heard him use in all his life before; but mark my word, the day will come when Willy will make his mark; but it will not be along the lines indicated by him. Mr. Stanton, we cannot say much on the meetings. Our mouths are closed, because of disappointment in what we heard; but I should like to hear what you have to say about the proceedings.”

“I would be pleased to grant your request, if it would not be disagreeable to the rest.”

All urged him to give his views, when he said:—

“While I do not desire to criticise any one’s religion or their views, and will not, except with the kindest of feelings; yet, you have all noted that something is materially wrong. What we have heard during the last few days cannot be the religion of our blessed Saviour, who taught, ‘Peace on earth, good will to man.’”

Here he called for a servant to bring in a pitcher of lemonade and some glasses. After

all had drunk of the cooling beverage, he continued:—

“That religion, which causes all who participate in it or drink deep at its fountain to become enraged and work themselves up to a frenzy of passion and hatred for all mankind who do not accept it, is not the religion of Christ. The Lowly Nazarene taught his disciples and followers to love their enemies, and to do good to those who despitefully use them—to do good and eschew evil. Oh! what a chasm between that, which we have heard in the last few days, and these instructions of the Saviour. As I listened to the bitter denunciations, and saw the effect that they had on the congregation at these meetings, this passage of Scripture invariably came into my mind, ‘By their fruits ye shall know them.’ Of all places in the world where one should be guarded in what he teaches, it is the house of the Lord. He who stands at the sacred altar, in His house, should be most circumspect, indeed. He should ask himself the question, always, ‘What shall the harvest be?’ If this question should be asked as to what we have heard at the tabernacle, the answer must be, Bitter hatred, and all the crimes that follow in its footsteps. See the effect that one conference has had on Willy! Could a child of thirteen attend a conference or an association of any other church in the land, and make such observations as he portrayed? I think not; yet his deductions were

true. He heard but two words from the holy prophet. They were awful words for either the old or the young to hear from a man who professed to be a Christian and the leader of a church, while standing in the most sacred place of their greatest house of worship. Those two words were enough for Willy; he preferred to hear such remarks from the rabble on the outside. The boy is not to blame for what he says. I truly pity a child who must be brought up under such influences. Take all that we have seen exhibited at this conference and reason upon it from cause to effect; the only wonder is that there are any good or virtuous. Occasionally one is found as pure and modest as a lily; but invariably it is due to the hallowed associations, and teachings received around the fireside. Such only, elevated by the strength of parental love and instructions, attain a high degree of moral worth. A few roses may grow amid multitudes of thorns and thistles. I trust you will pardon me, my good friends: I did not intend to say so much, especially as you are my guests."

"I assure you that your words are very kind, and that we have enjoyed them; for they have the ring of truth," said Mr. Waltham. "We cannot defend such proceedings as we have witnessed at this meeting. We cannot say much ourselves; it would do no good."

The conversation turned to other matters. They spent a pleasant evening, and many were

the regrets that this was their last evening with Mr. Stanton for some time.

The journey home was a pleasant one, as they had no dust to contend with, for several rains had fallen during conference. Most of the crowd had preceded them on their journey homeward the day before; hence the highway was not obstructed.

Adrian and Lola talked over everything they had seen and heard at the conference, as they went home. In speaking of Mr. Stanton's views, they were free to acknowledge that his premises were well founded, and they could hardly refrain from accepting his conclusions.

A circumstance occurred soon after at Nephi, a town fifty miles south of Provo, in which one of Adrian's intimate friends was involved. The apostle who made the closing address at conference, was, at the time he advised the young girls to marry the old men, desperately in love with a young girl residing at Nephi. This young lady was betrothed to Adrian's friend. The young man was warned by the priesthood of Juab stake, to relinquish his claim to the girl, as this apostle wanted her as a plural. The young man was informed that, according to revelation, it was ordained by the powers above that the girl should be the apostle's seventh wife. The lovers insisted that they should wed—an unpardonable sin against the holy powers of earth. The brethren having seen so much trouble come to

the mighty, in the Utah County stake, over the death of Evelyn, concluded to temper justice with mercy in this case; therefore, the young sinner was taken to a lucern field near the town, emasculated, then liberated. The poor unfortunate wandered back to town, finally recovered, but became a wreck mentally, and to this day roams about the streets of Nephi an imbecile. The girl was forced to become the plural of the apostle, and a few years later became a raving maniac, and finally died in an insane asylum. The circumstances connected with the treatment of Adrian's friend soon came to his knowledge and caused him to be very careful of his acts in the future.

On their way home from the conference, Adrian and Lola set the time for their wedding, which was to take place on the 24th of December following.

If the brethren of the high council could have heard all the comical expressions of Willy during the month following conference, there would have been a prayer circle organized in the Garden City for his especial benefit, although he was very young. His parents warned him to be very circumspect; but Willy was sharp enough to know when and where to talk.

CHAPTER XIX.

Already the snow lay heavily on the crests of the highest peaks. Storms which had been raging in the back range of the mountains reached the valleys in the form of showers, sufficiently heavy, at times, during the progress of conference, to make it uncomfortable for the campers around Zion, but not copious enough to dampen the zeal and ardor of the faithful. By Thanksgiving as much snow lay on the high mountains as sometimes falls during a dry winter. The roads were yet good most of the time in the valleys and canyons.

Adrian had some relatives living at Midway, the place of the "hot-pots," five miles from Heber City. There was to be a grand ball at Heber City on Thanksgiving night. It was to be given in the large meeting-house at that place. Adrian and Lola had studiously avoided balls that were held in houses of worship ever since the talk that Vernon Stanton made on the subject a year previous, but the pressure came so strong on this occasion that they could not well refuse to attend.

It was to be a swell affair. Many of the dignitaries were to be there, and it was designed to have Adrian and Lola lead the grand march, this

arrangement being the work of Zina, "The Divine." Many went from the Garden City. Among the number were President Bodenheimer and ladies, Bishop Lehman and ladies, and Bishop Blatherskite and ladies.

According to reports this was the grandest affair of the kind ever given in the Wasatch stake. It was a fac-simile of the one given a year before, as a beneficiary to John Westmeland, and in honor of Martin Bodenheimer at the Garden City. There was one innovation, however,—a couple of gambling tables in the drinking room. Many of the Saints imbibed freely of the liquors from the moonshone distilleries located in these parts, until some of them had to have assistance in order to get to their stopping places. The Brethren had what some of them termed it, "a high rolling time."

All who went from the Garden City returned the next day, except Adrian and Lola, who drove over to Midway to make a short visit with Adrian's relatives, and a more thorough examination of the "hot-pots" than they had at their former visits.

"A very strange freak of nature," said Adrian, as he stood on the top of the largest one and watched a large stone as it was sinking.

"It must be volcanic," said Lola; "feel the heat of the water."

"I am unable to say as to its geological formation," he answered. "Hear the stone striking against the sides?"

"I hear it distinctly, now and then," she said.

"How wonderful!" said Adrian. "It will no doubt travel thousands of feet. How grand the terraqueous formation. Here is water almost at boiling point rising from unknown depths. Look around; in every direction you see the same, both large and small, all sending forth their steaming aqueous fluid. Look to the southeast, a mile; do you see that little clump of brush?"

"I do."

"From that place flows a spring which forms that crystal stream you see dancing toward old Timpanogos. The water at the trees is a foot in depth, and at least twenty feet in width and as cold as ice. See the high mountains rising a mile to the north of us? Down to the north about two miles from where you see the tallest peak—six miles from here—Mr. Stanton and I began a mining prospect last summer. The place has been named Park City. There is a beautiful plat between the tops of the hills just beyond which has the appearance of a natural park, hence the name. I predict a wonderful camp there at some future time."

They expected to return home the next day; Saturday; but a snow-storm was raging in the mountains, which came down to the valley quite heavy, at times. It continued to rage until the middle of the forenoon on Sunday, when the clouds passed away and the snow soon vanished from the vale.

At two o'clock they started home. The roads for the first fifteen or twenty miles were very wet and heavy; this, combined with considerable snow at the entrance of the canon, for a few miles necessitated slow traveling.

They reached Bridal-Veil Falls as the twilight was growing so dim that it was difficult to distinguish objects farther than one hundred yards away. As they passed the falls, they recognized the old tree where they sat on that sunny day in June, when Lola promised to be his bride.

"I will ever remember this charming spot, where the happiest moment of my life was spent," said Adrian.

"It is to me a sacred remembrance," answered Lola.

They were now on the bridge which spanned the river just below the falls, and as they passed from the bridge to the south side of the river, the horses seemed very nervous and excited, snorting and shying from one side of the road to the other. As Adrian endeavored to bring them under control, he said:—

"I never saw them act so before."

They had not passed the bridge more than fifty yards, when driving through a thick growth of trees, they were horrified to see a great mountain lion leap into the middle of the road, not thirty paces in front of the horses' heads. The terrified steeds stood on their hind feet for an instant, then whirled to the right, almost upsetting the vehicle.

Adrian gave a shrill yell at the top of his voice, in order to frighten the animal from the road, when another came in view to the right but instantly vanished into the dark thicket. At the same moment, the one in front of the horses leaped into the darkness across the road. The horses went like a flash and in a moment were a hundred yards away, on an elevated opening in the canon and out of the dark thicket.

The heavy fall of snow on the high hills had driven the wild beasts down to the bottom of the canon, and they had evidently sought the thicket for the night. As the horses flew past, the frightened couple heard the low growls of the ferocious beasts, evidently seeking for prey.

"They are desperate from hunger," said Adrian, "or they would not exhibit such daring."

"O Adrian! What if they had attacked us there in that dark thicket?"

The horses were still trying to go with their utmost speed, and Adrian was endeavoring to check them. The frightened girl had scarcely uttered these words, when Adrian looked back and saw the male lion in hot pursuit, closely followed by his mate. In the twinkling of an eye, he urged his horses on, saying in a low tone akin to despair:—

"They are after us. I never saw beasts so ferocious."

"Oh, what shall we do?" she cried piteously, wringing her hands.

They raised the buggy top, to keep off an attack, should one be made.

"Be calm," he said, while they were raising the top; "keep your judgment as well as possible; I may need your help. You may be compelled to drive, while I endeavor to keep them at bay. We want less than four miles to clear the mouth of the canon. They will not follow us beyond that point."

By this time he had urged the horses to full speed. This was exceedingly dangerous driving for a canon road. He held a strong rein to keep the light carriage steady, as the horses leaped and the buggy rattled over the stony road. At this moment a terrible crash came against the back of the cover, completely wrecking the whole leather back, one paw of the ferocious beast tearing the back out of Adrian's clothing, and lacerating his left shoulder. Quick as a flash, Adrian loosened the side bars, which held the top, threw it back, and the animal fell heavily to the ground, taking part of the top and the back end of the bed with it. The beast was thoroughly aroused from the smell of blood.

All of its furious nature seemed to be awakened. They had not gone a quarter of a mile before Adrian saw that it had rallied and was gaining on them at every bound, closely followed by the female. Another attack seemed inevitable.

"Would to heaven I had my rifle," he said. Then, as if inspired with a new thought, he said,

"Now I have it; take the lines, Lola; hold them steady, keep well to the dug-way—anything so you keep the road."

The poor girl was frightened until she could not speak; but the thoughts of being a help gave her strength and will, which seemed supernatural. She seized the reins, braced herself, and swung the horses around the curves of the dug-way, with as much skill as a Roman charioteer.

Adrian seized a large hunting knife from a box in the seat, which he had left there on returning from his last prospecting trip. Then placing his left knee on the seat, his right foot planted firmly against the foot brace, knife in hand, he was ready to meet his foe.

The lion struck the top with great force again, which was thrown back, yet stood high, thus preventing him from landing in the vehicle. His struggles to maintain his hold wrecked the cover completely, yet he swung on a balance, when a well-directed blow with the knife sent him to earth again, carrying with him the whole buggy cover.

The knife had struck the animal on the nose, inflicting a large wound. It had been worsted in this assault, but was still undaunted, and with increased fury he was coming with fearful bounds for the third attack, his mate appearing more savage as she was close by his side.

Adrian fancied that the lion was not anxious for the third assault, and hoped to clear the

mouth of the canon before another attack. The lion, however, was more cautious as he neared the vehicle.

Lola urged the horses on; they seemed to understand the situation—doing their part well. They never had such a race before. As the moon rose over the mountain top, each horse looked like Mazeppa's steed. Their shoes hewed fire at every bound, their necks stretched out, their ears laid back, their inflated nostrils sent forth, at every breath, puffs of white steam in the frosty air. As they turned the last dug-way, and were fairly leaving the canon, the terrible beast made his last bound high in the air. Adrian threw himself to the right to shield Lola, and for better aim; avoiding the blow of the right paw, the left landing with terrible effect on his left breast; simultaneously, he clutched the lion's throat with his left hand, driving the knife to the hilt with his right. The hind feet of the beast struck heavily in the back of the vehicle, his body striking the high back of the seat, partly breaking the force of the blow. The strong young man swayed back as the beast tore the flesh from his arm and breast. He brought all his strength to bear, throwing the lion clear of the carriage, the beast fell lifeless to the ground, his knife having pierced the heart.

By instinct, the lioness seemed to know her mate was vanquished. She instantly turned and went bounding up the mountain side, making

the rocks fly at every leap; on and on she swiftly scaled the rocky heights, until lost in the darkness.

Then Adrian realized his awful condition. They were yet five miles from home. The blood was streaming from half a dozen wounds, any of which, if not checked, would probably bleed him to death before reaching their destination. His life blood was ebbing away, though he still had strength sufficient to assist Lola in bringing the horses to a standstill, which they did about half a mile below. The moon was shining brightly; she sprang from the buggy, hurriedly tied the horses, and taking a white skirt she wore, hastily tore it into bandages. He then removed his coats and vest, directing Lola how to apply the bandages. She padded his breast and left arm directly over the wounds; then wrapping the bandage several times around the body very tightly over the pad, she secured it fast. Then taking another bandage, she crossed it over each shoulder and under the arms, wrapping it around the left arm. The blood thus checked, soon clotted and ceased to flow. Adrian was now very faint from loss of blood, and could scarcely sit upright. Lola folded her cloak and placed it on the seat beside him. He then lay down on his right side across the vehicle, his head resting on her cloak. She then spread his coats and the laprobe over him. Hastily untying the team and kneeling in front of the seat, she resumed the drive.

Thirty minutes later, they arrived in front of Adrian's home, where her excited cries for help aroused the family, who came rushing out to her assistance.

Her parents were spending the evening at the Waltham's and, recognizing her voice in distress, her father was the first to meet her.

"O papa! Take care of Adrian!" she said, and fainted in his arms.

CHAPTER XX.

"O Lord! What evil has befallen our dear children?" shrieked Mrs. Waltham, as Lola fell into her father's arms and she saw Adrian lying in the buggy.

"God only knows," answered her husband.

By this time a number of the neighbors had reached the scene, anxious to learn the cause of the excitement.

They bore Adrian and Lola into the house, laying him on a bed in a room adjacent to the sitting-room, where they lay Lola on a couch. They were covered with blood from head to foot. Adrian scarcely had life in him, and Lola was wholly exhausted and unable to talk. The whole circumstance seemed shrouded in mystery. On viewing Adrian's bandaged and gory condition, his father concluded that they must have skilled assistance, before examining further.

"Go at once for the doctor," he said to one of his hired men; "I am sorry there is but one in this town." Then turning to his most trustworthy man, he said:—

"Jed, I think we must have more help. Get the best saddle horse, and go at once to Salt Lake, for the best surgeon there. In order to make the best time, it will be necessary to

change horses at Lehi and Sandy. See to it that no time is lost. Go directly to the Continental Hotel, call for Vernon Stanton, consult with him as to the best skilled physician. Away."

"I'm gone," said Jed.

He vanished at the door, and in a short time his horse's feet were clattering down the road toward Zion.

All was excitement. The news that something terrible had happened to Adrian and Lola spread like a prairie-fire. Soon a large crowd had gathered in front of the house. "Who caused it?" "What in the world is the trouble?" and "Who had bandaged Adrian?" were on every lip. A thousand inquiring remarks and attempted explanations only deepened the mystery. The two mothers and Willy were wild with excited grief. Mr. Waltham restlessly walked the floor, anxiously awaiting the arrival of the local physician. Mr. Allison was bathing Lola's face, while her mother was rubbing her hands and arms, both trying to revive her.

In a short time she revived; with no thought for herself, her first words were:—

"Where is Adrian, and how is he?"

After being informed that Adrian was in the next room, her mother inquired:—

"What on earth has happened to you and Adrian, my child?" Then she told of the ferocious attacks of the lion, the fearful race for life, their almost miraculous escape, and how she had band-

aged Adrian with her skirt, according to his instructions. The mystery was then solved, and all fully realized Adrian's dangerous condition.

There had not been another case, in which a lion had attacked a person, in this part of the country for several years; and never had there been a more daring attack.

As Lola finished her narration, the chief elders of the stake, Bodenheimer, Lehman and Blatherskite, appeared on the scene. About the time Adrian's father had started the two men for the physicians his mother had sent for the elders. They were now on hand, as was Zina, and several other women.

The elders knelt around the bed and openly prayed for his immediate recovery, Bodenheimer leading the prayer, while Lehman prayed in secret that Adrian would die. After the prayer they arose and laid their holy, healing hands upon him. After ministering in this way, they called for a bottle of olive oil, specifying one that had never been opened. It was hurriedly brought. They stepped into the room where Lola lay upon the couch, set the bottle upon the center table, and with each touching the bottle, they asked the blessing of Heaven upon it. It was now consecrated, and on removing the cork they went into the room where Adrian was lying on the bed. Bodenheimer said, as he raised his hands imploringly:—

“Almighty Father, we ask thy healing blessing,

as we remove these bandages, and apply the holy oil."

Then Lehman started to loosen the bandages, when Lola hurried into the room and said:—

"For heaven's sake do not remove those bandages."

"Why?" queried the three divines almost in a breath.

"For the simple reason that he will die if you do."

"What will cause his death?" exclaimed Bodenheimer.

"He will die from loss of blood."

"Tut, tut, child. We are administering in the name of the Lord."

"I know, but please do not do that now."

"We can stop the blood, child."

"How, I pray?"

"By prayer and the laying-on of hands."

"I dislike to display a doubting mind; but I pray that you do not remove those bandages, which I fixed firm and secure, until we have skilled assistance."

"What! do you mean to say that there is any more skilled than the Lord?"

"No, but"—

"Well, then, what do you mean?"

"I mean that you had better wait until the surgeons arrive."

"Have you sent for some of those quack Gentile doctors?"

"My father told me, just before you came in, that they had sent for the local physician, and one of the best surgeons from Zion."

"Then why did you send for us?"

"We thought you might do what you could," interrupted Adrian's mother.

"I was unaware of the fact that they had sent for you, but that is all right," said Lola.

"Then let us have our way, and he will be healed at once," insisted Lehman.

"You may do anything in reason; but you shall not remove those bandages. Adrian's judgment is good. He told me how to apply those bandages, and let them remain until the services of a good surgeon could be secured. You ought to know that to remove them the blood will start again, and he cannot stand the loss of more blood."

"The Lord will save him by our asking."

"Then why don't you ask?"

"We did, child."

"When?"

"Did you not hear us when we prayed?"

"I heard you pray."

"That was when we asked that he be healed."

"But he is not healed."

"He will be so at once if you will allow us to apply this oil. It is so healing."

"Then it is not your prayers and the laying-on of hands which you expect to heal him, but the oil?"

"The oil is to help."

"My brethren, I know that olive oil is a good thing in its place, but it cannot stop blood from such wounds, and those bandages shall not be removed."

The local physician came at this juncture, and decided with Lola that even with his aid they had better wait until another surgeon came, unless, on careful examination, he found that his wounds should have immediate attention. The elders then desisted from their sanguine purpose, and Lola went with her mother to change her clothing and take a little nourishment. The elders, Zina and the other women left, and the crowd in front of the house dispersed.

The physician removed all of the bloody clothing to the bandages, with the aid of Adrian's father; and Mr. Allison gave him a warm sponge bath, with spirits in the water; put clean clothing on him and gave him a little stimulant. He then revived, ate a little broth with cracker, and when Lola and her mother returned, an hour later, he was looking much better, and was as comfortable as he could well be under all the circumstances.

"Have you changed the bandages?" she inquired of the physician.

"No," he answered. "After careful examination I still felt that it was not best until the other surgeon arrived. He is very weak now from the loss of blood and cannot stand the loss of a great deal more."

“I well knew it and would not let the elders remove them.”

“If they had removed them, he would have fared very badly, and might have been dead ere this.”

The physician was a Gentile, who had recently come into the community, and had very little patience with the elders' laying-on of hands. He continued by saying:—

“Laying-on of hands is a very good thing where there's scarcely anything the matter with the patient; but physical as well as the scientific laws teach us that if there is a broken bone or a severed blood-vessel, the bone must be set, or the blood-vessel taken up properly, as a necessary antecedent to speedy and complete recovery. Laying-on of hands in this case could not have stopped the flow of blood. By the way, Miss Lola, where did you get the idea of bandaging him so successfully?”

“From Adrian himself; he said that under pressure the blood could not flow, and suggested the manner of applying the bandages. The moon had fairly risen above the mountain tops, and gave me good light. I was not dilatory in my movements. I told Adrian that if he could be saved in that way, no skill should be lacking on my part. I had seen one wound dressed by a surgeon, and put myself in imitation of the work he did; my task was much greater than his, as the wound was much larger and more dangerous;

but Adrian's life was at stake, and this thought gave me power and skill sufficient to do the work."

"You did your work well, indeed; it is a splendid temporary dressing, and will suffice until tomorrow, when we have more help."

Lola was almost worn out; and all urged her to go and take rest. After obtaining a promise that she would be awakened if he should turn for the worse, she and her mother decided to go home for the night, and her father to stay with Adrian in company with the physician and his parents.

Mrs. Allison turned to Willy, who was seated near Adrian's bed, apparently in deep meditation, and said:—

"Come, Willy, and go home with us."

Willy sat in silence.

"I would not worry so much about Adrian, he will be better by morning," said his mother consolingly.

"Well, he wouldn't if them old sardines had taken his bandages off. If that old bandy-shanked, knock-kneed, hog-eyed Lehman had attempted to untie one of them bandages I'd a' flew at him like a she-eagle, when her young ones are disturbed. I tell you, mamma, I was so mad, my diaphragm liked to a' busted, and I haven't got over it yet."

"Willy, you are really an absurd boy. You would not have made a disturbance with the elders, and made yourself ridiculous. You are a foolish child to think of doing a thing of that kind."

“Well, my dear mamma, would it have been more ridiculous than for us all to sit around like a gang of doughheads and silently consent to have those bandages taken from Adrian, when common sense ought to teach us that he would begin to bleed again? Those old sardines couldn’t have stopped the blood no more than I could. I think they are all a set of—well, I won’t say just now; but the block teachers have told me and my pards lots o’ times that when the elders blessed the oil, there would be an agitation in the bottle, just like effervescing, and that the cork would fly to the ceiling; so I just watched them old warts when they blessed the oil, in the other room, and narry ‘evervess,’ nor cork-fly did I see. I’ll bet a dollar any other bottle of oil is just as good.”

His mother went to him, took his arm, and raised him from the chair, saying:—

“Come, come, son, you talk too much.”

Then looking wonderingly into his mother’s face, as she led him from the room, he said:—

“I wonder what old Zina was foaming around here for, gritting her teeth, while sister was talking to them old sardines? She looked just like an old sage-hen with two ideas—didn’t know whether to fly or set.”

“Do hush, son; you must go to bed and go to sleep.”

“I’ll go to bed, but I won’t go to sleep till I’ve simmered that old hen down, to see whether she’ll fly or set.”

As they went out at the door his mother said:—

“Willy, you talk entirely too much; you will get in trouble yet.”

“Them old warts would lay hands on me if they’d hear me—wouldn’t they?” said Willy, as the door was closed behind him.

Adrian’s parents, Mr. Allison, and the local physician were very attentive to their patient during the night. He slept well at times, but was delirious at intervals, with considerable fever.

Adrian was a favorite with Jed, as they all termed him. His name was Jeddediah Worthen. He had been working for Mr. Waltham for a period of five years. The two years before that he was a driver on the overland stage route, and for five or six years prior to that he had been a cowboy on the range. He had gathered cattle many times from Montana to Texas. He was a medium tall, dark-complexioned man of thirty-five, whose heart was always larger than his pocket-book. He would divide his last meal with a hungry traveler, or give him his last dollar, if he found such a one in distress. He was so kind in his manners, quiet about what he said and worked so steadily that no one ever stopped to ask whether Jed was Mormon, Jew or Gentile. He could throw a lariat farther, catch an animal with greater ease, and oftener, than any man he had ever met, and could make as many miles on horseback in a given time as any one.

CHAPTER XXI.

As the sun was rising above the Wasatch Mountains the next morning, Vernon Stanton, in company with the surgeon from Zion, drove up in front of the Waltham residence. Jed had not lost a moment's time; he had made the trip to the city in four hours, stopping twice to change horses; and within ten hours from the time he left the Garden City the surgeon and Mr. Stanton were at Adrian's bedside.

The surgeon and the local physician at once began a careful examination of the physical condition of the patient, as to whether he could stand the operation of having the wounds re-opened, the blood-vessels taken up, the removal of foreign matter, if any, and the necessary stitching.

After making a thorough examination, they decided that the operation must be performed at once, although he had sustained a terrible shock and had suffered a heavy loss of blood. They were in doubt as to what the results would be from the operation, but it could not be delayed a moment.

At eight o'clock everything was in readiness, and they began to remove the bandages. The flesh was terribly lacerated on the breast and almost stripped to the bone for five inches on the

muscular side of the left arm. They found the wounds even worse than they had anticipated. Not being able to take anæsthetics, owing to the loss of blood, the operation was a painful one, as the parts had become very sore; but under the skillful hand of the surgeon the blood-vessels were quickly ligated, the disconnected flesh removed and the stitching completed. Within one hour from the time the bandages were removed, the work of dressing the wounds was complete, with the loss of but little blood. The shock of the operation had made him very weak. He was deathly pale, a clammy perspiration stood on his forehead, his pulse was feeble and for three hours he lay indifferent to everything around him. They bathed him in alcohol, applied mustard plasters as nearly over the region of the heart as the new bandages would allow, arousing him occasionally to administer internal stimulants; frequently raising the limbs to cause the blood to gravitate toward the heart, and pressing the abdominal cavity from below upward, to encourage the blood to flow from the dilated abdominal veins into the heart. At the expiration of three hours, the physicians noticed that the pulse was growing stronger. Soon the patient began to shift in bed and complain of the wound hurting him. As these symptoms grew more favorable, all were encouraged and felt that there was yet hope of his recovery.

The Salt Lake surgeon stayed for a week, as did

Mr. Stanton, then returned to Zion, leaving Adrian in the care of the local physician. Adrian was not considered out of danger for a period of more than three weeks, during which time the physician from Zion made three more visits. At the end of three weeks his fever had abated, and the doctors pronounced him beyond the danger line. A few days later he was able to sit up in bed by being propped up with pillows, and to converse with those around him.

During all this time Lola had not had an opportunity to converse with him privately. It was in the evening, and Adrian had been left to Lola's care. when she said:—

“It seems like an age since I have had a private conversation with you, Adrian.”

“How long has it been, my love?”

“Three weeks last Sunday.”

“So long as that?”

“Yes, 'tis even true; more than three weeks of anxious watching and waiting for the crisis to pass, when you could be pronounced out of danger.”

“I can hardly realize it. It seems like a dream;—what day of the week is this?”

“To-day is Thursday, the twenty-fourth of December.”

“Is it possible that I have been sick so long? This is the day we were to have been married. I am sorry that our union has been delayed from the day first set. I fear it portends some ill; if

the hour had not passed, I should be tempted to have a simple ceremony here rather than defer such a sacred matter for a day. Owing to my unfortunate condition, we would have been excused from going through the endowment. Why did you not say something to me yesterday, love?"

"I was going to mention it to you, and so told mamma; but Sister Zina came in at that moment, and I spoke to her about the matter, when she entered such a vigorous protest against us having a simple wedding outside of the endowment, that I concluded, perhaps, you might view the proposition with disfavor."

"Lola, your sense of right is so acute that I should never view with disfavor any proposition that you would make after mature deliberation. I cannot understand why Sister Zina was so solicitous about the time and place of our wedding."

"She said it was because of our prominence. That we were now the favorite couple in this part of Zion with the leadership, and that we must do nothing to gain their disfavor. Knowing the force of the last proposition, I determined to say nothing until after the hour had passed."

"Dear Lola, I think, perhaps, you came to the right conclusion after hearing what she said about it."

They were both silent for a few moments, when Lola said:—

"O, my dear Adrian, wasn't that an awful night when we were attacked by the lions?"

“Your language does not express it. Could you have known all that I saw, you would not have expressed it so mildly. When that mighty beast made its last leap, it was at you, as your back was turned. I threw myself over to catch the force of the powerful stroke. I felt, for the moment, that if I could only save you, even if I were destroyed, that I would be compensated. The vehicle, in its motion, changed our relative positions, and thanks be to Providence, I caught the beast as I intended. Any other catch, and he would have killed me. His dying struggles were terrible. It seemed to me that his ponderous claws pierced me through, and were tearing my vitals asunder; then, in that awful moment, this satisfying thought came to my mind, that you were saved; for I knew that I had killed the monster, and that the lioness would flee at the sight of her vanquished mate. I then brought all my strength to bear, as I hurled him over the wheels. I saw that he was dead when he struck the ground, and felt that I soon should be, and when I saw the lioness bounding away from us up the mountain side, I knew that you were safe. This gave me satisfaction, for I felt that you would live to go to the Temple, and be sealed to me for eternity. Then, as if awakening, I felt that I must make a desperate effort to live. I realized that my strength was going as my life blood was surely ebbing away; then with all my remaining

strength I clutched at the lines and assisted you in bringing the horses to a halt. I told you what to do, and when you had completed the work so well, I lay down and became unconscious, and from that time until a day or two since everything has seemed like a dream. While sleeping to-day I had a dream, so strange and unnatural, that it troubles me. Would that I could shut it from my mind, but I cannot."

"Dear Adrian, you should not let a dream worry you; will you tell me what it was?"

"In my dream, at first, a multitude of frightful scenes flashed before my gaze. 'Twas but a moment, yet in that space of time I saw the light of my existence set aglow. It shone with ever-increasing brightness until the middle of the forenoon, when it was put out by the act of a mighty monster. My whole existence passed as one panoramic scene, then stopped, and I thought I was dead; for the moment I gave up in despair. Then, as I awakened to the future life, my whole thoughts turned to you. I saw your lovely form in all its earthly beauty, crowned with a celestial radiance, which was reflected on all who came into your presence, and they became as you, pure and holy. This vision passed; I saw you alone, when a monster, in the form of a serpent, sought to enfold you in its terrible coils; you did not seem to realize the awful danger, yet there was a look of sadness wrought upon your countenance, which only intensified your resplendent beauty.

With all the charms that nature had bestowed upon you, I had never seen you look so heavenly. You were clad in a beautiful snow-white robe, with your golden hair streaming out on the breeze, and the vigor of youth blooming upon your cheeks. You were standing on the bank of a crystal stream, looking anxiously across at me, your arms extended, sorrowfully calling, Adrian! Adrian! Why were you taken from me! Then I awakened. It comes to me now that this dream was at the exact hour that we were to have been married. It fills me with gloomy forebodings."

"It is, indeed, a very strange dream; but do not allow it to worry you, for my sake."

"For your sweet sake I will dismiss it from my mind, if possible; but, Lola, we shall have to set another day for our marriage; when shall it be?"

"If it is left for me to decide, I will select the anniversary of our engagement, the twenty-fifth of June."

"That is a long time."

"Yes, that is true; but by that time you will be strong and well, besides, it is such a pretty month."

"You are right, Lola. Let it be June; it may take a long time for me to be my former self."

Mr. and Mrs. Waltham came into the room, and the conversation changed to other subjects

Soon life began to resume its usual routine of duty and pleasure in the homes of the Allison and

Waltham families. Many were the pleasant conversations that took place, in which Adrian again had the pleasure of taking part. The conversation often turned to the ill-fated night when it seemed that the most ferocious demon of the lower region was turned loose on the two young people.

Two weeks later, and Adrian had gained strength sufficient to venture out of the house for a short time; still a week later, and he was able to take a sleigh ride in company with his love and parents, behind the favorite team, which had not been driven since that awful night. At first the team could hardly be held in by Mr. Waltham, but he soon brought them down to their old time gentleness.

The horses seemed to be glad to see their master able to be out again, and the watch dog was unusually happy to see Adrian alight from the vehicle in front of the house—showing his great delight in every way he could.

When they returned from the drive, and Adrian had rested from the trip, Jed came into the sitting room with a beautifully mounted lion rug. It was eight feet from tip to tip. After spreading the rug in front of Adrian, on the floor, he said:—

“Allow me, dear friend, to present you with this rug as a trophy of your deadly combat. I hope in years to come it will be a pleasure to you to look upon this rug and say to your friends,

here lies all that remains of a fearful foe, once furious in deadly combat against me, but now appropriated to my use and comfort."

"My dear old boy, this is indeed a pleasant surprise; I did not know that the skin had been saved. Who secured it and dressed it so beautifully? I will prize it very highly, indeed. Costly articles are, usually, most appreciated. If this proposition holds well in the present case, I ought to appreciate this souvenir in the highest degree, for it came near costing me my life."

"In answer to your question, I will say that I went, in person, immediately after returning from Zion with the surgeon, and found the dead lion where he had fallen. It evidently had not made a struggle after striking the ground, as the knife was yet sticking in its side; and on examination I found that it had pierced the heart through and through. I carefully took the pelt from the body, dressed and mounted it myself, in order that I might have the supreme pleasure of presenting it to you should you recover."

"Jed, your kindness shall never be forgotten, and I hope to be able to compensate you for this act of thoughtfulness."

CHAPTER XXII.

When the elders left the Waltham home on the evening that Adrian was hurt, they left with anything but a good feeling dwelling in their breasts.

Zina and her companions were in the same mood. As they all wended their way through the crowd, in front of the Waltham residence, they were loud and profuse in their predictions as to Adrian's final outcome, and denounced Lola for her vigorous protests against the elders having their way.

"If she were not so pert and head-strong, she would fare much better," said Zina, as they emerged from the crowd.

"She will yet realize the full force of what you say, Sister Zina," answered President Bodenheimer. "She is certainly an impudent creature, and I will warrant that she will try to reject the blessed plurality when it comes to the test."

"Try? She will not only try, but you may begin to know that she will reject it entirely," answered Zina.

"She will not have the temerity to do so in the face of some things that have happened. Further, she was present at the last general conference at Zion and heard what the prophet said. Do you remember it, Sister Zina?"

"I remember it perfectly."

"What was that, Sister Zina, as I was not there, you know?" interrupted Lehman.

"Is it possible you have not heard?"

"It is possible."

"Then I want you, of all men, to know the blessed utterance. It came as from the throne of grace. I could see the holy inspiration when he said, 'That any woman who would object to the blessed plurality ought to have her throat cut and sent to h—l across lots.' I tell you it did my soul good, for all the Allisons and Walthams were there. I looked straight at them, but could not get their eyes at any time. It certainly gave them a just blow."

Bishop Lehman was for any proposition that would advance his cause with Lola. When he came in contact with her, no matter where it was, he felt that all the charms of earth were centered in her being. He was seeking with all his might to drag her lover to destruction, in order that he might sate his lustful desires by forcing Lola to become his sixth. He felt that to fail in his purpose would be a blow worse than death, and he was ever ready to encourage anything which led toward his purpose. In answer to Zina, he said:—

"The prophet was right. If any of the young people of the church reject it in word or deed, they ought to be prohibited from having any company of their liking. If I had my way, I would deny company of any kind to such an one

until she should yield, and at the same time I would keep her on bread and water during the time she held out."

"Brother Lehman, you are entirely too mild. My ideas coincide perfectly with those of the prophet."

"You are right, Sister Zina; but"—

"Of course I am right. You will ever find me on the side of right, honor, justice, truth and virtue. I can scarcely tolerate these monogomistic tendencies. I verily believe it portends apostasy."

"It certainly has that appearance; but as I was going to say, we cannot carry out that plan so well, for it gives us too much trouble, as you all know, from the experience we had in the last case of that kind."

"Well, all I have got to say is that when it comes to the test, if these people do reject the sacred principle, we should give them the merriest lesson they have ever experienced."

"That has been definitely determined upon," said Bodenheimer. "The thing that interests me most, at present, is how these — — — Gentile doctors are going to succeed with Adrian's case. He will die under their care, mark my word. If they had permitted us to have gone according to the Lord's will, he would have been healed ere this. The Lord's will has been set aside for that of Lola's, therefore she will have to suffer the consequence. She will yet have to

be brought to submission, together with all who surround her. They all know, as well as we, of several cases right here in our midst where elders have raised the dead and healed all manner of diseases, yet they will deny that slight wounds can be healed by the same power. Such lack of faith has never been exhibited in all of Zion."

"That's the truth if it ever was told," answered all the rest in a breath.

During this conversation they had walked slowly along, until they had reached a corner where they were to separate; there they halted for a short time and finished their conversation, after which they bade each other good night and went to their respective homes.

On reaching home Lehman entered into his private chamber and betook himself to prayer that Adrian would die from the effects of his wounds. He earnestly prayed that he might be permitted to see him a corpse before the sun should set again. He said to himself:—

"If Adrian were only out of the way, then I could seek and win the girl without further difficulty. If she refused me, then I would force her to terms by oppression; and in case I failed in this, I would destroy her and her parents also by my powerful influence, yes, by my powerful influence; for I would rather see her dead than fail to get her. I cannot, I must not fail; nay, I must not fail. Oh! if I could only have torn those

bandages from that young man's wounds, I could then have smiled beneath a look of sadness and have felt the deep gratification that comes to the soul when it suddenly meets with a triumph, which it earnestly hoped, but dared not expect so soon, nay, so soon. If he die, which I believe he will, I will win her love by grieving with her for him, yes, by grieving with her for him. Ah! my little lady, little do you dream that I am plying a secret hand to destroy those foolish air castles that are being built up by you and that wayward imp, yes, that wayward imp."

CHAPTER XXIII.

The dignitaries of the Utah Stake of Zion were much agitated to learn that the surgeon from Zion had reached the Garden City so early, and still more agitated when they heard that the operation was over and that Adrian had stood it well, and that the surgeons thought the chances were good for his recovery.

They had been bold in their predictions of his certain death under the care of the Gentile doctors, and felt that their prophecies must not fail. They called a prayer circle of the stake, and in the name of the holy prophets, they asked that their prophecies might be fulfilled, and that there might be an immediate dissolution of soul and body of the young man.

Three weeks later, when they saw that he was rapidly recovering, they began to talk quite differently, and to say to the people:—

“If it had not been that we laid hands on him and prayed in his behalf, those flimsy Gentiles, called doctors, would have found quite a different task to bring him through.”

One week later, Zina, “The Divine,” had a short conference with Bishop Lehman, at her room. She began the conversation by saying:—

“It has been my privilege to serve thee well, my good brother.”

"Serve me? I scarcely divine your meaning."

"Lola thought of proposing to Adrian that they have a quiet wedding at home, and not go through the endowment, thereby avoiding the setting of another date."

"Is that possible?"

"It is not only possible, but a fact."

"How did you learn this?"

"Lola so stated on the day prior to their intended wedding. She was speaking about it to her mother when I came in, and she asked my advice. Of course I gave it, and, with it, much flattery. I knew I had to throw that proposition, or all our plans would crumble. I had stated in public, as well as in private, that they should never marry, unless they accept the holy plurality; but, of course, if they took a means of union which the holy priesthood scarcely recognized, but considered low in its tendencies and practice, we would simply have been compelled to adopt some other plan of action. I gave her such a talk as she could not get around, clinching the whole by adding that they were the most loved and favored of any couple in this part of Zion, by the holy priesthood. I then bore down heavily on the point of their incurring the displeasure of the chief men of the church, if they should carry out this plan. It shattered her intentions completely."

As Zina spoke these words, rather animatedly, the bishop became nervous. His face turned

red, then pale, alternately, as he combed his long grizzly beard with his fingers. He began to fully realize that he might have lost her—the chief prize of the church. He sat for some time in silence, when presently he uttered the words: “O heavens!”

Zina looked on his emotions with astonishment, and also with a degree of pleasure. As he uttered these words, she repeated:—

“O heavens! Now what is the matter?”

He started, as if being aroused from sleep, and said, “I was just thinking of how gloomy the world would be if I should lose her.”

“But she is not married!”

“Yes, dear sister; what if they should determine to have such a wedding, when refused a recommend, yes, when refused a recommend?”

“Have no fear; they would not have thought of such a thing if Adrian had been able to leave his room on the date set for their wedding. They felt that they ought not to let the day go by; but it has passed, and there is no danger on that score. I really believe you are in love with her from the way you act.”

“In love with her? That does not express it. She is a part of my very existence—I say, my very existence. I love her better than I dreamed it possible to love, yes, possible to love. Hear me, Zina, further”—

“Well, they say an old fool is the biggest fool, and I am tempted to apply the saying to you.

The idea of an old man, with five charming wives, being in love with a young girl like Lola. Has she given you cause?"

"Nothing except her beauty and lovely manners, I say lovely manners."

"But love ought to be reciprocal, and I am quite sure she does not love you."

"I understand that; but if that young man was out of the way, I'd have her love me in return; yes, I'd make her love me in return."

"You may force her to yield, but never to love; besides you have not gotten away with the young fellow, and if he accepts the plurality, you will not get away with him, as the powers of the church would turn in his favor."

"Ah! that is perhaps true, but the young hedge-hog will never accept the plurality—no, never accept the plurality—remember the plurality."

"Then she shall be yours."

"The thought does my soul good—yes, good. How I prayed that he would die from the effects of his wounds; but he is recovering, yes, recovering. Oh, curse the fate, curse the fate!"

He nervously rubbed his hands and pulled at his beard; his eyes flashed fire; the veins stood out on his temples, until Zina almost feared him. Continuing, he said: "I have often helped the leaders and holy counselors of the church, with all my strength and my counsel, whenever a young man interfered with their love affairs, and

we stopped that kind of foolishness. If it had been any other case than this young upstart, he would have been destroyed. Have such things not occurred many times, yes, many times?"

"Yes, I know, but you must be reasonable. We have all had another aim in view in this case, and that was to win both of the families over."

"Yes, win apostates, by wrecking the life of one as faithful as I, yes, as faithful as I."

"You are very unreasonable to-day. The times are changing. Gentiles are becoming more numerous every day. The government of the United States is establishing its so-called courts in our very midst. Already they have begun the investigation of some of our holy sacrifices, such as the sacred Mountain Meadow affair. They charge upon us that such things are murder, and even our own people objected and almost made trouble over Evelyn being sacrificed. Since James and Evelyn were sacrificed, even my own husband has been changed to a degree."

"Oh, curse the Gentiles, and curse the government of the United States! Would that the Gentiles were annihilated, and the so-called government destroyed. It begins to look as though Utah would become a state, and if she does, we will make the Gentiles scamper; then we can live our religion as we choose, yes, as we choose."

"But one of the conditions in our constitution is that we do away with the plurality; you

remember that this was the only objection that Mr. Colfax and his party raised."

"D—n the condition in the constitution. We will get statehood on that condition, then interpret its meaning according to the divine rule, yes, the divine rule."

"That is true," answered Zina; "every Saint understands this perfectly."

Thanking her for her valuable information in regard to Adrian and Lola, he took her hand, squeezed it, pressed it to his lips, and bade her good bye.

When Lehman was gone, Zina closed the door behind him. She strutted back and forth in her room, clad in her flaming scarlet dress, then seating herself in front of her mirror, in an easy chair, she soliloquized:—

"I sympathize with the bishop, for I know just how he feels. He is such a dear, innocent man. He didn't hesitate to tell me of his love for Lola, but if he had dreamed of the passionate love I have for Adrian, he would not have unbosomed his love for Lola quite so freely. I said to him 'that love should be reciprocated;' so it should, and I am determined that Adrian shall reciprocate my love for him or he shall suffer; but if I win his love, Lehman shall not touch him. Under the circumstances I am forced to keep my love as secret as the grave, except to Adrian. I dare not let the leadership understand my motive; but at times my feelings almost betray me. At

his bedside, the night he was hurt, my sorrow and anxiety for him were great; but I was forced, by reason of the circumstances, to affect belief that the elders could cure him, if only permitted to remove the bandages; yet I was convinced that it would have been a dangerous procedure. Women are more just than men, and more resigned to conditions. Take Lehman, for instance, he wants Lola all to himself, and wishes Adrian out of his way; while I would be content with only part of Adrian's love. I am perfectly willing for him to love Lola, or any other woman, if he will only love me also."

Then looking admiringly at herself in the mirror, she continued:—

"There is not the great difference between my age and Adrian's that there is between Lehman's and Lola's, therefore the phrase I applied to his case does not apply to mine. I have not a wrinkle in my face and but very few gray hairs; and I am just as attractive as I was when I was twenty. I wouldn't blame Lola to rebel against being Lehman's sixth, for he isn't at all fascinating, and he is old enough for her grandfather; but it is very often the case that dashing young men become captivated by beautiful women like me, even if they are a little older."

CHAPTER XXIV.

About this time the affairs of the Utah Stake of Zion grew turbulent and a change of vast importance took place soon afterward. The troubles occasioned from the outrageous treatment and murder of Evelyn, which were quelled for a time, had broken out afresh, and this, together with some other matters, had brought contempt upon the heads of the local dignitaries, especially President Bodenheimer, whose influence was rapidly waning, and the Saints of this stake were divided into three or four factions.

The affairs of this stake were going from bad to worse, and were very unsatisfactory to the head leaders of the church, as well as the people of the stake. These conditions became so alarming that the powers at Zion felt that there should be one of the strongest men in the church at the helm in this stake. They cast their searching glance about them, and after weighing everything, they selected Abram O. Smoot as the man most suited to drive this unruly flock.

President Smoot was a man of powerful physique,—six feet and three inches tall, broad shoulders, dark complexion, strong intelligent face, deep-sunken, dark-gray eyes shaded by extremely heavy eye-brows, prominent nose, lips

closing tight and firm, indicating determination. He wore his whiskers under the chin from ear to ear. He was possessed of much vigor, throwing energy into all his work. He spoke with enthusiasm, but with an impediment in his speech which sometimes caused him to stammer.

He had four wives and many children to charm his earthly surroundings and to exalt him in the future life. No sooner had he settled himself in his new field than a committee from one of the factions waited upon him to learn which side he would ally himself with. He at once announced to them that his policy would be to know no factions; but, on the contrary, he intended to work with all for the upbuilding of Zion and this stake in particular.

Whereupon he was immediately notified that he was not needed in this stake, and that he could not stay very long, as he would be run out; but the brethren reckoned without their host, as they soon learned that he had come to stay. He soon brought all completely under his control, and they learned to love him next to the holy prophet.

He did much to build up this stake in a business way, as well as to advance the cause of the church. He was truly the woolen mills builder of Zion. He built and established one of the largest and best woolen mills at the Garden City that is west of the Mississippi. He had built one previously at Zion. He started co-operative mercantile institutions and many other kinds of

business throughout the stake. He enlisted the aid of all the brethren in this work and encouraged them to take all the stock that they could carry. Both the Allisons and Walthams took stock in these various institutions to the extent of thousands of dollars.

In order to further strengthen the hands of Brother Smoot, President Young decided to move to the Garden City with one of his families. Prior to this he had held a residence in several blooming cities of Zion; but up to this time had never held an actual residence in the fair City of Gardens.

He began the construction of a large brick dwelling, about the time President Smoot began the erection of two. Brother Brigham's house was built with the front as a residence and the back as a large barn, with a carriage shed and driveway between. Everything connected with the family was under one great roof. Here in this convenient haven was to dwell his fifteenth fair queen, and here the prophet made his home a thirty-seventh part of the time, until his death.

The advent of the holy prophet to this stake was a time for great rejoicing. A great feast was to be served, such as had never before been witnessed in all of Zion.

The brethren had many causes for rejoicing, chief among which was the flattering prospect of Utah's early admission into the sisterhood of states, under a constitution specially prepared to

meet the requirements of Mr. Colfax and party. Great was their chagrin, however, when within a year or two it was defeated; and instead of the government granting statehood to the land of "scrip," its officers began to investigate her infamous crimes and to prosecute her criminals.

The great feast was to be given in the month of May, at the cottonwood grove at the western edge of the city. The day arrived, and by nine o'clock in the forenoon crowds of Saints were coming from every direction, some on foot, some on horseback, while others came in all kinds of vehicles. Each family brought well-filled baskets.

As Adrian, in company with Lola, drove through the gathering crowds and took a general survey of all around him, he said to her in a low tone:—

"Lola, it grieves me sorely to think of our church people practicing the abominable plurality. As I see the evidences of sorrow and blight that it brings into our midst, the lack of virtue that it breeds on every hand, to say nothing of the contempt we bring upon ourselves from the outside world, I sometimes feel that I will revolt against all and denounce it; but when I think of the bitter fate of sweet Evelyn and many others and also the trouble that it would bring upon ourselves and our parents, I crush the feeling and keep still."

At the time he spoke these words, but a few paces from them a man and his family were

alighting from their wagons. The man had driven the foremost wagon with a part of the family, and his legal wife had followed in another wagon with the remainder. The family consisted of himself, six wives and thirty children. The man was not yet forty years of age. Immediately to the right, on the sidewalk, was a young man with a wife on each arm. He had gone through the endowment with them both on the same day, eight months prior. Following this trio was a young man of twenty with two girls about the age of seventeen; he was to take them through the endowment on the next Thursday and make them his brides, consequently they attracted much attention. Similar conditions of life could be seen on every hand.

It was necessary for all the Saints to attend this feast or they would be branded with the terrible stigma of apostasy. On came the multitude, and by eleven o'clock fully six thousand of the faithful had gathered on the ground. All was excitement and expectancy, for the prophet, escorted by the local dignitaries, was soon to arrive at the grounds.

Young people, children, and occasionally an older one were restlessly moving into the street, allowing their impatient glances to sweep the long thoroughfare, but saw nothing for a long time but the base of the rising mountain where now stands the state insane asylum.

All the women were busily engaged in prepar-

ing the tables, which consisted of six temporary board tables, each four feet wide and a hundred feet long, stretching north and south through the dense grove. On every hand was heard the wail of neglected infants, while each enthusiastic mother vied with her neighbor in the work of the holy cause; hurrying to and fro with reddened face, hair half down and dangling in the breeze. The men moved the baskets and boxes laden with the provisions to the desired places, while all were talking in a loud voice. Some were laughing and joking, and others were saying boastingly, "We Saints are such jolly and happy people," while loud-mouthed hawkers cried here and there "ice-cold lemonade," "peanuts," popcorn," "candy," and still other cries could be heard above the rest, "cold beer," "dixie-wine," "hard-cider," "whisky." Crowds marched here and there, gaily talking, and liberally patronizing these various places, as they flourished their Mormon money (scrip) on every hand. Suddenly a shrill voice rang out:—

"You're a malicious falsifier."

A hush fell upon the scene. Instantly another voice was heard:—

"You know good and well that you encouraged my husband to come away from home, leaving me to carry my basket and baby a full mile. In order to induce him to do such a disgraceful trick you told him my lunch was in your basket. You thought I wouldn't say anything about it before

the folks, but I am determined to teach you a lesson, you old hussy."

"Now, Jezebel, I had him first; if you don't like the way we do you can get up and scamper."

Then came scratching and hair-pulling; the loving husband, with heroic bravery, rushed in to separate the combatants, while the numerous mother-in-law stood in various places looking on with much agitation and concern.

Willy Allison was sitting by Adrian and Lola, near the scene of the fray, and said:—

"Those two old dowdies have had a laying-on of hands."

At this moment a hundred voices went up from the street, "Our holy prophet cometh!" "The prophet is coming!" "Hurrah for our holy king!"

Quickly a mad rush was made for the best point of vantage from which they could view the place where he was to descend from the carriage. It was almost a mile from where the great man came into the street leading to the ground, and when he arrived, everything was in readiness for his reception.

As the carriages arrived at the place designated for them to stop, a hundred little girls, dressed in pure white, formed in line on either side of the path from the carriage to the grand-stand erected at the north end of the tables. These children had been chosen as the prettiest little girls of all the stake and no pains had been spared in pre-

paring their toilets, as they were to represent the Seraphim. Each child carried a large bunch of Sago lilies. As the prophet alighted from the carriage, the children scattered the flowers in his path, that his holy feet might not touch the ground until he reached the stand. This part of the program was a tribute to his purity.

The prophet, accompanied by other dignitaries, among them Blatherskite and Lehman, trod the flowery path, followed by their wives with Zina, "The Divine," leading the van of the feminine division. After all had passed, the once beautiful lilies, emblems of purity, were crushed and buried in the dust by the feet of these standard-bearers of the blessed (?) plurality.

An hour was spent in social conversation; order and quiet prevailed, manifesting a striking contrast to the actions of the assembly before the arrival of the anointed. All now moved about the work assigned with strict order and decorum.

The feast over, the president of the stake outlined his policy; the prophet discoursed for an hour and a half on various subjects; and, as usual, Bishop Lehman closed this part of the program in a ringing speech. Lehman's fiery harangues always left a sweet savor which was enjoyed in the highest degree by most of the brethren. After a long address he closed his remarks as follows:—

"In conclusion, my brethren, permit me to say a word upon the glorious prospects of state-hood

for our fair Territory. We have petitioned for this simple boon many, many times, but never before has it seemed so promising as now. I verily believe that the dawning of that happy event is near. Then shall the fetters and shackles that have bound us be broken and this government of oppression and its debased and lustful officers cannot trample on our rights no more forever; then shall God's chosen people be free to enter upon the conversion and conquest of the world, yes, the conquest of the world." ("Hear," "hear," "hurrah," "hurrah," shouted the multitude.)

"The first that shall fall before us as a broken twig is this so-called republic. Some have been pleased to entitle it, 'The land of the free, and the home of the brave;' but I here declare unto you, O my people, that it is the land of greed and the home of cowards. Did not their hosts of braves quail before a handful of God's servants? I say further, brethren, that they are a band of blood-thirsty villains. They have committed every crime that can be mentioned against God's chosen people. They burned us out in Ohio, mobbed and drove us out of Missouri, murdered our prophet and his brother, and drove us from Illinois; then, when we, the embodiment of holiness, led by God's own hand, fled across the plains of desolation to seek a haven of bliss in these valleys, they followed us like the hounds that they are.

“We petitioned old Van Buren for redress, whereupon he answered us in these pitiful words: ‘Your cause is just, but I can do nothing for you.’ He made the flimsy excuse that it was out of his jurisdiction, and within the province of the state courts and their officers to prosecute men for crimes committed within their borders. I say d—n such a policy and such a nation, but we will use this power when we get statehood, yes, when we get statehood.” [Cheers and shouts of “good, good.”]

“I say unto you, O my people, that we shall hold this band of oppressors who rule this nation responsible for all this dastardly work. These crimes will yet be the rock upon which their great ship of State shall strike and split asunder. The work shall begin with the establishment of the holy State of Deseret.”

Then raising his voice to its highest pitch he closed with these prophetic words, as he struck the table in front of him a violent blow:—

“For verily I say unto you, O my people, that the blood of the Prophet Joseph and his brother shall be avenged upon this accursed land, then upon other lands, one by one, until the whole world shall bow at our shrine, and their chief rulers will be proud to be our servants, yes, to be our servants.”

Whereupon the Saints arose almost to a man, cheered and cheered again to the echo. When the din was sufficiently quiet, Old Baird managed

to get upon a box at the lower end of one of the tables. Waving his hat over his head he shouted:

“Hu-r-r-ah for Brother Lehman.”

This caused great laughter and renewed cheering and turned the attention of the crowd to him as he further said:—

“‘Hic,’ Brother Lehman, you are a brick. ‘Hic,’ there is no goat’s wool on you. It’s all, ‘hic,’ pure undefiled lamb’s fleece—it is, by jove, or I’m not Henglish.”

A merry shout went up as the old man staggered and sank down to his box.

After spending a few hours at dancing and carousing the crowd grew more boisterous than it was, even before the arrival of the anointed, then they began to take their departure for home. At the general breaking up of the gathering it was dangerous for a person to be on foot in the road, on account of the young men that were recklessly riding bareback on mustangs with only halters around the necks of the animals.

As Adrian and Lola drove home, he was lost in deep study. Lola tried to converse with him on the events of the day, but could not get him interested. As he helped her from the buggy at her home, she asked:—

“What is it that is troubling you, Adrian?”

“Why, my dear, nothing in particular.”

“Are you fatigued, or not feeling well?”

“No, I am not fatigued, why do you ask?”

“You seem worried and it troubles me.”

"I will return at half-past eight, and tell you all."

As he said this he stepped into the buggy and drove away.

"I do wonder what can trouble him," she mused, as she slowly walked into the house; then turning to get a glimpse of him, she waved her handkerchief to him as he turned the corner and passed from view.

CHAPTER XXV.

Adrian came at the appointed time. Lola had anxiously awaited his coming to learn the cause of his troubled and anxious appearance in the afternoon.

These young people's perceptions of right and justice between their fellow men had been cultivated to the highest degree possible in the midst of their unfortunate surroundings. Their home influences were the best; but farther than this, they were surrounded by a people who hesitated not at stooping to the direst extremity to force their infamous practices, with all of its blighting effects, upon all who came within their grasp.

Adrian mused as he drove from the scenes of the day, "All that I have seen and heard to-day with reference to my church is wholly wrong in my mind. Much is disloyal and base. A people who will seek to become a part of a government in order to the better carry out their crimes and work to the end of finally overthrowing that government, cannot be other than wrong. Some things that our people practice is base, for the reason that its aim has ever been to degrade humanity, by transforming the homes of virtue, morality, and purity, which come from a proper union of one man and woman, into a brawling harem."

He had never felt the influence of the leadership upon this question before, but from the meager advice given him at the feast by his bishop he felt an uneasiness as to just what was in store for himself and Lola.

She gave him a welcome greeting at the door, and as they walked into the parlor, he said:—

“Lola, for the first time in my life I come to see you with a heavy heart.”

“I am sorry to know this, but tell me what it is,” she said, as they were seated.

“It seems to me that some people in this world would like to make it a place of torture rather than a home of happiness.”

“Why do you speak in this manner, Adrian? I do not comprehend your meaning.”

“O, charming one, I would not have you in doubt as to my meaning! As the sun was sinking behind the western mountains at parting I promised to explain to you at this hour that which burdened my mind. I am here for that specific purpose. I would not disappoint nor deceive you. Deception, I hope, is not a part of my being, and I pray to God that it may never be; yet I belong to an organization which teaches and practices deception, from its prophet down to its block teachers, and which tries to force all within the circle to do the same. Not only do I belong, but our parents, Willy, and all of our friends, except a very few, are members of it. It has not been my good fortune to meet twenty people

outside of it, and above all, there is another member, one that is dearer to me than life itself whose every thought and act is as pure as the icicle on our holy temple. You, sweet one, you are a member. I feel, at times, that I would like to flee away with those I love, yourself, our parents, Willy, Jed, and poor little, neglected Lily, to some place where we could have our rights, and away from such scenes as we have witnessed to-day. I sometimes doubt every person I know outside of this little band I have mentioned, except Vernon Stanton. There were three others whom I knew to be honorable, but they are gone. Sister Rhoda and poor Evelyn were martyrs to virtue and honor; one died of a broken heart, and the other was most foully murdered. The third was James! poor James! where, oh, where is he? The thought sometimes comes to my mind that he, too, has met with foul play at the hands of this same organization—our church. Search through the pages of history and you will find no darker deeds recorded than have been committed by members of this church under the direction of the priesthood.”

As he spoke, the fire of anger flashed from his usually mild countenance. His very soul seemed inflamed with rage, as he wildly gesticulated and emphasized every particular.

“O, Adrian! I never saw you so agitated before. Why do you speak so disparagingly of our church?”

"For the reason that it deserves it. A church and its leaders should be above reproach, should it not?"

"I think so."

"Is ours above reproach?"

"I must confess it is not."

"You are right, my darling, in your confession. A church or any other organization, whose leaders will speak as ours have spoken on this date about this great government cannot hold my respect. It tempts me to revolt at once; but when I am impressed that perhaps this step might bring misery to all I love and that you might meet the fate of Evelyn, it almost turns my brain and causes me to hesitate. Lola, this is certainly the best government under the sun, or history is false. Our people have ever sought to get sufficient power in their hands in order to keep down prosecutions for crimes that would put to shame the most infamous bandit of earth. I might be able to stand all of this, however much it might oppose my ideas of right and wrong, if they would stop there; but when they attempt to meddle with our private affairs—affairs which I know belong to you and me alone, except perhaps our parents, then I object, and it is my intention to register that objection in the strongest mode consistent with safety."

"You shock me. What do you mean by meddling with our private affairs?"

"My love, listen further. I had a short inter-

view with our bishop just before leaving the grove; it was while you were dancing with the prophet. I said to Brother Blatherskite, 'I think I will be around to see you within the week on a little private business.' He bowed in his accustomed way, and asked, 'May I know the mission of your calling?' I then stated to him that I had no objection to offer why he should not know. I then said that I wanted a recommend for you and me to go through the endowment. Whereupon he said, 'Are you going to take but one?' 'But one,' said I; 'is not that sufficient when she is all the world to me?' 'Whom did you say it is to be?' he asked; and when I told him, he said, 'You must either make her a second or take another at the same time. It is so revealed.' "

"O Adrian, is it possible that he said this?"

"Yes, he said those very words, my love."

"O Heaven defend us from such a fate," she cried, wringing her hands.

"Had not the dance closed at that time, I do not know what I would have done. I was almost dazed. You came to me at this time, we got our things and came away, but I could not act natural. For the first time in my life I felt like doing something desperate."

"God forbid that you should ever do a desperate deed; but Adrian, my only love, you will not comply?"

"Comply? No, never!"

"Your answer brings happiness to my soul;

yet I fear the terrible consequences that may grow out of what he has said."

"Ah, Lola, I could see an ominous look in his every expression."

With this Lola gave way to her feelings and wept bitterly, as she repeated between sobs:—

"Why was I endowed with life, if this is to be my fate?"

Then taking her in his arms and kissing her tears away, he said:—

"You were endowed with life for me, sweet one, and I for you. No other being can ever usurp my love or share any part thereof with you; we will go to-morrow and so declare to the bishop."

A death-like silence fell upon the two as they sat in deep meditation, striving to cast aside the dark veil of the future and read what was in store for them. They had much to study about, and many thoughts to terrify them. They had seen their friends blighted or cut off in the bloom of youth for opposing the invisible power that surrounded them. When Adrian uttered his closing remark in solemn tones, he shuddered at the sound of his own words. His words were in accord with the yearnings of Lola's heart, yet she feared to encourage so bold a stand. Presently she said:—

"Dear Adrian, we must move with the greatest caution in this matter. A dark abyss seems to yawn before me as I endeavor to read the future.

A warning comes to me which tells me that if we make one misstep then all our earthly happiness is lost forever, and we with our beloved parents may be dashed down its mighty precipice into its terrible depths. I, therefore, beseech you to act for your safety; for without you earth would be a void, and sorrow would shadow my whole life."

"Your counsel is ever good; but the thoughts of their advising me to make you a second, or to take another to share my heart's love with you, racks my brain. To divide my love and company between you and another would be an injustice to you that I shall not be guilty of. I faced a mighty lion to save us from destruction, he was ferocious; now I face a monster that is loathsome, disgusting, and dangerous; but I shall not falter, for I fight for honor and you."

"But Adrian, let us plead with our leaders and pray that we may get along without trouble."

"Fear me not, Lola. We will resort to every means we can devise to save ourselves from destruction or our parents from harm; but if matters come to the worst, let us die with as much courage as Evelyn."

"I agree to your suggestion, but what if it should also involve the destruction of our parents?"

"That might cause me to hesitate, but nothing else would."

"Adrian, you express the sentiments of my mind, and we will act in unison."

"I will arrange a meeting with the bishop to-morrow at four o'clock."

Then rising to go he took her gently in his arms, and pressing her to his breast, said:—

"Now may the holy angels guard you while you sleep."

As he pressed his lips to hers the tears fell freely from their eyes. A kind "good night" came from the noble-hearted young man, which was answered amid sobs by his love as they parted.

Though apart, yet their thoughts were with each other, grieving not so much for self as for each other's sorrows and troubles. No sleep came to either during that sad night.

CHAPTER XXVI.

The dawn came; it was a perfect morning. The canon breeze gently swept its cooling breath among the trees. The cock's shrill notes announced the dawn of another day. The warbling notes of many a bird could be heard on every hand, hailing with joy the approach of the glorious sunlight. Old Timpanogos, at its highest tide, restlessly dashing and plunging, was roaring in the distance. Lola could not rest. The long, dreary night had thrown her into feverish unrest. She longed for the open air of the clear, cool morning. She arose and dressed herself in her loose-fitting morning gown and was soon in the yard among the trailing vines and blooming flowers. Her heart was heavy, and her face wore a sad expression. Since the last setting of the sun all the world seemed changed to her. She wandered around looking at the flowers, scarcely realizing her own movements; finally, she went to a large swing, which Willy had constructed under the tall trees in the side yard, and seating herself in the swing, admired the beautiful scenes around her and noted the happiness of the animate objects in such contrast to her own unhappy feelings. "Poor Adrian," she murmured, many times, as she restlessly swung to and fro. The

sun was rising, but the populace of the city was still wrapt in slumber, resting from the fatigue of the celebration.

Adrian had also sought the open air, in hope of gaining some relief for his troubled mind. He unconsciously wandered along the walk in front of the Allison home, and as he glanced at the house he said to himself:—

“I pray that she has had a better night’s rest than I have experienced.”

No sooner had he uttered these words than a magpie, which belonged to Lola, alighted on the fence just in front of him, and said plainly, “Poor Adrian.” He was startled. Where had the bird gotten that phrase, and so appropriate to his present feelings. He stopped to take notice of it, when it repeated the same words. Presently he said to himself:—

“The bird has heard the expression many times, as they never say anything until it has been repeated in their hearing often. Where has it heard that expression?”

At this moment it flew and lit on a trellis near the swing where Lola was seated. Her back was toward him, and he stole silently near to her, when he heard her speak the same words the magpie had spoken, in a low plaintive tone, when the bird repeated the words again after her.

He drew away unobserved, and with a deep sigh, he said, “Poor girl, my sweet unhappy

Lola," as the tears rushed freely to his swollen eyes. He turned and looked at her again before passing out of view.

"Beautiful beyond comparison," he said, then paused. "Why is it so planned that all our hopes of happiness should be so cruelly wrecked? Certainly our holy divines will not be so cruel as to prolong this state of misery."

He went home and at once informed his parents of his unhappy condition; and, when all were made acquainted with the trouble, many were the expressions of sorrow and sympathy for them in each household during that day. Many were the regrets that the priesthood would persist in meddling in matters which did not concern them, and many were the suggestions as to the manner and mode of procedure.

Willy was wild with rage, and talked of taking his gun and hunting for those old "warts" who had brought so much trouble to his sister and Adrian.

During the forenoon, Adrian drove to Bishop Blatherskite's to arrange for the meeting at four in the afternoon. The arrangement completed, he took Lola for a short drive and did everything in his power to soothe the unhappy girl. It was some comfort to them to be in each other's company and to discuss the various plans that would come to each to guide them in their future conduct. They fully resolved that death itself would be preferable to the accursed plurality.

Every plan suggested was confronted by the horrible intimation of the bishop as to the revelation, which raised before them like a great pillar of darkness completely shutting off the way.

Returning home they felt much refreshed from their drive; then taking their lunch they prepared to go to the meeting. At the appointed time they appeared at his office and found him in waiting, but in close conversation with Zina, "The Divine." She withdrew on their entering the room, after kissing Lola and giving Adrian a hearty hand-shake.

As soon as she was gone the bishop said:—

"Well, my young brother and sister, how do you do this afternoon, and how did you enjoy the splendid celebration yesterday? I presume you are as happy as magpies when they have enough to eat?"

They bowed politely as Adrian answered him:

"It has not been our good fortune to feel very happy to-day."

"Indeed, and may I ask the cause?"

"I do not know of anything to prevent you doing so."

"Then, I pray thee speak of it, tell me thy ills, if any there be."

"It is what you said to me yesterday that has caused us so much unhappiness."

"What, brother? What, I pray? Upon my soul, I do not remember to have said anything

that would be calculated to give either of you the least discomfort. Explain thyself, Adrian!"

"Do you remember our conversation just before leaving the grounds?"

"Perfectly well," said the bishop, as he looked over his eyeglasses searchingly, alternately at one and then the other, affecting much surprise that they should be agitated at what he had said.

"You stated at that time, when I spoke to you about coming to see you for a recommend for Lola and me to go through the endowment, that I should take another at the same time, or make Lola a second."

"I remember it perfectly, and so state again."

"That is the direct cause of our unhappiness."

"Ha! ha! ha! How foolish some of you young folks are. Thou didst not allow such an holy proposition as that to disturb thee, I hope?"

"I don't care to discuss the holiness of the proposition, but we have our rights and they should not be interfered with; what you have suggested, if carried out, would make us both miserable the rest of our days."

"Well, all I have to say is that some young lads and lasses not far from here will get over such foolishness as they grow older."

"Foolishness? I heartily agree with you that the proposition for me to take another than Lola is not only foolish but infamous in the extreme, and will not be heeded by us. You certainly did not mean such a thing."

"If the divine revelation of the holy prophet is disobeyed by thee then it were far better that neither of you had been born."

"I do not believe he had such a revelation."

"Adrian Waltham, dost thou doubt what I say?"

"Did he tell you that he had such a revelation?"

"He did."

"What were his words?"

"He stated that he had received a revelation that thou and this fair sister were to be united on one of two conditions only, and that they were these: Either thou takest two at the same time, counting this one the first, or take another first and Sister Lola later, in which case she will be thy second. See, my good brother, how liberal and just this revelation is, leaving it absolutely to your own discretion as to whether you will make her your first or second. Could anything be more reasonable?"

Lola could suppress her feelings no longer. She knew that rather than submit to such a proposition Adrian would yield his life in sacrifice. She wrung her hands and fell upon her knees before the bishop, and said in pleading tones:—

"O dear Bishop, counselor of things most sacred, is it possible that this cannot be changed?"

"God is unchangeable."

"But, divine sir, might there be some mistake?"

"There is no mistake, the decree has gone forth from on High."

“But may we implore our holy prophet to consult the divine powers again upon this question that is all important to us? As you were talking to Adrian at the feast, the prophet conversed so kindly with me—he talked of the goodness of God, and said we should all strive to obtain a home of happiness there in that heavenly land. O sir! If this has gone forth as an unchangeable decree of Heaven’s all-powerful Judge, then, indeed, will I regret my lot during the ages of eternity, if I should be so fortunate as to secure the fairest mansion in that land. Oh, my God! There must be some mistake.”

“Fair sister, thy words are piteous and move me to tears; but I cannot change the revelation. I will call the prophet if you so desire.”

“Is he here?” asked Adrian and Lola in a breath.

“Verily, he is now in consultation with President Smoot, Bishop Lehman and Zina. We had been consulting over matters concerning this stake, to thoroughly familiarize Brother Smoot with the work, but according to agreement I kept my appointment with you. I will call them all in.”

So saying, he left the room. Presently he returned, accompanied by the four. They had previously planned everything. All, except Zina and Lehman, were to bear heavily upon the point of the young couple submitting to the plurality. Anything that Zina and Lehman should say, however, was to be unheeded.

The prophet entered the office first, and advanced to the young couple, taking their extended hands in each of his, raised his holy eyes and said:—

“Heaven bless thee, my young brother and sister. Didst thou send for me?”

“We did, holy prophet,” answered they in unison.

“What is thy pleasure?”

“Kind prophet,” said Lola, “we are in distress, and you were so kind to me yesterday that”—

“Ah! I am ever thus to all who love and obey the Lord’s will.”

All his words were deep and solemn. His interruption startled her, and in her agitation she forgot what she was going to say. She began again:—

“Well—well—O what was I going to say?”

“Those who obey the divine commands need not falter,” said the prophet. “It is only those possessed of the devil who hesitate, and”—

“Do not say she is possessed of the devil. I will not stand it, no matter whence it comes,” said Adrian, much excited.

The others were struck with terror, that anyone would have the temerity to address the holy man in this way. They caught their breath, and threw up their hands in horror. The prophet was struck dumb for a moment, but presently he said:—

“Young villain, what dost thou mean? Knowest thou to whom thou hast spoken?”

“Pardon me, holy prophet; for the moment I lost my reason. She is overcome with grief and not an evil spirit.”

“Grief? What is the cause, I pray?”

“Divine prophet, permit an explanation.”

“Proceed.”

“It was our intention to come at this time to get a recommendation from our bishop for us to go through the endowment. I talked to Brother Blatherskite on this subject yesterday while you were dancing with Lola. He said that I should take two at once, making her my first; or marry another first and make Lola a second. He has just told us that you advised it upon revelation.”

“It is so revealed.”

“Will you consult the spirit servants of the Most High again upon this question so sacred to us?”

“I cannot so trifle with High Heaven.”

This came like a blow to Lola, and she would have fallen if Adrian had not caught her in his arms. At the same time she cried in anguish:—

“Is there no power that can save us from this terrible fate?”

“Yes,” answered Adrian, “there is a power; it is the divinity within ourselves. We will not comply.”

“Then you will be eternally lost,” answered the prophet.

“Shall we be lost for doing that which is our individual and divine right?”

"It is neither an individual nor a divine right to refuse to comply with the divine commands from above."

"I care not whence the command comes. I do not believe that such a command came from Heaven; but be that as it may, I will never wed any other than the one I love."

"Young man, 'be not deceived; God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.' Thou hast sown to disobedience and shalt reap its just reward. I will now pronounce the greatest curse of Heaven upon thee and this sorceress. It is my command"—

"Hold!" cried Lehman, stepping to his side, partly facing the young couple, as he continued: "In the name of Heaven let me plead extenuation for this young couple. I know them to be true in all things, except the blessed plurality. They are good, noble and upright, and perfect in every virtue but this. Do not curse them now, it is their first transgression. Grant them a little time to reflect, and perhaps they will yield."

"How can I stay the hand of the Most High?"

"On bended knees and with tearful eyes, I, who never sinned, ask this respite for these."

"Hast thou any assurance in thy conscience that their actions will be different?"

"None, most holy prophet, but truly I believe."

"Brother Lehman, by your request I will stay the hand of vengeance until we can be directed.

Let a meeting of the holy priesthood of this stake be called in prayer circle for to-morrow evening, at the priesthood assembly-room, and there, on bended knees, we will ask to be directed. President Smoot, see that this order is complied with."

"I will obey," said Brother Smoot.

This said, the prophet gave command for all to retire with him, except Adrian and Lola.

They were left alone, when Lola said:—

"Adrian, what shall we do?"

"We will go home, love, and wait for further developments."

They went out of the office, bowed down with grief, and immediately drove toward their homes.

"Adrian, I am not satisfied with your last answer. I knew that we would go home, but what then shall be our course of action?"

"Our course shall be right, my precious angel. It is terrible to have a prayer circle to deal with, but I will meet it and defeat it. Lola, we must not say a word about the prayer circle to our parents, as they would feel that our lives were in great peril. Trust to me, and I will know everything that is done there. Say to our parents that we have failed thus far, but perhaps we shall be successful. I will see you to-morrow during the day. For awhile I cannot know when it is safe for me to come and go at night. The plan has dawned upon me, darling, have no fear."

He had endeavored to allay the uneasiness in her mind as much as possible, but to no effect;

she was quite as much troubled as he. It was growing dark as they reached Lola's home, when Adrian said:—

“My dear one, little did we dream, as we sat on the trunk of that old tree, in front of Bridal-Veil Falls, on that sweet day in June, that before one short year had fled, our star of hope would shine so faintly as now. Everything looked bright and lovely then, but now it is indeed gloomy. Let us keep brave hearts, dear Lola, and remember that after clouds comes the sunshine. We will pray to our Heavenly Father that this shadow shall be lifted.” Then helping her from the buggy, he kissed her a sad good night and they parted.

They explained to their parents the result of the meeting, as indicated by Adrian, which brought sad hearts to the inmates of these homes.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Adrian was late at supper. The family and the hands had all eaten before he reached home. Jed sat in the dining-room and watched his every movement. There was a shade of sadness on Jed's face. He had just returned from a trip in the mountains, and had been informed in regard to all that had transpired with reference to Adrian and Lola, and where they were at this time, and the object of their mission.

When Adrian said to Lola that he would meet and defeat the action of the prayer circle, and know all that went on while it was in session the next evening, he had Jed in mind. He knew that Jed was to return that evening or sometime during the night. He was pleased when Jed met him at the front gate and took his horses and put them away, while he explained all, as agreed with Lola, to his parents.

Jed came in from the barn just as Adrian sat down at table. When he had finished his meal, he arose from the table and beckoned Jed to follow him to his room. After seating themselves comfortably, he began:—

“Jed, are you the man that I judge you to be, a friend in need, without dross?”

“To all who are right.”

“Do you consider me right?”

“As the north star which never varies in its position.”

“This is as I judged you. I am in need of a friend in whose hands I can place my life, if necessary, and know that it is safe. Far more than this, my life is a mere bagatelle compared with the charge which your acceptance may entail; for it may necessitate the placing in your hands the preservation of Lola's life also. O Jed, on your shoulders will rest much. There are but four men that I know, to whom I would entrust this charge—my father, Mr. Allison, Vernon Stanton, and yourself. You can accomplish my purpose much better than any of them. Can you, and will you, accept this charge?”

“Adrian, dear boy, I will accept this charge, knowing full well the dangers and difficulties that may beset us all.”

“Then hear what I have to say. You have heard of the prayer circle, and know its objects, do you not?”

“Yes, I have heard of it, and I think I know its object.”

“There will be one of these meetings to-morrow evening at the priesthood assembly hall, for the consideration of my case with Lola. We have refused to enter into the plurality. It has greatly incensed the priesthood, so much so, that this circle has been called for to-morrow evening, and I must know what is done at that circle.”

For a few moments Jed sat in deep thought, finally he said: "I will undertake to find out for you. I will retire now. Wake me at three o'clock to-morrow morning and have everything ready as I direct you. Get my canteen and have it full of fresh water and lunch sufficient for three meals. Have my lariats, with those two hooks which hang in the barn, also in the dining-room, and I will learn everything that transpires at that meeting or my name is not Jeddediah Worthen."

"I will have everything as you say," said Adrian.

"Good night," said Jed, and he left the room.

Promptly at three o'clock Adrian knocked at the door of Jed's bedchamber, and then went downstairs to the dining-room, soon followed by Jed. Adrian had everything in readiness, just as Jed had ordered.

"Go to bed, lad, and sleep soundly. Have no fear, but trust to me," he said, as he threw his canteen strap and lariats over his shoulder, and taking his hooks and lunch basket in his hand, he was ready for business. He had two large revolvers, with a belt full of cartridges, buckled around him.

"You look every inch a soldier," said Adrian, as the true-hearted man vanished in the darkness.

Things were very quiet about the Allison and Waltham places during the whole of the day that Jed was gone. The brethren could not under-

stand why there was not a little commotion about those places owing to conditions. Adrian spent a few hours in Lola's company during the day, then went home and tried to rest quietly in his room, but it was a day of great suspense to him. He retired early and slept a short time in the forepart of the night, but after one o'clock, the hour he expected Jed to return, he could not rest; the hours, fraught with much anxiety, wore heavily away.

About four o'clock the next morning Jed returned, and having a night-key, he quietly opened the door and ascended the stair, going directly to Adrian's room, rapped gently on his door. Adrian said in a low voice:—

“Is that you, Jed?”

“Yes, Adrian, it is Jed.”

Adrian instantly opened the door, and grasping his friend by the hands, said:—

“O Jed! I had begun to fear some accident had befallen you, and that you were not going to return at all.”

“I, too, began to think that I would have to remain up a tree until I was very hungry. I had grown short on grub already.”

“I do not understand what you mean by being ‘up a tree.’”

“Figuratively speaking, the saintly priests had me up a tree. Their being beneath, prevented me from descending. I am a prudent man, you know. I was never known to come down from a

tree amid a pack of coyotes. No, no, not any of that kind of business for me."

"But, Jed, did you learn anything?" said Adrian, a little impatient.

"Oh, yes, you can bet your corns on it."

"In what way, and what is it? Tell me all about it."

"When I left, I went straight to the meeting house. I took that sixteen-foot pole with me from the side of the barn. I raised a window by force, climbed inside and took the pole with me. Peculiar proceedings at a meeting house, hey? Ha! ha! ha! as the cow-boy would say, 'I should goad.' This little trick of mine is equaled only by Brig and his band of flunkies. Yes, I took my pole with me; by the way, a pole is a pretty good thing to have, even in church, especially if you have the right kind of a pole. Well, when I got my pole in, I put the window down carefully. Now, Adrian, mark the utility of a pole. Here I raised my pole and proceeded to raise the trap door to the fire escape in the ceiling. Then attaching my ropes to the hooks, I then hung the hooks on one of the small forks at the end of my pole. It is a good thing to have a fork connected with your pole, remember. I then raised my pole carefully a second time, and hung the hooks on the joists on each side of the opening. It was still a little dark to work well, so I sat down and rested awhile. When it was light enough, I took a chair from the pulpit, and tied it to the

end of one rope and the basket to the other. Then with canteen and other equipments I began to move toward the roof by means of the ropes, steadied by my pole. When safely aloft, and my pole laid carefully in the attic, I next elevated my basket, and then the chair. I was careful to get my ropes and everything out of sight. Out of sight—that's a good proposition, especially when you attend a prayer circle of the Saints, and you are not a member of the holy priesthood. When all was safely between the roof and the ceiling, I struck camp to await the performance. I established my fortifications, camp and all equipments on four boards, each a foot wide and ten feet long. It was a novel situation, and lonesome, Oh, my! enough so to make the cold chills creep up the spine, but I had enlisted for the war and there was no backing out. After I had replaced the trap door and sat down in silence, a sense of mysterious dread daunted my spirit for a time. The startled bats flew around as if protesting against my invasion of their solitary domain. Their screeching noise, as the chattering of teeth, seemed to mock the sound of some dying victim. My mind involuntarily turned to sweet Evelyn, whom I knew to have been a victim of a prayer circle, held in this house. Once in the groove of reflecting over this horrible road, I could not leave it. I thought of the Morrisites, of the victims of Mountain Meadow, of the Aikin boys, of Franklin McNeil, who dared to have a suit pend-

ing against the prophet, and of the long list of victims of Apostle Orson Hyde, Bill Hickman, Porter Rockwell, Eph. Hanks, and other Destroying Angels who do the bidding of the holy priesthood. Oh, Adrian, in such a dismal place, these thoughts were horrible! At last one lonely ray of light glanced across the dismal attic, I could then faintly discern the objects around me. No other sound was heard except the faint chirping of the birds on the outside, and the rattle of an occasional wagon passing along on the street. All was silent as the grave inside except an occasional mouse that darted across the ceiling, or a panting lizard which glided along the wall plates. The hours passed slowly by, and about eight o'clock in the evening I heard the front door unlock. I had taken my position prone on the boards, allowing two inches of opening in the trap door, so that I could view the most of the circle from where I lay. At half-past eight the brethren were ready for business. As Blatherskite was your bishop, he was selected leader. He arose and said, 'Let quiet reign.' Then they prayed—actually prayed. Blatherskite said, as this was a very important meeting of the anointed, it would be well to know that there are no traitors or any that are weak in the faith present. The roll was called, and all responded after the bishop as follows: 'I do hereby humbly pledge myself anew to the cause of holiness as promulgated by the holy priesthood. I solemnly promise to be

faithful and true to all the teachings of the same. I further pledge my life and all that is sacred to me to the preservation of the secrets intrusted unto me, especially things which take place in the sacred prayer circle, as shall be mapped out from time to time for our guidance by divine revelation. To this solemn pledge I bind myself under the stern penalty that if this vow be broken, a fire shall be lighted around my body until it be entirely consumed, and the ashes cast to the winds, that there may not be any resurrection of my body.' After this oath was administered, they joined hands, formed a circle and offered a prayer, especially for you and Lola, then they had a long discussion as to what should be done. At first all but Lehman and Smoot were in favor of sending both over the long road traveled by James and Evelyn, but in the quiet way that James was sent, as some put it. Then the question was asked how James was disposed of. Upon explanation I learned that he went hunting in company with John Bildew, Folger Anderson and Milton Fransen. They quit hunting about dark, shot off their guns, as proposed by the three men mentioned, when they seized him, bound and gagged him, and turned him over to Philander Lintle and David Bronson, who took him across the lake in a row-boat, and turned him over to Porter Rockwell and Mellin Jacobson, who took him back into the hills from Pelican Point, and killed him—all according to revelation."

As Jed closed this statement in reference to James, Adrian grew pale as death, great drops of sweat stood on his forehead, as he said:—

“Poor James! how horrible! I have always believed that he was murdered.” He paused for a few moments, then continued: “Did you say that Lehman and Smoot opposed disposing of us in this way?”

“Smoot opposed the blood atonement vigorously, Lehman partially opposed it in this case, especially with reference to Lola. In reference to her he made an exceedingly strong pull against it.”

“He was the only reasonable one at the meeting with our bishop day before yesterday.”

“He protested so hard that they determined to do nothing with Lola for the time being; but with you, my dear boy, it is quite different. We will have to give them a round-up on you.”

“What did they determine in my case, Jed?”

“They decided that you should be handled by the same old gang that disposed of James; but they would take a different plan to capture you.”

“How is that?”

“You are going to Pleasant Grove next Saturday evening week, are you not?”

“Yes, I have a business engagement at seven o'clock in the evening with a party on his way to Zion from Wasatch county.”

“Are you coming home that night?”

“That was my intention, why?”

"That is the time set for them to capture you."

"Jed, is that true?" said Adrian, much agitated.

"I will not go."

"Talk not in that strain, my lad. We have enlisted for the war. They cannot take us in ambush, for we know how and in what way the battle will be fought. Let us give them every opportunity. Philander Little and David Bronson will start for Toocle County this evening as it grows dark, to notify Porter Rockwell and Jacobson to be at Pelican Point on that evening to take charge and dispose of you. I will leave here at the same hour, disguised as Rockwell; they will go over the bench, or upper road, while I will take the bottom, or lake-front road. I will intercept them between Pleasant Grove and American Fork, and there get the instructions intended for Rockwell. I can personate Rockwell to perfection. After I get my cue I will then turn back as if going home. In order to make the ruse more effectual, I will say to them that I will make this affair as clean cut as the James Blatherskite case, and at the same point. If I am successful thus far then you will go to Pleasant Grove, as agreed upon, on horseback. When they meet you, patiently submit. Tell them not to gag you, as you will not make an outcry. Let them take you, turn you over to the boatmen, Lintle and Bronson. A friend of mine, of my own selection, and I will receive you on the other side of the lake; we will be disguised as Rockwell and Jacob-

son. As soon as we have you and get away from the point, we will unhand you and bring you back home in our boat, and the first battle is won. When they see you on the streets the next day they will be paralyzed, but don't betray any signs that anything unusual has happened. We will soon have the brethren strongly impressed with the idea that there is a supernatural power guarding and protecting you."

"Where did you get that idea, Jed? Do you think it will be safe?"

"I carefully studied this plan while in the attic, after hearing the decision of the circle. It is my opinion that this is the only avenue of escape for you."

"Jed, reposing the greatest confidence in your judgment, I will act according to the plan you have marked out. I am so thankful, however, that Lola is not to be dragged around and humiliated by this band. She shall not know for some time at least that I make this trip. I will simply say to her that I think that everything will come out right after all."

"Now that my plan is understood I want to tell you a little more about what detained me in the attic. The Saints got through with your case about twelve o'clock; then one of the brethren rolled in a keg of 'merry-wine.' "

"What do you mean by 'merry-wine'?"

"Liquor, lad, liquor, deep-red whisky. Oh, my! I know that the mint-julep they made must

have been delicious." As he mentioned the mint-julep, his mouth flew open and his lips popped like a whip. "I was as dry as a fish. The water in my canteen had given out before the brethren came, and this reminds me that I am still very thirsty."

"I will go and get a pitcher of ice-water," said Adrian, as he arose and went out of the room in his stocking feet; he soon returned with a pitcher of ice-water and a glass. Jed drank until he had quenched his thirst, then he said:—

"I should have been a guest of honor at the meeting—a distinguished visitor, being the only one present who was not a member; but never a time did they say, Jeddediah, old boy, have a wee bit for the stomach's sake, ha! ha! ha! Oh, no, not on your corns. They just let me breathe with a dry whistle and continue to grow drier. As the aroma from the julep arose to where I lay I feared my own actions; for I was tempted to unravel the end of one of my ropes, drop the frazzle into the bowl, which was immediately under me, soak it in the invigorating liquid, draw it up and suck the contents. If I had been so indiscreet I think there would have been a great deal of excitement among the brethren, and, as Willy would say, there might have been a laying-on of hands for my special benefit; therefore, I lay still and got drier and drier as the hours rolled by, while the brethren drank deeper and deeper. The members of the prayer circle

gulped down whole goblets of ice-cold julep, while I had to be content with the smell. Finally they became hilarious, when one of the brethren said to Brig, 'Sh-e-s, hic, fine sac-r-r-rament, hain't she, p-pr-rophet?' When he answered: 'Fit for gods only.' It was the first time I ever understood why the Saints used water instead of wine for sacramental purposes—they don't consider the masses gods. I longed for a nip at first, but the brethren drank so long and so much that I was disgusted. After three hours of this saintly imbibing, many were drunk and had to be helped home. During the drinking, much of the time was spent in telling obscene stories connected with their own experiences, which created great laughter at times. When I saw them preparing to take their leave, I hove a sigh of relief, for I feared it was almost day, and that I would be compelled to stay up there another twelve hours. I had lain so long without moving that when I did attempt to move, like Rip Van Winkle, I could scarcely move my joints. I quietly got my watch out and held it over the opening to catch the light to be sure of the time. Quietly is a good word. I was quiet about everything, as I didn't care to disturb the meeting; although I had enlisted for the war, I did not want to kill too many of the brethren on the immediate opening of hostilities, especially when I was merely reconnoitering the field. Yes, as I said before, I quietly looked at my watch, and blast my sheep's

head, if she hadn't stopped at a quarter past two. I was being so highly entertained at the hour I usually wind it that I forgot the watch. About this time the brethren began to leave, when I heard one say, 'Goodness, it's twenty minutes past three.' Good, said I to myself, I will talk with Adrian at the dawning of this day. When all were gone and everything again assumed a death-like silence, I broke camp. I arranged my ropes, hooks, basket, chair, and lowered them, I then raised my pole and dropped one end quietly to the floor of the cathedral. Then, with my arsenal and my canteen, I descended. I was careful to leave everything as I found it, even to the trap door. I soon struck terra firma, retraced my steps, accompanied by my pole, and here I am ready for an invasion." He paused, drank another glass of water, and said, "I believe I will go to bed and rest during the entire day, that I may resume my labors this evening."

When Adrian was left alone, he sat for a long time in deep meditation, calling to mind all that Jed had told him about the dark crimes, many of which he had never heard of before—crimes that were the outcroppings of the teachings of the Saints; and now he was under the ban of condemnation at their hands, and for what offense? Not because of any crime he had committed against any law of the government, but because he had absolutely refused to violate the laws of the land, as well as the divine law, as he understood it.

As these thoughts passed through his mind he asked himself this question:—

“Can it be possible that a religion, which leads its adherents to commit every class of crime in its name, be the religion of Christ?”

This question he could not answer from the standpoint of the Saints, and it had never been his good fortune to hear the teachings of the Saviour as promulgated by other denominations, except on one or two occasions when he had heard Vernon Stanton express his views on the subject. Scarcely had he heard sufficient to know the belief of the people of any other church; but he could not harmonize the teachings and practices of his own with the teachings of the Son of God.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The sun was sinking behind the western horizon, the mountains were casting their shadows across the placid surface of the beautiful lake as Jed awoke. He had gone straight to the dining-room when he left Adrian in the morning; and after eating a lunch, which had been prepared the evening before, and left on the table for him when he should return, he went to his room where he remained during the day. Adrian tried to allay the anxieties and fears of the members of the two families, by assuring them that all would yet be well with him and Lola. He told them nothing of what was going on, but advised strict silence in order that the priesthood should not know that they felt any unusual uneasiness over the meddling of these great divines. Jed had a suit of clothing just like one he had seen Rockwell wear. He ate his supper, dressed himself in this "ranch-suit," as he called it, with a large slouch hat and false beard; then buckled his belt, filled with cartridges and two revolvers, round his waist over his coat. A large hunting knife was also fastened in the belt. He was the personation of the Danite; the best acquaintance of Rockwell would have hailed him as the Danite himself.

As darkness overspread the valley, two villains—yes, two as black-hearted fiends as ever disgraced the human family, in the persons of Philander Lintle and David Bronson—were seen leave their homes in the Garden City. They were mounted on strong, swift horses, one of which was black and the other gray. Jed had a better steed than either of these, a dark bay. He mounted and rode to the junction of the streets where the two priests were to meet. He kept well in the dark shade of the locust trees, near the sidewalk. He saw them meet and pass on. Jed scanned them closely. With his keen eye he noted carefully everything connected with them, in order to make no mistake when he met them later. As they passed beyond the true-hearted fellow he said to himself, "Ah! my devoted, murderous Saints, I will meet you 'in the sweet bye and bye.'" With that he started on the lake-front road.

An hour later he met the two brethren at the point he had indicated to Adrian. They would have passed him if he had not halted them. He had surmised that perhaps they might not recognize him as Rockwell in the dark, therefore he studied them well at the street crossing where they met in the Garden City.

As they neared him, he eyed them very closely, as was Rockwell's accustomed way. As they turned to pass him, holding the middle of the road, Jed said in a stentorian voice;—

“Hold! If I mistake not, my orbits indicate to me that thou art my brethren.”

“Is it Brother Rockwell?” queried they.

“Verily, it is what is left of him, by h—l it is.”

“Thou art just the brother we are seeking, and meeting thee will save a long trip,” said Brother Lintle.

“I am truly glad, brethren. I’m always glad to save my brethren time and trouble. I do not know why, but I felt all day yesterday like I was wanted at the Garden City, so I buckled up yesterday evening and came as far as Fairfield, and renewed my journey this afternoon. Verily, I believe it was a revelation I had. But what is wanted?”

“Thou wilt go to the Garden City with us, and we will tell thee as we go.”

“No, I will turn back and go as far as Fairfield and hang up there until to-morrow evening. Meeting thee will save me twenty-two miles, which is not to be sneezed at. If you will let me know what is wanted, I will act as my judgment directs. If my immediate presence is required in the Garden City, I will go as thou wilt return, otherwise I will hie myself to the valley of Tooele.”

“In that case we will reveal the object of our mission. Thou rememberest the deliverance to thee at Pelican Point of young Blatherskite?”

“Ah! well do I recall the event, and we did his work well. After taking him up before me

on my horse, although bound hands, arms, feet and legs, he would rear back, striking his head against my breast, until he almost knocked me from my horse. I had to beat him over the head with my gun to quell him. Brother Jacobson shot him through the bowels, so that he would die hard on account of his stubbornness. Then we rolled him into a ravine, while he was still alive, and covered him with brush and leaves. We removed his gag right after shooting him, just to hear what he had to say. The way he groaned and kicked around was better than a circus down in old Missouri or Illinois. Speaking of old Missouri, if I had got the same shot in on old Governor Boggs, the time the Prophet Joseph sent me over there to see that he died with his boots on, he would have passed in his checks, and Joseph's prophecy would have come true."

Jed had caught, in detail, just how old Porter talked about the killing of James, while in the attic of the church, and he had learned the Governor Boggs affair long before this. Jed's familiarity with these two circumstances, which was supposed to be a secret between the Danites and the priesthood, completed the disguise. Bronson said:—

"Brother Porter, thou art a jewel, one as rare as Kohinoor, in the British Crown. It was my good fortune to see that famous Crown while I was on a mission, and the precious stone which adorns it

is not to be compared with the luster of thy heart. Your noble virtues are only equaled by Brother William Hickman, Bishop John D. Lee and Apostle Orson Hyde. Thou hast proven thyself most worthy of Heaven's blessings by doing all things commended thee by the holy prophets of God. Up to this hour perfection has marked thy every act. Let the future show that thou art ever worthy of these words. As one of the highest counselors of the priesthood of the chosen church I here ask a blessing upon thee and thine."

The speaker's horse had been reined along the side of Jed's, while he spoke in solemn tones. At the last sentence he raised his hands imploringly, turning the palms down as he spoke, and laid them on Jed's head, as he inclined forward on his horse. He knew that Bronson was a high counselor in the affairs of the church, but had not dreamed that they asked a blessing with the laying-on of hands upon the executioners of their fiendish crimes. "Oh!" thought Jed, "this is horrible," as the priest laid his holy hands upon the crown of his hat. After the blessing was pronounced, the priest continued:—

"We have another bit of work for thee, my brother. It is to be executed at the same place, and in the same way as was the winding up of the unholy James Blatherskite. One week from next Saturday night Brother Lintle and I will deliver to thee, at Pelican Point, young Adrian Waltham, whom thou will dispose of according

to the plans revealed. Wilt thou be there and ready, accompanied by Brother Jacobson?"

"Depend upon it—we will be there, and young Adrian will atone for his disobedience."

"Thou hast spoken well, Brother Porter. See that thy every word is fulfilled, that the cause of the blessed plurality may shine with more radiant splendor, and thereby the hope of immortality grow brighter and brighter."

"Amen," said Brother Lintle, and they parted after exchanging a final good-night.

Jed reached home about twelve o'clock. He went straight to Adrian's room.

"Hello," said Adrian; "back so soon?"

"Aye, does it not have that appearance?" answered Jed.

"I am persuaded that it does," answered the young man. "What success?"

"Perfect, perfect. All is now arranged for you to take an unusual cruise across the lake. See that you perform your part in the drama well enough to make things comfortable for the voyage, then all will be lovely."

He told Adrian everything connected with the meeting of the priests, and how terrible he felt when the high counselor asked a blessing upon him. He said:—

"I could not play the part of a spy if it were not to avert crime. The teachings of Christ, as exemplified by all the churches in the East, where my boyhood days were spent, are that we should

be honest in all things—embodying truth and honor in every thought—that deception should have no abiding-place in our being, and total abstinence from crime. O my dear boy, there is not a church organization within the confines of this mighty nation which teaches the practice of crime, except the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. The name of the church itself is blasphemous.”

Then bidding the unhappy youth good night, he left him to his own reflections. The last words of Jed sank deep into the soul of Adrian. He sat for hours in deep study. At times the tears would course down his cheeks, then pressing his hand to his forehead and eyes as if trying to shut out some horrible vision, he murmured to himself:—

“O Lola! why was it our unhappy lot to be cast among those so different from our natures? We shun crime as do our parents; yet the church to which we hold our allegiance practices crime and teaches it as the revealed word of God. Alas, that such is the case.”

As he lamented over their unfortunate condition, he felt, for the time, that all the crimes committed were traceable to the church to which he belonged. He sat by the window and looked out into the beautiful moonlight. The song of the night bird, the croaking of the frog, the chirruping of the cricket, and the roaring of Old Timpanogos only added to his agony. It was

nearing the hour of four o'clock when he arose from his chair, extinguished the low-burning light, threw himself across the bed and slept his first sound sleep in forty-eight hours

CHAPTER XXIX.

Thus the time wore heavily away. The flush of health was leaving the cheeks of the two young people, and sadness was depicted in each face. The fear and anxiety felt by the parents also began to show its tell-tale traces. Willy each day became more violent in his temper and more sarcastic in his speech about the priesthood. He said at one time:—

“What a blessing it would be if Uncle Sam would lay hands on these old warts and put a stop to these crimes, which bring so many tears and heartaches. I haven’t seen a smile at home nor over at Adrian’s for a week, but instead, I have seen sad faces and tearful eyes, and I’ve heard the deep-drawn sighs which tell me of great suffering, all because we want to live right. I’ll bet when I get to be a man, those old sardines had better let me alone or there’ll be a laying-on of lead instead of a laying-on of hands.”

No one paid much attention to Willy’s remarks, and he, too, soon became silent and sad as those around him. All knew that Adrian and Jed were closely watching every movement of the priesthood. None of them spoke to Jed upon the subject, however, except Adrian. They could all

see determination written in every feature, which knew no failure.

"We knew all that is going on. If there is danger at any time, we will notify you. Jed is worth his weight in gold. I feel as safe under his generalship as if I had the prophet on my side. We will be together much until the clouds shall have passed away. When we are away, do not look for us until you see us. It is a game of chess; when they move, we check-mate their play. In a short time the game will be ours if we keep them in the dark; always bear this in mind and keep the strictest silence for our sake," said Adrian to Lola and their parents, as they closed a consultation the evening before Adrian was to take the weird trip across the lake. He had spent much of the time in Lola's company since the memorable meeting at the bishop's.

Adrian had business matters which needed his attention; but could not give his mind to it until the dangerous reefs which now appeared were safely passed.

The day came when he must make the trip to Pleasant Grove, according to agreement. He prepared for the trip, saddled his horse and rode away. After reaching Pleasant Grove, and the business having been attended to, he started home about half-past eight o'clock. During the first eight miles not a person came in sight. He began to feel a little like he was going to escape the trip, and for a moment, hoped that such

would be the case; but then thought of Jed and his partner, who were now pulling well to the western shores of the lake, to meet him and save him from danger. He then half regretted that the priests had not shown themselves ere this. "If they don't attempt to capture me to-night, they will some other time, and perhaps at a time when we are least prepared for them. I have confidence in Jed's plan and I think it will have the desired effect," he said to himself, as he rode down the hill from the bench into the Timpanogos bottom. It was now but two miles to the Garden City. These thoughts had just flashed through his mind, when his horse shied, as a man stepped in front of him and seized the rein. At the same moment a man came from each side, and with their revolvers leveled at him, ordered him to throw up his hands. Adrian complied without a word. They took him from his horse, tied his feet and hands, and bound them securely. Not a word had been spoken, nor a sound uttered by any one, except the command. Adrian had not made a struggle. John Bildew started to gag him, when Adrian said:—

"O Brother Bildew, don't do that! I will not make an outcry. Do with me as you like, but let me breathe easy while I live."

"Dost thou know us?" asked Bildew in astonishment.

"Perfectly well," answered Adrian. "I have no feeling against either of you, as I know that

you are simply following instructions. I have ever deemed you honest and merciful men; but if you gag me, I will die, believing you to be the most heartless wretches who ever existed."

"What do we care for what you think?" said Folger Anderson. "Put the gag in his mouth; Brother Bildew."

"I will not; for if he promises to keep still, I know he will do it," said Bildew.

"Give it to me, and, by damn, I'll do it."

"No, I will not allow it to be done; there is no need of it."

"It's all right to leave it off," said Fransen.

"Very well, brethren, have your own way; but remember, if anything goes wrong, I am not to blame."

After this hurried conversation, they loaded Adrian into a hack and started for the mouth of the Timpanogos, where they met Lintle and Bronson in waiting. They carried Adrian into the skiff and started to lay him down in the bottom, when he said:—

"Kindly let me sit on the vacant seat at the front end, Brother Bronson."

"What do I hear? Is he not gagged?" queried Bronson, greatly surprised.

"No, he is well bound, and on his solemn promise to make no outcry, we left that part off," answered Bildew.

"All right, if you can stand it on shore, we can certainly do so on the water. Waste no time as

Brothers Rockwell and Jacobson will be tired of waiting. Shove the skiff off, Brother Lintle."

Lintle obeyed, and they were off. Adrian was sitting at the prow, Bronson at the oars, while Lintle worked the rudder.

They were about four miles from the point of land at the mouth of the Timpanogos whence they started. The only sound heard on that portentous voyage was an occasional screech of the night-hawk far in toward the shore they had recently left, the squawk of a pelican, the splash of the oars, and the dull knock as they worked in the locks. The moon had not arisen, although there were streaks of pale light shooting up from the eastern hills which grew brighter and brighter as they neared the other shore.

High Counselor Bronson broke the silence by asking Adrian this question:—

"How is it with thee, my dear young brother, by this time? Thinkest thou still that thy course is right?"

"I have no doubts about it, I know that I am right," answered Adrian.

"Perhaps it has not dawned upon thy dull intellect as yet, where thou art going."

"That concerns me but little compared with some other matters."

"Perhaps thou dost not know that thou art going to thy funeral?"

"My funeral! Pray, when is that to take place?"

“Now is the time. Verily, this is the procession—rather a novel procession, is it not? If we had a band to play a solemn march and a choir to sing a mournful dirge, perhaps thy heart of stone could be touched and thou wouldst have much concern.”

“Mistake me not, Brother Bronson. I am deeply concerned about many things. I have ever been a believer in the doctrine of the Saints, with the exception of the blood atonement and the plurality of wives, with all my might. I still believe, for I know no other religion. That which concerns me most just now is, Has my faith been founded right? Can this be the gospel of Christ? He taught the heaven-sent doctrine, ‘Thou shalt not kill.’ Our church leaders believe in and practice the blood atonement with impunity. He who disobeys the commands of the priesthood or goes contrary to their whims, is sure of death or financial ruin. I love a beautiful girl; she has given her heart’s love wholly to me. It is a love born of heaven, capable of being seated in the breast of the most refined only. True refinement in woman is the concentration of her love upon one man. She is wholly dross who distributes her love. The next question is, Shall I raise a different standard of refinement for man, and say that he only is refined who distributes his love to many? That he, by reason of his superior strength, shall arrogate to himself a standard which says that he is purest who has a multiple

of lovers as so-called wives? I cannot do so. I denounce such teaching as born of hell instead of Heaven. To intimate that I should offer to Lola a divided love for her whole heart, is a proposition base to my mind."

"Tut! tut! young man! Did not the old Patriarchs practice the plurality and distribute their love to many?"

"I grant they did; but do you tell me that man shall go back to the primeval days of religion for an example; to the days when barbarism ruled the world for a standard of refinement and morals?"

"It is not a question of refinement and morals, but a question of salvation."

"Christ, the exemplar, made no such a condition precedent to salvation. He said: 'I am the way, the truth, and the life; no man cometh unto the Father, but by me.' Again He said: 'I am the resurrection, and the life: He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: And whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.' I believe in Him. I trust in Him with all my mind and soul, and praise the living God in His name. What more is required?"

"That may save, but the plurality with its offspring is the only way to exaltation in the future life."

"The Apostle Paul's life was a failure, if this be true; and the only people of to-day that will be exalted are the Turks and the Latter Day Saints."

"Young brother, sarcasm must not be cast toward your superiors."

"All things are fair in war. I am under the ban of condemnation at the hands of the priesthood. You, as high counselors of the same, have just informed me that I, though in perfect health, am now in my funeral procession. If this be true, what has placed me in this lamentable condition? Simply because I refuse to enter into the loathsome practice of the plurality."

He said this with so much earnestness and feeling, the two brethren could not answer. When he recovered from his emotion, they were nearing the western shore. They rode up to the point, and the two brethren in the boat took Adrian on the beach and lay him down before the two who met them. As they laid him down, Bronson said:—

"See to it, Brother Rockwell, that this young transgressor's dying agonies are intense; for verily I say unto thee that he is the personification of Satan, as he plainly demonstrated during his transit across the lake."

"Have no fears about his agony, we will torture him until he will be glad to recant."

"Gracious God! what can it mean? That cannot be the voice of Jed," thought Adrian, as the two strong men raised him to their shoulders. The thought at once struck him that Jed had betrayed him, and that he had been a spy in their family all these years, a tool for the church,

and that now, the crowning infamy of his deceitful play had culminated in his destruction. There was not the slightest indication in the man's voice that it was Jed. Adrian had come with supreme confidence, but alas! now it was too late; every vestige of hope had flown. A thousand thoughts flashed through his brain in rapid succession. He thought of everything that had passed between himself and Lola, of the happy hours and days they had spent together, of the pleasant drives, fishing excursions, strolls by moonlight, as they conversed about the goodness of God, of Christ and the chosen band of apostles who surrounded him while in the world. Now these days of happiness were over. "How lonely will be the time for my darling Lola when I am gone," he thought; then the idea seized him that perhaps she too had been betrayed by Jed, and that she might die a martyr to her integrity and honor that very night. He prayed that such might be the case, and that they might soon be united in the future stage of existence. "But, no," he thought, "she will have to live to be sealed to me, while living, for eternity or we are lost to each other forever;" then he remembered that she would have to be sealed to him by those who were persecuting them and that they would never do this, unless she consent to be the plural of some fiend, while living. The thought almost turned his brain, and he cried in the depths of despair. "O heavenly powers, forbid! forbid!"

As he uttered these words, Jed and his partner had reached a place of safety with him. They lowered him to the ground, as Jed said:—

“My dear boy, is there anything that hurts you?”

“O Jed!” he cried, “thank heaven you have not betrayed me. Your disguise was so complete that I was sure I was in the hands of Rockwell. Your answer in compliance with their fiendish commands caused my blood to run cold and filled my soul with terror.”

“Have no fear, Adrian, for it is Jed; I have enlisted for the war,” said Jed, as he cut the fetters which bound his hands and feet.

“Thank God! I am free again,” said Adrian, as he arose to his feet.

They walked slowly down the shore to where Jed had his boat. Adrian was supported by the men for some distance, as his limbs were numb from being bound so long. They reached the boat which was almost a mile from Pelican Point, a half hour later and embarked for home.

The moon had risen and the night was perfect, the sky was clear, the soft wind blew as if bearing the good-will of Tyche. It seemed that Selene, Poseidon and Aeolus were striving to turn the horrors of the night into pleasantness.

Adrian rehearsed his experience with the elders, from the time of his capture until he was sure that he was in the hands of his trusted friend, Jed.

They reached home at four o'clock in the morning, and found Adrian's horse at the gate of the corral. They took the patient animal, unsaddled him and put him away for the remainder of the night; then they retired, while Jed's friend hurried from the Garden City, that he might not be seen. He camped for a few hours about noon in the canon, and reached his home at Park City, toward nightfall.

CHAPTER XXX.

All the faithful elders, who were members of the priesthood of this stake, knew before nine o'clock the next morning that Adrian had been delivered safely into the hands of the Danites the night before. The satisfaction that the news brought to some was great, especially to Bishop Lehman.

When Zina first heard the news from her gracious husband, she scarcely knew her own feelings. She had failed, thus far, to lead Adrian on in the lewd path with her, and at times she felt gratified; but when she thought that he was gone from her forever, and that all hope of gaining his love was crushed, she turned away, sought the quiet of her chamber, and wept. She determined, however, that the brethren should not know how she felt over Adrian's fate, and resolved that she would claim part of the glory of planning his destruction. She took it upon herself to be first to inform Lehman of this news, which she knew would be very gratifying to him, and, in so doing, she would thereby exalt herself in his estimation. After drying her tears and assuming a look of satisfaction, she went to Lehman's and summoned him to a private meeting in his office. After stating to him the object of her visit, the good news she bore, his countenance lighted up with a beaming smile, as he said:—

"All is well. I will yet have the dearest prize in all of Zion. I will call on her as soon as meeting is out this afternoon. He being out of the way she can now be brought to time—yes, to time."

"You can thank me for his being out of the way," said Zina. "If it had not been for the skill displayed by me, your way would not be so clear as it is, I assure you."

"Sweet sister, thou art next to her in loveliness. Come to my arms even here in my sacred office."

Adrian and Jed did not stir from their slumbers until near the noon hour. On awakening, they planned that Adrian should call for Lola, and take her to meeting, at two o'clock in the afternoon, at the first ward meeting-house. Jed was to be at the meeting and observe closely all that transpired, while Adrian and Lola were to come a little later than usual.

The meeting had begun, prayer had been offered and the choir had sung. High Counselor Bronson arose and began a discourse on "The purity of the Saints and their superior virtues over all people outside of the Mormon church." Becoming enthused, he said:—

"O my brethren, I exhort you all in the name of Joseph, to live a life of purity, as exemplified by your file leaders and ——"

He stopped short. At that moment Adrian and Lola came marching down the aisle; Adrian

stepped aside for Lola to take the inside seat, and they both sat down in the second row of seats immediately in front of the altar. There were not one-half dozen seats that were vacant in the house and it seemed as if these two were left by special design.

Bronson's eyes, together with all the members of the holy priesthood, seemed riveted upon them. There were but few except the members of the priesthood, who knew of Adrian's experience the night before. Zina, "The Divine," was among that few. She turned deathly pale, and gazed at him with a vacant stare for several minutes, then arose and left the meeting.

Adrian had advised Lola before going to church to be cool and collected, no matter what should happen. They sat perfectly calm as if nothing unusual had happened. They had been worrying for almost two weeks over the actions of the brethren toward them. They saw that their presence had thrown consternation into the ranks of the high council, and Lola could not understand why this should be the case; but, as she saw the sparkle of triumph in Adrian's eyes, she felt a sense of satisfaction and her countenance beamed with its accustomed beauty.

After they had taken their seats, Adrian looked Bronson straight in the eyes. The eyes of the divine turned from him in an instant. His countenance fell. His glances involuntarily turned back to Adrian several times, only to

meet his calm but steady gaze. Bronson became extremely nervous, he trembled, stammered, and attempted to proceed, but each attempt proved a complete failure. Finally, after making a few incoherent remarks with a dazed expression on his face, he collapsed in utter confusion.

The next speaker was Lehman. He was recognized as the best speaker in the stake. He collected all his faculties about him and arose, as Bronson retired through the door behind the altar into the priesthood room, there to meditate over this apparition. Lehman began in a deep, solemn voice:—

“My brethren, I am glad to appear before you to-day. I desire to speak upon a few matters of business concerning the brethren of this city. I feel it a duty as your file leader to ——”

His eyes met Adrian's piercing glance. He looked wildly around the room. There was a peculiar expression in his eyes, and his face was pale. He raised his hand to his forehead as he said:—

“Brethren, I am not feeling well,” then vanished through the door behind the pulpit.

The prophet had returned to Zion, and President Smoot was out of town attending a meeting in another part of the stake. Bildew was the last speaker, but refused to appear. Bishop Blatherskite was presiding over the meeting. He arose and said, in his nasal tone:—

“Brethren,” then raising his eyes to the ceiling

to avoid the look of Adrian, he continued, "I have just received a revelation, that this meeting should come to a close. Will the choir please sing?"

After singing, he arose again and requested the members of the priesthood to remain after the meeting, saying that they would meet at once in the priesthood room.

The cause of the confusion was whispered from lip to lip, and before the congregation was out of the house, it was generally understood that the priesthood had "slipped a cog" with reference to Adrian.

All eyes were centered on the couple as they walked toward the door, even the members of the priesthood could see nothing else. Jed had occupied a seat near the door of the cloak-room at the right of the altar, in order to have a good view of everything that transpired. During the time that Adrian and Lola were the center of attraction, Jed stepped into the cloak-room unobserved and secreted himself in a closet made under a large table. This cloak-room joined the priesthood room, the door to which stood ajar. The meeting of the priesthood was violent. Every vile epithet that tongue could express was heaped upon Rockwell who, as they said, "had allowed the wolf to return to the fold." Many were the perplexing questions which arose in regard to his mysterious return, as it was forty miles around the lake, the nearest way. A committee was

appointed to start that very night to see Rockwell; and the committee who captured Adrian and took him to the mouth of the Timpanogos, was to seize him to-night as he should go home from the Allison house, which they thought would be about eleven o'clock.

"We must get rid of him before the sun rises again," said Bronson. "It will never do to let him go now."

The committee was instructed to take him in a close carriage drive to Rock Canyon, and there leave him without fail. The plans all complete, the priesthood meeting adjourned.

Jed had heard all that transpired. He remained in the cloak-room until dark, then he went home, thence to the Allison place to inform Adrian of all that had taken place at the meeting. After rehearsing everything minutely, he said:—

"My boy, they will attempt to take you at the dark, shady corner under the trees where you turn from this street into ours. I will be in the corner tree, clad in white. I will drop from the tree at the proper moment, and if I don't capture them, I shall be greatly mistaken. I will play that I am the spirit of James Blatherskite; you appear much agitated and say what you please. I will pay no attention to you; but play your part well, assuming to know that I am the spirit of James. See to it that you reach the corner promptly at eleven."

He went home and to his room, at once begin-

ning his ghostly toilet. When completed, he was dressed in white from head to foot, his face as white as marble. He wore a pair of white moccasins to protect his feet, and enable him to move noiselessly. Then, with his weapons buckled out of sight and his lariat in his hand, he went to the tree.

Adrian remained with Lola until five minutes of the hour. Just as he approached the corner to turn east toward home, a man appeared from the east, one from the west, and one coming from across the street facing him. At this moment, the one coming from the east, being somewhat nearer than the other two, leveled a revolver at Adrian's head. Instantly a white object appeared behind him as noiseless as the air. The object seized the revolver and wrenched it from the demon's hand as easily as if it had been in the hand of a child. Adrian fell to his knees, exclaiming:—

“O, James! James! Have you come again from the other world to protect your persecuted friend?”

Bildew, who had held his revolver, shrank back speechless against the fence. Fransen started to run, when, quicker than a flash, Jed threw the lariat around him and fastened the end he held to the tree. Fransen had made good time for a distance of forty feet, then came to the ground with such sudden force, that he was unable to rise for a few moments. Anderson, seeing Fransen fall and unable to rise, and Bildew helpless against

the fence, raised his hands to Jed imploringly and said, "Angel of mercy, what wilt thou have me do?"

By the time Fransen had scrambled to his feet, Jed drew him nearer to him. Then Jed said, in the voice of James:—

"You have called me angel of mercy. Were you merciful to me on that dark night, when you and your fiendish allies so cruelly murdered me? Or to sweet Evelyn who suffered all that mortal could endure, and died at your hands? Why ask for mercy when you have never shown mercy? I have followed your murderous footsteps. You had planned to deliver Adrian into the same murderous hands that deprived me of my being, but I was sent to receive him and to protect his life, and remember, Oh, remember! I will perform the duty well."

While he was talking, he gave the rope slack; it fell from Franzen to the ground. Fransen scarcely realized what power had thrown him to the earth or had drawn him back. He saw only the ghostly form and heard the mysterious voice of James. The three men gazed at him in terror. The white form was all that they could now see, as Adrian had mysteriously disappeared. Finally, Bildew tremblingly said:—

"If thou art James, wilt thou forgive us for the part we took in thy murder?"

"Fiends! Robbers of human life! You know full well that you and your priesthood, the author of

these crimes, are the vilest band of murderers who have disgraced the human family, since the days of Nero. Retribution must follow." He stood silent and motionless for some minutes, which only increased the horror of the elders. Finally Jed said in a solemn monotone:—

"Leave off your murderous practices, and my mission is fulfilled; otherwise, I am doomed to haunt you during your mortal existence."

Then waving his hand as a signal for their departure, they turned and fled.

Jed then took his dark mantle which he had secreted near by, threw it around him, and as one of the elders looked back, there were no signs of the ghost to be seen. A few minutes later and he was with Adrian; hurriedly changed his clothing, he said:—

"You fully realize that I have enlisted for the war. That is a good squad I have drilled to-night. They have had a revelation that, I think, will do them good. These are old soldiers of Mountain Meadow fame. I am of the opinion that they are vanquished as foes, and that we have made them workers among the members of the priesthood for our cause. Mark this suggestion, my boy, there will be much agitation among the anointed on to-morrow."

"I have no doubt about it. You played your part in the drama to-night, even better than last night. Now, let us inform Lola of this victory.

I told her I would let her know to-night. I also told her about my experience last night."

"Very well, we will go and relieve Lola's mind, but we will avoid the sidewalks for to-night at least."

Lola was wild with anxiety to learn the outcome of this second adventure. They told her all, which was very gratifying to her; after which, the men went home as secretly as they had come. There was deep satisfaction in Lola's mind because of Adrian's almost miraculous escape from these two murderous assaults; yet, she feared that these attacks would be repeated until it would finally end in his destruction.

CHAPTER XXXI.

The day following the second attempt at destruction of Adrian, was one long to be remembered by the priesthood of the Utah Stake of Zion. By nine o'clock in the morning, intense excitement prevailed. Groups of Saints stood in the streets talking with suppressed excitement. Those who were not of the faithful in all things found it convenient to keep off the streets. The excitement grew to such extent, that the priesthood was convened in extraordinary session at the hour of two o'clock in the afternoon.

The three elders who had attempted to capture Adrian were present, and were called upon to explain why they had failed in their work. Anderson arose and said:—

“Brethren, we went to the spot designated. About the appointed hour the young man appeared. Brother Bildew was in the act of taking hold of him with his left hand, his revolver in his right. Fransen was hurrying up in front and I from the other side. Suddenly, the form of a man clad in white appeared behind Brother Bildew as mysteriously as if it had dropped from the sky. Instantly it seized the revolver from Brother Bildew's grasp, he staggered back speechless and helpless against the fence. Young Waltham sank to his knees and cried something about 'James coming to protect him.' Brother Fran-

sen started to run, when he was struck to the earth with such force that he was unable to rise for several moments. I turned and young Waltham had vanished. The ghost moved with noiseless tread. His countenance was that of James. Seeing my companions so suddenly and mysteriously overpowered, I asked for mercy. When he spoke, it was the voice of James. The sound of that voice and the words he uttered, filled me with a remorse of conscience and a feeling of dread that I shall never forget. He spoke of things connected with the dispatching of James, which I know are not known outside of the priesthood and the Danites. He said that he had followed our footsteps and knew our plans, that he was sent to receive young Waltham from the hands of those who were to deliver him into the hands of Rockwell."

Here Bronson protested loudly, that he knew Rockwell too well to be deceived, and that it was Rockwell beyond a question who had received Adrian. Lintle was equally positive. During the animated controversy, the following discussion passed between Bronson and Fransen. When Bronson said:—

"I say to thee, brethren, that these three elders must have been dreaming."

"Dreaming, hey? Look upon my bruised body, elbows, and knees; then say that this is a dream! Thou art unjust to me," ejaculated Fransen.

"I see! I see! ha! ha! ha! Skinned knees and elbows by a hallucination."

“Hallucinations are none of mine. Verily, I saw with mine own eyes.”

“Saw what? A spook? And at the command of the hobgoblin, thou didst crack thy shins.”

“This is not a time for jesting; for verily, I saw the ghost of James—his voice, his eyes, his every feature and complexion. O my holy brother! Do not mock me further. I can deal with the living; but with the spirits of the dead, I cannot and will not hold communion. I not only saw the apparition, as did my brothers here, but thou didst see him twice, and believed him Rockwell.”

“Oh! fie, man! Thou art mad! Rockwell would not say he saw me not. Verily, I did ask a blessing on him, at the point of meeting in the road, and, by the powers of heaven, he was blessed in all his undertakings. 'Twas so revealed to me there on the spot of meeting. This act of thine is crafty—'tis very cunning to crack thy bones to save a cur; but thou dost dissemble. 'Tis proven, when thou dost say, the ghost's complexion was that of James; for thou wert in the dark.”

“'Tis true, we were in the dark; but that countenance was as light as the stars. Thou hast said thou didst ask a blessing upon the holy head of Rockwell, and that this fact he would not deny. On this we rest our case. If he sayeth that he received that blessing, then we have lost; but, if he be ignorant of the meeting and denies that

he received young Waltham at Pelican Point, then thou hast dealt with a spook. 'Twill be ours to say deceit, cunning, craft, all to save a cur.'

"If Brother Porter deny, then I will yield the point; but I know that he will not deny either the meeting or the receiving of the young man."

"I care not whether he deny or not, I will never again go on a similar errand in the dark. However, we will leave the whole matter to Brother Rockwell."

The whole priesthood decided to do the same, and the meeting was adjourned to be reconvened on the appearance of Rockwell.

Two days later, Rockwell made his appearance in the Garden City, accompanied by the committee who were sent for him on Sunday. The meeting of the priesthood was at once reconvened. Rockwell was first informed of all that had transpired, then called upon for an explanation, when he said:—

"I never met Brothers Bronson and Lintle on the road; nor was I nearer Pelican Point, Saturday night, than my home."

"It certainly was thee, Brother Porter," insisted Bronson.

"I tell thee that I was not at either place."

"Who on earth could it have been? It was thy very semblance."

"I know not. I only know that I was not there, and when I say as much, I mean it, by h—l; and I don't want it questioned."

"I cannot understand the mystery," said Bronson, "but I presume I will be forced to yield."

"Thou hast met the same mysterious personage that we did meet," said Fransen. "'Twas a spook, Brother Bronson, a spook. 'Tis cunning craft in thee, to dissemble in this way to save a cur."

There was silence for a time. All seemed to be in a deep study. Presently, the Danité said:—

"Well, what are you going to do about it?"

All was silent again. Then Rockwell broke the silence again, by saying:—

"If any brother will volunteer to join me, I will get him the first time he appears on the street after dark."

Not a word was spoken in answer to his proposition. He glanced from one to another as if endeavoring to read their answer. Presently he cleared his throat, shrugged his shoulders and said rebukingly:—

"Cowardice seems to have taken possession of you all. I will get him, afoot and alone. I need no help, by h—l."

The brethren were exceedingly glad to hear this voluntary proposition, as they were satisfied with the experience of those who had attempted to get Adrian. The meeting adjourned with the understanding that Rockwell was to take the life of Adrian at the first opportunity.

Jed was watching for Rockwell. He saw him as he came into the Garden City in company with

the two brethren. He tried every way to hear the proceedings of the meeting which was convened on Rockwell's arrival; but owing to straggling members of the priesthood outside of the building, he failed completely. After the meeting was over, he could not catch a word to give him a key to the situation which was now critical. He had one of the worst men in the whole church to deal with. His movements must be cautious. He told Adrian to keep in the house, until he could learn something definite as to the Danite's plan of action. The Danite's movements were all after nightfall.

The second night after the Danite reached the Garden City, Jed located him as Rockwell was making a regular beat on the sidewalk usually traveled by Adrian in coming home from the Allison place. From nine o'clock until a late hour, the Danite kept his pace like a hungry beast awaiting its prey. Finally, weary of the task, he vanished for the night.

Jed had drawn near to the fiend and concealed himself but gained no opportunity to strike a telling blow, as he desired, and still abstain from crime. When the Destroying Angel was gone, Jed said to himself, "Eureka," then went home.

The next evening he determined as the time to give the Destroying Angel a chase that would have a lasting effect. He knew that Adrian was closely watched, so he advised him to go to Allison's just after sunset. Jed observed the Danite

on the watch three blocks above the Allison place. About nine o'clock, he concealed himself in a thicket of lilac bushes near the shady corner on the inside of the sidewalk and against the fence, which was but two planks high at this point. It was not long before the Danite came along and took up his beat, as he had the night previous.

Adrian was to remain in the Allison house until Jed should call for him, if he had to remain all night. He carefully studied his plans. One false move and the cunning Danite might become master of the situation. He had dressed himself in his ghostly garb, with a long black mantle, covering him from head to foot, before concealing himself in the bushes.

Rockwell sauntered leisurely up and down the sidewalk until nearly eleven o'clock. At this time, as he was passing the bunch of lilacs, he uttered in a low guttural tone, indicating the maliciousness of his soul and resembling the growl of a ferocious beast:—

“O young Adrian! I will have the happy privilege of adding thee to my list of lifeless imps. I will show the brethren that spooks have no effect with Porter. He will certainly come soon. I know he is still there, for the light is burning in the parlor. When he comes, I will kill him and leave him on the sidewalk as a warning for others, that they must obey counsel.”

Jed stepped behind him with a silent tread, as

the Danite passed by him uttering these words. He had cleared for action, he had left his black mantle in the thicket. He began to whirl his lariat. No sooner had the Destroying Angel finished the last words, than the rope fell around him and was drawn tight around his body and arms, so that he could not use either. He was not twenty paces from Jed, who gave the rope such a strong jerk, that the Danite, taken wholly unawares, came to the sidewalk at full length. Jed threw his end of the rope over a limb, and before the Danite had time to realize anything, he was dangling in mid-air. Jed tied the other end around the next tree. As the Danite whirled round and round, desperately struggling to free himself, he beheld the ghost he had heard so much about, silently advancing toward him. It gently touched him, and stopped his whirling motion. A thrill of horror shot through him as he felt that he was confronted by the spirit of a being, whom he had murdered in cold blood. The record of his life flashed through his mind, and in his terror he imagined he heard the groans of his dying victims, as he saw their eyes glazed in death. As the white object approached him, he said in a pleading voice:—

“Spare me, I pray thee. All the crimes that I have committed were against my will. None of them were committed, except by order of the priesthood. Release me, I pray, for I am dying.”

“Why should you fear the dark river of death,

when you have sent so many before you? You said you would kill young Adrian and leave him on the walk as a warning to all who refuse to obey counsel, implying that all who believe in virtue and honor and attempt to live it, while in the thralldom of the priesthood, are doomed. You have been a willing tool in the hands of the priesthood, to execute their crimes and gloat over the dying agonies of your victims. Have you forgotten when you removed the gag from my mouth, in order that you and your inhuman companion might have the satisfaction of hearing my dying words and groans?"

"Forgive me, I pray, for the sake of my children."

"If you pray, I should be merciful; it is well to pray, and, when you pray for your children, I should be doubly merciful — returning good for evil."

Here Jed took the Danite's weapons from him. Then he continued:—

"These crimes must cease. I will release you upon one condition, that you go straight to some of the members of the priesthood. Inform them of all that has happened, then leave the fair City of Gardens forever. If you fail to comply with this injunction, then vengeance is mine for the crimes committed against me."

By this time, the Danite was breathing hard. His face was a livid purple, as he said:—

"I will obey thy every command."

Here Jed lowered him, removed the rope and disappeared. The Danite was weak and faint for a few minutes, then gaining his feet, he looked around and he was alone. His first impulse was to get away, as he had seen all of the ghost he cared about.

Rockwell lost no time in informing Bronson and Lehman of his experience with the ghost, and in two hours from the time he was given his freedom, he left the city. He went straight home, stopping, however, at Hickman's, whose place was on his road. He ate breakfast with the Danite chief and related to him, in secrecy, his experience with the ghost. Its moralizing effect was so strong, that Hickman confessed his crimes at once and wrote his biography. Rockwell never made another raid.

Jed went for Adrian as soon as the scene was over. He described to Adrian and Lola, in detail, everything that had taken place with the Danite, which they enjoyed as much as they could under all the circumstances. After Jed had rehearsed everything, Lola said:—

“My prayers are being answered. I have prayed so earnestly that Adrian's life might be spared and that you, dear Jed, who have taken up our cause, would not be compelled to shed blood; for the word of God teaches us in these words, ‘Thou shalt not kill.’ I believe it means just what it says, and those who take life as a blood atonement, will be required to answer at

the judgment seat. I could be better reconciled to our religion, if our leaders would strive to establish peace and harmony rather than envy and strife. I feel that it is wrong in the extreme, for them to persecute any member because he happens to differ from the members of the priesthood in some of his opinions. As for our case, I have the conscienciousness that we have right and justice on our side."

"There is no question about right and justice being on your side," said Jed. "It seems to be always on the side of everyone who falls under the condemnation of the priesthood. I could refer you to several cases right here in our midst, where right and justice have perished under the reeking, bloody hands of the Danites."

"Yes," said Adrian, "every word you say is true. I am thoroughly disgusted with the practice of blood atonement and the revelations. I wish we could get away from everything connected with it; but let come what will, we have resolved to die, rather than enter into the shameful practice of polygamy."

CHAPTER XXXII.

“—Oh, the lover may
Distrust that look which steals his soul away.
The babe may cease to think that it can play
With heaven's rainbow;—Alchymists may doubt
The shining gold their crucible gives out,
But Faith, fanatic Faith, once wedded fast
To some dear falsehood, hugs it to the last.”

Thomas Moore. Lalla Rookh.

The storm continued some time among the high council without abatement, after the episode of Rockwell. Bronson and Lehman rehearsed all that the Danite had told them with reference to his experience with the ghost. Prior to this, the great Destroying Angel was deemed invincible—equaled only by Bishop John D. Lee and surpassed only by the Chief William Hickman. Now the fact stared them in the face, that such fearless men as these must yield, when they entered the arena with a supernatural antagonist.

In view of all the excitement and trouble, a revelation was received, that Adrian should be spared but that he was called on a mission to England, and should remain three years in that mission field before he could have a recommend to take Lola through the endowment. This was the plan adopted, after long deliberation of the brethren in high council convened, as the best and safest way of getting rid of Adrian, and then forcing the girl to Lehman's terms by a different method. They construed the words of Jed,

whom they supposed to be the spirit of James, to signify that if they spared the life of Adrian, all things would be right, even if he was denied the privilege altogether of marrying Lola. Now, everything was turned in this direction. Lehman was permitted to lay every plan and all was absolute secrecy. He selected Adrian's bishop to talk to him first, as to the revelation about his going on the mission. Almost two months had elapsed since the attempted destruction of Adrian, before this conclusion was fully arrived at. Adrian had spent much of his time in company with Lola, and Jed had kept a sharp lookout for danger.

Pioneer Day, or the 24th of July, came and was celebrated with great rejoicing. The greatest procession ever before witnessed in the Garden City, was a part of the program of the day. For the first time in the history of the Territory, they had a large float, and on this float were seated seventy-five three-year-old children, all dressed in white. This float was entitled, "Utah's Best Crop." There has never been a celebration in Utah since that day, without reproducing this float. The next day after this celebration, Blatherskite called on Adrian to converse about the mission. One would naturally suppose that Adrian had received sufficient persecution at the hands of the church dignitaries, to drive the most devout from the fold. His nature revolted against crime of every kind. He loved truth,

honesty, and virtue; yet, he had seen every class of crime committed, with impunity, under the counsel and command of the priesthood. Nor did these crimes bring the blush of shame to the cheeks of the faithful; on the contrary, they declared the crimes to be the will of God as revealed to them. In the face of all of this, his life had been attempted three times, himself made miserable, together with his nearest and dearest friends; yet, when Blatherskite said to him:—

“My young brother, it is revealed that thou shalt go on a mission to England for three years. Then if thou provest faithful, thou canst marry as thou wilt choose.” He answered without hesitation:—

“Yes, I will go; I will do anything which meets my ideas of right.”

His confidence in those whom he had ever looked to for counsel had been great, though it had been shaken often; yet, the moment they suggested something that he could do without grinding his conscience, he was willing to listen to their counsel. He stopped not to think that it might be for the wrecking of his future happiness, by robbing him of his loved one. He thought only of his duty to God, in complying with His will.

When Blatherskite reported to the high council that Adrian had consented to go on the mission, it brought infinite satisfaction to them. Lehman was elated; he now saw an opportunity to force

the girl to terms. Should he fail, he would have her sacrificed and see to it that Adrian did not return. He had his plans laid deep and strong.

A meeting of the high council was called for the first Tuesday in September. At this meeting, the plans of Lehman were adopted in every particular. Adrian was to go to the headquarters of the foreign mission at Liverpool, and work in conjunction with the head of the mission. In order to enthuse him with the work, and fearing that he might have grown a little cold in the faith, owing to the fact that he had observed many things connected with the inner workings of the church mechanism, they decided to give him six or eight months coaching, during which time, everything should be done by the brethren in their power, to reconfirm him fully in the holy cause of the church.

It was decided that he should start the first of the following April. They sent a committee to inquire if that time would be agreeable to him. In answer to which he replied:—

“I should like to accomplish my work as soon as possible, that I may return and claim my bride. I fully realize that if the work of the Lord demands, we should ever be willing to sacrifice our own inclinations for Him. He who died for the sins of the world, stopped not to consider his own feelings; but even in the Garden of Gethsemane, after praying that the bitter cup might pass, he said: ‘Nevertheless not my will, but thine, be done.’ ”

Their marriage had been deferred twice, which had been a sore disappointment to them. Her happiness he sought above everything else. He knew she could not lead a happy life with another in their home to dispute her love; beside, the very thoughts of having another in his home claiming any part of his love, was revolting to his nature. His love for Lola was so great that this alone, above every other consideration, led him to accept the call and promise to go at the appointed time. He thought he saw perfect happiness in store for them at the expiration of three years and a half—in a union agreeable to the church, to their parents, and a haven of bliss for themselves forever. He reasoned thus to himself: "Our love is approved of heaven, therefore I know we shall be happy. Our hearts are joined for eternity, and it is now in my grasp to secure this happiness for us at the end of my mission. Shall I act? This is an age to wait, yet our union will be the sweeter, and no power can separate us, when once we are united in holy wedlock."

These were the thoughts which went in rapid succession through his mind, when he finally gave the committee his answer.

He had not mentioned the matter of going on the mission, to Lola or their parents; but after it was definitely determined upon and the time that he should start, he felt that he should not keep it from them longer. Therefore, he requested a meeting of the two families at the home of the

Allisons for that evening, where he told them all that had transpired and his reasons for doing as he had.

The parents were at once converted to the idea that he had done the right thing. It would stop all trouble, they reasoned, and would bring joy to all at the expiration of the time, therefore the plan received their earnest co-operation.

With Lola it was quite different. At the first announcement of his intentions, a shadow of increased sadness fell upon her. Dark forebodings filled the way and she felt that, when Adrian passed beyond the bounds of Utah, he left never to return to her. The plan had met with such hearty approval by their parents, that she did not protest, but simply said:—

“I must approve; but oh! my dear ones, the time seems so long!”

When Adrian and his parents were gone, she retired to her room at once. When alone, her feelings gave way under the terrible strain. She wept the most bitter tears she had yet experienced. Her sorrow was greater now, than when Adrian was under the sentence of death at the hands of the holy priesthood and they were seeking to execute the sentence, whenever he stepped into the dark; for she had a presentiment that he was being protected by Providence. She said to herself many times: “Oh! I shall be so lonely when he is far beyond the seas.” Then she would strive to dry her tears, only to weep again.

She walked the floor, then clasping her hands, she said: "I must be more resolute. Oh! Why do I weep? Even my loving parents approve. They would not sanction anything that was not for my welfare." Then suddenly starting as if from a horrible dream, she cried, almost unconscious of what she said: "O Lord, have mercy upon my poor soul!" A remembrance came to her mind of something that was said to her, when but a little child, and which had long since passed from her mind. A number of children were playing on the lawn, when an older girl became envious of her, and said: "You need not be so stuck up, Miss Lola; Mr. and Mrs. Allison are not your pa and ma. I just guess you're old Klingensmith's girl." She wept and tried to forget the words, but could not. She could not believe it, for her parents had treated her with even more kindness, if such a thing were possible, than they had treated Willy. She laid her aching head upon her pillow and closed her eyes; the words of this playmate of childhood rang in her ears, and she could not rest. She remembered that the child was overheard by its mother, and punished severely for saying such a cruel thing to her. It could not be true; but why did those words come to her so vividly after many years had passed away, and at a time when she was overwhelmed with sorrow? Her mind then turned to the actions of the priesthood. She thought of all of their inconsistent and deceptive

actions of the past, which caused her to have an ominous dread as to her own fate. She could not divine the meaning of the priesthood, otherwise, than that their persecution would be turned against her, and that she might, even, share the fate of poor Evelyn. Finally, wearied and exhausted she fell asleep.

The whole community understood the next day that Adrian had been called on a mission, and that he was to start the next April. The invisible hand, moving to perform its mysterious work instantly changed surly, frowning looks, for the young couple and their friends, into smiles. Zina called upon both families the next day, as did a host of her female associates. She dressed herself in the most fascinating manner, and remained in Adrian's company as long as possible. The brethren came in numbers from time to time to congratulate him on the step he had decided to take, and to strengthen him in the work of the Lord.

The brethren strove to make the remainder of his stay in Zion, one continual round of pleasure. They took them riding, rowing, fishing, and on pleasure trips of various kinds. They gave them tea parties, and during the winter months sleighing parties were given in their honor, as well as a number of grand balls. A home theatrical company was organized and named in honor of the young couple. Some carried the deception so far, that many of "Utah's Best Crop" were

named for them, the names, however, being changed afterward. Numerous acts of kindness and countless words of praise were lavished upon them, by those who had formerly persecuted them. The members of each family, except Lola, felt a sense of relief, as they thought their troubles were passed. She half believed, at times, that the intentions of the priesthood were for the best, and really enjoyed the pleasures which were brought to Adrian and their parents in consequence of the changed conditions. She was often vexed with herself for doubting the good faith of the brethren: but this involuntary feeling of unrest would take possession of her, as she imagined that she could discover an unbroken chain of hypocrisy, that would inevitably bring them sorrow and distress.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

“Again, again, and oft again, my love.
If there be life below and hope above,
He will return, but now, the moments bring
The time of parting with redoubled wing;
The why, the where, what boots it now to tell,
Since all must end in that wild word—farewell.”
Byron. *The Corsair.*

As the time drew near for Adrian to leave, the brethren continued to grow more lavish in their kindnesses and attentions, crowning the series of festivities with a banquet in honor of the young couple, on the night before he was to take his departure. It was a brilliant affair. The old assembly hall, across the street from the Octagon House, never looked so inviting.

Cut flowers for this occasion were sent from the hot-houses of Zion. There were two long tables extending almost the entire length of the room, laden with everything that could be procured, which would tempt the appetite of the most fastidious epicure. The tables were decorated with the choicest cut flowers, twined in wreaths of smilax and English ivy. There was a large arch at each end of the tables, reaching from one to the other. These arches were covered with evergreens; extending from one arch to the other, were many wreaths of smilax fastened in the center to a large chandelier which was raised near the ceiling. Swinging beneath the arch at the head of the table on a small white

banner, were the words, "Dedicated to Adrian," in gold letters; and a similar banner swung from the arch at the foot of the tables, with the words "Dedicated to Lola," in silver letters. From beneath the chandelier, under the beautiful awning of smilax, hung a large blue silken banner on which was stamped a large silver star. Above the star was the word "Utah's," while immediately beneath the star was the word "Liberty." The windows were draped with beautiful, filmy lace curtains, which were decorated with cut flowers and English ivy, while wreaths of the same were festooned from one window to the other, extending around the room. Rare potted plants filled the nooks and corners of the great room, on which numbers of bright lights shone, while under the dazzling light, amid the beautiful flowers and leaves, breathing their sweet perfume, were young women and girls dressed in white, young men and boys dressed in dark pants, white sailor waists and white caps, while strains of music from the two orchestras filled the air. The young men and women were waiters, who stood in groups gaily talking and laughing; while occasionally, as the door chanced to be opened, came the odor of steaming coffee and oyster soup from the room in the rear.

At ten o'clock all was in readiness, and the guests, two hundred in number, arrived at the door. The doors were opened and the party, headed by Adrian and Lola, filed through and

passed down the center between the tables, followed by the leading dignitaries from the Utah Stake, and a number from Zion, then their parents and Willy. When they reached the end of the tables at the back of the church, Adrian and Lola turned to the right, the next couple to the left, and so marching to the time of music, until Adrian and Lola reached the head of the table on the right. Their parents and Willy were the last to enter the building, bringing them to the table at Adrian's left. The brethren all brought their legal wives, except Blatherskite, who was accompanied by Zina, "The Divine," who was looking her loveliest on this special occasion; she was dressed in a bright pink satin dress, trimmed with black lace and black velvet ribbon, bodice cut decollette, which showed her bonny, buxom arms and shoulders to great advantage. She and her gracious husband occupied the head of the table at the left. The rest of the women were dressed neatly and becomingly. Lola was dressed, as she usually was on such occasions, in white. Joy beamed from every face, except those who sat at the head of the right-hand table. Both Adrian and Lola were silent and sad; they were thinking how soon they were to be separated for a long, long time. The glittering banquet had no charms for Lola; she could not help thinking that all of this display of kindness and good feelings, was simply a veneering on the surface, to hide the hypocrisy and unadulterated

infamy of the priesthood. She felt that the kisses impressed upon her lips by such creatures as Zina, were much like that of Judas of old. She thought as she looked around over the glittering display, "Is it possible that twelve long months have rolled around, since the brethren of this stake have taken human life? Yes, by the grace of Jed; and strange as it is, the dear one, whom they last sought to destroy, is now the honored guest and is soon to do mission work for the contemptible organization according to the divine revelations. I hope it is for the best; but alas! I have my doubts and fears." She thought of all that had transpired at Blatherskite's office, the last time she met the prophet. During all this meditation, she ate very little and was silent. She scarcely seemed to realize what was going on around her, when she raised her eyes and beheld, for the first time, the banner with the inscription, "Utah's ★ Liberty." She knew that the one thing above all others which the Saints desired, was Statehood for Utah, that they might have the privilege of placing that star in the galaxy on the Banner of Freedom. The first thought which struck her, when she saw the banner, was, "If this star should appear on Freedom's Banner, thus giving the power of a State into the hands of our people, in addition to the power of the church organization, it will greatly assist them in their nefarious work of degrading all who are so unfortunate as to come in contact with

the lecherous teachings of the plurality and its consequences."

As these thoughts passed through her mind, the sight of the banner and its emblem shocked her, and she said to herself, "Oh, what a monstrous contradiction!" She leaned back; at first, she could see the word above and the word below the star—they glimmered—she was dazed—the star only was visible to her; then, as if by magic, two words appeared above the star, making it read, "THE FALSE ★." Now, the star was as black as midnight darkness. "O, Heavens! What does it mean?" she said to herself. "It is like the handwriting on the wall at Belshazzar's feast." She drooped her head and closed her eyes; but in a moment she involuntarily turned her glances toward the banner; "THE FALSE STAR" was plainer than before. "'Tis true! 'Tis true!" she cried aloud and started to fall from her chair, as Adrian caught her.

In answer to the many inquiries as to the cause of her ailing, after she had recovered, she answered:—

"Oh, I am so worried."

Her mother was then by her side, and said:—

"Adrian is going away so soon that she is much worried, and can scarcely stand the ordeal of telling him good-bye."

The deepest sympathy was expressed upon all sides. Presently Lehman came nearer, and said:—

"I would it were different; but the time will not be long for you to await his return."

“Perhaps the time seems short to you, but to me it seems an age.”

All went merry and gay again. Lola had brightened up somewhat, and tried to dispel the gloom from her mind. She did not look at the banner again, but the emblem with the words above, haunted her mind.

There were several after-dinner speeches; but Lola's mind failed to take note of anything which was said, except when reference was made to the departure of “our dear brother, who will start on the morrow to the glorious mission field.” Bronson, who had just been promoted to the bishopric, referred to the banner, saying:—

“My brethren, I see, in the midst of all this mirth and gait, a beautiful banner which bears upon it a motto and a suggestive emblem. It reads, ‘Utah's Star, LIBERTY.’ It is the most beautiful banner that I have ever had the pleasure of seeing, and it certainly bears an appropriate motto. Correctly interpreted, it means, when Utah's star shall be placed upon the American flag, it will bring liberty and happiness to the chosen people of God. Verily, I say unto you, that it shall be the brightest star in the whole constellation, and according to the assurances we have from Washington, it will be placed there at the next session of Congress.”

Lola caught every word on this subject. At the mention of the star, the vision she had had of it flashed through her mind; and when he

referred to its advent upon the American flag bringing liberty to the chosen people of God, she said to herself: "It will bring freedom from persecutions of the crimes committed by the so-called chosen people; but they cannot escape the punishment of a just God."

It was growing late when Bronson closed. Prayer was then offered, and all bade Adrian good-bye and gave him their blessing.

It was three o'clock in the morning before Lola reached her private room. Adrian was to start at eight, in order to take the train from Zion, that evening, to New York, from which place he would embark for Liverpool. He had just left, to try to rest a short while before starting. Lola walked the floor almost distracted. She thought of all the ill treatment that she and Adrian had received at the hands of the brethren. In this frame of mind, she looked upon their every act of kindness as a new design preparatory to doing them greater injuries. Her whole nature now rebelled against the priesthood. Amid her confused thoughts of how they had treated herself and Adrian, of scenes of their immorality, of crimes committed in the name of religion and of Adrian's early departure, came the remembrance of the banner with the strange device. Presently she said: "This great republic, which has been dedicated to the cause of liberty and the elevation of mankind, certainly will not permit this star to become a blot upon her sacred flag."

Her mind then turned to Adrian. She tried to be composed, but consciousness of wrongs already done them, the dread of something evil yet in store for her, when Adrian was gone, filled her with a revolting spirit which she could not overcome. Thus the hours wore away, until almost time for Adrian to take his leave, when she dressed herself and went down-stairs. The color had left her face, except the tinge of red about the eyes. Breakfast was scarcely tasted by a member of the family. All wore a look of suppressed grief and had little to say.

The carriages were at the door, the time had come for Adrian to leave his old home. He glanced around the place, as if taking a last look at the things that were so dear to him. On reaching the carriage, which was drawn by his own team, Jed holding the lines and Willy by his side, he went to his horses, patting them gently on the head and smoothing their silken manes, said something in a low tone to them; then turning to Jed he said: "I surrender the care of these noble and faithful animals to you, Jed. They have done me faithful service, especially in our fearful race with the lions. Give them the same tender care which I have always given them."

He then stepped into the carriage with Lola.

She had been watching him with tears in her eyes, and heard his words to Jed. The parents were already seated in their carriage which was a little in advance. The last moments were

spent in words of love, vowing to be true to each other so long as life should last.

At the station he bade his friends good-bye, then Willy and Jed, next the parents, holding his mother in his arms and kissing her tear-stained cheeks, telling her that the time would not be long before he would return. Taking Lola's arm, they walked to the edge of the platform, near the door of the stage coach; after talking for a few moments in a low tone, he kissed her good-bye and stepped into the coach. The driver closed the door behind him, mounted his box and drove away.

Lola stood white and motionless, gazing after him. Willy approached her and took her by the arm, saying: "Cheer up, sister dear; Adrian will write to you often, and I will be such a good brother while he is gone, that the time will not seem so long."

He led her to their carriage, and, seating himself by her side, they were driven home. When they reached home, Lola was completely prostrate with grief, and was borne into the house where she was confined to her bed for almost a week. For a time it seemed that the light of her existence had gone out.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Three months had passed since Adrian left, and no news had been received from him, except a short note to Lola, written as he boarded the ship at New York. He had promised to write the moment he arrived at Liverpool and had learned where he would be located in his work. This expected letter should have reached home about six weeks after his departure. He was to send them his address at his earliest convenience, in order that he could hear from home.

They began to grow anxious over his long silence. Lola's heart was almost broken. She prayed day after day for some news from her loved one. As yet, the actions of the brethren had been kind to all, which was somewhat of a surprise to Lola, who doubted their sincerity.

The Allison family were spending the evening with the Walthams, and they were trying to console each other in their grief and disappointment, arising from the fact that nothing had been heard from Adrian, when a knock was heard at the door.

Lola stepped into the hall and opened the door, when to her surprise, she saw Bishop Lehman standing there, holding a letter in his hand. He wore a sad and depressed look; through which Lola imagined she could see hypocrisy lurking.

“Good evening, Brother Lehman,” said she. “Will you walk into the sitting-room where the folks are?”

“Yes, I wish to see Brother and Sister Waltham. I have sad news for them,” he said.

His words pierced each heart like an arrow, as all in the room heard what he had said to Lola.

“O Brother Lehman! Is it ill news from Adrian?” asked Lola, excitedly.

“Yes, I regret to say that it is.”

“What can it be?” came from white lips, as they all arose to meet him.

“I am deeply pained, yes, grieved beyond measure, that I am compelled to convey the sad intelligence of Adrian’s death!”

Never did words bring greater grief to mortals. The scene was one of sorrow and lamenting. After a time, Lola was seized with the idea that she could read treachery in his words and actions; yet she feared he spoke the truth. Then looking him in the face, she said with a firm voice:—

“Did you say Adrian is dead?” Every word sounded like an accusation.

Lehman hesitated, then answered: “Yes; he died at sea.”

“I don’t believe it.”

“Your words are strange—yes, strange. Take this letter and read for yourself.”

He handed her the letter. She removed it from the envelope and read:—

“Headquarters, European Mission of
The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints,
LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND, July 5th, 1871.
Francis Lehman, Bishop,
Provo City, Utah.

My Dear Brother:—

I am compelled to report to you, and through you to the holy church, that Brother Adrian Waltham, who boarded an ocean steamer of the White Star line at New York, bound for Liverpool, as a missionary, died on the voyage and was interred at sea. Cause of death, small-pox. Disease contracted before boarding the ship. The captain of the vessel delivered to me all of his papers and credentials and what cash he had on hand. All of his other personal effects, including clothing, were sunk in the sea, in order to comply with the sanitary regulations, in cases of this character, owing to liability of contagion. It gives me pain to make this sad report, especially on account of his relatives and friends who will be most grieved, because of the great loss we have all sustained.

You will also convey the sad news to his relatives and friends.

The mission work is progressing well. We are making many converts to the true way. The English people are sadly in need of a religion to lift them from their degraded condition. I pray constantly for increased success.

Your brother in the cause,

PARLEY VANCANNON.

In charge of headquarters of the European Mission.”

None doubted the news but Lola. She could not receive it as being true. After some moments' reflection, she asked:—

“Is this all the proof you have of his death?”

“This is all,” answered Lehman. “Is it not quantum sufficit?”

“Ordinarily, yes; but why did Brother VanCannon report to you, instead of Adrian’s bishop?”

“Verily, I do not know.”

“That would be the proper channel, would it not?”

“Yes, I rather think it would.”

“To report to you is irregular?”

“Hem—hem—well, yes, a little irregular.”

“Who told VanCannon to report to you?”

“I don’t know. It was according to his own dictation, I presume.”

“Such a dictation was never known before?”

“Well, ah, I—not to my knowledge.”

“Does the head mission often send letters of such importance in irregular channels?”

Lehman did not answer but seemed much irritated. After waiting a few moments, Lola said:—

“That is all.”

Then Lehman took his departure, after having conversed with Adrian’s parents for a few moments. He felt somewhat chagrined over the way the conversation had turned. After he was gone, Mrs. Waltham asked Lola:—

“Why did you doubt the report, Lola, and question him so closely concerning it?”

“Because I didn’t believe him. I have grown to doubt everything the leaders say. This seems to have become a second nature with me.”

“Dear daughter, I fear you are misjudging our dignitaries,” said her mother.

“O mamma, when you are stung by their persecution as keenly as I have been, you will doubt them, too, and will come to the conclusion as I have, that hypocrisy and teachery constitute their real character. The only evidence to me of Adrian’s death, is the fact that we have not heard from him. The head of the mission, like the leaders, would falsify when the truth would serve as well. Of course, I would much prefer we had not heard this news, even from this unreliable source. This letter adds very little to my grief; for I was grief stricken already, because of not having heard from him. My grief is as great as I can bear. I would much prefer death, than to know beyond a doubt that he is dead. Why should one so true, so noble, and brave, be taken from us! Dead! I will not believe it! He, whom I love so devotedly, shall yet be mine; though the clouds of despair hang heavily above me, yet will I stand by the side of Adrian—his bride.”

As she uttered these words there was such a look of sorrow on her face, that they all felt alarmed, for fear that her reason was leaving her. The days wore on and still there was no cessation to her grief. The summer days were passed. The golden autumn came and went. Softly fell the leaves and flowers to the grave. The song birds had gone away. These, all of

these, reminded the broken-hearted girl of perished hopes; all happiness in the world seemed to have flown. The bright rays of sunshine, prophesied by the divines, vanished like a phantom, and her once happy days lived only in memory as a pleasant dream.

CHAPTER XXXV.

Soon after receiving the news of Adrian's death, the brethren presented a bill of one thousand dollars, to Messrs. Waltham and Allison for cut flowers, used in the banquet the evening before Adrian's departure. The saintly leaders argued that the money was spent in honor of their children, and that now, the church would lose the benefit of his labors, because of his death; therefore, they should pay the bills contracted for the splendid banquet.

Mr. Waltham explained that, prior to Adrian's leaving, he (Mr. Waltham) had given Adrian one thousand dollars for the development of his mining prospects, and that he could get nothing at present from that source; also, that he had given him another thousand dollars when he started, to defray his expenses, and that, at present, he hadn't much ready cash by him; but the priesthood answered that he could borrow his share. Mr. Waltham then suggested that the money, which was turned over by the captain of the ship to the head of the mission at Liverpool, be turned on this bill. The brethren answered this suggestion by stating that, as Brother Adrian was going to spend it in mission work, they had simply turned it into the mission fund. Upon this explanation as to what was done with Adrian's money at his death, they refused absolutely to

pay the bill, adding further, that if they had known that the bills were to fall on them, there would have been no banquet. The invisible hand began to move; the pressure became so great that they paid the bill in order to avoid, as they supposed, greater troubles.

It took all of Mr. Allison's ready cash, and compelled Mr. Waltham to place a mortgage on his farm.

No sooner was this extortion satisfied, than another bill of the same amount was presented for the edibles used on the same occasion. Again a protest was raised, on the grounds that the provisions had been donated by individuals, they among the rest, and not furnished by the church. The ready answer was that the good things were donated to the church, and not to the Allisons and Walthams. Finally, seeing no other alternative, they sacrificed the greater portion of their personal property at forced sale prices and paid it, thinking this certainly would be the last. The brilliant banquet furnished a good pretense for the brethren to bleed them and to rob them of their honest possessions. Again another bill for twelve hundred dollars was presented, for cigars, beer, wines, and liquors, and the expense of lights used on the occasion. The persecuted families denounced this as the crowning infamy, after being forced to pay two other outrageous bills. They refused to pay, and stood a trial on the question in the bishop's court, and lost. They ap-

pealed to the high council, where they lost. They then appealed to the highest authorities, and again they lost; the decisions having been a foregone conclusion from the beginning. They now had to pay the bill with a little the rise of twelve hundred dollars added as costs. Each was compelled to mortgage his home to raise the money. When the banquet ceased to be a pretense for the brethren to extort money from them, they laid an extra burden in the form of tithing, amounting to about four hundred dollars apiece. They sacrificed all the remaining personal property they had, except a wagon and team, and a cow, to each family, and their household goods.

The notes, secured by the mortgages on their homes, to pay the last bill of the banquet and the costs, fell due. They could not refund and secure time, for the chosen would not carry them longer. They lost their lands and homes, which were worth five times the amount of the incumbrances; yet, there were deficiency judgments against each, which took even their household goods to pay. Thus, these families were reduced, in two years and a half from the time Adrian left home, from affluence, to poverty and want; nor did their troubles cease here.

About this time, the United States authorities began to investigate many of the crimes which had been committed throughout the region of Zion. The statehood, which the brethren had worked so hard to secure, after the remarks of Mr.

Colfax, and upon which the anointed had doted so much, was defeated by a hair's breadth in 1872.

The chief crime that was now being investigated was the Mountain Meadow massacre. Phillip Klingensmith, a bishop of the Saints, had assisted in the terrible butchery, and, because of his great remorse of conscience, he now became a witness for the government, and was at the Garden City in attendance on the grand jury.

Mrs. Ann E. Hoge was also a witness for the government. She had just been before the jury, and had testified that she was present at a high council meeting of the Saints, when it was decided to murder the emigrants, because of the hatred they bore for all people who were not of their faith, and further, because of the great amount of property they could obtain as booty.

During the course of Klingensmith's testimony before the grand jury, he said among other assertions:—

“Yes, there were seventeen little children kept alive; sweet, innocent, charming infants too young to remember the awful scenes. One of them, a little girl, was particularly beautiful—ah! sirs, the sweetest being I ever saw! The other sixteen children were, afterward, sent back to friends in the States, but this one was kept here.”

“You say that the one that was not sent back to friends was a girl?” was asked.

“That is right; a little girl of three and one-half years.”

“But Mrs. Hoge says the child was a boy, and appeared to remember something of the scenes, afterward, and was killed by John D. Lee. Is this true?”

“She evidently believes such to have been the case; but she is mistaken. It was a little girl, and I pled so hard for her, after she was separated from the other children, that she was given to me. When we raised the white flag, as a decoy to the emigrants, indicating that we had come to their rescue, they answered our signal by raising this little baby girl, dressed in white, above their heads. It was the sweetest, purest, and most appealing sight I ever witnessed. My heart almost failed me in the bloody work we were entering upon. I would have turned and fought for the emigrants, then and there, but I dared not. I took the lovely child and hoped to raise it as my own; but alas! circumstances arose, soon afterward, which made it impossible for me to do so; but I was determined to save the life of the child. I then took it far away to Logan; there I sought an old friend, hoping to get her to take it as a charge for me, but was refused. I claimed the child as my own; I did not know, then, that the children would ever be recovered by their friends. There was a good family living there at this time, by the name of Allison. On my agreeing to renounce all claim to her whatever, they adopted her as their own child. To this day, they do not know that she passed through

that awful scene, and that her mother, the most beautiful woman I ever beheld, was murdered by John D. Lee, while she was on her knees before him, pleading for mercy, with this child in her arms. Yes, the good Mr. and Mrs. Allison adopted her, and gave her the name, Lola Allison. A short time afterward they removed from Logan to this town, and here they have resided ever since. I did not know whether the child could be taken from the Allisons or not, at the time they took the other children back; but I thought she could not, as the Probate court had decreed her to them, believing her my daughter; hence, I kept still, and the Allisons have never dreamed that their adopted daughter was a member of the ill-fated train."

This evidence was a great surprise to some members of the jury. One of the members of the grand jury was a kind of a hickory Mormon, yet claimed to be a Gentile. The rest of the grand jury were all Gentiles. This particular member of the jury was a friend of Bishop Lehman's, although all the members of the grand jury were sworn to secrecy, as to everything which transpired in the grand jury room, as provided by the statute, yet, as soon as the jury took a recess, the friend of Lehman went to him and gave him the complete text of Klingensmith's evidence with reference to Lola's origin.

Lehman grasped the situation fully at once, and determined to turn the evidence to suit his pur-

pose. He summoned Mr. and Mrs. Allison to his office at seven in the evening, where he asked the following questions:—

“Do you know all about Lola’s origin?”

“Yes, perfectly well,” answered Mr. Allison.

“I thought so; hence, I determined to warn you against trouble and danger.”

“Against trouble and danger? I do not understand you.”

“Well, I mean just what I say,—yes, just what I say. The traitorous Klingensmith has just been before the grand jury, as you know, and he has told all about it.”

“What of that? Why should that give us trouble or place us in danger? We simply adopted his child.”

“There is where you are mistaken. Lola was not his child; hence all your probate proceedings are null and void. She is a child of parents who shed their blood as an atonement, on the sacred field of Mountain Meadow—which this infamous grand jury calls a massacre.”

“O horrors! Merciful God! Can it be true?” cried Mrs. Allison, wringing her hands in agony, while Mr. Allison sat in speechless amazement.

“Verily, ’tis true, and this old reprobate, Klingensmith, has further testified before this jury that you were both knowing to everything, and that you, Brother Allison, was a member of the gang who killed the emigrants and that you hid the child away when the other children were

being gathered up to be taken back to the States. You have both been indicted. You, Brother Allison, for murder, and you, Sister Allison, as accessory. You will both be arrested with the opening of court on the morrow—yes, on the morrow. You have just confessed to me that you knew all about her origin—yes, her origin.”

These last words were uttered with an exulting gleam in his countenance. For some moments, the bewildered and astonished pair scarcely knew what they were doing. Presently Mrs. Allison said:—

“We knew nothing of such a history! O dear husband! What shall we do? This is terrible!”

“I do not know! We are not guilty! We never wronged any one in our lives!” answered Mr. Allison with much emotion.

“This may be very true; but remember that you have confessed to me that you knew her origin—yes, that you knew her origin,” ejaculated the bishop.

“Would you have the audacity to turn what we have said, as a confession of guilt, sir?” demanded Mr. Allison.

“Except you do as I say, yes; but go according to my instructions and I will see you clear—yes, clear.”

“Well, what do you suggest?” asked Mr. Allison.

“Turn the girl over to me this night. I will get her away before she finds out her origin. You

go to my large ranch below St. George, and stay there; run the ranch as if it were your own, until I tell you to return. Talk not; know nothing. I will care for Lola well, and keep her safely until she promises to be my sixth bride; then I will have you meet us at the temple at St. George, which is nearing completion, and I will wed her there; and then the world can crack its whip. Give your consent and I will do the rest—yes, I will do the rest.”

“I will die before I will be a party to the bringing of Lola into a relationship which I know to be so distasteful to her,” said Mr. Allison, in a determined manner.

“And I am with you,” said his wife.

“Then I put the officers after you this hour,—yes, this hour. With Klingensmith’s evidence and mine to back it as to your confessions, together with the circumstance of your having smuggled the child, will make a case which will swing you both! No doubt about it—yes, no doubt about it!”

After a few minutes’ silence, Mr. Allison asked in a solemn voice:—

“Are there no other terms?”

“Verily, there are no other.”

“Wife, shall we accept or die?”

“Let us die, if there is no other alternative. I will never consent to give the child to other than her liking. I love her as if she were my own flesh and blood. A better child than she has

been, never lived—earth never saw her superior; and I know well, that she would rather die than enter the plural relation. We are ruined financially and I do not care to live anyway.”

“If she never gives her consent, I will see to it that no harm comes to her. I will preserve her perfect in every particular. Virtue is her greatest attribute. It seems to be so grounded into her lovely nature that a violation of it would kill her. No force shall ever be tried to overcome it; but, if by any suasion, she will consent to be my bride, I will restore your property with interest, as you know I bought it all in at the sale; and Lola shall have the best home in Zion. The decision is with you. You can have wealth and happiness at your command, or die an ignominious death on the gallows—yes, on the gallows.”

Again the two relapsed into silence. Evidently a great conflict was going on in their minds. Lehman feared that his cruel threats were about to fail to accomplish his ends, hence his promises. Presently he continued:—

“If you accept the terms I offer, it will simply leave the whole matter with the girl; I view it as a duty you owe to yourselves as well as to her, to accept and leave her to decide.”

“But if we leave, how about the indictment?” asked Mr. Allison.

“I will employ the best counsel in the Territory, and have it dismissed on the grounds of lack of evidence to make a case. If you stay, you have

no means with which to employ an attorney, and the final outcome will be the inevitable—conviction and punishment. Of course, you are still living on my place; if you should be on trial for this grave charge, in justice to myself, I would be compelled to turn you out-of-doors; as I could not afford to let the public believe that I was harboring a criminal, however much I might want to let you remain—yes, to let you remain.”

“This is the most cruel injustice that was ever inflicted upon mortals,” said Mr. Allison despairingly. Then continuing, “Dear wife, we will have to accept—poverty drives us—we are not free!”

“Can we not have until to-morrow to reflect and decide?” pleaded Mrs. Allison.

Lehman, now feeling that his victory was practically won, said in a very kind manner,—

“No, that will be too late. If you are here when the sun rises, I cannot save you; and if you are hanged or imprisoned for life, Lola can never be happy again. It is for her happiness that I strive. You must be far from here ere the dawn of the morrow. I will have closed carriages in front of my house, where you still live, in an hour. You and your son take the first carriage. Lola will take the second, where there will be some one to protect her and a maid to accompany her.”

“What on earth shall we tell Lola about this sudden separation?” asked Mrs. Allison.

“Say nothing about a separation. Say to her that we must all leave this place at once, even this night, in order to save our lives. Be ready—she has absolute confidence in what you say. As you pass the second carriage, which we will stop immediately in front of the gate, tell her to take this carriage; when she steps in, shut the door. Enjoin silence on all. Take the first carriage and all will start.”

An hour later, the strange program, exceedingly strange to Lola, was begun. The only explanation that her parents gave her was, “We must leave this place at once.” The father was pale and nervous, with a look of despair written on his countenance. The mother sobbed bitterly; meanwhile, Lola and Willy looked on in silent wonder.

When they came to the carriage in which she was to enter, they each gave her a fond embrace, kissing her lovingly, as they wept in silent bitterness. Her new history seemed to heighten her in their estimation many fold. She seemed at that moment an angel of love to them. They thought not of themselves, nor of what they had lost, but only of her whom they loved as well as their own dear Willy. Now she seemed dearer than ever, as she was to be torn so suddenly from them, they knew not how long. They then told her, in a whisper, to enter the carriage. She obeyed, as the tears blinded her sight, carrying a little valise of clothing—her only earthly posses-

sions; even the watch, which Adrian had won in the fishing contest, had been surrendered to help pay the tithing laid upon her parents. The carriage door was closed behind her. A cold shudder shook her frame as she seated herself and discovered that she was not to be accompanied by her parents and Willy—but by a strange man and woman. She heard the first carriage move away; at that same moment her own moved in another direction.

“What can this strange procedure mean?” she asked herself many times. If her parents had not placed her in the carriage, she would have felt that she was going to the slaughter, as her friend Evelyn had gone. She had not thought of Evelyn for some time before, but now the remembrance of this murdered friend came into her mind along with other gloomy thoughts. A horrible dread seized her; she became unconscious of things about her—sinking into a trance. At times, she fancied she saw her own coffin with the Angel of Death standing over her. She saw the nude form of Evelyn, kneeling in the midst of the holy priesthood; then the members of the priesthood seemed to turn to hideous monsters, descending into an awful abyss of darkness, while Evelyn, as an Angel of Light, arose to the realms of bliss. It seemed half real, half a dream, as a vision of an innumerable host, clad in white robes, passed before her. She was impressed that Adrian must

be among the throng; and thought, I will await here until I see him. While watching for him, the figures of a man and woman came out from the host, toward her; they seemed young and beautiful to her imagination. They came closer and closer, when she saw in the features of the woman, the reflection of her own face, except the eyes; then, as she gazed at the man, she saw the reflection of her own eyes. They drew still closer, when the man with a compassionate look on his face, laid his hand softly upon her head, saying: "May heaven guard and protect you, my sweet child." The woman was kneeling beside her in silent prayer; then rising, a tear fell from her eye and seemed to enter Lola's heart. She gazed on the figures with enchanted amazement, as her heart's love went out to them—they were drawing from her—she reached her hands toward them—she struggled to rise and follow, but was unable to do so. They turned and looked at her—Oh, such a look of loving compassion! Then the woman said, "My darling child, look to Jesus, and you shall conquer." The scene changed, and all was darkness. Involuntarily she cried aloud: "Oh, why did you not take me with you?" As she aroused from her unconscious state, she felt the motion of the carriage, as it was swiftly whirling on, she knew not where. She felt the warm, soft hand of a woman, gently rubbing her forehead, caught the odor of camphor, then fell asleep.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Lola awoke the next morning as they drove into Nephi, fifty miles from the Garden City. The motion of the carriage and the light anaesthetics, caused her to sleep long and soundly after her worry and weeping. The carriage had stopped but once during the entire night, this halt being at Santaquin, to change horses; but Lola did not arouse from her slumber. Disappointment and trouble had now become a part of her expectations in life; the only consolation she received was from the blessed word of God; and in her trials she often repeated to herself: "To him that overcometh, I will give to eat of the tree of life, which is in the midst of the paradise of God."

She trusted in the promises of the Saviour, to the uttermost, though deprived of friends, fortune, parents, and every earthly pleasure; she prayed in silence to the living God before opening her eyes, and resolved to lay all her sorrows at the foot of the cross. The vision she had the night before, seemed real to her, now that she was refreshed from sleep and possessed of all her faculties.

"Yes," she said to herself, "whether it be real or fanciful, that the two angelic figures appeared to me from out the multitude, my conscience dictates that their instruction is the true way;

therefore, I will look to Jesus and trust in Him, no matter what evil befalls me, with the hope that I may conquer."

She opened her eyes and was horrified to see that she was accompanied by Lehman, whom she had long suspected to be at the bottom of all her troubles, and a woman who was a discarded plural of ex-President John Bodenheimer, and who went by the name of Flora.

Flora was a good-hearted, happy-go-lucky creature of thirty-five summers, who was yet rather pretty and whose morals were somewhat easy. All she cared for in the world was a "jolly time." The Saints liked her jovial disposition. She had never had a cross word with any person except her "concubine husband," as she termed President Bodenheimer. He sought to make her love exclusive unto himself, and when he broached the subject to her, she ridiculed the proposition, saying, in a playful and jesting manner:—

"Oh no, no! my president, not by your bay whiskers, I won't. I love everybody—one man as well as another—including the women, even. I make no choice in favor of you, neither do I discriminate against you. My love is free for all. Your bay whiskers are beautiful, unique, exquisite, I might say bordering upon the sublime, but whiskers are not the only attraction of men; they wear pants; some go to the trouble of calling them pantaloons, while the aesthetic society belle would say trousers, and the uncultured vulgarly

say breeches; but I detest vulgarity above everything else. I believe in love—pure and simple. Love is a divine attribute. Love thinketh no evil, and is not puffed up. Until man is exclusive in his love, women should not be—indeed she cannot be. Our religion breathes the sweet sentiments of free love, and I accept it all, including this, and practice the same.”

“I will have thee dismissed from the church at once for immorality,” said Bodenheimer.

“Oh no, my president—not by your bay whiskers—all the leaders whom I know, have been my lovers! ’Tis well written, ‘He that is without sin, let him cast the first stone.’ You cannot cast it, Johnnie; neither can they; hence I am secure in my membership. For example, let us suppose the case, Johnnie; say, for instance, there is one straight, exclusive individual in the church, and that he began to throw stones at all who are not; don’t you know, Johnnie, that he would soon be the only member left? Start this against me, and I will have the most powerful woman in your stake—Sister Zina—to defend me. She believes in free love which the most of us practice, and ha! ha! ha! by the grace of your bay whiskers, you can’t say you have not practiced the same with her.”

“Well, thou mayest depend upon it, that I will not have another thing to do with thee.”

Lola knew the characters who were accompanying her. She disliked Lehman with all the power

of her gentle nature, and despised the lack of modesty in the conduct of Flora. But Flora proved to be so good and kind, and said so many diverting things, that she could not help liking her at times. She liked the individual, but was sorry that Flora acted in a manner she could not approve. There were two redeeming features in Flora's character; she actually loved every person she met, and was, usually, chaste in her language. Her sayings were often double entente; but she was an exception to the rule, in this respect, she would not take the name of God in vain. She declared swearing to be beneath the dignity of a lady and against her individual religion, although the brothers and sisters, in general, differed from her on that particular point.

Lola said not a word on awakening, except to pass the time of day. She then sat silent, wrapt in deep meditation. In a short time they drove up in front of the home of one of the leading elders of the Juab Stake. Here they rested for the day. She wondered where her parents were; although her heart was breaking to know, yet she maintained silence, fearing that to know would add to her sorrow. About four o'clock in the afternoon, they resumed their journey, arriving the next morning about sunrise, at the home of Lehman's fifth wife, at Filmore.

The capital of the Territory had once been located here, and there were many beautiful

homes. The most magnificent of these was occupied by Lehman's fifth and her family. The house consisted of fifteen rooms, spacious halls, many closets, bath room, and a basement in which was a side board, where a goodly store of various kinds of strong drink could be found. A beautiful lawn, with large shade trees, surrounded the house, making a lovely home, had the social conditions been right.

It was late autumn, and the trees had well-nigh dropped their foliage. Lola was assigned a large room upstairs, at the front of the house. There was a fine piano in the parlor, which had been taken from the ill-fated train at Mountain Meadow, and had fallen to Lehman as his share of the booty. Lola could not understand why a strange feeling seized her whenever she looked at the piano. She knew nothing of its history, and she dearly loved to play; but she never could bear to strike a note upon the sweet-toned instrument. Flora was ever on hand to render her any assistance she desired; also, all the servants about the place were instructed to do everything possible for her pleasure. She and Flora often took drives together, when Lola would relate how sad and broken-hearted she was, and when she wept, Flora would try to soothe her. Day after day, week after week, and month after month, did Flora try to tempt her by every picture she could draw, in beautiful, persuasive language, to forsake her lonely life of virtue and purity, and to

wed the bishop and enjoy his shining gold; but all to no effect. When alone in her room at night, Lola would pour out her soul in prayer, and ask the Saviour to help her to be firm and true. Instead of growing weaker under the temptations and snares set for her, she grew stronger; she even converted Flora to her way of thinking—who would now have helped her to escape, if she dared.

Everything that would be calculated to tempt her, was lavished upon the unhappy girl. Lehman often forced his visits upon her, approaching her with words of love, which she ever repulsed defiantly. A little more than a year had passed since he had brought her to this beautiful place. During the time, he had spent much time and money in the vain attempt to win her. John D. Lee had been arrested and his case set for trial at Beaver. Under no circumstances must she be at liberty during the trial, lest she might hear something, so thought the wary bishop. "If I win her, it must be before the trial begins." He visited her at her room, for a final struggle upon the subject; and, if he should fail, he designed placing her in close confinement to test if that would bring her to terms. He began the conversation thus:—

"My darling, I have come to tell thee again how my heart yearns for thee, and how much I love thee. For years I have sought thee, prayed for thee, and, finally, gave thee a home of

luxury, when thou wert sadly in need of my assistance. I have placed everything that heart could wish at thy command. Took thee out of the depths of poverty, and——”

“Stop!” said Lola, “was it with my consent that you took me out of poverty and brought me here, placing this unappreciated luxury at my command? I was poor, indeed, ere you brought me here, speaking from a pecuniary standpoint; but I lived in the sweet sunshine of parental love, with my dear brother at my side, to sympathize in my sorrows; we shared with each other the small remnant of pleasure that was left us. We knelt at the evening hour, and prayed to the Father above and thanked him for the sweet hope of an immortal life beyond the grave. Again we knelt in our little family circle, with the rising of the sun, and repeated, in concert, the sweetest prayer that was ever given to the world, and asked with humble hearts, ‘Give us this day our daily bread.’ O sir! We would never have starved under His divine care. To have been permitted to live with my parents, a life of truth and honor, as we walked in the holy light of Jesus, with but a crust, would be paradise, compared to this life of loneliness.”

“Loneliness? My best wife with her children are here—servants are at thy command, whenever thou mayest need them. A beautiful home and one of the most charming women in the whole church—our good Sister Flora, to beguile

thee of every care; besides, we often have friends to come in, and concert parties to while away the hours. Thou dost like music. Many times have I heard thee play most beautifully, and charm thy hearers with thy sweet voice, while at thy home; yet, since thou hast been in my house, not one note hast thou made."

"O sir! Is it possible that you cannot divine the reason? I am in a cage—imprisoned—I am not permitted to see those I love. If we deprive a bird of freedom, though it may be the sweetest songster, it will lapse into silence. I respect all, so far as they respect themselves. Flora is a charming woman, in some respects, but, in others, she is not of my liking; nor should I be forced to make a companion of such a one. I hope and believe that Flora may yet become right. As she forsakes her lewd ways, in that proportion does my love increase for her. I would that I could witness a complete reformation and feel that the Saviour's words applied to her, also, when he said: 'Go thy way and sin no more.'"

"Heavenly creature, thou hast spoken beautifully of Sister Flora; but thou didst speak of being caged, and likened thy condition to the song-bird that was pent up and not permitted to see those it loved. O sweet one, if thou wilt be mine, every luxury shall be thine to enjoy. Thy parents, brother, and other friends shall be restored to thee, and thou shalt be the queen of

my heart; for I love thee wildly, passionately—beyond any degree that I have ever loved before—yes, far better than I ever loved any mortal before.”

“Sir, I do not love you in return; neither have you any right whatever to love me. In the name of everything that is pure and holy, I beseech you, imploringly, to have mercy upon me, and torture me no more, by broaching this subject to me. I can never be yours, for I love another. Restore me to my parents, and I will try to respect you; farther than this, I will not go, for I would lose not only the blissful hope of heaven, but my conscience would smite me to the grave.”

She was on her knees before the powerful man, wringing her hands; then bowing her head low, as she closed the words, waited for an answer. He stood for some moments, and she hoped that she had at last touched his heart. Then he answered:—

“I cannot give thee up. Until thou has promised to be my bride, thou shalt not see thy parents.”

She quickly arose to a defiant attitude and said in a firm tone:—

“Then I shall never see them on this earth; but there will come a time, when, by the grace of God, I will be privileged to see them, even without the consent of the priesthood or any member thereof.”

“Precious darling, do not talk to me thus. While life shall last, I will fight for thy love. There is nothing that I would not do to secure it; nor——”

“Then go and hang yourself, and cheat the law of its rights; then, I will forgive the wrongs done unto me and mine.”

“Sweet star of my earthly happiness, do not talk to me like this; for I love thee as man never loved before.”

“Did you say as much to your first wife? If so, I grant you had the right. You and she were wed—she lives—you claim her as your lawful wife still. Afterward, you married another. Did you say as much to her? If so, it was wrong—very wrong. You took a third. Was it so with her? If so, it was infamous. A fourth you have; if it was by such falsehoods you won her, it was dastardly; nor did you stop there, but sought and won a fifth, by such dark methods as would put the brute to shame; and now, although thirty-five years my senior, you seek to do me this awful wrong, by forcing me into the most repulsive relationship that I can imagine. Again, I beseech you, in the name of God, to say no more to me upon this distasteful subject; for I love another.”

“Yes, I know, but, heavenly one, he is dead. Thou canst not marry him.”

“I love him all the more; yet something tells me, he is not dead; but if it be true, then I only

pray to be sealed to him for eternity. When this ceremony is performed, I am ready to leave this world of sin and sorrow at once."

"Thou mayest be sealed to him for eternity; but wed me for time, that we may raise up children to bless and exalt thee."

"Do not insult me more, with such lustful propositions. The word of God teaches us in these words: 'For to be carnally minded is death; but to be spiritually minded is life and peace.' When I meet Adrian again, I shall be as pure as when he left me, no matter whether it be in this or the future life. The conscience is the guide to right. It is the indicator on the dial of life, placed there by Jehovah himself. Obey it, and our exaltation is sure; cross it, and our damnation is inevitable. I shall obey the dictates of my conscience, and trust in the promise of the Saviour for my exaltation. I dislike to be rude, but I earnestly wish you would retire and leave me alone."

"Dost thou order me from any part of my own house?"

"No, I do not; but, sir, you have assigned this apartment to me. You will not allow me to leave, hence I ask you to go to some other part. If you will only say the word—I will leave the premises at once."

"Where wouldst thou go, pretty one?"

"I do not know, but I would go in search of my parents; nor would I cease to search until I had found them."

“But, if thou didst not find them, wouldst thou return, as a prodigal, to this place?”

“No, a thousand times, no! I would rather climb yonder cliffs and mountain crags, there to abide, and be subject to the dangers of the wild beasts, than to live under the same roof with you.”

He stood gazing at her for a moment with a malicious smile on his face, as he combed his grizzly beard with his fingers; then said in a threatening manner:—

“I will see thee, my caged dove, at another time, when thou art more gentle.” He then left the room, evidently much disappointed, yet determined to bring her to his feet.

He busied his brain with dark designs against her, for some time. He even contemplated having her put to death; but some of the brethren, who were weak in the faith, and the entire priesthood of the church knew that the girl was being kept by him in order to coerce her into submission. There was an undercurrent of dissatisfaction against such proceedings, among the lay members; yet they dared not protest openly. The priesthood knew of this secret murmuring, however, and determined to be very cautious in what they did. A consultation of the priesthood of the Millard Stake, together with many of the leading dignitaries of the church, was held, closing with a prayer circle. Owing to the facts that many ungodly Gentiles had settled throughout the Territory, and

that prosecutions were becoming numerous, and that Flora had become so much attached to the girl, that she had declared to Lehman, when consulting with her as to what should be done with Lola, "The person or persons who attempt to take Lola's life, will have to walk over my dead body to accomplish it," the priesthood decided to spare Lola's life for the present.

After relating this conversation to the high council, the bishop said:—

"Verily, I say unto you, my brethren, Flora means every word she said—yes, every word. You all know that Flora is popular with all classes; if the circumstances connected with the taking of Lola's life, as we have contemplated, should become generally known, these dastardly Gentiles would seek to prosecute and hang us all—yes, hang us all."

It was finally decided that Lola should be kept, so that she could be delivered up, at any time, if necessary.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

“Our days are covered o’er with grief,
And sorrows neither few nor brief
Veil all in gloom;
Left desolate of real good,
Within this cheerless solitude
No pleasures bloom.”

—Longfellow’s Translations.

There was an old prison, not far from Cedar City, which had been abandoned as a prison, and was now occupied by an eccentric old woman whom everybody called “Old Sally,” many supposing her to be a witch. This prison had been used during the palmy days of the priesthood, as a place to incarcerate recalcitrant Saints and “ungodly Gentiles,” until their destiny was fully determined upon by the anointed. There had been two men killed from shots fired through the windows, which opened into a court, and one had starved to death while confined in this place. These men had never violated any law; but had run counter to the priesthood. The blood-stained tracks were still visible on the floor in the room where they were murdered. Many who knew its history, looked upon the place as being haunted, and avoided it. A more lonely, desolate-looking place could scarcely be found.

It was an old stone building, sixteen feet from the foundation to the eaves, eighteen feet wide, and seventy-two feet long. It was divided into four rooms, each room eighteen feet square. A

stone wall, sixteen feet high, enclosed a space fifty feet wide, extending the entire length of the building, thus forming a court, fifty by seventy-two feet. There were but two openings from the outside. One of these openings was an iron door, leading into the first room; the other, a much heavier, larger door of the same material, opening into the court. There was a door and a window in each room, opening into the court. The water from the spring, just above the prison, was piped into the court. The overflow, when not used by Sally to irrigate her truck patch, found its way through the sage brush to the west. Dry, desolate-looking, sandy hills arose abruptly on the east of the old prison, while in front, the sage brush reached far into the desolate valley.

Old Sally was tall and slender—all bone and sinew. She was very stoop-shouldered, and, when she stood straight, she was six feet tall. She had dark, swarthy skin, prominent sharp features, high cheek bones, piercing black eyes, and deep furrowed wrinkles. There was a large mole on her right cheek, from which a tuft of hair grew to the length of an inch. A large wen grew laterally, and a little above the left eye. Her shaggy hair was nearly a foot in length, streaked with gray, and stood out all over the head, plainly showing its lack of care. Her feet and hands were large and ungainly. Her voice was coarse; and she seldom spoke, except to scold

or criticise. When she talked, the only tooth she had, would show like a great tush; and, as she closed her mouth, it often protruded between her lips. She always walked wherever she went, carrying a long, heavy stick, as a cane. She could fag any person who ever tried to keep up with her, for a day's walk.

In this lonely, desolate place, the priesthood decided to incarcerate Lola, under the kind protection of "Old Sally," the witch.

It was almost one hundred miles from Filmore to Cedar City. Lehman started at once to make arrangements with Old Sally, for Lola to be placed in her charge. When he laid the plan before her, and fully explained everything, she said:—

"Of course, I'll take the brat, and before she is here many moons, she'll be converted to p'lig'-my, I'll be bound. I don't know whar I'm goin' to put her, as I've been lettin' the pigs stay in the two funderest rooms, and the next one thar, I've been a usin' as a room to keep my truck and one thing and another in, and it'll not be safe to keep her in here wi' me."

"No! No! Sally, don't you ever let her sleep in here with you. Your life depends upon you keeping her safe. I want to bring her to submission in the shortest time possible—yes, the shortest time possible. To do this, she must be punished as much as she can endure, for I have tried kindness upon her, which has sadly failed;

therefore I charge you again, on your life, never to allow her to sleep in here with you, no, never in here with you."

"Well, then, I'll fix her a sort of bed, in thar, in the corner on a pile of straw; and if she gits very lonesome, she can go in whar the pigs is, and sleep. If she gets sassy, I'll hand her stuff in for her to eat; but if she minds good, she can come in here and eat wi' me. I'll warrant she's a vixen."

"No, she is not. She is the most charming creature on earth, and she will be perfectly obedient—yes, obedient."

"Yer tell the confoundedest lies I ever hearn. One minnit yer say she's obedient; yer jist told me, yer can't git her ter marry yer. She must be a purty bird—parrot, I 'spect."

"No, she doesn't call it disobedience to refuse to wed me; but the trouble is, she don't believe in the plurality; consequently, she won't marry me contrary to the dictates of her conscience. But I say to you, she is the most lovely creature on earth, as fair and pretty as a lily—yes, a lily."

"It's a pity but what I'd had a bit of her purty qualities. I tried to get a lot o' the Saints to make me as a plural or anything, and looked at it as a duty; but I war always jist a little too late. Could even have got Brother Brigham; but I was jist a little too late. He'd had a revelation that he warn't to take any more jist then, and that's always been my luck. When I jined

the church, I was a rag-picker in the slums o' London. Them mishners what come down thar, said I'd not be in Zion a week 'til I was tuck by some man. They got me all right, you bet; but I'm not married yet, ha! ha! ha!—purty as I be."

"Well, see to it that you keep the girl. She will be here within three weeks. Let no person see her, unless accompanied by me."

"Never doubt me, Bish, she'll never git outside o' the walls o' this shack."

"That is well. Here is a purse of gold. See that she is converted. Good-bye."

Three weeks later, a covered mountain hack drove up to the old prison and stopped. It was about the middle of April, 1875. It had been a perfect spring day. The refreshing breeze that came through the canons and across the high hills was soft, and as pure as the snow on the loftiest peaks. A drive on such a day was delightful. So thought Lola, as they drove through canons, from valley to valley, amid the change of varied scenes. The sun was low on the western horizon, reflecting a glorious halo in the valley, and on the mountain sides. His splendor pierced the misty clouds, blending in the most gorgeous colors. The tinkle of the bells from the herds, sounded faintly in the distance. The larks were singing their good-night song, and all nature seemed preparing for the night's repose. There were four in the vehicle—Flora in the back seat with Lola, and Lehman on the front seat with Henry Spiral, the driver.

Not a soul had stopped at the old prison within five years except Lehman on his visit, three weeks before. It was five miles away from the public highway. Lola had not noticed that they had turned from the main road until they came to the end, and the wagon stopped; when she said in great surprise:—

“Dear me, Flora, why are we halting at this lonely place? It looks so lonely and dismal—my dear parents and brother are not here, I hope?”

Lehman had told her before leaving his home at Filmore, that they would go on rather a long trip, and if she acted properly, according to his will, she would get to see her parents before she returned. Further than this, she had received no intimation of the object of the journey, nor where she was going. A faint hope of seeing her parents and Willy once more had filled her heart with joy; and she had been moderately happy during the entire journey of two days. The temporary hope instantly vanished, as the old witch stepped out of the door and said in a loud, croaking voice, just as Lola had finished her remarks to Flora:—

“Hello, Bish. I had almost come ter the ’clu-sion yer warn’t comin’. Is this the purty brat what’s ter be my ward?”

“Yes,” said Lehman, “give her the best accommodations thou hast; but allow no one to see her, and see that she is kept until I return—yes, until I return.”

"Don't yer doubt any uv it, Bish."

"O Brother Lehman! Is it possible that it is your design to place me in this lonely prison? For Heaven's sake do not leave me here. You promised me when we left Filmore that I should see my parents and brother. Is this the end of my cherished hope? Oh, no! no! no! Do not say yes. I am not yet sealed to my dead lover, and I shall be lost from him forever; for I shall die if left in this horrible place. Take me away. O, do take me from here."

She had once heard the grewsome history of the old prison. It now fully dawned upon her where she was. Lehman then answered:—

"Can I take thee to the temple for endowment, as my own? If so, thou canst have everything at thy command—everything thou canst wish—see thy parents and brother at once, and they shall be restored to their home. There is no other condition under which thou canst see them. If thy answer is nay, that thou wilt not be my sixth, then it is decreed and revealed through the holy priesthood, in prayer circle convened, that thy home shall be in this magnificent structure, until thou dost yield; for no person shall be permitted to violate the divine will of God, as revealed through the holy priesthood—yes, the holy priesthood."

"Oh, cruel sentence! cruel sentence!" she bitterly sobbed, as the scalding tears fell thick and fast. Then brightening as if a new thought had

come to her, she asked, "Is Flora to stay with me?"

"Nay, verily; dost thou think I have brought thee here for pleasure? I have tried winning thee, my pretty dove, by luxury; and that has sadly failed."

"Please let her stay. I shall be so lonely without her. O please, sir, grant me this boon—'tis all I will ask; simply this—that the hope of happiness may not all be crushed."

"My obstinate miss, I will yet teach thee that when I speak, I mean what I say. Flora cannot stay—nay, she cannot stay."

"Then take my life, I pray. I will not be left here; Oh, please be merciful, and kill me—anything but being left in this horrible prison!"

"Pshaw, Bish, you're foolish; stop this moaning. Take her out of the wagon and be done with it. I don't like this foolin'," said Old Sally.

All were much excited. Lehman and Sally seized her, and dragged her out of the wagon, by force. Lola clung to the wagon as a drowning man clings to whatever he may grasp. Flora was weeping hysterically, and the driver shrugged his shoulders, clinched his teeth, and beat his thighs with his fist, muttering, "Curse the luck; how can I stand it?"

When they had dragged her to the ground, Old Sally said, "Stop your ravin', young wench. I'll warrant yer git over this before yer wi' me a week."

She at once saw that she was but a babe in the hands of Sally. And Oh! that horrible voice when in rage! She stood mute, trembling with terror. Her valise was then taken from the vehicle, when Lehman came up before her and kneeling said:—

“O my divine love, wilt thou be mine? Thou whom I have loved most passionately since thou hast attained the age of comely womanhood. I only pray that I may make thee happy, and dry thy every tear. Permit me to go with thee at once to the temple, for endowment, where thou shalt also be sealed to Adrian—meet thy parents, and wed me for time—yes, for time.”

Lola looked at the dismal prison walls, the lonely surroundings, the gloomy sand hills, with a shudder, as the twilight added to the solitary desolation. She raised her eyes to heaven, for she half hesitated. It was a life and death struggle. Her fountain of tears had ceased to flow. Her suffering was so great that her tears refused to respond to the aching, throbbing heart. All was silent as the tomb. The horses seemed to stand in breathless silence; the old prison walls, the hills, earth, and heaven seemed to listen, as if waiting for the fall or triumph of this princess of virtue, truth, and honor, over the snares, temptations, and oppression of Mormonism. She stood motionless for minutes, in silent prayer. Presently her face brightened, as she remembered what the two angelic figures said to her, the night

she was torn from her parents at the Garden City. The words resounded through her ears: "Look to Jesus and you shall conquer." No sooner did these words come to her again, than she resolved anew to be true to her conscience. "'Tis a bitter cup to drink—to be cast into such a prison, for no just cause; yet, I will stand it all without a murmur," she said to herself. Thus resolved, she looked at Lehman, who was yet kneeling before her, in an imploring attitude, as she said in a firm voice:—

"No, never! The embrace of those gloomy prison walls is preferable to thine. This will be a sweet haven. Imprisonment here, rather than mistress in your lustful harem."

As she spoke these words, a heavy load was lifted from her aching heart. She turned from this prince of demons, and walked with a firm step, through the only opening she saw, into the old prison, followed by Old Sally, who was carrying her valise. Lehman stepped into the wagon and it was soon lost in the darkness.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Prior to Adrian's departure for the mission field, Bishop Lehman had made arrangements for the head of the foreign mission, VanCannon, to write the letter announcing the death of Adrian. Full instructions were given to Brother VanCannon to detain Adrian, at all hazards, until Lehman should win the girl, even if they had to employ him in the office at exorbitant wages. Lehman agreed to see to it that it would cost the church nothing, if such had to be resorted to, in order to hold him. VanCannon was fully instructed as to every circumstance and charged with the duty of carrying out his part of the program, to the letter, until Lehman should order him to let Adrian go.

Adrian refused to deny that the church taught polygamy, and refused to make false representations about the happiness, peace, and prosperity (without labor), that the missionaries usually claimed existed in Utah; but insisted on telling the exact condition of everything, as he understood it. Many minor conditions, they also insisted, should be misrepresented, arguing that if he told the truth about the actual conditions of all of these things, he would never make a convert. His ultimatum was:—

“I shall tell everything as it exists, and teach here as they teach in Zion, or I will not teach at

all. To gain converts by deception and lying is not what I left home to do. If I am not allowed to tell the truth, I shall go home at once."

Therefore, the only alternative was to have him work at headquarters, where he took general charge of the books, and to furnish the missionaries with literature which should be sent from Zion. He was to receive as compensation, one hundred dollars per month, and was retained in this capacity for a period of three years.

Lehman had two letters from Adrian in his possession, one to Lola and the other to his parents, which he had intercepted at the time he presented the VanCannon letter, which was read by Lola. The letter from Adrian to Lola, intercepted by Lehman, read as follows:—

Headquarters of the European Mission of the
Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints,
LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND, June 1, 1871.

My dear Lola:—Having fully determined what my work will be and where I will be located during my stay in England, I take a few moments from my labors, to converse with my darling through the double medium, across the broad Atlantic.

I would have written to you sooner, had it not been for a slight misunderstanding I had with the head of the mission, as to whether I should falsify, or tell the exact conditions about Utah and the church. I told them that I would not misrepresent conditions, under any circumstances. They advised me to deny, emphatically, that the church taught polygamy or that it was ever practiced in Zion. I said to them, upon this

point, that this feature of our doctrine had caused me the most bitter sorrow, and that I would say as much and tell the true conditions to all who might inquire. This did not suit the brethren, so they took me from the mission field as a public teacher, and made me clerk or secretary of the headquarters at a salary of one hundred dollars per month, for a period of three years. You will, therefore, address me here.

I shall never forget the last sad look you gave me, when I stepped into the stage, on the morning of my departure from home. My heart was almost broken on leaving you and my home. I hope you are reconciled ere this, and that you are enjoying life as you have in former years. O my love, how I long for the day to come when we will meet again! When I arrived at Zion, I was met by Mr. Stanton, who accompanied me as far east as Chicago. He is a good man and, always, when in his company, my estimation of him grows greater. We were together in Chicago three days. Mr. Stanton has a wide acquaintance there. He introduced me to many of his friends, all of whom are among the very best class.

Our people, especially the chief men of the church, have ever been free to condemn the people outside of our organization; but, as I meet them, although with a strong prejudice at first, my prejudice soon vanishes; for I am forced to see their good qualities, and I pronounce them superior to my people, that is the members of our church, in many respects. People of other denominations do not practice polygamy; nor do the members of their churches advocate any vice; and, above all, they do not interfere or meddle with personal rights, such as matrimonial agreements and relations. They teach the doctrine of

monogamy, and punish those, as bigamists, who have more than one wife.

Oh, what happiness would now be ours, if our plans had not been thwarted by the contemptible dictation and interference of the high priests of our church, with our love affairs. Those plans which were so sacred to us and wholly our business, and ours alone, for our union was approved and encouraged by our parents, and I verily believe were approved of heaven. Hearts are joined in heaven. We have been one for years—one in love. It has required only the ceremony of man to make us husband and wife. God's uniting our hearts has long since taken place: "What therefore God hath joined together, let no man put asunder." When the priesthood sought my life, they thereby sought to violate this divine command which is to me the most sacred of all the mandates of the Holy Bible. I would rather be guilty of any other crime, than that of breaking asunder two hearts which God had joined together. When I witness the happiness of those who believe in monogamy, my mind drifts back to Utah to the terrible scenes of the plurality, and I am put to shame as I stand a living witness to the wide contrast.

O my darling Lola! As I see this great contrast, the sacred word wife stands out in bold relief, the sweetest word in the vocabulary; but the word wives, as applied to one man at the same time, is a perversion of the sacred word and it means the opposite extreme. The one is pure, the other is base; the one according to the plan of God, the other according to the plan of the prince of darkness. The one is the highest type of life and civilization, the other prostitution and semi-barbarism.

O my love, to call you my wife will be happiness supreme. My wife Lola. How sweetly do these words sound! To be loved by one so pure, so true—one whom I know to be without guile—is sufficient to give me strength always. Should many years intervene before I am permitted to see you, my love for you will be as strong as it was the morning we parted. The fire of affection kindled in my bosom for you, can never be quenched. At first, three years seemed a long time to have our union delayed; but they will soon roll around, and the happy day of our wedding will be the sweeter. My dear Lola, to love as I love you, and to know that I am loved in return, and to have that love interfered with by the so-called high priests of Zion, almost turn me completely against my church. Besides, I do not believe our leading churchmen have an overstock of religion. Circumstances of lewdness, hypocrisy, and deception convince me of this fact. I have observed very closely, since leaving home, the actions and teaching of people comprising other denominations, and I have not been able, in a single instance, to substantiate the charges laid at their door by our elders. The scriptures teach that we should judge a tree by its fruit, and I am becoming more convinced every day that I mingle with the members of other churches, that the fruit they bear is of a superior quality. Of course, I have not been converted yet to the belief that our church is wrong in all its teachings; but I do not understand why crimes are constantly perpetrated by its leaders through their agents; neither do I comprehend why our missionaries are instructed to deny some of our teachings and to falsify as to conditions. Falsehood, deception, and crime, are fruits I cannot relish.

As it grows late, I will close with out one word more, when I kneel in prayer to our Heavenly Father, I ask his protecting care over you, and that it may not be long until we meet again. Good-bye for to-night. My thoughts are constantly with you. Kiss my mother for me and give my love to all, retaining a greater portion for yourself. Write to me at your earliest convenience, as I will be anxiously waiting to hear from you. Your lover, ADRIAN."

Adrian to his parents, intercepted by Lehman:—

Headquarters of the European Mission of the Church of Jesus Christ, of Latter Day Saints,
LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND, June 5, 1871.

My dear Parents:—The time seems long since I left home. It is quite a new experience to me, to be away from you so long and among strangers. One appreciates the care and advice of parents most, when he is first tossed upon the sea of life and left to his own resources. It has fallen to my lot to decide some things for myself, already, without the aid of your wise counsel, and I hope you may approve my actions. I remembered the standard you gave me years ago, when I was but a child, to always be honorable and truthful in all things. I did not know, when I left home, that I was going away to engage in a money-making scheme; nevertheless 'tis true. I find myself working for a salary, against my will, far from home and sweet Lola.

The heads of the mission, because of differences as to what should be my course, decided to take me out of the mission field and place me in the office here, to do close, hard work. I refused and was going back home, when they agreed to

employ me, paying me a salary for my labors. I shall be able to send you fifty dollars per month and live as well as I choose. Enclosed you will find exchange on New York for seven hundred and fifty dollars, which I will not need under present arrangements. I will forward my savings, every six months, which will be three hundred dollars at each remittance. You may use it if you like; if not, place it to my credit in one of the banks at Zion. It will come handy, when I settle down to a solution of the real problems of life.

I have not given you the minutiae of everything leading up to my retention in the office; but the prime cause you can learn by a perusal of Lola's letter. When I write to one I expect all to know the full text of the message. It may seem strange that I should refer you to read my first love letter; but I know that it will not be kept from you or Lola's parents. It breathes the story of my love in as strong terms as I could find. 'Honor thy father and thy mother,' says the word of God. We have always held this a solemn duty, and I assure you that it has been a delightful duty. We have always enjoyed making confidants of our parents in preference to other people, and learned, early in life, where to go to find true sympathy which breathes the sweet spirit of a parent's protecting love.

Could the youth of the world learn to consult father and mother in the important affairs of life, and to have no secrets from them, how many bitter tears of remorse would be eliminated from the lot of man! As I crossed the wide ocean I beheld many things of beauty, that were both new and strange to me, and from which many lessons may be learned. A perfect sunset at sea

is rare. Usually, they are shrouded in mists and clouds; but a clear sunset is the glory of the sea—beautiful beyond description. It reminds me of the closing of a beautiful life, which is as rare as are the perfect sunsets. The clouded sunset reminded me of a life going out, where remorse hung like a pall, and dark secrets shrouded the fading memory like a mist, and the soul passed into the unknown amid shadows and mystery.

I think of you daily, and long to be with you in the family circle. Give my love and best wishes to Jed, and tell him to remember my parting injunction in reference to my horses. Much love to each of you.

Your son,

ADRIAN WALTHAM."

The exchange mentioned in Adrian's letter was made payable to Mr. Waltham. Bishop Lehman forged his name and drew the seven hundred and fifty dollars at the city of Zion. These two letters of Adrian's were read in a meeting of the high council of the holy priesthood, and it was there decided that the money should be drawn by Lehman, and appropriated toward paying Adrian's salary. Before this amount was all expended, Adrian would forward at least, another draft of three hundred dollars which, together with what remained of this draft, would cover the first year's salary, lacking but a hundred and fifty dollars. At the end of the year another draft would come, making the first-year's salary secure without any expense whatever to Lehman, and with a hundred and fifty dollars surplus. Thus far Lehman's scheme was self-sustaining.

At this same meeting, the priesthood decided to wreck the two families financially by presenting the bills already explained, in order to humble them and continue to pay Adrian without loss to Lehman. Lehman was instructed to answer Adrian's letter to his parents. In order to avoid intercepting more letters to Lola, and to keep Adrian in England, Lehman was to write in the proper way, in the name of his parents, that she was dead.

The tone of Adrian's letters so exasperated them, that they decided that he must be put out of the way at the earliest possible moment, and never, under any circumstances, should he be allowed to get back to Zion. They decided that they were fully justified in all of this, because his letters breathed the spirit of apostasy, and criticism for the anointed; that after this flagrant violation of God's will, he certainly ought to be offered up as a blood atonement at the foreign office—spirited away and disposed of in the hush of night, and no one would be the wiser. Besides, it had already been reported and believed, here at home, that he lay at the bottom of the Atlantic, a victim to the ravages of small-pox. No one would ever inquire about him, because he was already dead in their minds. Detection, on the outside, was out of the question, and this was ample to satisfy the conscience of the powerful. The head of the mission was, therefore, notified to dispatch Adrian at the earliest moment

possible, and to let no human being know what they did, and to let the report of his death, as already made, stand as the official. Lehman answered Adrian's letter in the name of his parents as follows:—

“At Home.

PROVO, UTAH, August 1, 1871.

Our Beloved Son:—We bow our heads in sorrow, as we address our child, our only son, at so great a distance from our hearth-stone, in answer to your precious letter to us, and the sweet words sent to Lola, who departed this life four days after receiving your message from New York, that you had embarked for Liverpool. Our sorrow at her loss has been beyond the power of language to express.

She was seized with a violent attack of diphtheria, and in three days passed to the great beyond. Her last words were, ‘Give my love to Adrian.’ O dear son, while our loss has been irreparable, we were really glad that you were not here to witness her terrible sufferings. We have all mourned unceasingly, because of the sorrow that we knew would come to your noble heart, when you should know the terrible truth. She was as lovely in death as in life. We tenderly laid her away in the silent grave, where she will sleep until the resurrection morn. Do not allow your grief to be too deep-seated, dear son, and bear in mind the comforting words of Jesus: ‘Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted.’

You seemed to criticise the leaders in your letter to us, as well as in the one to Lola. Do not do this. They seem perfectly delighted with the fact that you are in the mission field. We are really glad to know that you are retained for the

period of your mission days at the headquarters. As long as you can be employed at such labor, it gives you not only experience, but a little sum to lay by each month for a rainy day. The holy priesthood are so good to us since you are gone; so, for the love of heaven, stay as long as they want you, that our peace with them may continue. Still we believe they will ever be good to us now. Therefore, for the sake of your loving parents, obey, to the letter, all that they mark out for you.

We were especially happy to see, in your own hand, that you honor us as you do. We have ever known this, but expression of the same in your own words gave us double pleasure, especially, when you are so far away. Nothing further has happened that would be of material interest to you. The routine of matters in the neighborhood continues the same. It is hard for us to write or think about anything but Lola. She was as a rose cut off in the dawn of its beauty, but it only demonstrates the instability of all earthly things.

At your leisure moments write to us, and we will pray the Lord to comfort you in this, your hour of sorest bereavement. In your deepest gloom lay every care at the foot of the cross, and you will be comforted.

Your Devoted Parents."

When this letter reached Adrian, it found him in high spirits; but the shock it gave him was so great and his sorrow so intense, that he was wholly unable to attend to his duties for some days. He would gladly have quit his work and gone home, but for the reason, he did not wish to have

the reputation of violating a contract. Besides, he felt that his parents were faring much better under the treatment of the brethren, because of his labors for the church; therefore, he felt it his duty to continue for this reason, if for no other cause. He wrote home regularly, and just as regularly were his letters intercepted, read and discussed at the meetings of the high council, and answered by Lehman. Every six months he remitted three hundred dollars. The exchange was payable to his father, whose name Lehman forged, and invariably collected the money, as he had done in the case of the first draft. The amount went back to Liverpool to help pay Adrian's salary.

Adrian was of the disposition to make many friends. He was located at the headquarters of the mission but a short time before he had a great number of friends among the gentry, who frequently came to the mission headquarters to see him. Because of this fact, the brethren found it would be a dangerous proceeding to attempt to take his life at headquarters. VanCannon notified the brethren at home, of the existing circumstances and the danger that it would involve. After much discussion and planning at home, and a great deal of bickering back and forth from the foreign office to Zion, it was finally decided, in prayer circle convened, through revelation, that when Adrian should start back home, two good trusty missionaries should board

the ship, accompany him, get his confidence, and, at an opportune time,—throw him overboard. This was the only safe way to get rid of him. He must not be permitted to come back, as it would wreck the confidence of a great number of the Saints as to any reports, the dignitaries might wish to circulate in the future.

Ere Adrian's contract for the first three years had expired, Lehman began to fear that the plan for throwing him overboard might be a failure, hence he prevailed on VanCannon to seek earnestly to hold him for three years longer. VanCannon began the negotiations. Adrian declined to stay at any price, at first; but, as they urged so hard and praised his work so highly, he finally agreed to stay at a salary of two hundred dollars per month, provided his parents approved. He at once wrote home for advice upon the subject, at the same time explaining, that in case he concluded to stay, he would remit three hundred dollars every two months. Lehman promptly answered, in the name of his parents, urging him, in the most enthusiastic manner, to stay. On receipt of this letter, Adrian signed the contract for the second period. He made the remittances each alternate month, Lehman forging the name of Mr. Waltham, collecting the money and continuing the correspondence as before; the funds being used over and over to pay Adrian for his labors.

He thought he was corresponding with his

parents and that all was well with them; but they had left the Garden City with all their worldly possessions, consisting of an old team and wagon, and barely means sufficient to enable them to get to California. They left the Garden City about the time Lola was taken away and her parents sent to Lehman's ranch near St. George. The Walthams scarcely left a trace behind them. Jed had gone to Park City and was now superintending the mine for Vernon Stanton, in which Adrian held an interest. This mine had recently begun to pay good dividends each month. Nothing that happened during the persecutions of the Walthams caused Jed so much pain, as when Lehman took possession of Adrian's team at the forced sale of the Waltham property.

This was the condition of affairs at the time Lola was incarcerated at the old Cedar City prison. Great trials were now in order for some of the anointed; already the government had started the investigation of some of their crimes. Bishop John D. Lee's trial was at hand and to this all eyes were turned.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

The Mountain Meadow massacre has been referred to in connection with the history of Lola Allison. This dark and bloody crime was committed in the autumn of 1857.

A minute description of that awful scene, the trial of John D. Lee, his subsequent confession and execution, together with other facts and circumstances which have come to light since, is deemed necessary in order for the reader to thoroughly understand her history.

The ill-fated train consisted of one hundred and forty-nine persons. They were honorable and upright people from almost every walk of life, and were very wealthy. There were six or eight elderly men with their sons and daughters and their families, and a number of young women and men. Several young men from the eastern states, a German doctor, and a son of Dr. Aden, of Kentucky, were among the number. The rest of the emigrants were from Missouri and Arkansas and were related to each other, so, after the massacre, a whole relationship, in some instances, was exterminated. The children that were afterward sent back to the states, in many instances, could find no relatives.

There were forty wagons, a number of carriages, four to five hundred head of horses and cattle, an elegant piano, the property of Lola's

parents, a number of fine saddle horses for the young ladies and gentlemen, a great amount of jewelry, clothing, and minor articles. The booty taken has been estimated at \$300,000.

They were on their way to Los Angeles. No sooner did they reach the land of Zion than it was apparent that they were in a hostile country. As they traveled south from the city of Zion, they found the people more and more hostile. George A. Smith, Brigham's first counselor, preceded the party, forbidding the Saints to sell the emigrants anything. There was much secret work going on, and many consultations held at the city of Zion among the holy men of the church, closing with a prayer circle.

The emigrants were denied the right to pass through many of the towns, and were compelled to make a detour in the desert. They could purchase no provisions, and found that they were constantly violating municipal ordinances and liable to arrest, though using every endeavor to avoid trouble. They were joined at Beaver by a Missourian, who had at one time been a prisoner at the Cedar City prison, and had gained his liberty only through promises to become an ardent Saint. He urged them to hurry on for life. Passing through Cedar City, they saw the threatening clouds of danger and redoubled their energy to get beyond the borders of the Territory.

At last they reached the place known as Mount-

ain Meadow, a glen on the divide between the great basin and the Colorado River.

The day after the emigrants passed through Harmony, Bishop John D. Lee called a council and stated that he had received orders "To follow and attack the accursed Gentiles, and let the arrows of the Almighty drink their blood." He next related some alleged wrongs, which were claimed to have been done to the Saints long years before. After dwelling upon these alleged wrongs and the tragical death of Joseph and Hyrum Smith, he said:—

"It is according to our divine pledge, to avenge the death of these martyred Saints upon all ungodly Gentiles." Then, while the assembly was worked up to a frenzy, he called for an affirmative vote, which was unanimous, and the expedition was at once fitted out.

Bishop John D. Lee was the church Indian agent, and turned to them as allies and secured their services. The militia of the Saints was called out by Col. W. H. Dame, Maj. John D. Lee, Captains Haight and Higby. Two of the men in the companies sat up all night conversing and praying, after having been ordered out and while the supply wagons were being filled. They asked the forgiveness of God for what they were compelled to do against their will.

The Indians opened the attack by creeping down a gulch near where the emigrants were encamped, opening fire on them, while they were

at breakfast, and wounding some ten or twelve in this attack. It was a complete surprise to the emigrants, who seized their arms, shoved their wagons together, sunk the wheels into the earth, and put themselves in a condition of defense. They did not think for a moment, that enough Ute Indians could be assembled in that vicinity to attack a train of sixty armed men, and had begun to feel a sense of relief, as they were getting out of the settlements of the hostile Saints.

The resistance of the emigrants was far greater than the anointed had calculated upon. They made trenches, and there, with their wives and children, they maintained a siege for almost a week, keeping the merciless Indians, as they supposed, at bay. The shots were constantly heard at Hamlin's ranch, a short distance away, and squads of Saints were going to and from the farm, eating and drinking at the place and amusing themselves with games and in various ways. They held the "ungodly Gentiles" in their grasp and could afford to divide time and slaughter ad libitum; but grew tired of the fun, as they termed it, at the expiration of a week, and resolved upon strategy in order to end the work. Hitherto, they had all been disguised as Indians.

The firing now ceased, the weary and heart-sick emigrants hoped and prayed for relief, believing that their savage foes had given up the attack, when they saw at the upper end of the gulch in which they were located, a wagon loaded with

white men. The men in the wagon raised a white flag, when a glad shout of joy and welcome rang through the ranks of the emigrants who were delighted at the approach of men of their own race. The emigrants then held up a little girl dressed in pure white, as an emblem of peace, to answer the signal. This child was the pride of her parents, her grandparents, and was a general favorite of the whole company. When her father held her aloft, he bore the sweetest emblem that was ever used as a signal of peace—a signal to the blackest-hearted fiends that ever disgraced the civilized world.

The captains of the emigrants came out and met Bishop Lee and his staff, when they arranged for a surrender. The emigrants were to give up everything they had, including their arms, and to be taken back to the settlement and cared for until the "war with the Indians," as the Saints deceitfully termed it, was over.

Under this agreement, sixty men, forty-one women and forty-eight children surrendered and started to return under the protection of the Saints, to Zion. In front was a wagon driven by Saints, which contained the men who were wounded in the siege. Next came the women and children, and lastly, the men. On each side of the men marched the saintly militia, while there were mounted men in the rear, whose duty it was to intercept and slay any who might attempt to get away. There was a hollow across

the road at this point, and on each side of the highway, as it enters the ravine, were rocks and brush where the Indians lay in ambush.

The women were talking exultingly of their rescue from the savage Utes, and thanked God that they were now under the protection of white men. Every detail was in perfect readiness, as arranged by revelation received in prayer circle. As the wagons crossed the ravine, and the women and children were just entering it, Mephisto, in the person of Ike Haight, a popular Saint, was standing on the bluff above. He waved his hand above his head as a signal, gave the murderous command, "halt! fire!" In an instant Mormonism showed its true character—treachery. They turned their guns, almost touching their victims, whom, a short time before, they had solemnly promised to protect, and discharged a volley, when almost every man of the emigrants fell. Involuntarily, the horrified women and children ran screaming to where their fathers, husbands, sons, and lovers lay dead or dying. The fiends rushed upon them shooting, stabbing and braining them. In twenty minutes, a hundred and twenty-six loyal American citizens lay dead or dying. Every circumstance of horror was added to the scene. The Saints cut and tore the rings from their fingers, tore the jewels from the ears of the women, stripped the clothing from all the bodies; then, with fiendish, obscene language and profane yells, spit upon, and trampled

the faces of their victims. One lovely maid knelt and prayed to the son of Bishop Lee that she might live. He hesitated, when his bishop father came and shot her through the head. Several sought to flee, only to be slain by the mounted Saints. Two young girls ran down the ravine and beyond the ridge to a place where an Indian boy, named Albert, was hid to watch the butchery. They begged him to save them. He directed them to hide in the thicket. In a few minutes, Bishop Lee and High Counselor Bill Stewart came across the ravine on their horses, at full speed, and with vile curses demanded to know "What become of the young Gentile wenches." Albert dared not refuse to disclose their hiding place. They were dragged from the brush, when they knelt before the bishop praying for mercy. They promised to be his slaves and never betray; but without murmuring, they would work for him always. One of them clung to his knees, he dashed her cruelly away, throwing her upon her back, when he placed his saintly knee upon her breast, and spitting tobacco juice in her eyes, he cut her throat from ear to ear. Her companion fled from the sight; but was followed by the bishop, who struck her with a jagged stone on the back of the head, killing her instantly. These two bodies were overlooked by the parties who attended to the burying of the dead, and lay there untouched by the wild beasts and birds for a period of two weeks. Hamlin

made a trip to the city of Zion, and when he returned, the young Indian Albert showed the bodies to him, and they were buried in a sand pit. Hamlin stated, afterward, that there was not the mark of a tooth on either body and no signs of decay, so pure was the air. Their countenances were as if death had just overtaken them.

Counselor Stewart carefully surveyed the array of dead bodies, and finished with his bowie knife, those who showed any signs of life. Three of the men escaped the main butchery. The night before the fatal day, the emigrants carefully drafted a document, describing therein their miserable condition. It was addressed to "Masons, Odd Fellows, Baptists, Methodists and all good people in the States." It was signed by so many of each lodge or church. The three young men mentioned, were chosen because of their fleetness to transport the message back to the land of humane beings. They crawled down the hollow and escaped, but were followed and two of them were murdered the next night. The third reached as far as the "Last Point," on the Santa Clara, where Ira Hatch and company overtook and murdered him. Jacob Hamlin obtained possession of the paper and preserved it a number of years, as a relic. Bishop Lee learned that it was in existence, forced him (Hamlin) to yield the document to him, and administered a severe rebuke to him, then destroyed it.

One man escaped from the wagon where the

wounded were and was never heard from afterward. Seventeen children were saved alive. One was shot through the arm and lost the use of it. They were all distributed among the families of the Saints. Two years later they were all returned to the States, except the one that Klingensmith had taken. The property taken was divided among the Saints, giving the Indians the provisions and ammunition, who complained that the Saints kept much more than their share. Some of the property was sold at Cedar City at public auction. Much merriment was made by the Saints at the sale. The property being jocularly styled, "Property taken at the siege of Sebastopol." The clothing stripped from the dead and dying, spotted by blood, perforated by bullets and bowie knives, was placed in the cellar of the tithing office of the Saints at Cedar City, and sold at private sale. The best stock, consisting of high-bred horses and cattle, the carriages, money, and jewelry, was distributed among the dignitaries. Forty head of cattle were driven to Zion and traded to Hon. Wm. H. Hooper for boots and shoes. Thirteen years later, this man was in Congress as a delegate from Utah, and while there, he stood before that august body and with great solemnity, called on God as a witness to the fact that the Saints had nothing whatever to do with the awful affair. Bishop Francis Lehman, of Filmore and Provo, got the beautiful piano, belonging to Lola's parents.

Now that everything was completed, Bishops Lee and Klingensmith reported officially to the Prophet Brigham Young, who was Governor and ex-officio superintendent of Indian affairs, having been made so by President Franklin Pierce. Brigham gave instructions to all, in this manner: "Don't talk about this thing, even among yourselves—especially, let the women keep still about it—let it be forgotten as soon as possible."

Great advice for an innocent prophet, with this law on the statutes, to wit: "All persons, who after full knowledge that a felony has been committed, conceal it from the magistrate, or harbor and protect the person charged with or convicted thereof, are accessories." And if they counseled, aided, or abetted, though not present, they were guilty as principals.

Haight and Lee were sent to the Legislature afterward, attended the Governor's receptions and balls, and each was given a new young wife, sealed to them in the endowment house, by the prophet as a reward for their valor. For thirteen years Lee remained a bishop. Dame and Haight remained bishops until death, and Higby became more prominent in the church.

A new road was laid out, that the ungodly passing through the country would have no occasion to pass through Mountain Meadow, and perchance discover something. All was now silent as the grave on that subject. The Deseret News, the official organ of the church, did not mention

it in its columns. The Saints began to rest secure and feel that the awful deed was past detection; but the bosom of human beings is not made for the habitation of such secrets. The monster grew beyond their control, after a time of reflection. Some apostatized and left the Territory. A brief and imperfect account of the massacre appeared in a California paper. The Deseret News, knowing all about the horrible affair, officially denounced the whole matter as a lie.

It was soon afterward forced to admit that there had been a massacre; but claimed the whole as being the work of the Indians, and this was tenaciously held to by the Saints, until they were forced by the meager evidence, which gradually came to light, to acknowledge guilt. An investigation by Judge Cradlebaugh was made in 1858, and a more thorough investigation in 1859 by Gen. W. H. Carleton, who collected and buried the bones and erected a rude monument, with a cross, over the spot to their memory. Eleven years later, the Federal officials made a more thorough investigation, at which time the Saints admitted that Bishop Lee was the leader, and ostensibly expelled him from the church. He still held the position of church Indian agent. He made his headquarters in the rocky cliffs, far down in Pareas Canon of the Colorado. The anointed circulated strange stories about him; once that he was killed, and again that he had

turned Indian entirely, and as such was chief of one of their tribes. As soon as he was deprived of his standing in the church, the Saints changed their tone, in a day, from love and praise to the most bitter denunciations, and urged that he should be mobbed at once.

Such is a brief history of the dastardly crime of Mountain Meadow. Humanity stands appalled, when reflecting upon the scene in all of its hideousness. A more infamous crime was never committed, and this in free and enlightened America, within the domain of her emblem of Liberty.

CHAPTER XL.

Bishop Lee was arrested on a warrant, issued pursuant to the indictment found against him at Provo, which has been referred to Hon. Jacob S. Boreman, Judge. U. S. Marshal Owens arrested him while visiting his four wives at Panguich, on the Sevier River. Much interest was manifest throughout the nation, in the trial; and when it came on for hearing at Beaver, a mighty concourse of people, officers, and reporters, from both the east and the west were there.

The most sanguine, in their claims of innocence for the Saints, were forced to acknowledge their guilt.

The prosecution was directed by District Attorney Wm. C. Cary and Hon. R. N. Baskin, of Salt Lake City, while Messrs. J. G. Sutherland, G. C. Bates, Judge Hoge (a Saint), Wells, Spicer, also of Salt Lake City, and W. W. Bishop, of Pioch, Nev., were for the defendant.

The Saints, who were called as jurors, swore on their voir dire, that they had neither formed nor expressed an opinion, nor did they know anything about the case. One swore that he had lived in the same town that Lee lived in, but had never heard his name connected with the crime. Another that he had never heard of the monstrous affair at all; and still another, that he was raised in the neighborhood and had visited the Mount-

ain Meadow, saw the monument, but never inquired why it was there and had never heard of anything unusual taking place there. The examination was one absurdity after another. The prosecution gave up in despair, after getting three Gentiles; and allowed the rest of the panel to be selected from the Saints.

The first witness related, in general, the appearance of the ground a few days subsequent to the massacre.

The first witness of importance was Phillip Klingensmith. When he took the stand, a death-like stillness filled the room, and every eye was riveted upon him, while every ear was strained to catch his words. He had been indicted with the rest, and a nolle entered as to him. He began in slow and measured words, approaching stupidity. He gradually grew in animation and vigor, his eyes gleamed and flashed like fire, the veins and muscles of his face and neck stood out like cords. His whole being seemed to work responsive, and in sympathy with the horrible truths he was relating. While he related the most cruel, heartless, and blood-curdling scene, all eyes turned to Lee; and as he referred to the horrible killing of the beautiful woman, who held in her arms the little girl dressed in white, that was held up as the flag of truce, his eyes protruded as if they would burst from their sockets. His light hair stood on end, his features were distorted, and he quivered from head

to foot. He clutched at his throat as he gasped for breath, his teeth shone ghastly, for he tasted death in that terrible hour. He beat his breast with his fists, and clutched his hair as he cried in wild despair:—

“Oh, the angel child, who was dressed in white, was the child that was never sent back to her friends! I took her as mine and she was adopted by Howard and Mary Allison, who named her Lola. O sweet Lola, would that all of us had died ere we had committed this vile injury upon you.”

As he closed these words, he started to fall from his chair when an officer caught him. There was murmuring and much confusion in the crowd for a few moments. Vernon Stanton clasped his hand to his heart, and said: “O my God! Can it be possible?” Many who stood near him turned to him for an instant, wondering why a spectator should be so much affected.

The prosecution, after putting on several other witnesses, and making a case showing the guilt of the defendant beyond a reasonable doubt, then rested.

The defense began and attempted to establish, by trumped-up evidence, an old slander invented in 1859, to deceive Judge Cradlebaugh, to the effect that the emigrants had poisoned a spring at Corn Creek, near Filmore. Also, that they had poisoned the flesh of an ox and given it to the Indians. In every charge brought against

the emigrants, they were completely exonerated, the charges refuted and proven to be self-preserving slanders of the blackest hue.

The prophet claimed to be physically unable to attend the trial; but an affidavit was carefully prepared, denying his complicity in the crime, which he tried hard to get admitted as evidence, but failed. It was then published and distributed throughout the land.

The case of the prosecution in every particular was proven clearly, but the brethren who were on the jury, had been instructed by the priesthood and would not convict. Although they had sworn that they knew nothing of the circumstances connected with the crime, yet as soon as they were in the jury room, they proceeded to contradict the evidence for the prosecution, by facts within their own knowledge. First, they installed a jack-Mormon, J. C. Hinster, as foreman. Then each delivered a typical Mormon sermon by denouncing in the most scathing terms, the emigrants, the prosecuting attorneys, the Federal officers, the United States, in fact, against all who were not Saints on the subservient-tool plan. It was, indeed, a strange proceeding for a petit jury, perhaps the strangest the world has yet witnessed. For two days the three Gentiles smiled grimly on the Saints, saying little, but noting carefully the manner in which these would-be jurors committed themselves. They finally agreed to a disagreement, then filed into court.

When the result was announced, a storm of wrath and indignation swept through the land, before which the priesthood quailed, and through a revelation, the anointed decided that Lee must be given up.

This decided upon, all things were now properly arranged for the bishop's conviction at the next trial. Daniel H. Wells was sent to see that all was done according to counsel.

The next trial came on regularly for hearing in September, 1876, before a jury of twelve servile Saints. It was utterly impossible to get a Gentile on the jury, as all had heard or read of the case and had formed an opinion on its merits; but all the Saints called had never heard of such a thing as a massacre, and had not formed nor expressed an opinion in the case. They were model jurymen according to their oath.

Bishop Lee saw, before his counsel did, that the brethren had decided to betray him. The Mormon witnesses now remembered all that they had forgotten at the former trial. Samuel Knight and James McMurdy gave evidence that they saw Lee brain one woman with a little child in her arms, and beat one man to death with a gun, also, that he shot others, and then went to the wagon and shot the wounded men with a pistol. At this point, Bishop Lee broke down; and, when again in his cell, he walked the floor, cursing the Mormon leaders who had betrayed him, and raved like a maniac, as he heaped vile epithets upon them.

The evidence was all in, and the instructions of the court given; when the jury retired to deliberate. They had received instructions from their masters before entering the box to be sworn as jurors in the case; therefore, no deliberation was necessary, consequently they soon returned with a verdict of "guilty."

An appeal was taken to the Supreme court, where the judgment was confirmed. Bishop Lee was sentenced by Judge Boreman, "To be shot on the 23d day of March, 1877." William Nelson, U. S. Marshal, selected Mountain Meadow, as the place of execution. Judge Boreman did not favor this, as he said it savored of revenge as well as spectacular display.

He was executed one hundred yards east of the monument. The bishop was cheerful and happy to the last moment. He there confessed to Rev. Stokes, a Methodist minister, who was in attendance, saying:—

"I killed five of the emigrants with my own hand."

This fact he had ever strenuously denied before. The scene was then photographed, with Lee sitting on his coffin. He requested that one should be given to each of his three faithful wives. He made a brief address, then seating himself on his coffin, the five soldiers detailed to do the shooting, took their stand, Marshal Nelson gave the command:—

"Make ready! Aim! Fire!"

Simultaneously five rifle shots resounded and Lee fell back lifeless, with five wounds in the region of his heart. His muscles relaxed, he quivered and, with a faint smile, expired.

Thus ended the earthly career of the only man who ever suffered the just penalty of this atrocious crime, and the only man who ever lost caste with the Saints because of it, and that only when forced by public indignation of an outraged people of one of the best and most highly civilized nations of earth.

Prior to his death, the bishop wrote a confession, from which the following is taken:—

“Those with me at that time, were acting under orders from the church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. The horrid deeds then committed, were done as a duty which we believed we owed to God and our church. We were all sworn to secrecy before and after the massacre. The penalty for giving information concerning it was death.

“In the month of September, 1857, the company of emigrants, known as the ‘Arkansas Company,’ arrived at Parowan, Iron County, Utah, on their way to California. At Parowan, young Aden, one of the company, saw and recognized one William Laney, a Mormon resident of Parowan. Aden and his father had rescued Laney from an anti-Mormon mob in Tennessee several years before, and saved his life. He (Laney), at the time he was attacked by the mob, was a

Mormon missionary in Tennessee. Laney was glad to see his friend and benefactor, and invited him to his house, and gave him some garden-sauce to take back to the camp with him.

“The same evening it was reported to Bishop (Colonel) Dame, that Laney had given potatoes and onions to the man Aden, one of the emigrants. When the report was made to Bishop Dame, he raised his hand and crooked his little finger in a significant manner to one Barney Carter, his brother-in-law, and one of the ‘Angels of Death.’ Carter, without another word, walked out, went to Laney’s house with a long picket in his hand, called Laney out, and struck him a heavy blow on the head, fracturing his skull, and left him on the ground for dead. C. Y. Webb and Isaac Newman, president of the ‘High Council,’ both told me that they saw Dame’s maneuvers. James McGuffee, then a resident of Parowan—but through oppression has been forced to leave there, is now a merchant in Pahrangat valley, near Pioche, Nev.—knows these facts.

“Some two weeks after the deed was done, Isaac C. Haight sent me to report to Governor Young in person. I asked him why he did not send a written report. He replied that I could tell him more satisfactorily than he could write, and if I would stand up and shoulder as much of the responsibility as I could conveniently, that it would be a feather in my cap some day, and that I would get a celestial salvation, but the man

that shrunk from it now would go to hell. I went and did as I was commanded. Brigham asked me if Isaac C. Haight had written a letter to him. I replied, 'Not by me, but he wished me to report in person,' 'All right,' said Brigham. 'Were you an eye-witness?' 'To most of it,' was my reply. Then I proceeded to give him a full history of all. I told him of the killing of the women and children, and the betraying of the company; that, I told him, I was opposed to; but I did not say to him to what extent I was opposed to it, only that I was opposed to the shedding of innocent blood. 'Why,' said he, 'you differ from Isaac (Haight), for he said there was not a drop of innocent blood in the whole company.'

"When I was through, he said it was awful, that he cared nothing about the men, but the women and children were what troubled him. I said: 'President Young, you should either release men from their obligation, or sustain them when they do what they have entered into the most sacred obligations to do.' He replied: 'I will think over the matter, and make it a subject of prayer, and you may come back in the morning and see me.' I did so. He said: 'John, I feel first-rate. I asked the Lord, if it was all right for the deed to be done, to take away the vision of the deed from my mind, and the Lord did so, and I feel first-rate. It is all right. The only fear I have is of traitors.' He told me never to

lisp it to any mortal being, not even to Brother Heber. President Young has always treated me with the friendship of a father since, and has sealed several women to me since, and has made my house his home when in that part of the Territory—until danger has threatened him.”

CHAPTER XLI.

When Lola reached the inside of the first room of the old prison, followed by Old Sally, her heart sank within her as she noted the surroundings. The walls and ceiling were black from smoke and dirt and draped with cob-webs. A rude bedstead with scanty bed-clothing, stood in one corner; an old table with one leaf off, a stool chair with the back off and a nail keg for seats, a wrecked trunk, a dilapidated cupboard with a dozen or more odd dishes, a small cook stove cracked and rusty, a very few cooking utensils, an old, dingy towel hanging on a rack, a battered wash pan on a small box, constituted the furniture of the room.

As she heard the dull sound of her own feet on the bare floor of that dismal, dreary place, a pang of intense grief struck terror to her soul, and as she heard the clank of the heavy lock when Old Sally turned the key after her, a shudder passed through her frame that made her stagger. She could not hear the sound of Old Sally's step as she noiselessly moved around the room, for the old woman wore rags bound around her feet instead of shoes.

"Wall, how'd yer like yer new quarters, hey?" queried Old Sally, as she shoved the remnant of the chair for Lola to sit upon. Lola seated

herself, half unconscious of her movements. Old Sally sat down on the nail keg, as she continued:

“Don’t yer think yer’d a’ done better to a’ tuck the Bish, and not a’ come down here to stay wi’ a fine lookin’ old critter like me, hey?”

Lola sat in profound silence. It was growing dark in the room, Old Sally arose and lit a lamp, which consisted of several strands of cotton rags, twisted together and coiled in a small tin basin filled with grease, the lighted end of the rags lying over the edge. The old witch set the light on the table, seated herself again, crossed her legs, raised her left hand to her chin, as the elbow rested on her knee, and gesticulating with her right, the fingers clinched except the index, she roared out these words:—

“Wall, young wench, why don’t yer answer me when I speak to yer, hey?”

“Oh, I beg your pardon, good lady,” said Lola, as she aroused from her dazed condition, startled by that terrible voice. She caught her breath and hesitated, then continuing she said:—

“Really, I was thinking of other matters, and did not hear you.”

“Wall, my young gal, yer’d better pay ’tention to what’s said to yer, around these diggins.”

“I promise to do so in the future, good lady,” said Lola half frightened out of her wits.

“Young wench, yer needn’t be callin’ me good lady, tryin’ to get on the good o’ me, I know

what yer atter; but it won't work wi' an old hen like this critter."

"I do not know what to call you, for—"

"Call me Sally—just plain Sally," she interrupted. "I used to be called Sally Singecat, when I war down in the slums o' London town. When the missioners o' the Saints come down in the slums a preachin' they said they couldn't git none o' them high up, crack-doodle folks, to listen to um. I axed um if they'd take me. 'Yes,' said they, 'if you'll leave that blasted name, Singecat, here in the slums.' So a whole passle o' us gals fum the slums war converted and war a comin' to Zion, when I sez: 'Can I git a man out thar, so I'll have a nuther name?' 'Yes,' sez zee. 'Then,' sez I, 'good, my old name's gone;' so yer see my sainted name is jist Sally. They used to call me Sal, in the slums. Wall, I said, I'll go. So I come. When we war all away out in the sea, the missioners told us gals if we got a man in Utah, most o' us u'd hafter be plurals. Sez I, 'what's that?' Sez zee, 'that's bein' a feller's wife, when he's already got sever'l more uv um.' 'Wall,' sez I, 'that's all right, if I can't git a whole man, a piece'll do.' Some o' the tother, better lookin' and smarter gals jist kicked big, and that thar missioner might nigh had a meetin' on his hands. Them gals sez 'yer told us, they didn't practus p'lyg'my out thar.' Sez zee, 'yes, but that war to cornvert yer, and besides, it's as good er better'n yer bein' in them fast houses,

ain't it? Some thought it war jist about the same thing; but sez I, p'lyg'my er anything, I want a man; but I han't got the man yit, and law chile, that's been twenty year ago, so I ain't got no other name yit I'm already fifty now, an' I 'spose Sally is all the name I'll ever have."

"I will do as you say, even in this, although it is ill manners in a young person to speak to an elderly one, calling her by her first name."

"That may be, I don't know nuthin' about the thing yer call manners; but what I axed yer war: Don't yer think yer'd a' done better to a' tuck the Bish, and not a' come down here to stay wi' a fine lookin' old critter like me?"

"O Sally, I have done much better by making this choice. My conscience is at least clear: for it dictates to me that the plurality is not right. If it is right, God would have given father Adam more than one wife: but there in the Garden of Eden, before sin came into the world, He gave the true example. Afterward, man wandered away from the teachings of God. 'Then the sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were fair; and took them wives of all which they chose. And the Lord said, My spirit shall not always strive with man,' which proves to me, conclusively, that God was displeased with this lustful practice. After the world was destroyed and religion began to be re-established in the world, 'tis true that in that primeval dawn, as they emerged from darkness into a semi-barbarous

state, some of the chosen people practiced the plurality; but it was never commanded of God. When Jesus came into the world, with power from the Father to teach the true way, he said: 'Have ye not read, that He which made them at the beginning made them male and female, and said, for this cause shall a man leave father and mother, and shall cleave to his wife; and they twain shall be one flesh? Wherefore they are no more twain, but one flesh.' The language of Christ is very plain to me. He did not say, a man and a multiple of women shall become one flesh; but one man and one woman, they twain shall become one flesh. I believe with all my might, mind, and soul in the teachings of Christ, and have perfect faith in his promises. 'Faith without works is dead,'—and I am determined that my faith shall never die. It is hard to come to this place, but heavenly, compared to that of entering into such a distasteful relation against my conscience and the teachings of the Saviour."

"Chile, I ain't hearn anybody talk so good as that, since I war a little gal. I thought I'd have yer broke in and glad to be cornverted before yer war here a month; but in the fust bout, this old critter's argymunt done busted all to flinders."

"Don't you ever read the Bible?"

"Lor' chile, I ain't hearn it read since I war a little bunch of a gal, and I can't read not even one little word, much less long, big uns like yuo

talks 'bout. Ain't yer hungry gal? If yer be, I'll haf ter git yer a bite ter eat. I've et my supper."

"I cannot eat, Sally, I am so broken-hearted."

"Yes, but, gal, yer can't live on a broken heart alone. Yer got ter have a little bread and meat on board."

"I ate a hearty lunch about two o'clock and I am not the least hungry; but I would like a good drink of water, and then I would like to lie down, I am so tired."

"Come 'long, gal, I've got the best water in Utah."

Sally led the way—light in hand, to the stream of water flowing through the pipe in the court. The hogs came squealing around them. She gave Lola a drink, from a gourd which hung above the pipe. The water was delicious, as pure as mountain air. Lola drank the cool draught and felt much refreshed. Sally said:—

"Now, gal, yer say yer tired, I'll light yer to bed."

She went and opened the door to her 'truck room,' as she termed it. Lola followed, until she saw the inside of the room, without complaining; but when she looked around and saw the dingy, dirty place, with a bunch of rags hanging on the wall, two old bins containing wheat and corn, a box in which Sally kept her meat, which smelled strong of the brine, a bed made on a pile of straw on which Old Sally told her she should sleep, she shrank back and said:—

“O Sally, permit me to take my bed in the room with you—this is so lonely. I will make it on the floor, and it shall not be any trouble to you.”

“What do you mean, young wench? Yer want ter get away, do yer? I thought yer good per-laverin’ was fer sunthen like a scheme ter git away; but it won’t work on this ol’ hen. I won’t sleep wi’ yer in the same room wi’ the keys.”

“I don’t want to work a scheme to get away; only this is such a miserable, dirty place, and so lonely.”

“No scheme, hey? Yer as slick and cunnin’ as a missioner of the Saints. Tell a gal she can git a man, to git her to jine, when they know hit’s a lie. Tell others, that they can git good homes fur nuthin’, and live ’thout work, ter git um ter jine, when they know hit’s a lie. Tell everybody they don’t practice p’lyg’my, ter git um ter jine, and come ter Zion, when they know hit’s a lie. Tell on all’casions that they believe in all ’ligious ’fairs, as other folks, and they know hit’s a lie. No, young wench, I don’t b’lieve nuthin’ a Saint tells me, if thar’s anything ter me that ’pends on the story, and my neck ’pends on me keepin’ yer in this here place. If I let yer git away my neck will pull grass—sea grass, with Saints at tother end—middle o’ the grass over a limb. No, no, gal, yer can’t perlaver me. Yer haf ter sleep here.”

Lola stood trembling from fear. Tears began

to flow as the old woman gesticulated wildly, and poured out these words in rapid succession, and in so shrill and loud a voice that the old prison reverberated throughout with its sound. When she stopped, Lola said meekly:—

“I see—you have no confidence in my word. So—”

“I ain't got none in any Saint's word, they will all lie, and especially the high up crack-doodles. I know whar I'm at—it's whar they kill people if they don't mind; so I jist got sense enough ter do jist what the high up crack-doodles order. I've been ordered ter keep yer, ur my neck ud stretch sea grass, so that fixes it. Yer'll haf ter sleep right thar.”

Lola brightened, as her tears dried away, when she said:—

“Pardon me, Sally, I will do everything you say; if you will only believe and have confidence in what I say, and I will also be reasonably happy, even in this miserable prison. Better than I have sung praises to God, even while in the inner prison. I only hope to do likewise, with a meek and lowly heart, and it will help to mitigate my sorrows. It is only when I forgot the blessed Saviour for a moment, that I lose my way under this terrible oppression; but when I look to Jesus, as a sweet vision once directed me, my heart is calm. Paul and Silas were seized while doing the work of the Master, scourged and thrust into the inner prison and placed in the

cruel stocks, because the keeper of the prison had been strictly charged with their safe keeping. At the dead of night, they sang praises to the Redeemer; the doors of the prison were thrown open, and their fetters were loosened, but they did not leave. 'And the keeper of the prison awaking out of his sleep, and seeing the prison doors open, he drew out his sword, and would have killed himself, supposing that the prisoners had been fled. But Paul cried with a loud voice, saying, Do thyself no harm, for we are all here.' O Sally, I only crave your confidence as Paul and Silas received the confidence of their prison keeper; yet, I realize my unworthiness, as compared to them—they converted their prison keeper; for, 'Then he called for a light, and sprang in, and came trembling, and fell down before Paul and Silas, and brought them out, and said, Sirs, what must I do to be saved?' And they said, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thy house.' O Sally, knowing the gravity of your situation, and the evil that might befall you, should I leave without your being released from your charge, like Paul and Silas I would stay though the doors were open. Besides, I would not know where to go to find a haven of safety; but, if I knew, and should leave, and because of that leaving you would suffer death, I should feel guilty of contributing thereto. Under no circumstances would I violate the least of God's commandments know-

ingly, much less this one, 'Thou shalt not kill,' which I conceive to be the most divine. Liberty is sweet, but to gain it through the suffering of others, is no part of my plan; neither would I injure in any way those who have caused my incarceration, together with many other injuries; but, on the contrary, I would bless them if it were in my power. 'Recompense to no man evil for evil,' is the teaching of Him whom I serve. If we should return evil for evil, what better would we be than the barbarian or the heathen, who have not the word of God as a guide for his acts. You speak of me as being a Saint. I would I were a Saint as I understand the term. The Bible says: 'Judge not that ye be not judged!' and without attempting to judge any one either right or wrong, I have witnessed many acts of the so-called Saints that are not in harmony with that, which I believe to be the scriptural term—saint. For we read: 'And he gave some, apostles; and some, prophets; and some, evangelists; and some, pastors and teachers; for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ.' In order to reach this standard as a saint, we must arrive at a stage of perfection on earth. Though I regret very much to say it; yet this church, the founders of which have entitled it, 'The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints,' seems to be filled with that spirit which constitutes the ruling power in the 'infernal regions,'

rather than the spirit displayed by the lowly Nazarene; for the love of Christ brings purity of heart, and perfection of intent to all who put their whole trust in him. I am not a saint of this high standard; neither am I a Saint of the groveling standard we see exhibited through their actions on every hand around us. I crave to be a saint of the biblical type; then I should be without guile. I live not for this world, Sally, but for the next! I loved, Oh, so truly! and that love was reciprocated by one of the truest of hearts; but alas! he is dead! When first I heard of his death, my poor heart, as it was near breaking, revolted against the sad news when something said, 'Nay, live on, he is not dead.' But were it not so, my Adrian, O my lost Adrian would have come back ere this, to his heart-broken love! Ill fortune is mine—Adrian in eternity, while I am simply clinging to this wicked world, praying only to be sealed to him, that we may be one to a purpose, all to each other, during the ceaseless ages of eternity. Good-night, Sally. I am resigned to my fate, trusting in the promises of the Saviour who will dry every tear.'

They stood apart from the rude bed where Lola was to sleep, Sally had become thoroughly absorbed in what she had heard. She stood as if riveted to the spot. On entering the room, she had set the lamp on a rude shelf near them; and with her sleeves rolled above her elbows,

her arms folded, she had stood gazing intently into the girl's face, eager to catch every word. An occasional tear stole down her wrinkled cheeks—the first she had shed for many years. Hard knocks and ill treatment had calloused her very nature; thus, for forty years such tenderness as tear-drops, which flow from the heart's purest fountain, held not an abiding place in her poor soul. Lola turned from her, hurriedly prepared for the night, put on her snow-white night-dress, unloosening the coil of golden hair, which fell in ringlets below her waist; then kneeling, she offered up this prayer to her God:—

“All wise and eternal Parent, again I kneel in humble supplication to Thee, with increased trials and tribulations laid upon me, to ask that Thy holy spirit may abide with me through every trial. Heavenly Father, strengthen my resolutions, that I may be true to Thee, in everything that is pure and holy. The scourges laid upon me are indeed sore afflictions, but wilt thou give me strength and power to endure all with Christian fortitude, and Thy name be praised forever. And now Almighty Father, I ask Thy blessing even upon those who persecute me; wilt thou soften their hearts toward me. Bless all mankind everywhere. Bless this woman, with whom I am to be associated, until I shall be released from this gloomy prison. And now, O Lord! I ask Thy especial care and blessing upon my father, mother, and brother, and also upon

Adrian's parents, wherever they may be! Grant, I beseech Thee, that I may yet become sealed to Adrian, so that when I shall have crossed the dark river of death and reached the eternal shore, I shall be his companion while the years of eternity roll. These blessings I humbly ask in the name of Jesus. Amen."

She arose, got into the miserable-looking bed, and soon slept soundly.

Sally stood motionless, gazing on the maiden in the deepest astonishment. As Lola knelt by her humble bed, the picture impressed Sally that Lola was above and beyond the things of earth. She half doubted what she had seen and heard, and felt as if it were a dream.

"No soul as good as her'n, could b'long to no body, but an angel. That crack-doodle villyen what fetched her here, is up ter ther us'al Mormon trick. He's brung an angel down here an' thinks she's a gal."

This she said to herself in a low muttering tone, then gliding silently to the side of the bed, she knelt and surveyed the beautiful face minutely. She noted the calm features of the maid, as she lay in quiet slumbers, with her long golden hair lying carelessly across her cheek and snow white neck. Sally bent low to see if she was breathing; then taking her lamp, she quietly quit the room, carefully closing the door after her that she might not disturb Lola.

She went to her own room and tried to sleep,

but could not. The words which Lola had uttered with such impressiveness, burned into her soul and she could not sleep. She walked the floor for a time, then went out into the court, walking back and forth in the night breeze. Finally she got her light and going to the window of Lola's room, which had been left open for some time, and holding the lamp inside, she peered into the room, to see if she was still there. She was sleeping peacefully—her position being unchanged. Sally turned away and said:—

“Showly this be a’ angel, ur she couldn’t sleep amongst sich turble troubles. I wish that ther Bish hadn’t brung her here; fur sunthin’ troubles this old soul powferly. It’s what the gal said. It sounds as sweet as mother’s talk, the day she died. Mother! what makes me think o’ her? I wasn’t but seven, when she war tuck fum me. Since that day ’till to-night, nobody has ever said nothin’ kind to me ur talked about Christ in my hearin’. I don’t know what ter do. Suthin’ tells me that the gal’s talk is right.”

Thus did old Sally pass the night, until near the dawn; then fell asleep, leaving her door to the court standing half open.

CHAPTER XLII.

Lola awoke the next morning, repeated the Lord's prayer, dressed herself, went out into the court as the sun was rising. Seeing the door to Sally's room open, she walked in. The old woman lay in deep sleep. The keys were yet hanging in the inside of the door, as Sally had left them when she followed Lola into the prison the evening previous and turned the heavy lock. Lola quietly stepped to the door, unlocked and opened it wide. She took the keys, went into the court and opened the large iron door which led to the outside from the court, then returned the keys to where Sally had left them. Walking out into the court again, she began walking back and forth in the open space. She could look through the open door across the valley and see Cedar City in the distance, beyond were the rising hills, on the other side of which was the Mountain Meadow glen.

She half remembered having once heard a recital of that horrible field of crime, and how the property of the ill-fated train was disposed of at Cedar City. Her knowledge of the affair was meager; but the thoughts of being so close to where such a shocking, blood-curdling crime had been committed, horrified her, together with the fact that she was imprisoned within the walls where at least three ghastly murders had been

perpetrated. She had seen the blood-stained tracks on the floor of the room where she slept, and knew not how soon her life's blood would flow at the bidding of the treacherous Saints.

Her spirits were depressed. She surveyed closely everything within the cruel walls. The hogs lay sleeping in one of the rooms, raised up and grunted at her, excitedly, as if startled at the appearance of a stranger; but soon resumed their sleep. The loneliness which filled her heart, brought the tears afresh to her eyes, as she gazed at the top of a hill crowned with cedar trees, which arose to the east of the prison.

"When these great doors are shut," she said, still gazing at the summit of the mountain, "that spot of this great world, will be all that I can see from the inside of this cruel cage; and how long, Oh how long, will this persecution last!"

She was sinking again into the depths of despair, when the sweet thoughts of the vision came into her mind and filled her lonely heart with consolation, inspiring her to sing: "In the Sweet Bye and Bye."

She never sang so sweetly in her happy days. Her voice filled the lonely prison, and, as it arose on the morning air, all nature seemed to listen. The hogs ceased their snoring, pricked their ears, listened, then raised to a sitting posture and listened in death-like silence to the end. Old Sally awoke and held her breath to catch every word. In the fifty years of her life she had never

heard anything so charming. She raised on her elbow, and listened, occasionally muttering to herself: "That gal ain't like nobody I ever seen in this world. She don't b'long here. No wonder she can sing."

The song finished, Lola drooped her head as if in silent prayer. Old Sally turned and beheld the front door wide open. She sprang out of bed, closed the door and turned the key in an instant, then rushed to the door opening to the court, which was also open, to see where the "angel gal" was, when, to her utter amazement, the large iron door stood open and Lola standing a few yards away inside the court. She rushed back, jerked the keys from the front door, flew to the heavy door to the court, shut and locked it firm. Her excitement was intense.

Lola raised her head and saw her excited movements. When the door was secure, Old Sally, with horror written in every feature, turned and looked at Lola, who calmly said:—

"Good morning, Sally."

"Hello, gal," said Sally excitedly, "Did yer see these here doors standin' open?"

"Yes, for the last hour."

"An' yer not run off?"

"Did I not tell you last evening that I would not leave, though the prison doors were open, and thus place your life in jeopardy?"

"Yer didn't say it in that way, gal."

"But this was its meaning."

"I b'lieve it war, but I thought it war a Mormon lie."

"I hope that I shall be able to prove to you that I do not lie."

"I don't b'lieve yer duz, ner du nuthin' else what's wrong."

"'Truth is a divine attribute and the foundation of every virtue.' You were surprised at finding the doors open."

"Yes, I war pow'fully shocked."

"It was I who opened the doors."

"I know'd it war a' angel."

"But I am not an angel. I am only a poor, broken-hearted creature, wrecked of every hope in life, but striving to do what I believe to be right."

"Poor chile, I b'lieve all yer say. I promised ther Bish, on penalty o' death, ter never let yer git outside o' these here walls; but yer may go outside er whar yer please, jist so nobody knows h'it, and I will tell ther Bish yer been in here all ther time. I'll go wi' yer at times, whar ever yer wants ter go. But yer will haf ter keep awful mum about it. When ther Bish comes, I will lie ter him and tell him yer have been here inside uv these walls every minit."

"Dear Sally, your intentions are very kind. I scarcely expected to ever gain your confidence. It would be a supreme pleasure to get away from this miserable place, to climb yonder mountain side, and wander near the borders of the town, or

to ramble beneath the cooling shade of the trees that skirt the beautiful mountain stream, and hear the ripple of the restless water, or listen to the songs of the birds, in the boughs above, and gather the wild flowers; but to do this at such a cost, would destroy all the pleasure which I might hope to enjoy. By doing this, I would become a party to a falsehood, not only a party to it, but the party who reaped its benefits, if any there be, therefore, the propelling cause. 'Thou shalt not bear false witness,' is the instruction we have, with no exceptions. O Sally! I would not have you tell a falsehood for my temporary pleasure. Instead of it being a pleasure, it would be as coals of fire heaped upon my head. Dear Sally, never let it be said that you would falsify in order to reap a temporary benefit. You would have to do this should I go outside, in order to shield yourself from harm. I will rest secure upon the promise of the Saviour, which says: 'And ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free.' If you desire my pleasure, permit me to map out the program."

"This old critter'll do jist what yer say, fur I know hit'll be right."

"I have a small Bible in my valise. It was given to me by my lover, before he left me. We once had a true friend whose name was Vernon Stanton. He was a good man, was a Mason, and a member of some good eastern church. He told us many of the teachings of the good people of

the churches of the east. They did not believe in or practice the plurality. Since Adrian went away, I have devoted much time to the study of this holy book, as he explained it to us. If you will permit me to read it to you and explain, as far as I am able, my sorrows will be much alleviated, and we will thereby avoid the uncomfortable position of having to practice deception. We can spend much valuable time in this way and it will bring some sunshine into this lonely prison, for the spirit of Jesus will be here. Do you agree?"

"Wi' all o' my heart, honey."

Thus, did Lola and Sally spend most of their time, when Old Sally was not busy. For the first time in her life, Sally began to observe Sunday as the Lord's day. All her labors were finished during the week and she did as little on Sunday as possible. The rest of the day was devoted to the service of God and searching the Scriptures. Much of Sally's time, however, during the week days was spent in her necessary labor, as she raised her garden, lucern, wheat, and corn; cut, gathered and thrashed the same. She carried her wheat to mill, and returned at night with her load of flour. She often carried forty or fifty pounds of pork to market, returning with the groceries which she purchased in exchange. A great deal of her time was spent during the fall in gathering her wood for winter, which was now fast approaching. She kept a cow and some

chickens on the outside of the prison, which found shelter in a small shanty that Sally had contrived herself; but her pigs were her delight.

In the absence of Old Sally, or when she was very tired, the only association left for Lola was the hogs. They learned her gentle voice, and would come at her call by the names she had given them. They became attached to her and she to them, and when Old Sally killed one for the market, Lola felt sad for days. She was more kind to the dumb brutes than were the alleged Saints to a dissenting member. She spent much of her time when alone, reflecting over the happy days of the past, and wondering if the time would ever come when she would be free from the iron grasp of the cruel-hearted Lehman. She wished him no harm, but she prayed that his heart might be touched by a sense of justice and pity, and thereby grant liberty to one poor defenseless creature, whose life had been made a burden since the night she was so ruthlessly torn from her parents. The days, weeks, and months, wore heavily on and her heart throbbed so often with intense pain, that she felt if she could be at liberty to go forth under the broad sunlight of heaven with that freedom which was due to all upright people, that she could be reasonably happy, even without her dear Adrian. She felt that her intellectual, physical, and spiritual growth would be stronger under the blessed boon of freedom, and that she would be the better pre-

pared to meet Adrian in the spirit land, if such were the case.

Eight months had passed since she had been thrust into this prison. She had made the best use of her time studying the Bible, and teaching Sally the true way. Not another soul had been near the prison during all of this time. Often Sally would be until far into the night before returning from market or her work. She was away at this time, Lola knew not where. The sun was sinking in the west and Lola was sitting in a despondent mood—sick at heart, the tears were falling from her pretty eyes, as she gazed wistfully at the green trees at the top of the peak at the east.

“Hark!” she suddenly said to herself. “What is that sound I hear in the distance?”

She was all excited to hear an unusual sound, especially the sound of a vehicle in that lonely wild. It sent a thrill of joy to her heart, for she hoped it portended some good. She listened again, it was nearer and more distinct, it was plain now that it was the rumbling sound of a carriage. Hope arose to its highest summit and she said:—

“Oh, if my prayers for deliverance are to be answered and the cruel heart of Lehman has relented, so that I can return to my parents, I will be so happy.”

The sound was very close at this time and in a moment the carriage stopped in front of the

prison. Some one alighted and going to the front door rapped very loudly—then again and again, each time with increased vigor. Then, coming to the heavy iron door to the court, on the inside of which Lola was standing—her heart beating rapidly, as she listened eagerly for the sound of a voice. Then came a heavy rap on the door to the court, at the same time a voice shouted:—

“Hello!”

It was the voice of Lehman. Lola stood trembling with fear, scarcely knowing whether to answer or not. Then came a tremendous knock on the door as he shouted in a still louder voice:—

“Lola! O Lola Allison! Are you in?”

“I am,” she answered. “Where do you think I would be?”

“What dost thou most desire, my fair queen?”

“That I may become as homely as poor Old Sally, that I might not be hounded, insulted and imprisoned by an alleged Saint, who attempts to flatter me by calling me ‘fair queen’ and renders himself thoroughly disgusting.”

“Thou art growing sarcastic.”

“No, simply plainer spoken, because of lack of fear as to results.”

“I do not comprehend.”

“I used to fear death at the hands of the brethren; but now I do not.”

“Hast thou decided to go to the temple with me and be made mine?”

“Not while I live and keep my intellect,”

“O sweet one, permit me to take thee from this terrible house and place thee in luxury and ease—yes, luxury and ease.”

“I have prayed that I might be released from this awful place. O Bishop Lehman! for the love of justice, will you not release me? Why am I the subject of your vicious designs? Have I ever wronged any being?”

“No, angel, one as fair as thou art, could think no wrong.”

“Then, why am I thus punished? For eight long and dreary months, I have been compelled to make this prison my home. No human being have I seen except Sally. She with the hogs have constituted my associates. Permit me, Oh, I pray, to go hence without delay, that I, poor miserable creature that I am, may yet breathe the air of freedom—yes, freedom—liberty; the heaven born principle of the greatest government under the sun. That government, within whose domain I am deprived of this precious boon, when you have just confessed that I have done no wrong. Could my country's laws but be applied to my case, I know that I could be released from this hateful place.”

“Young woman, if it is thy desire to be released from this prison, it will be absolutely necessary to cease thy unholy praise for this damnable government, which is beginning to be such a menace to our holy church. And, further, thou shalt never leave this place until thou wilt acknowl-

edge that the plurality is divine, and consent to be my sixth."

"While life shall last, I will praise this mighty government and just that long will I refuse to be your concubine."

"I do not ask thee to be my concubine, but to wed me and be my favorite wife—yes, my favorite wife."

"I cannot see the distinction, for already you have a legal wife; those taken after are concubines, as all the civilized world declares."

"I have heard all that I wish to from thee. Dost thou still refuse to yield?"

"I do, most emphatically! I would rather live with the swine, than be a plural of thine."

"Ho! Miss, thou art as poetical as thou art saucy, when thou hast the iron door between us; but remember, lassie, that thou wilt have a long time to wait, before thou hast another opportunity to leave this place, if thou dost refuse this."

"Time has no effect. This is a paradise compared to your harem."

"Then, farewell! Tell Sally that I have been here, but thy obstinacy compelled me to leave thee for another period much longer than before." The sound of the carriage was soon lost to Lola, and she was again left an inmate of that lonely prison for an indefinite period.

"Oh, why did this cruel-hearted wretch come here? Was it simply to add insults to cruelty? If he would only stay away from me, I would be

so much happier. How so much infamy can be concentrated into the heart of a human being, is beyond my comprehension."

Then pressing her hands to her temples, she cried:—

"Oh, my head! My poor aching head! How much pain and sorrow is yet in store for my poor soul. Even my love for this great republic brings increased injuries and injustice to me. The best man I ever knew, aside from my father, Adrian, and his father, said he would lay down his life, if necessary, to save the Stars and Stripes from dishonor. Adrian voiced the sentiment, when the broad-minded Mr. Stanton said, 'You are my friend always, dear boy.' The history he gave us of the great republic, we read together. Beautifully and magnificently she has risen, since the Declaration of Independence, until the present time, with such superior justice that the world's history has not a parallel. Yet I am to be condemned and my imprisonment prolonged, because of my love for her. O Columbia! dear Columbia! Would that I could cry from this hateful place, in my wild despair, until you could hear my pleading. Then I should be released by the power of your just hand."

By this time, Sally had returned and was standing near her, but Lola had not observed her coming in, so deep was her grief.

"My poor chile, why is yer grievin' like that?"

"O Sally, you frighten me! I did not know you were near."

"I just come right in, honey. But what on arth has been done ter make yer mourn so pitiful? It breaks this ol' heart ter see yer grievin' like that."

"Alas, Sally, it is terrible! Bishop Lehman has been here this evening, and—"

"What! Whar is he?"

"He left a short time ago, I do not know where he went; but he said, on leaving, that I should stay in the future much longer than I have in the past. O Sally, I cannot bear to live in this lonely cage much longer! His visit has so frustrated my mind, that it has aroused every spark of energy within my being and set them longing for freedom."

"I wish this ol' gal had o' seen him. I would ha' said,—'See here Bish, take this ol' critter's life, if it'll give that poor gal her liberty.' If he hadn't 'greed ter done one ur tother, I 'ould ha' cracked his pate wi' my cane. But, gal, how did yer talk ter him?"

"He stood on the outside of the heavy iron door, while I stood just on the inside. We talked back and forth in that position. Oh, I do wish that he would stay away or release me! What shall I do, Sally? Oh, what shall I do? I am so sad and sick at heart. Bereft of home, of friends, and deprived of my liberty, because I refuse to yield up that which I hold above everything on

earth—honor! I hope and pray for the dawn of the morning when I may be sealed to Adrian, and then taken from this world to dwell with him in the spirit land. O Adrian! my true hearted Adrian! Do you know the depths of sorrow into which I am plunged? If so, intercede at the throne of mercy for a termination of this cruel, cruel oppression! O Sally, what shall I do! What shall I do!"

Sally was so overcome with her frantic grief, that she had only presence of mind sufficient to say:—

"Look to Jesus, and you shall conquer."

She had heard Lola repeat the words of the vision so often, when she (Sally) would complain of the misfortunes of life—of being friendless and forced to seek this miserable place, as her only refuge, and work so hard in her declining years for a meager existence; and now, when it seemed that the poor girl's bark was nearing the reefs, as she was tossed upon life's billows, with the thunders of despair crashing above her, and the turbulent waters of cruelty and oppression rolling beneath, the only advice the poor old soul could give the girl, was Lola's frequent advice to her. It had the desired effect—it was as the blessed command of the Saviour, when he said to the wind and the waves: "Peace be still."

Instantly Lola changed, and said:—

"Ah! my dear Sally, I perceive that the seed sown, concerning the Master, while I have been

in this prison, has fallen on good soil. I can now cast every burden at Jesus' feet, and say: 'Peace on earth, good will to man.'"

CHAPTER XLIII.

Immediately after the first trial of Bishop John D. Lee, Vernon Stanton resolved to find Lola. The Allisons and Walthams had left the Garden City so quietly, that their whereabouts were, to all appearances, entirely lost. Mr. Stanton went from Beaver to the city of Zion, immediately after the trial closed, and after attending some pressing business affairs, proceeded at once to Park City to see Jed. After Adrian left and his parents were wrecked by the priesthood as has been explained, Jed secured employment in the mine of Mr. Stanton. He was so trustworthy, that he soon arose to the position of superintendent. The mine was paying from twenty-five to thirty thousand dollars per month, clear of all expenses, and Jed was the best man that Mr. Stanton could get for the position. On reaching Park City late in the evening, he summoned Jed to his private office. When Jed sat down, Mr. Stanton said:—

“Jed, I have another job for you, at least for a while.”

Jed was seized with the idea that Mr. Stanton was displeased with his management, and said:—

“What is the trouble, Mr. Stanton? Have I erred in my management?”

“Not in the least. Your work has given perfect satisfaction; but I have another work that is

of more importance, if you are willing to accept." Mr. Stanton knew Jed's qualities as a detective and desired him, above every one he knew, for the work he had in view. Jed sat in silence, and Mr. Stanton continued: "The Allison and Walthams have long since left the Garden City, as you know, and I have tried to find the Walthams, on account of the interest Adrian held in the mines, which goes to them; in fact, I would like to find both families, on account of the regard and sympathy I have for them, and owing to their ill fortune, I should like to assist them with a start in life again; now, a new incentive is added why I want to find them. Lola is not the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Allison; it developed at the trial, at Beaver, that she was a member of the ill-fated train at Mountain Meadow and was adopted, at Logan, as the daughter of Phillip Klingensmith. I have further learned that there is some mystery connected with their leaving the Garden City, and that Bishop Lehman is at the bottom of a dark plot to get the girl as a plural. There is nothing definite about the whole affair, except that she was separated from her foster parents and that she was bitterly opposed to the dastardly doctrine and practice of the plurality; and it is my opinion, that this villain has her at his mercy. Disguise yourself and go in search of Lola. While in this employment your wages will be doubled. What do you say?"

"I will go, and if she is living, I will locate her."

Listen to what I say, Jed, and obey my instructions on this matter, as far as possible. You have been prompt and true to me in all of your engagements and I charge you in this matter to be doubly true. The men you will have to deal with are unscrupulous. See that you make no mistake. Here are five thousand dollars for expenses. I give you this amount, that you will not be compelled to lose any time on account of means. Go, Jed, locate the girl. Keep your intentions silent as the tomb, and when you have done so, do not attempt to rescue her alone; nor must you let her even know your intentions; but report to me at once; and if she is living—'by the eternal,' she shall be freed from the grasp of this scoundrel; and if she is dead, his neck shall pay the penalty. There shall yet be justice in Zion or my name is not Vernon Stanton."

Jed had never seen the fire of indignation burn so furiously in the soul of this good man, and it only increased his own determinations, as he said:—

"Every instruction that has been given, shall be followed without variance, and though the wrath of the demons, calling themselves Saints, fall upon me, I will continue my search through every condition, nor will I return until my mission is fulfilled, even if I lose my life in the attempt; for to die, seeking to rescue an innocent woman from the grasp of a lecherous, lustful fiend, would be as worthy as the yielding up one's life in the

defense of his country. Good-bye, Mr. Stanton, and remember that when you see Jedediah Worthen again you will hear some tidings of the lovely maid.”

“Good, my faithful Jed, and may success crown your labors, for never was a cause more just—may the guardian angel, who holds the scale of justice in equal poise, protect you in this undertaking.”

Jed went to his room and disguised himself as a farm hand, then had one of the men at the mine drive him within five miles of the Garden City, before it was light the next morning. He walked the remainder of the way, took up the clew given him by Mr. Stanton, and before three months had elapsed, he had traced Lola to Filmore to the home of Lehman's fifth. For more than a year, he could hear nothing of her. He secured work, as a farm hand at this place, and used every energy to catch a word that would give him a clew. About fifteen months after tracing Lola to this place, Lehman and Henry Spiral, a hired hand, had had a misunderstanding which ended in words. This man, Spiral, was the driver for Lehman when he took Lola to the prison, also, when he went to see her in December afterward, and he was now to go with him on a third trip in April.

Lehman had started back to the Garden City and had left Henry in rather a bad humor toward him. Jed and Henry had grown to be fast friends. They stood near each other as the bishop, with

three of his women drove away. Henry shrugged his shoulders and said:—

“If that black-hearted scoundrel ever insults me again, I’ll peach on him about the girl.”

“Girl?” said Jed. “What girl are you talking about? That young dowdy he was gallanting around last night?”

“Oh, no, that wouldn’t pull any rope. I should say not. He could get a whole corral full like her; but he has a little bird caged up down below here, that he’d give his midlings to make a plural of; but she is a bit too good for him—refuses to marry him, absolutely. She is the sweetest mortal I ever saw, and as pretty as a—well, she is too pretty to talk about.”

“You have seen her then?”

“Seen her? Well, I’d rather guess—she was here over a year, man. I saw her then every day.”

“What kind of a girl is she?”

“The best that ever lived.”

“You are extravagant in your praises for her.”

“It’s the truth, just the same. If you had seen what I have seen and heard what I have heard, you’d say so yourself.”

“You arouse my interest in her. I like good people and I’d like to see her, from what you say of her. Who is she and where did she come from?”

“Oh, her name is Lola; but further than this I do not know. But I know there is some mystery

about her coming here, as the bishop gave strict orders that no one should speak about the matter."

"Where did you say she is?"

"O man! To answer you correctly on this point would involve me in much trouble. It might endanger my life, and that I prize very highly indeed. I don't care to stake it, when the brethren have the long end of the board on which it is to teeter. In other words, I know Lehman and his gang. I have their orders with reference to the girl. I know the penalty for violating them; therefore, I will not talk on the vital point; yet Lehman must not insult me again. He's afraid of the Gentiles and says under no circumstances must they know anything about Lola or her whereabouts."

"Does Lehman visit her?"

"He has been to see her once, since putting her in prison; this was eight months afterward. He will go the next time he is in Filmore. Start from here."

"About how far is it to the prison from here?"

"It's over a hundred miles from here."

"Are you going with him?"

"Yes."

"And you go in April?"

"Yes, man; but why do you ask so many questions about her? She wouldn't have such a rusty as you are, even if she was turned loose to-morrow. She's high toned, man. To be the possessor of such a creature as she is, would be owning

a gem most rare. Her winning manners, her enchanting voice and graceful form, her beautiful complexion, lovely eyes and golden hair, combined with her lovely disposition, make her a treasure which few are worthy of."

"My dear Henry, you talk as if you loved her yourself."

"Upon my soul, it is true—that person does not live who can come in contact with her, and not love and respect her, except it be a man like Lehman. I do not love her, as a suitor; but I respect her above any girl I ever saw. Because of knowing her, I have become a different man. Prior to that, my only aspirations were to swear and get drunk. I used the roughest language, on all occasions, that my mind was capable of coining. I thought there was little in the world for a laboring man, and perhaps the future would afford little more. I so expressed myself to her on one occasion. But, O man! What beautiful language and strong argument she brought to bear upon me. I was out driving for her and Flora, and as we came out of the mouth of yonder canon, I became so interested in her conversation that I stopped the team dead still for an hour. She talked of a God of love who loves us, while we are yet in our sins. Her description of the divine plan was simply glorious. She pointed out the true way, according to my mind. I confess I was dumb-founded. I did not know she was so strong, mentally, but it caught me. From that

day, I have studied the Bible and other useful books, that I might become enlightened and more cultivated in my manners. Still, my rough nature crops out at times in spite of myself; still I hope to advance always, and it is all through her influence. O sir, I do wish she was away from that horrible place, and the remembrance of her suffering when she was left there, grieves me sorely. If it were not for the fear of death and the further fact of betraying a trust, I would have given Lehman away long ago by informing the Federal officers."

"Give me her place of hiding and I will have her released at once."

"Who are you, anyway?"

Jed feeling that he had enough, already, from Henry to make himself safe, he even ventured beyond the instructions of Vernon Stanton, when he answered boldly:—

"I am a Gentile looking for this much-wronged girl. Give me the place of her imprisonment and I will see that you are protected, and pay you well."

"O heavens, man! You paralyze me! I will be offered up as an atonement by the priesthood!"

"Have no fear of that. The Gentiles are becoming numerous all over the Territory; therefore, the brethren are growing a little cautious about taking human life."

"But I cannot betray him—it would be traitorous."

“Traitorous to do right? This maid is wrongfully imprisoned. She desires to be free and it is murderous to keep silent, and thus deprive her of the richest blessing of earth—freedom.”

“Sir, I did not know that I was talking to a Gentile when I talked in my rage. I will not betray any one knowingly; I am working for the bishop and receiving his gold therefor; but I want the maid set free with all my soul. Watch the bishop all the time, during the days from the twenty-sixth to the last day of April. Know where he is all the time and you can discover for yourself. Get a good horse, for you will have to travel at least fifty miles a day.”

“Enough said. I will quit work here about the first of April and appear at the proper time.”

CHAPTER XLIV.

At day-break on the morning of the 26th of April, Jed was prepared for action. He rode by Bishop Lehman's house and, as he passed the corral, he saw in the twilight the well-known figures of Lehman and Henry. He heard Lehman say:—

“Do not fail to set the box of beer and ice in, as the water is very bad for a long distance between here and Cedar City.”

“I will not fail to do this, bishop, as I know the conditions well,” answered Henry.

“That settles it,” said Jed to himself. “I know where they are going now and I will ride on ahead and keep out of their way.”

He noted carefully the horses and the covered spring wagon, so that he would not be mistaken at any time.

In the days when he had driven cattle, he had passed the old prison near Cedar City. He was familiar with the country around, but it had not entered his mind that this awful place was the place where Lola was being kept.

It was growing dark the next evening when he passed the unfrequented road leading from the main highway to the old prison. He was at least a quarter of a mile ahead of Lehman and Henry.

When Jed saw the bishop and his rig turn toward the lonely prison, a cold shudder passed through

his frame, as it dawned upon him in an instant that Lola was imprisoned there. He stopped for a few moments, as soon as he was out of sight of the vehicle, then thought to himself: "Can it be possible that the old scoundrel has incarcerated that poor girl in that horrible place? If he has, he is more vile than I thought it possible for humanity to be."

It had not occurred to Jed, prior to this, that Lola was kept in this prison. He, yet, half doubted but was determined to know the whole truth. He cut across the country, taking a shorter route than the wagon road. When the bishop and Henry drove up, it was very dark. Jed had secured a long pole from Old Sally's corral, which had a few of the branches still on. He stood it up against the back end of the prison wall, then crept silently around to the corner, to watch for the approach of Lehman, who was then alighting from his spring wagon. After giving Henry some instructions, Lehman wrapped loudly at the door, which was quickly answered by a shrill voice from within:—

"Who's thar?"

"It is I," answered the bishop.

"And who's I? Hain't yer got sense 'nough ter know what yer name is?"

"Well, well, Sally. I thought you would certainly know my voice. It's Bishop Lehman, of course."

"Yes, I thought it war yer by sound; but I've

hearn so much sound in my time that war lies, that I don' b'lieve anything I hear no more frum certain kinds o' people," said Old Sally, as she opened the door and stepped outside. Lehman said:—

"But I am certainly not among that class?"

"No, I jist guess not. A man who'd imprison a sweet chile, in a place like this, for over two year, and not come back but wunst during ther time, and then not see ther ol' critter who had her in charge, is not a liar, I know. He hain't any bigger liar than a Mormon missionary, I'll agree; but he's fully as big."

"What's the matter with you, old witch, to intimate that I would lie? Have you forgotten who I am?"

Sally surveyed him from head to foot and peered into his face viciously, saying:—

"I didn't say yer would lie, any more'n yer Mormon missionaries; but I do say yer would tell and have told jist as big ones as any o' them."

"Old woman, thou shalt be dealt with by the holy priesthood, in prayer circle convened, for this infamous insult—yes, this infamous insult."

"Ther pra'r circle can't skeer me. I'd jist as lief die as not. Then yer wouldn't have anybody ter stay here in this hanted place, ter torture the sweet gal what's in thar; besides, Bish, I didn't say yer lied."

"Yes, you did, and I'll have no more of your impudence."

"Yer'll either hear what I haf ter say er I'll crack yer pate wi' my cane."

As she said these words she stamped her foot on the ground and raised her stick in a threatening manner. The bishop hesitated, and she continued:—

"I didn't say nuthin' 'bout yer lyin.' I jist said yer 'ud tell as big uns as a Mormon missionary; now let me ax yer if they ever lie?"

"No, they do not."

"Then I didn't say yer lied, did I?"

"No—I guess I was a little hasty in displaying my temper—yes, a little hasty; but how is the little lady? I didn't come to see you, Sally."

"No, I jist guess not—yer crack-doodle Mormons seek a sweeter prey than a' ol' hen like me. Come along an' see ther sweet gal an' maby yer ol' hard heart'll be changed a little an' yer'll let her go free."

Jed had heard all the conversation, and, as they moved into the building, he passed around to the rear, where he had left the pole. He climbed up with the aid of the pole and lay flat on the top of the wall to the court.

Lola was standing near the heavy iron door, evidently listening to the conversation between Sally and Lehman. She was pale and wasted from long mental suffering and close confinement.

Lehman lighted a lantern which he carried in

his hand, then went in search of Lola. After looking into all the rooms, he found her still standing by the large door. She was shivering and held an old quilt around her, for her clothing was mere tatters and rags. The bishop approached her and saluted her thus:—

“Good evening, my fair love.”

“Sir, will you kindly address me in a way that I can return the salutation?” she answered.

“I cannot speak to thee, except to express my true devotion, fair one.”

“Then 'tis better not to speak at all.”

“O fairest one, talk not so harshly unto me. I have worshiped thee so long and have loved thee with a devotion that cannot be stamped out. With the light of each morn, thy image appears before me and does not vanish when my eyes are closed in slumber at night, for my only dreams are of thee. The sweetest pleasure I have is, when in dreamland, I imagine thee mine and that my love is reciprocated; then, when I awaken and find it a dream, language cannot express my disappointment. I have tried every plan that my brain can devise, to impress this fact upon thy mind, and I earnestly hope that thou hast concluded to cast aside thy obstinate spirit and obey the divine will. O my dear Lola, be my bride, and everything thy heart can wish shall be thine—yes, be thine.”

“Sir, do not ask this of me. Your words are contradictions within themselves as well as your

actions. You say that if I will be your bride, everything my heart can wish shall be mine. In the first place, I cannot be your bride, for you have a wife. And again, I wish for only two things in this world; the first is liberty. To be yours would not be liberty; for the liberty I crave, is to be freed from your grasp. To be your concubine would be, to me, the passing into that dungeon where the light of heaven would never penetrate. Secondly, I long to be sealed to him whom I love with all my heart. Though he is dead, I love him with a devotion which indicates to me, that a separation from him in the future life would be a life void of happiness. This, sir, you know to be my fondest desire. It is incompatible with the relation you ask me to assume. I have never, in any way, encouraged you to love me; on the contrary, I have spurned it with all my being. I have tried every way in my power to dissuade you and turn you from such an unholy feeling. I have never harmed you nor wished you harm; but you have tortured me most cruelly—almost beyond endurance. I cannot survive much longer under this oppression, as I am fast losing my vitality. I have passed two years in this lonely, dreary, isolated place, with no associates but Sally and the hogs. This, perhaps, could have been made more pleasant if I had been more comfortably provided with clothing and bedding. Poor Old Sally bought me a calico dress a year ago and would have bought

me more if she could, but this is the only garment that has been bought for me since I came here, and my wardrobe was reduced to the scantiest condition before I came; yet you forced me to leave one half of that behind. I have not a change at the present, even of these rags, neither have I had for three months. Nor is that all—during the cold blasts of the last two winters, I have almost frozen to death at times, owing to scanty clothes and bedding. Sally has given me as much as she could spare of her bedclothes, and many times during the coldest weather she has given me all of hers, while she sat by her little fire during the night and passed away the hours. Often, when poor Sally was worn out and required rest, I would get so cold I would take my quilts and lay with the hogs, rather than disturb her, and this was all that kept me from freezing. O sir, I have fought only for life with the hope that I might live to be sealed to Adrian, then close my earthly existence and go to him and my Maker! O Bishop Lehman! if there is any pity in your heart I now ask, on bended knees that you grant it in my behalf—show some mercy to a poor, miserable girl. Permit me to go, even in my rags, to the temple to be sealed to Adrian, then let me be restored to my parents to die.”

Jed could scarcely control his rage during the rehearsal of these facts, and when she knelt ringing her hands and pleading to the brutal bishop, the quilt fell from around her and dis-

closed her rags. She was half facing him, with the bishop in front of her with the lantern, so that Jed had a good view of her. He saw that she was literally in rags which scarcely covered her body. He was moved to tears; he clinched his fists until the nails sank deep into the flesh. Never had he felt like taking human life before; but it was an effort for him to refrain from shooting the bishop on the spot. He said to himself:—

“Would to God that Mr. Stanton had not tied me up with instructions that I should not attempt to rescue her alone; I would take her away from this place at once or die in the attempt.”

It was owing to a long trip that he would have to make with her, through a country settled entirely by Saints, and the instructions of Mr. Stanton that he managed to keep quiet. In answer to Lola's pleadings, Lehman said:—

“My young lady, when once I speak I keep my word. When I brought thee here it was with a full determination of keeping thee here until thou wouldst comply with the revelation, that thou shouldst be my sixth—yes, my sixth. It is not concubinage which I ask of thee, but to be my true, devoted wife for time. This revelation thou must comply with or thy request to be sealed to Adrian can never be complied with. Thou must learn to be submissive to the will of God in all things. It is His will thou shouldst be mine for time, and Adrian's for eternity.

He took Adrian out of the world in order to prepare a way for the fulfillment of this plan—yes, for the fulfillment of this plan. Reject the will of God and thou must die without the hope of meeting Adrian in the future life. I left thee here for a short period the first time, before coming to receive thy answer. The second period was longer; but, if thou dost force me, by obstinacy, to leave thee a third time, thy stay will be much longer than it was in both the first and second periods—yes, in both the first and second periods.”

These words of the bishop, spoken in a solemn monotone, sank deep into her soul, as he said she must comply with the revelation or die without the hope of meeting Adrian in the future life. She stood for some moments while a great struggle surged in her heaving breast. She had forsaken every other faith of the Saints but this. She had never talked with Mr. Stanton upon this point, and, thinking that this was the faith of the Christian people of the world, she dreaded to die without the hope of meeting her lover in eternity; finally she said:—

“O sir, I cannot live much longer in this place! Is there no way by which you can permit me to go and be sealed to Adrian? And, if not permitted to return to my parents, bring me here to die.”

“There is no way—absolutely none, by which thou canst be sealed to him, except, on the same

day thou wilt go through the temple as my bride. The will of God must prevail—yes, must prevail.”

“Why has not God revealed this to me?”

“Because of thy rebellious, sinful disposition—yes, sinful disposition.”

“Ah! I see! Will you kindly explain why He wills that so pure and holy a man as you are, should wed such a rebellious and sinful creature as I, especially when you are already five times wed?”

“It is not for me to question, but to know and do His will; I will not enter into any further discussion of this matter. If thou art not ready to comply, I will be going—yes, going.”

“Oh, may I see my parents and brother before I die?”

“Thou wilt never meet them on earth again, except it be in the temple first; but yield to the will of the Lord, as revealed, and thou shalt see them and they shall be restored to all their former possessions.”

“Where are they now, I pray?”

“Thou canst not know unless thou wilt yield to my pleadings.”

“Sir, you are cruel beyond expression. Have you no heart? No pity in your soul? Not a vestige of human kindness? If so, release me, I pray; for I cannot, I must not, yield to your desires.”

“Then farewell, loved one. The mission of this visit is over—yes, over.”

"Oh, stay. Is there nothing I can say or do to cause you to relent from your purpose?"

"Nothing, absolutely nothing!"

"May I sleep in the room with Sally during the cold winters, if I should live so long and take walks with her on the outside, to make me strong?"

"Nay, verily! Dost thou think I have brought thee here for a pleasure outing? Thou shalt remain within these walls continuously."

"O sir, I am already sick, unable to be out here at this moment; but my great desire for liberty gives me strength, while I plead with but little hope to you—you who hold the power to make me free and happy."

"Would that I could make thee happy. This is my most earnest desire—yes, my most earnest desire."

"Then set me free."

"Thou wilt be free when thou art mine and not before—nay, not before. I will give thee just five minutes to make thy final decision—yes, final decision."

"O Lord, what shall I do! What shall I do! I must be liberated from this place!" she said as she arose and turned from him. It was a great conflict—the greatest she had yet experienced. She feared death would overtake her before she was sealed to Adrian; yet loathed the very thoughts of being, in any way, connected with this demon. She stood sobbing and wringing her hands; then, turning to him she said:—

“May I have some more clothing and bedding in order that I can endure another siege at this place?”

“Thou canst have more clothing and every comfort of life the moment thou dost consent to be mine; but until thou dost, thou shalt remain just as thou art situated. Thou must be taught a lesson of humiliation and submission—yes, submission.”

She turned from him again with a feeling of sickening disgust. The struggles of that moment were worse than death. The vision which appeared to her the night she was separated from her parents now reappeared to her, saying in the same sweet voice: “Look to Jesus and you shall conquer.”

Instantly, she was inspired by the thought that should she come in contact with other people, by yielding temporarily, she would be rescued. She stood motionless until startled by the bishop, saying:—

“Well, what do I hear? Must I be going?”

“Oh, do not hurry me in this matter! My heart is breaking!”

“Then, farewell, sweet one; may heaven bless thee.”

“One moment! When did you say I could be sealed to Adrian?”

“On the morning of the day that thou wilt accompany me through the temple. First, thou wilt be sealed to him; then, immediately, thou

wilt accompany me through the temple as my bride."

"Will my parents be there?"

"They will."

She felt that they were certainly the friends who were to rescue her; but Oh, how terrible would be her condition should her hopes of rescue fail; then the hope came to her that, should they fail to rescue her, God in his mercy would take her from this world as soon as she was sealed to Adrian. Putting all her trust in the Saviour, praying that she would conquer, she turned to him, saying:—

"Name the day that I shall be sealed to my lover."

"O my precious love, come to my arms," he said, as he set the lantern on the ground and started with arms extended wide to embrace her.

"Stop! Touch me not!" she said, then continuing, "My answer gives you no privilege for such disgusting familiarity."

"But may I not seal our engagement with a kiss?"

"A free and voluntary engagement, based on pure love, might warrant such a proceeding; but when forced by reason of fear of death and in order to accomplish another purpose before death comes, is altogether another proposition. Name the day, Bishop Lehman, in which I can be sealed to Adrian and no foolishness."

"I will not, unless it be sealed with a kiss."

"Sir, show that you have some degree of honor and decency. Name the day or leave me instantly, in my filth and rags."

"I will, my dear, I will. Let me see—I will be compelled to make a trip to the Garden City to get my four women who are there, also some friends and a number of the dignitaries from Zion and several other places. This is the 27th of April—we will set the time for the 20th of May, if you agree."

"I have nothing to say or do in the matter. Unfortunately for me, I am too weak to do as I like, hence I am compelled to submit to the will of others."

"Then let the 20th day of May be set as the day, at the temple at St. George. Anything to please thee, my darling."

Lola stood silent, half regretting that she had consented to any proposition that he had made.

"Now, my love, what dost thou wish?"

"I want my liberty and sufficient clothing, that I may be clean and comfortable."

"I have brought thy clothing with me, sweet one. Thou canst go into Sally's room now, and stay until I can make arrangements for more comfortable quarters for thee."

They went in and immediately a trunk of clothing and bedding was brought into the room, by Lehman and Henry, when Lehman said:—

"Give my precious darling every comfort possible, Sally. Within six days she will be removed

to another place—yes, another place. I will grant thee the privilege of taking walks outside the prison, but avoid coming in contact with any one. Good-night, and may heaven bless thee.”

He closed the door behind him, climbed into his vehicle. When they started away, he whispered to Henry merrily: “I have won my pretty dove.”

The future looked dark and uncertain to Lola. She felt that if she could be permitted to be sealed to Adrian and then die, the fondest hopes would be realized, but if her friends were able to save her from Lehman's grasp, after she was sealed to Adrian, she desired to live and fancied that she could still be happy.

The time wore heavily on, though her comforts were greatly increased; yet her sorrow was so great that she declined physically.

A week later she was removed to St. George, to the home of one of the leading Saints of that stake, where they endeavored to entertain her in the most sumptuous way. This, however, had no power to soothe her, and she longed for the companionship of the poor outcast but honest-hearted Sally. She grew more frail as the days passed on, feeling at times that the end was near, yet hoping and praying that life would last until sealed to Adrian.

CHAPTER XLV.

The morning for the sealing and endowment came. St. George had never witnessed so many of the dignitaries of the church within her limits. All were happy and gay except Lola. The time had come for them to go to the temple, but still she had seen no signs of any one who would lend her aid. She was very weak from weeping and the effects of a slow fever, which was now preying upon her. She felt that her deliverance could not be other than death. She brought all her strength and energy to bear, saying:—

“I must endure, until I am sealed to Adrian.”

When all was in readiness and she had a few minutes to herself, she knelt and poured out her soul in silent prayer to God. Then placing all her trust in the Saviour, she arose and walked with firm step into the room where Lehman and his company awaited her.

They march out to the carriage, she walking by Lehman's side, the crowd following, Bishop Blatherskite and Zina marching next to Lehman and Lola. Zina rebuked Lola, for her not taking the bishop's arm. After all were seated in their carriages, they were driven immediately to the temple.

They were prepared with a lunch, and the candidates with a change of clothing. They and their friends were admitted into the outer office,

where, for the first time in four years, Lola met her foster parents. It was an affecting scene, as the father embraced the child, and the silent tears fell from his eyes, both unable to speak.

Then came the meeting of Lola and her mother. Mrs. Allison was almost overcome and could not control her emotion, even in the holy temple. She caught her in her arms, shrieking between her sobs:—

“God bless you, my child.”

While Lola was only able to say:—

“My blessed mother.”

They embraced each other; then Lola prepared for the celestial chamber, where she was to be sealed to Adrian. When all was in readiness they marched to the celestial chamber, all being robed in white. When everything was properly arranged, Lola knelt at the altar. High dignitaries of the church, representing and impersonating Eloheim, or head god, Jehovah, Jesus, Michael, Apostles Peter, James and John, and Mother Eve, all in white, surrounded her. Then, one representing and impersonating Adrian, also dressed the same, came from the room of holiness, whence a white dazzling light shone, taking his place by Lola's side.

Then all knelt and a prayer was offered by Eve for Lola, followed by low solemn music and singing behind the scenes. After the song, Eloheim, in concert with the other impersonators, said in solemn monotonous;—

“Dear Sister Lola Allison, didst thou hear the representative voices of the angels who are to welcome thee into the celestial kingdom?”

“I did.”

Then Eloheim continued alone:—

“Dost thou, my sister, solemnly declare in the presence of Almighty God, the heavenly hosts, and these witnesses, that it is thy most earnest desire to be sealed unto Brother Adrian Waltham, who has departed this life, to be his wedded wife for all eternity?”

“I do.”

“This being, who kneeleth beside thee, is the proxy of him who sleepeth. He will act for and in the name of the departed brother. Thou wilt, therefore, join right hands with him and arise to your feet.”

They joined right hands and arose, when Eloheim continued:—

“Dost thou, Brother Wyatt Soble, in the name of and for, Brother Adrian Waltham, deceased, take Sister Lola Allison by the right hand, to receive her for him, to be his wedded wife for eternity and he to be her wedded husband for the same, with a covenant on his part, that he will fulfill all the laws, rights and ordinances, pertaining to this holy and celestial matrimony, in the new and everlasting covenant, doing this in the presence of God, angels, and these witnesses, for him and of his own free will and choice?”

“In the name of Adrian Waltham, I do.”

“Dost thou, Sister Lola Allison, take Brother Wyatt Soble by the right hand, as the proxy of Brother Adrian Waltham, deceased, and give thyself to said Brother Adrian Waltham to be his wedded wife for eternity, with a covenant on thy part, that thou wilt fulfill all the laws, rights and ordinances, pertaining to this holy and celestial matrimony, in the new and everlasting covenant, doing this in the presence of God, angels, and these witnesses, of thy own free will and choice?”

“I do.”

“In the name of the Lord Jesus Christ and the Prophet Joseph Smith and by the authority of the holy priesthood, I pronounce thee husband and wife for all eternity and seal upon thee the blessing of the holy resurrection, with power to come forth in the morning of the first resurrection, clothed in glory, immortality, and eternal lives; and I seal upon thee, the blessings of thrones, and dominions and principalities, and powers and exaltations, together with the blessings of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. All these blessings, together with all other blessings, pertaining to the new and everlasting covenant, I seal upon thy hands, through thy faithfulness unto the end, by the authority of the holy priesthood, in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost. Amen.”

The scribe then entered on the record the whole matter, together with the date and place

of sealing, and the names of three witnesses, one of which was Bishop Francis Lehman.

The whole company then returned to their respective dressing rooms and soon appeared again at the outer office, preparatory to the marriage, for time, of Lehman and Lola.

Their accounts with the church were duly verified by the clerk. They were then declared in the first or pre-existent estate. Their names, ages, and the dates of their conversion and baptism were duly entered in the register, their tithing receipts inspected and found correct and an entry made of them. Evidence was received of the faithful attendance of the bishop at public service and at the "School of the Prophets," which is usually necessary in the case of the woman; but, owing to Lola's incarceration, it was omitted with reference to her. It was carefully noted in the record that the bishop had been sealed for eternity to forty-seven women and that Lola had been sealed to one man. They then removed their shoes and were preceded by the attendants, who wore white slippers, to the central ante-room, with slow and measured step. It was a narrow hall, separated by white screens from two other rooms, to the right and the left. Death-like silence prevailed. The attendants communicated by mysterious signs and low whispers. A dim, mellow light pervaded the rooms. The faint splash of falling water behind the screens was all they heard. They halted a few

moments in solemn waiting. Lola had hoped to be rescued either by death or friends, ere this. Her only hope of escape, now, was death; yet, under the excitement, she was even stronger than when they had started for the temple and she thought to herself: "Death will not come in time to save me from contamination. All that is left to me is to trust in Jesus."

The bishop was led to the washing room to the right, accompanied by the male attendants, while Lola was led to the left, accompanied by the female attendants. She was stripped, placed in a bath and washed from head to foot by a woman set apart for that purpose, while the bishop simply awaited in his apartment, after being properly dressed for the further service, as he had been cleansed and blessed before.

As Lola was being washed, every member was specially blessed, as the washer said:—

"Sister, I wash thee clean from the blood of this generation and prepare thy members for lively service in the way of all the true Saints. I wash thy head, that it may be prepared for the crown of glory awaiting thee as a faithful Saint and the fruitful wife of a holy priest of the Lord, that thy brain may be quick in discernment and thy eyes able to perceive the truth and avoid the snares of the enemy; thy mouth, to show forth the praise of the immortal gods and thy tongue to pronounce the true name which will admit thee hereafter behind the veil and by which thou wilt be known

in the celestial kingdom. I wash thine arms, to labor in the cause of righteousness and thy hands to be strong in the building up of the kingdom of God by all manner of profitable works. I wash thy breasts, that thou mayest prove a fruitful vine, that thou mayest nourish a strong race of witnesses, earnest in the defense of Zion; thy body, to present it as an acceptable tabernacle when thy summons comes to pass behind the veil, to join thy celestial husband; thy loins, that it may by thine to bring forth a numerous race to crown thee with eternal glory and strengthen the heavenly kingdom of thy celestial husband, thy master, and glory in the Lord. I wash thy knees upon which to prostrate thyself and humbly receive the truth from God's holy priesthood; thy feet to walk in the ways of righteousness and stand firm upon the appointed places; and, now, I pronounce thee clean from the blood of this generation and thy body an acceptable tabernacle for the indwelling of the holy spirit."

She was then given a new name by which she would be known in the celestial kingdom. She was also anointed with oil, which was rubbed in her hair. The bishop escaped this also, as he had already been anointed. She was then clad in a sort of tunic or close-fitting garment, reaching from the neck to the floor. She was informed that this was her endowment garment and it was specially blessed for this purpose and that she should never be without this or a similar one

next to the body, which would protect her from harm and the assaults of the devil. Over this tunic, they put her ordinary underclothing, and over this a robe, used only for this purpose, which was made of fine linen, plaited on the shoulders, gathered around the waist to a band and falling to the floor all around. They then placed a cap of fine linen on her head and white cotton slippers on her feet. Lehman was now clad similarly.

The next thing they heard was a preparatory debate in the grand council of the gods, as to whether they should make man. Eloheim, Jehovah, Jesus and Michael rehearsed a short drama in blank verse, representing the various steps in the creation of the world. Eloheim enumerated the work of each day and commended it all. At the close of each the others, in responsive chorus, shouted to the glory, magnificence and beauty of the work, when they concluded, as follows:—

Eloheim—"Now all is done and earth with animate life is glad. The stately elephant to browse in the forest, the ramping lion in the mountain caves, gazelles, horned cattle, and fleecy flocks spread o'er the grassy vales; Behemoth rolls his bulk in shady fens by river banks, among the ooze, and the great whale beneath the waters, and fowl to fly above in the open firmament of heaven. Upon the earth behold bears, ounces, tigers, leopards and every creeping thing

that moves upon the ground. Each after his kind shall bring forth and multiply upon the earth; and there lacks the master work, the being in the form and likeness of the gods, erect to stand, his maker praise, and over all the rest dominion hold." Jehovah, Jesus and Michael repeated in concert the following:—

"Let us make man, in image, form, and likeness of our own; and as becomes our soul complete representative on earth, to him upright, dominion give, and power over all that flies, swims, creeps or walks upon the earth."

Lehman was then placed on the floor, his eyes closed, the gods entered and manipulated him limb by limb, specifying the various offices that each member should fill, at the same time they pretended to create and mould the same. They slapped him to vivify their power; then breathed into his nostrils the breath of life and raised him to his feet. For the sixth time, Lehman was supposed to be as Adam, newly made, completely ductile, mobile in the hands of the three representing divines.

Then came the second estate. Lehman and the men filed into the next room, which represented the Garden of Eden. There were shrubs and trees from the tropic clime in pots, paintings of mountain scenes, fountains and flowers, gorgeous curtains and carpets; which, under a soft light, presented a beautiful scene of dazzling splendor. As the men moved around the garden

to the time of music, another discussion arose between the gods; Michael proposed several animals in turn, as the associate of man, which were successively rejected by Jehovah, Jesus and Eloheim. Lehman was laid recumbent on the floor, his eyes closed and, in pantomime, a rib was taken from his side, out of which, in an adjoining room, they proposed to make his sixth.

Lehman was commanded to awake and see his new wife, for the first time since separating from her at the entrance. As Lola heard the words "new wife," she almost fainted and felt that she could not take another step. She saw that she was dressed almost identical with Lehman. She said to herself many times:—

"Oh, will my deliverance never come?"

They walked around the garden led by the officiating Adam and Eve. At this juncture Satan entered, dressed in a tight-fitting suit of black velvet, short jacket, knee pants, black stockings, and double pointed slippers. He wore a hideous mask and double pointed helmet. Lola and Eve were separated from Adam and Lehman, when Satan, approaching Eve, began to praise her beauty; then, proffered to her the temptation, in language so shocking, that Lola was unable to proceed with the ceremony, except by proxy, for some time. This part of the ceremony, as it actually took place, is too monstrous for human belief; the moral of which is to unsex the sexes.

Those conducting the ceremony explained to Lola that this portion of the endowment should be conducted with the candidate's attendants and all present should be as were Adam and Eve when first placed in the Garden of Eden; but, owing to the prejudices existing in the minds of some of the women and the fact that, even the Saints were not yet sufficiently perfect and pure-minded to warrant this, and that the enemies of the church would use it as a weapon against the Saints, this part of the ceremony had been changed.

A bunch of grapes was handed to the proxy of Lola from the forbidden tree by Satan. She yielded and partook of the fruit and was soon joined by Lehman when she offered him part of the fruit. He hesitated at first but was soon so overcome, by her reproaches and entreaties, that he accepted. They grew delirious under the effects of the forbidden fruit, joined hands, embraced and danced around the room until they fell exhausted.

They then heard a loud chorus of groans and lamentations behind the curtains, which was followed by a sudden crash as of thunder. The curtains parted at a point where the painting represented a dense forest and Eloheim appeared in the opening, behind him a brilliant light. He was clad in a gorgeous robe bespangled with brilliants and gorgeous stripes, which was dazzling to the eye. As he approached, he said in solemn tones:—

“Where art thou, Adam, erst created first of all earth’s tribes and wont to meet with joy thy coming Lord?”

Adam answered:—

“Afar I heard Thy coming, in the thunder’s awful voice; Thy footsteps shook the earth and dread seized all my frame, I saw myself in naked shame, unfit to face Thy majesty.”

“How know’st thou of thy shame? My voice thou oft hast heard, and feared it not. What hast thou done? Hast eaten of that tree to thee forbid?”

“Shall I accuse the partner of my life or on myself the total crime avow? But what avails concealment with earth’s Lord? His thoughts discern my inmost hidden sense. The woman Thou gav’st to be my help beguiled me with her perfect charms, by Thee endowed, acceptable, divine, she gave me of the fruit, and I did eat.”

“Say, woman, what is this thou hast done?” said Eloheim to Eve.

“The serpent beguiled me and I did eat,” answered Eve. Then Eloheim said to Satan: “Because thou hast done this, thou art cursed above all cattle, and above every beast of the field; upon thy belly thou shalt go and dust thou shalt eat all the days of thy life: And I will put enmity between thee and the woman and between thy seed and her seed, it shall bruise thy head and thou shalt bruise his heel.”

Satan then fell upon the floor, struggled and

writhed with many contortions, and finally wriggled out of the room. Then Eloheim said to Eve:—

“I will greatly multiply thy sorrow and thy conception; in sorrow thou shalt bring forth children; and thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee.”

Turning to Adam he said:—

“Because thou hast harkened unto the voice of thy wife and hast eaten of the tree, of which I commanded thee saying, Thou shalt not eat of it, cursed is the ground for thy sake, in sorrow thou shalt eat of it all the days of thy life; thorns also and thistles shall it bring forth to thee, and thou shalt eat the herb of the field; in the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, till thou return unto the ground; for out of it thou wert taken; for dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return.”

Then Adam and Eve fell upon the floor, beat their breasts, rent their clothes, and bewailed their lost and sinful condition. Eloheim said:—

“Now is man fallen, indeed. The accursed power which first made war in heaven, hath practiced fraud on earth. By Adam’s transgression shall all be under sin; the moral nature darkened, and none could know the truth, but cries of penitence have reached my ears, and higher power shall redeem. Upon this earth I place my holy priesthood. To them as unto Me in humble reverence bow. Man, fallen by

Satan's wiles, shall by obedience rise. Behold, the woman's seed shall bruise the serpent's head; from her a race proceed endowed on earth with power divine. To them shall man submit and regain the paradise now lost through disobedience. With power divine the priesthood is endowed, but not in fullness now. Obey them as the incarnate voice of God, and in time's fullness woman's seed shall all that's lost restore to man. By woman, first fallen, Adam fell, from woman's seed the priesthood shall arise, redeeming man; and man in turn shall Eve exalt, restoring her to the paradise of her first lost. Meanwhile go forth, ye fallen ones, with only nature's light, and seek for truth."

Here a small white square linen apron was placed upon the candidates with emblematical marks thereon and green pieces representing fig leaves. They then knelt and joined in solemn oath, repeating after Adam; to the effect that they would each preserve the secrets inviolably, under a penalty of being brought to the block, and having their blood spilled upon the ground as an atonement for their sins, and that each of them would obey the priesthood, and submit themselves to it in all things.

Lola had revived sufficiently to take her place again at the beginning of the oath, but refused to take any part or repeat the same. Still they proceeded, as they all knew before starting in that there were some things she would not com-

ply with. Lehman further swore that he would not take any woman unless given him by the first presidency of the church. A grip and word was then conferred, and this completed the first degree of the Aaronic priesthood.

They were now supposed to have entered into life, and the light became as darkness. They passed into the next room, which was almost dark, through a narrow passage. Heavy curtains shut out all but a few rays of light. They moved about over the room stumbling over blocks and against furniture. Voices were heard calling here and there, "here is light," "there is light," in different parts of the room, and a contest was carried on at the same time, by persons set apart for that purpose, calling themselves Methodists, Catholics, Baptists, Presbyterians, etc., etc. The contest was opened by Ezekiel Broadrim, saying:—

"Verily, my soul is greatly troubled for thee, O my troubled brother! In thy darkened condition thou lackest spiritual understanding. The light in thee is like unto darkness; thou hast lost the spirit; thou art altogether without hope in the world—yea, verily. But read the Holy Word and regard the inner witness, then thou shalt find peace unto thy soul. Resist not evil; for even the Prince of Peace did submit himself unto wrong. If any man take thy cloak away, give him thy coat also. Shed no blood in anger—speak evil of no man—comfort the widows

and orphans, and give unto thy brother in want; do unto others as you would that others do unto you. Pray for light always, and thou shalt receive the spirit witness—yea, verily.”

Then Parson Calvin Mather said in a solemn nasal tone:—

“God, the father of all mercies, has been most graciously pleased for his own glory and praise, to elect from the children of men all those who should receive His saving grace. But lo, this is a sinful world, where man, in his fallen state, is given over to the vices and desires of his sinful nature. In the gall of bitterness, and in the bond of iniquity, you wander in the darkness of your own minds; all thoughts emanating from your hearts are wholly evil in the sight of heaven; your righteousness is as filthy rags—yea, even as carrion, and from the crown of your head to the soles of your feet ye are wounds, bruises and putrifying sores, for there is none righteous, no not one. Let us close our eyes to Satan’s wiles and come to the Lamb of God, that, peradventure, we may prove to be of the very elect as fore-ordained and decreed before the world was. For in and of ourselves, we can do nothing. Therefore, my brethren, bring your children to the altar that they may be sprinkled; then, if it is so recorded that they are to be saved, such will be the case; otherwise, though but a span in length, they must writhe and groan through the ages of eternity in the sulphurous flames of the bottom-

less pit. May the Lord bless and sanctify this awful truth, to the everlasting good of your anxious souls. Amen."

The Right Rev. Cream Cheese Pontifico then expostulated:—

"The Lord standeth in his holy temple; let all the earth bow in humble silence before Him. By the word of Jesus, and his holy apostles, was the apostolic church founded. The glorious course of the apostles witness it. The martyrs to God confirm it. Let the holy ordinances of baptism be conferred upon all by one having authority by direct descent through the laying-on of hands and the apostolic succession; let each one pay for his pew, and rest securely in the bosom of the only apostolic church, until he is gloriously transported with all the serene, clean and good churchmen, to the triumphant church of the divine Henry VIII."

Then Elder Waterdip began in soft mellow tones:—

"Dear beloved, my text for to-day will be the consoling passage 'For whom he did foreknow he also did predestine, etc.' From which we learn: 1. That but few are saved. 2. That if called we are bound to come. 3. That those who don't come prove within themselves that they were never called. 4. If your calling is effectual, it is impossible for you to lose it. 5. If you lose it, you never possessed it. Incidentally, we learn that none but immersed believers should

take the holy communion of God with us. That, peradventure, others may be saved, we have no assurance of it. That the only certainty of salvation is to come with us and be baptized by immersion."

At this point Rev. John Wesley Jones spoke with great ecstasy:—

"My perishing fellow sinners, fain would I improve the time this morning, by a short discourse on that beautiful text, 'Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels.' O my poor lost sinners, you're on the way to hell—an endless hell. Even before the setting of the sun, there may be some of you in this congregation writhing in the lake of fire and brimstone, there to remain during the ages of eternity." (Here the female actors in this sacreligious farce shrieked and fell to the floor. Lola was filled with disgust, and felt that their representations were false.) "Oh, come to the Saviour now, ah. Tear off your jewelry and kneel at the mourner's bench, ah. Sing, brethren, sing, ah, some good old hymn, ah."

While finishing, the player gesticulated wildly. Clapping his hands and walking back and forth; then the attendance sang: "Plunged in the Gulf of Dark Despair." The song was sung in a squeaky, nasal tone of voice, during which several of the actors shouted and raved like maniacs. Lola hid her face to shut out the view of the

ridiculous performance. When quiet again, Father Gregory marched stately to the front, dressed in a long black robe, bearing a crucifix in his right hand; saying in a deep orotund voice:

“O mater sanctissima, Ora pronobis!”

Then was heard soft music, as the lights were turned low. “O beatissima, Coeli Regina! Grant us intercession with thy dear Son. Make thy children faithful and holy. Guard them from heresy and from false doctrines, also from the snares of the insidious. Keep them and guard them in the true faith, and make them true to each holy vow. Gloria Patria ac Filio ac Sancto Spiritu—et in saecula saeculorum.”

As soon as he had finished Satan entered, dancing around the room as he said:—

“Ha! ha! ha! Thou art exquisite and please me beyond expression. Go it—go it. One preaches immersion, another sprinkling, one predestination, another free will, and so thou goest. The world will never be converted by thee. My kingdom reigns supreme. Go it—go it. Ha! ha! ha!” Then came a loud crash and the curtains fell. A glaring blaze of light was thrown upon the scene as Peter, James and John entered the room. Then Satan turned to them and said:—

“What have I to do with thee? Well do I know that thou hast the holy priesthood.”

The three representative apostles then said to Satan in concert:—

“In the name of Jesus Christ and the Holy Prophet Joseph Smith, and by the power of their holy priesthood, we command thee to depart.”

At this command Satan fell to the floor, like one in a fit, then wriggled out of the room, chased and kicked by the representative of the Apostle Peter. Lola and Lehman were then seated in front of the altar, with the representatives of Adam and Eve seated on either side of them, when they were addressed by the Apostle Peter as follows:—

“My brother and sister, light is now come into the world, and the way is now open unto man; Satan hath much desire to sift thee as wheat, and great shall be the condemnation of those who reject the light.”

Here he rehearsed everything which had taken place during the entire ceremony up to this point and explained the reasons therefor; then closed as follows:—

“The holy priesthood is once again established on earth in the personage of Joseph Smith and his successors. The power of sealing is given only to them. Unto this priesthood, as unto Christ, all honor, praise and adoration is due. It is thy duty to have implicit confidence in, and yield in obedience without a murmur, in all things. He who gave life has the right to take it, and his representative, the holy priesthood, is endowed with the same right. You are therefore charged, that it is your duty, to obey all

orders of the priesthood, both temporal and spiritual, in matters of life or death. Be thou as a tallowed rag in the hands of God's priesthood. Thou art now ready to enter the kingdom of God. Look forth upon the void and tell me what thou dost behold."

Instantly a curtain was raised, when Adam and Eve exclaimed in unison:—

"A human skeleton."

Then the apostle continued:—

"Thou hast spoken truly. Behold all that remains of one who was unfaithful to these vows. The earth holds no habitation for one so vile. The vultures of the air fed upon his accursed flesh, and the ravage of the elements consumed the tissues of the joints. This is the inevitable doom of all who are unfaithful."

Here Lehman took Lola's hand and forced her to again kneel at the altar, and repeated a solemn oath after Peter, binding himself under a penalty of death, with many horrifying details. Lola spoke not a word, yet the bishop took it for her as was previously understood, if she should refuse. This concluded the second degree of the Aaronic priesthood, and they passed into the third room.

This was termed the third estate, and is supposed to be emblematical of celestialized mankind. The candidates were placed upon a large altar. The bishop being the first, when Michael said, as he held a long, keen-edged knife above his head:—

“Here all hearts are laid open, all desires revealed, and all traitors and hypocrites made known. In the council of the gods, it hath been decreed that here the faithless shall yield up their life. Some may enter here with evil intent; but never to go beyond this veil or return alive, if they practice deceit. If either of you know aught of treachery in thy heart, we charge you now to speak, while it is yet time to live. My brother, an ordeal awaits thee. Let the pure have no fear; but the false hearted may well quake, for each shall pass under the searching hand of the spirit of the Lord, and He shall decide for his own.”

The knife was then passed across the bishop's throat. It is understood that, if there is any false at heart, the spirit will reveal it to their instant death. Lola thought the time had come for her deliverance. She knew the bishop to be as false at heart as it was possible for man to be. She turned her head away, for she fully expected his head to be severed from his body; but, to her utter astonishment, he passed the ordeal unharmed; then, she was laid upon the altar and the same performance gone through with. While on the altar she prayed that she might be relieved then and there by the hand of him who held the knife. After the same ceremony was gone through with as was the case with the bishop, she was taken from the altar unharmed.

The bishop again seized her hand and forced

her to kneel at the altar again, while he repeated another blinding oath after Jehovah for them. The violation of this oath was to be the most horrible of any. The signs, grips and words were given. This constituted the first degree of the Melchisedek priesthood, or the third degree of the endowment.

The Book of Mormon, and doctrine and covenants were placed upon the altar, and another lecture was delivered to the candidates, after which Michael said:—

“Thou art each in a saved condition, and I charge thee to go hence in the blissful way of salvation. But temporal duties demand thy first care and earnest consideration. Chief among them being a positive, immediate and everlasting duty to avenge the death of the prophet and Martyr Joseph Smith, upon ‘this vile and contemptible nation.’ The Holy Prophet Joseph was persecuted and driven from place to place and finally murdered by a band of barbarians in the vile state of Illinois, and the people of God were compelled to flee across the plains and seek shelter in these mountains. Verily, it hath been spoken that this infamous nation shall crumble and decay at no distant day.”

Here another oath was administered, which Lehman took and was accepted for both, Lola remaining mute through all, as in the other vows. This oath was to the effect that they were to bear everlasting enmity toward the gov-

ernment of the United States for the murder of the holy prophet and his brother Hyrum, and also to renounce all allegiance they may ever have held to the government, and hold themselves absolved from all oaths of fealty, either past or future; and that they should do all in their power to overthrow the government and teach their children the same. Then another oath of fidelity and secrecy was administered and the penalty for a violation of these oaths was, that the betrayer should die a death of the most inhuman torture. They were here taught how to pray in an unknown tongue, which constituted the second degree of the Melchizedek priesthood.

They then passed into the fourth estate, or behind the veil, which was a white linen curtain, into the last room, which is termed the "Kingdom of the Gods." The bishop entered first, and the officiating priest cut certain marks in his garments; then he introduced Lola to the room, which closed this part of the ceremony. This is the room in which Lola had been sealed to Adrian, and where this ceremony usually takes place when they have not been previously sealed.

They retired, resumed their regular dress and all ate lunch except Lola, she being unable to eat owing to her physical condition and great disappointment. Every gleam of hope had disappeared. She was pale and nervous, could scarcely stand without assistance, yet, she said to herself:—

“I have not bound myself with a promise as yet; perhaps deliverance will come. Oh, how my soul yearns to be free, now that I am sealed to Adrian!”

The silent tears stole down her pale cheeks as she looked out of a window across the valley toward Cedar City. Then the announcement came that they were ready for the lecture. They then repaired to the lecture room. The address was lengthy, fully explaining the allegory they had just passed through, and their future duties consequent on the vows they had taken. Lola arose to her feet, supporting herself by a chair, saying:—

“Thus far I have taken no vows with reference to this man. All that has taken place with reference to myself, except being sealed to Adrian, has been thrust upon me, and when you try to convert it all into a vow, I am determined to enter my objections at all hazards.”

Then the lecturer said:—

“Do as thy mind dictates, so long as thy husband does not object; but mark it well, if he so request, a prayer circle will deal with thy case.”

“I have no husband on earth, and when I go to him to whom I am sealed, there will be no prayer circles.”

“Enough. This ends the complete work, and if thou art unfaithful to these ceremonies, we will know how to deal with thee.”

The whole day, from eight o'clock in the

morning until six in the evening, had been consumed in the ceremonies and the lectures. Mr. and Mrs. Allison rejoined them as they passed through the front office. They had remained here during the day as they could not stand to witness the ordeal of Lola's going through the temple with Lehman.

As they passed down the great stone steps Lola was leaning on her father's arm and clinging to him. Lehman was attempting to hold her by the other arm, as she could not walk. When they reached the lower step, she sank down as she said:—

“Lehman, do not touch me! O Father in heaven, my heart is breaking—why, Oh, why, can I not be relieved from the clutches of this hateful man!”

Her head went back and the limp form of the poor girl lay on the step as though she were dead. Lehman started to take hold of her roughly when the attention of the crowd on the steps was attracted toward a man riding a horse at full speed toward them.

CHAPTER XLVI.

As Jed lay on the old stone wall of Cedar City prison listening to the conversation between Lehman and Lola, his wrath almost subverted his judgment. When Lola had related all her sufferings, coupled with the view of her tattered garments and pale face, as she knelt pleading to the inhuman bishop for her honor, his manly heart ached with pity, and ere he had heard the full conversation the blood flowed from the wounds in the palms of his hands, where the nails had pierced the flesh, in desperately clinching his fists. Never had he violated an instruction of an employer on any matter; but this was a time when, if he could have seen clear sailing, he would have attempted the rescue of the maid alone; but, fearing that such an attempt might involve her life, as well as his own before he could land her safely with friends, he said to himself: "There is plenty of time for us to rescue her, therefore, I will not take the risk alone."

As the sun arose the next morning, he was sixty miles away from the old prison, making his way back to Zion to report to Vernon Stanton his discovery. His thoughts were: "I will raise a company and go to the rescue of the girl at once."

He stopped at a farm house for breakfast. After breakfast he bought a fine riding horse

from the farmer, as his was very much fatigued, and hired the farmer to keep his until his return, or until he should send for it. He then rode hard until noon, reaching Filmore about this hour. Here he stopped to rest and refresh himself until night, and also to give his horse time to rest. He left Filmore at eight in the evening, reaching Juab in time the next morning to take the seven o'clock train for Zion. He arrived at Mr. Stanton's office at half-past eleven o'clock.

Mr. Stanton had a great deal of work laid out for the day; but on the announcement of Jed's return it was dispensed with in a few moments and he gave audience to Jed. Jed first told Mr. Stanton that Lola had been located. Then going into the details of his whole trip, he explained all, winding up with her condition and what she said when he saw her at the old prison, when he lay on the top of the wall.

During the rehearsal of these facts he was so excited that he trembled in every limb. There were tears standing in Vernon Stanton's eyes as he listened to the sad story. Jed finished by saying:—

“Never, no never, in all my life did I want to violate a promise or disobey instructions given me by my superiors, until then. But, sir, I there felt it to be almost a solemn duty to set aside your instructions, and fly to the rescue of the poor girl at once. The only thing that deterred me from this, was reflecting over the fact that

she was already weak and ill, and, therefore, would require rest and retard our flight of a hundred and fifty miles through an absolutely unsafe country. This fact alone gave me pause and, after carefully surveying the field and desiring her complete and safe rescue above all things else, I decided to return to you and receive further orders and assistance. My good friend Stanton, as I prize my life, I prize the liberty of this much-wronged maid. Seeking her whereabouts as I have, and seeing what I have seen, have thoroughly enlisted my whole soul in her behalf. My life will be single to one purpose, until I have accomplished her freedom. All I ask is that a small company of trusty men be fitted out and placed in my charge, and, ere fifteen days roll around, I will rescue her from this fiend."

"Jed, your work has been very praiseworthy. I am exceedingly thankful that you did not attempt to take the risk alone, although I grant that it was hard, under the circumstances, to refrain from doing so. But she shall be released from this villain. Did I understand you to say the time for the sealing and forced endowment is set for the 20th day of May?"

"That is the time."

"Thank God for that. Adrian can reach here in time to help in the work."

Jed jumped to his feet, his eyes shone like diamonds, as he looked Mr. Stanton in the eyes and said in utter amazement:—

“Adrian! In the name of heaven! What do you mean, man?”

“Pardon me, Jed, my interest in your story was so great that I neglected telling you, that Adrian is alive.”

“Why, Stanton! You paralyze me! Have you proof of this fact?”

“I received a letter from him yesterday. Here it is, will you read it?”

Jed took the letter and read as follows:—

“LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND, April 1, 1877.
Vernon Stanton, Esq.,
Salt Lake City, Utah.

My dear friend:—You will pardon my long silence, owing to the fact that I have not written letters to any one except my parents. They always speak of you in their letters to me, and I tell them what to say to you for me. I heard from them last week. They say everything is moving along as well as could be expected at the Garden City and that they are doing well. They urge me to take a four months' trip through Europe, at the expiration of my employment here, which will end the twenty-ninth day of this month. I expect to do so, and will leave here on the first day of May for Paris, thence to Rome, via Corsica, Genoa, and other points of interest. I expect to make a general tour of continental Europe.

The Garden City has little charm for me since receiving the sad news of the death of my darling Lola. If it were not for my parents residing there, I should never return to that sad city again, except to visit her grave. The first letter I received from home brought this sad and heart-

rending news. O my good friend Stanton! You cannot imagine the sorrow that this message brought me. For a time I felt that it would kill me. For days, weeks and months, I refused to be comforted and was of no earthly value to the mission; yet, strange as it may seem, for some unaccountable reason, they urged me to stay, at the same time, to my great sorrow and surprise, my parents insisted upon my staying with the work, stating that it was the very best thing that I could do under all the circumstances. I desired to return at once and be sealed to Lola for eternity; but my parents urged me so hard to stay, adding that the scenes of my old home without her would only increase my sorrow, and I finally concluded to stay. I hope you are well and happy. May I ask how our mining prospects look? I hope, and believe that we can make a paying property of this at some future date, but, if it should prove a failure my money has been spent freely on my judgment and will not be regretted. It may seem that I have been careless in this matter, but I have trusted absolutely to you in this matter, knowing that everything would be right, and if anything new should develop that my parents would notify me.

I wish you were here to make this trip through Europe with me, as I know it would add greatly to the pleasure. If nothing prevents, I will see you about the middle of October. Should you feel like writing to me address me at Rome, general delivery, where I will arrive one month after leaving here. I hope you will see my parents soon and remember me kindly to them.

Yours very truly,

ADRIAN WALTHAM."

After reading this letter Jed sat for a time in

perfect wonder. The whole matter was an enigma to him. Mr. Stanton studied very hard to unravel the mystery; he was going to write to Adrian that evening but Jed's return changed his plan. Suddenly Jed brightened, his eyes shone like fire, as he exclaimed:—

“O my God! The horrible monster!”

“Whom do you refer to, Jed?” inquired Mr. Stanton.

“Can't you see through all of this, Mr. Stanton?”

“No, Jed, I cannot. His parents are not in the Garden City; neither have they ever written him a letter, as the first word received by them, as you know, after he embarked, was that he was dead—died at sea. What does it all mean? Can you explain?”

“I believe I can. Bishop Lehman is at the bottom of the whole affair. He has intercepted Adrian's letters to his parents, and answered them or had it done in their name, and the whole Mormon push, here and at the foreign headquarters, are into the scheme. His parents have not been in the Garden City for nearly four years, and I do not know where they are. If Adrian knew all this and the situation of Lola, nothing could induce him to take this contemplated trip.”

“We will notify him at once. He will finish his work to-day, and I must get the word to him by to-morrow, as he might start early for Paris the next day. I will cable him fully as to condi-

tions. It is now three o'clock, we will have to take late lunch. I did not know it was so late. In order to be to ourselves I will have lunch served in my private rooms. While there we will discuss just what I shall cable him. I am glad that the operators at the telegraph offices are Gentiles, otherwise I would be compelled to run over to Evanston in order to send the message, as a Mormon operator would put Lehman and the leaders on to our movements."

They then repaired to Mr. Stanton's rooms, ordered the lunch and discussed what the message should contain. After lunch was over they formulated the following cablegram and sent it to Adrian:—

"SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, April 29, 1877.

Adrian Waltham,

At Headquarters of Foreign Mission of the
Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints,
Liverpool, England.

Lola is living. Your parents have never written you a letter. The head of the mission reported that you had died at sea. Your parents have been wrecked, financially, by the church, as well as Mr. Allison. Lehman has had Lola imprisoned, or guarded, for four years, in order to force her to become his plural. Jed has just discovered the place of her imprisonment. She is as true as steel to you. Come at once to join us in her rescue, which must be accomplished by the 20th of May. I will have everything prepared when you get here. You have plenty of money in my hands. Yours,

VERNON STANTON."

He gave strict instructions that this message should be delivered to none but the addressed, and that it be delivered to him at once, no matter what the cost.

The messenger into whose hands it fell knew Adrian personally and also knew where his place of lodging was. Consequently, at eight o'clock the next morning a rap came at his door, just as he was ready for breakfast. He opened the door when the messenger boy gave him the cablegram, saying:—

“I was given strict instructions to deliver this to none but you, and not to let the people at the place you work know anything about it. So I brought it to your room.”

“I thank you very much, Harold, for your trouble,” said Adrian as he broke the seal.

When his eyes fell upon the contents he read eagerly, and great drops of perspiration stood on his forehead and he trembled like a leaf.

“Great heavens! What does this mean? Lola alive and incarcerated by Lehman! Would that I had him on a rack I would tear him limb from limb!” he exclaimed; then turning to the messenger he said:—

“Please give me a blank.”

He wrote hastily:—

“LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND, April 30, 1877.
Vernon Stanton, Esq.,
Salt Lake City, Utah.

I will take the first steamer bound for New York. Leave not a stone unturned in the prepa-

ration for the rescue. Lola shall be saved with Lehman behind the bars. I will telegraph you from New York. Yours,

ADRIAN WALTHAM."

Mr. Stanton received this telegram the next morning and at once began the preparations for the rescue.

"Jed," said he, "if Adrian makes good time he can arrive here in seventeen days. He will more than likely embark this morning. If so he will reach here by the seventeenth of this month; then can we take the train for Juab the morning of the eighteenth, thence overland to St. George and reach that place by eight o'clock the morning of the 20th?"

"It is a hard trip, but can, and must be made. We will be compelled to change horses many times and travel early and late. We cannot rest more than five hours each day," answered Jed.

"Now that is settled. How many changes of horses will we need?"

"We start from Juab with a fresh outfit. Then we will require relays every twenty-five to thirty-five miles. The first at Scipio, then Filmore, Cove Creek, Beaver, Parowan and the last at Kannarrahtville. With this last relay we will reach St. George. This makes seven sets of horses which we will be compelled to have. The next question is, how many horses do we want at each place?"

"Let me make a calculation. We will need

three carriages and a supply wagon, with drivers. One for Adrian to bring back his company. One for myself, so that I can bring the Allison's to Zion, should they want to come. One for the United States marshals. They will bring Lehman with them under arrest for polygamy. For these vehicles we will require four teams, or eight horses at each place. We will have six deputy United States marshals mounted, beside yourself; making in all fifteen horses at each place. In order not to lose a moment's time, you had better have harness in readiness at each place. Each man in the company, including the drivers, must be heavily armed. You will therefore prepare and station fifteen horses and equipments, with two trusty men, at each place mentioned, with instructions for them to have them ready for use at a moment's warning, from the morning of the 18th until called for. Let no one know what you are preparing for. Can you arrange all and join us at Juab on the morning of the 18th?"

"I can and will."

"Here is a purse to pay for everything you will require."

Jed first secured his trusty men to leave at each station, then the horses and equipments; and, by the morning of the eighteenth everything was in perfect readiness.

CHAPTER XLVII.

“To him that o’ercometh
God giveth a crown,
Through faith we shall conquer,
Though often cast down;
He who is our Saviour,
Our strength will renew,
Look ever to Jesus,
He will carry you through.”

—Sacred Songs.

On receiving the cablegram, Adrian abruptly changed his plans from the European tour to preparations for the voyage homeward. He was so indignant at the church leaders for the outrageous treatment that he had received at their hands, at home, as well as at the headquarters of the foreign mission, that he would not go back to the headquarters to inform them of this change of program; beside, the ill treatment of Lola enraged him to the point of doing violence to any who had in any way participated in the dastardly outrage. He feared that if anything was said that would tend to add to his wrath he might do something in the heat of passion which would detain him, and this he could not afford under any circumstances. He embarked for New York at eight o'clock the next morning.

It had been fully arranged by the church dignitaries to have three or four of the missionaries return on the same vessel in which he should take

passage, in October; and they were to see to it that he was lost on the way. He knew they were to accompany him, but had no thought of any such dark designs against his life. His change of mind, however, on receiving the cablegram, completely thwarted this base scheme of the anointed, for he sailed for home without a Saint on board the vessel.

The next afternoon, after boarding the ship, he stood on the deck watching the mighty vessel plough the fathomless deep as he sorrowfully and longingly looked toward the western sky, wishing it were in his power to increase the speed of the great ship toward the desired haven. So deeply was he engaged in meditation that he took no notice of things that transpired around him. His heart was heavy, an occasional tear drop glistened in his eye, and so deep was his melancholy that he attracted the attention of many who were on deck. A beautiful lady, in company of friends, sat near him. She and her friends had been joyfully talking and laughing, occasionally turning her glances to him. Presently he turned his head sufficiently for her to see his face, when she arose and addressing him said:—

“As I am alive—it is Adrian Waltham.”

It was a familiar voice, and looking up he saw Margaret Baird. She was faultlessly dressed and the sad expression of former days had flown.

“If I am not mistaken, it is Margaret Baird,”

he said, as he approached her with extended hand. She grasped his hand saying:—

“Yes, with the name of Salisbury added.”

“You are married, then?”

“I am, and to the best man in the world, I believe. Perhaps you will meet him as he will join us at New York. I am so glad to see you.”

Then stepping aside she introduced him to her mother and three lady friends. Then seating themselves apart from the others they engaged in the following conversation:—

“You will pardon me, but where are you bound?” queried Adrian.

“We are just taking a pleasure trip to America.”

“And your husband will join you at New York?”

“Yes.”

“Are you going as far west as Utah?”

“Not by any means. Perhaps we will go as far west as Chicago or St. Louis, but not to Utah. Oh, no, I thank you!”

“You don’t seem to like Utah?”

“I have no objections to the soil, climate or physical surroundings, but the people—Oh, my! Deliver me from the people. But, by the way, Adrian, where have you been? How are your parents and the Allisons? You and Lola are married, of course? Tell me all about yourselves and Mr. Stanton; but don’t mention any one else, unless it be Jed.”

At these suggestive questions, Adrian relapsed into a sad mood and said:—

“Ah! dear Margaret, Lola and I are yet unmarried. When the time came for that happy consummation, the priesthood, through our bishop, refused to grant us a recommend to go through the endowment. They denied it to us, except on these terms, that I take another at the same time, or take another first, making Lola my second. We positively refused to enter into the distasteful relation. Then they attempted my life three times, and I was only wrested from their grasp through the cunning work of Jed Worthen.”

“Good for Jed! I always knew he was worth his weight in gold.”

“If ever human uttered truth, you spoke it then. But, as I was going to say, the dignitaries finally decided that I should go on a mission, after which I could get a recommend for Lola and me to go through the endowment. With this distinct understanding I agreed to go on a three years' mission. When in the field they wanted me to preach differently from what they do at home, and, further, wished me to represent matters about the church and the practice of the majority of the members different from the real conditions. I flatly refused. I could not understand why, at the time, that they were so solicitous for me to accept employment in the office of the mission headquarters at Liverpool; but they

urged it on me so strongly that I accepted. I received a letter shortly afterward, from my parents, as I supposed, stating that Lola was dead. I believe that Lehman wrote this letter, as well as every letter that I have received from Utah since leaving home. At the expiration of my first engagement, the management at the mission headquarters offered to double my salary; then, my parents, as I thought, urged me to stay another term, stating that they were treated so much better by the leaders since I came to the mission field, that I concluded to stay more on account of them than anything else. Many flattering reports came as to how they were getting along, all coming from the same author, and as false as the man who wrote them. It was reported from the mission headquarters to Lola, my parents, and our friends, that I was dead. Lola has believed this to be true ever since I arrived at Liverpool; all of this time Lehman has been trying to force her into a plural relation with him. She has stoutly refused, then he threw her into prison and has kept her there for four years. I do not thoroughly comprehend it, but we must rescue her by the twentieth of this month. I had contemplated taking an extended trip through Europe and was making preparations to start yesterday; and I thought I was being urged strongly by my parents to do this, but I happened to write to our mutual friend, Vernon Stanton, and learned all yesterday morning through the contents of this cablegram."

Here he handed her the cablegram; continuing he said:—

“Luckily for me that I wrote to Mr. Stanton; by doing so my eyes have been opened so that I can see the whole situation clearly. I am hastening home to assist in Lola’s rescue from this monster in human shape.”

After carefully perusing the message Margaret said:—

“My kind friend, I am not at all surprised. I knew that villain coveted the girl before I left, but I hoped that I might be mistaken. These things are at par with many of their other dastardly deeds. The Mountain Meadow crime, of course, crowns all for infamy. I was but a child when I first heard about it, and it made my blood run cold; but I have heard Saints speak of it and say that it was ordered through divine inspiration.”

She then went into details as to what she knew of having taken place, giving him a history of other crimes, many of which Adrian had never heard of. Much of the time during the voyage was spent in this way. Adrian had now apostatized and was eager to hear their history from one he knew to be truthful.

On the seventh day after leaving Liverpool the ship was in a terrible storm. It seemed for hours that all the elements were turned loose to lash the sea into foam and heaving liquid mountains. The great vessel would mount the waves

and seem lifted to the clouds, then sink between the mighty walls of surging water. The voice of the captain, shouting through his trumpet, was heard above the roar, while the sailors hastened to obey his commands. The wind shrieked and howled through the rigging, the night came on to add to the gloom. The sky grew black as ink only when the gleam of lightning pierced the darkness amid the crash of the thunder's awful roar. The storm grew so serious that the ship was driven out of her course. Near the midnight hour the wind began to abate, the clouds passed away and soon the sea grew more calm. The great ship resumed its onward course under the cheerful twinkle of the stars and the pale light of the moon.

All on board were glad to land, even twenty-four hours behind time; yet Adrian regretted very much the delay. He sent Mr. Stanton a telegram to the effect that he had landed and would take the first train west to catch the Union Pacific at Omaha for Salt Lake City. He met the husband of Margaret Baird, but had only a few moments with him. He promised to visit them should he ever return to England again.

Three hours after landing he was speeding across the country for Omaha. He was delayed twelve hours by bad connections and landed at Salt Lake City on the afternoon of the eighteenth at five o'clock.

Mr. Stanton met him at the train and they

were driven at once to his place of lodging. Here he explained to Adrian hurriedly the condition of things at this time. Jed had notified him the evening before that everything was in readiness. He had wired him twice during the day to know the cause of the delay, but Mr. Stanton could give him no satisfaction. Jed wanted to go on but Mr. Stanton ordered him to wait until eight in the evening at which time he would notify him just what to do. After explaining all of these conditions, Mr. Stanton said:—

“My dear friend, by all means, we should have left Juab at ten this morning. The train does not go until six to-morrow morning, arriving there at nine-thirty. We cannot get away from there before ten, and cannot get to St. George by eight o'clock on the morning of the 20th if we travel every hour of the time.”

“O heavens! My good friend, we must! Where is the United States marshal? You say he has a warrant for the arrest of Lehman?”

“Yes, he has a warrant; he said that he and his deputies would be at his office at this hour and ready to go at a moment's warning.”

“Mr. Stanton, will you please go at once and get him and his men with all equipments and have them at the depot by seven o'clock. I will go and order a special train; we will start at that hour. I will wire Jed to that effect. This undertaking must not fail.”

"I will do as you say," said Stanton, as the men hurried out of the room.

Adrian ordered the special train and wired Jed to be in readiness. The railroad over which they were to travel had been built from Zion through the Garden City and as far as Juab during his absence. At seven o'clock an engine with one coach, bearing the rescuing party, pulled out from the station and two hours later arrived at Juab. No train has ever made better time over this road, the time being about fifty-five miles per hour.

Thirty minutes later and all was in readiness, when they started on the long and tiresome trip to St. George. They arrived at Scipio three hours and a half later, where they hurriedly changed horses and drove on to Filmore, at which place they arrived at four-thirty, on the morning of the 19th. Here the party stopped for a little rest and to take breakfast. They took rooms in a hotel, where they retired, and all the party except Adrian slept soundly for two hours. He had slept but little since receiving the cablegram and under ordinary circumstances he would have been worn out when he reached Salt Lake City the evening before, but now there was no rest for him. He walked restlessly back and forth, thinking only of the rescue and of the sufferings of her who was more precious to him than life itself. When breakfast came he ate the first meal he had eaten in twenty-four hours, and felt greatly refreshed.

At seven o'clock they resumed their journey with a new round of horses. Swift as the wind did they travel over the valleys and through the canons, arriving at Cove Creek at noon. Here they took lunch and changed horses. The drivers were so tired they could not make as good time as they had the night before and in the forenoon. They arrived at Beaver at six in the evening, where they ate supper and resumed their journey to Parowan, a distance of about forty-five miles. This being the longest trip without an opportunity of changing horses, and the roads being in worse condition than any they had yet reached, necessitated slower travel. They arrived at Parowan, however, at two o'clock the next morning. In six hours Lola was to start through the temple with Lehman, and eighty-five miles of road yet lay between them and the temple. It was the unanimous decision that they could not reach there in time to stop the ceremony, so being worn out they decided to rest after taking lunch until day. Adrian lay down with the rest, but his slumber was broken; at intervals he aroused from his slumber when he imagined that he could hear Lola's voice calling to him for help. He was up at break of day and urging all to be in readiness to resume the journey at once. They ate an early breakfast and started for Kanarraville at sunrise. The drivers were refreshed from the few hours sleep, and, with a fresh supply of

splendid steeds, they drove at a rapid rate. Saints meeting them on the road gazed at them wonderingly as they swiftly sped along; at times, however, their travel was impeded on account of the sand. They arrived at Kanarraville at twelve-thirty, where they took lunch; then, with the last relay of horses, they started for St. George. The road being rough for the first twenty miles hindered their progress more than they had anticipated. On arriving at Washington, eight miles from St. George, one of the horses to the carriage in which the United States marshal rode became violently sick which necessitated a change. They hurriedly unharnessed and left the suffering animal in the care of a party residing there and substituted a horse on which one of the deputies rode, he riding the rest of the way in the carriage with the marshal. Owing to this delay they feared they could not reach the temple by six o'clock. The time was so short that Adrian urged the mounted men forward. They dashed ahead at their utmost speed. Jed was now riding the noble steed on which he had ridden the night he found Lola in prison; the faithful animal seemed to know that something of importance depended upon him and to breathe with his master the same incentive. On, on, he rushed at his own good will, up hill and down, and over every condition of road as swiftly as an eagle in its flight. On came the deputies in hot pursuit and were close to his heels for a

short time, yet in spite of whip or spur they were left behind. On he went and on they came, and at six o'clock, as the crowd was coming out of the temple, he rode at his greatest speed a mile ahead of the nearest deputy, reining up in front of the temple immediately after Lola sank to the step; then, springing lightly from the saddle, he faced the crowd as he drew his revolvers and gave the command to halt.

Lehman turned his attention from Lola to Jed and asked:—

“Why dost thou assume so much authority over this company of the Lord’s people?”

“I act in the name of humanity. If any one move out of his tracks except Mr. Allison, his wife and daughter, I will perforate that person with bullets; this order stands until the officers and my party reach here,” said Jed, pointing toward the advancing officers with the carriages in the rear.

“Who are you and who are they?” demanded Lehman excitedly.

“My name is Jedediah Worthen—advance guard for Adrian Waltham and company, who are coming to the rescue of this fair lady, and to put you, vile Lehman, in prison as you have been keeping her.”

Mrs. Allison, who had been giving her attention in company with her husband to the prostrate girl, now raised to her feet and throwing her hands up wildly, shouted:—

"Thank God! Thank God!"

"Adrian Waltham! He is dead!" exclaimed Lehman.

"It is an infamous falsehood and you with your whole company know it. He is alive and coming in one of the carriages. The United States marshal is in another with a warrant for your arrest for polygamy."

At this moment two of the deputy marshals arrived and immediately took Lehman in charge. As Jed made this statement and the deputy marshals arrested Lehman, the crowd of Saints grew white with rage and began murmuring to themselves about them being persecuted by the "carpet-bag officers of this so-called nation."

At this time all the horsemen had arrived, together with Adrian's carriage. Adrian alighted and seeing Lola as her father raised her to her feet rushed to her.

"Hold! infamous scoundrel!" said Lehman. "Lay not thy hand upon my wife!"

Adrian was dazed at the bold stand of Lehman couched in these words and staggered back as he pressed his hand to his forehead, when the United States marshal, who had just arrived in time to hear this conversation, asked:—

"When did she become your wife?"

"She has just gone through the temple with me as my bride," ejaculated Lehman.

"You are living with a woman whom you have called your wife for years and four others that you term wives?"

"I have had five wives in the past, and verily the Lord hath bestowed this one on me as my sixth this day."

"Sir, the laws of the United States prohibit the practice of polygamy, and this ceremony, which you and your allies have just forced upon this young lady, is not only absolutely null and void, but you are each guilty of falsely imprisoning her."

Lola had somewhat aroused by this time, but was still supported by her father's arm. She gazed at Adrian with a vacant stare as he approached her with arms extended and started toward him, then stopped and looked wildly about her, when Adrian said:—

"O my long-lost Lola! Is it possible that you do not know me?"

"Yes, Adrian, I know you. Thank God! I have reached you—safely—in heaven," she answered feebly, and fell into his arms, when they bore her to Adrian's carriage.

The marshal then read the warrant to Lehman, after which they placed the manacles on him and he took his seat in the carriage with the marshal and the deputy.

Thus the fairest maid of all the intermountain region, and the last survivor of the Mountain Meadow horror, was at last rescued from the hateful grasp of Mormonism.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

An old apostate was the proprietor of a small inn at St. George. He was an Englishman by birth, and had entitled his place "The Inn of St. George."

During the first trial of Bishop John D. Lee, an order was made by the holy priesthood at Zion, that all the Saints, from the prophet down, should be rebaptized, in order to cleanse themselves pure and spotless from the blood shed at Mountain Meadow; but "Old Joe Hull," as the Saints called him after he had apostatized, refused to be baptized again when informed as to the reason for the proceeding, saying at the time:—

"I had nothing to do with the massacre, therefore I have no sins to cleanse."

But the members of the priesthood who waited upon him answered by saying:—

"All the Saints bear the condemnation of the Gentiles and the carpet-bag officers because of this deed, which was ordered by the holy priesthood, as a means of forwarding the interests of the kingdom of God on earth, but the wickedness of the devil, as manifested through the United States courts and their so-called officers, makes it imperative that the Saints free themselves of the charge, by being rebaptized, as some of our own people are foolish enough to believe it was wrong."

It was to this inn that Adrian and party went at once after the rescue of Lola and the placing of Lehman in custody. Here they stopped for the night and at once sent for Willy, as Mr. and Mrs. Allison had decided to return to Zion with Mr. Stanton.

Willy had refused to go near the temple, saying:—

“I cannot stand to see my dear sister humiliated and dragged down in such a manner.”

He was now a young man of twenty—handsome and intelligent—bearing a resemblance to his father. When he came and learned of the rescue and met with Adrian again, his joy knew no bounds. After being separated from his sister, and thinking Adrian was dead, a cloud of sorrow hung over him and he had grown meditative and serious; but, as he shook hands with Adrian, his juvenile expressions of sarcasm returned, as he said:—

“Dear Adrian, I am truly glad that Uncle Sam has begun to lay hands on these old warts in the proper style.”

Lola had a raging fever during the evening and night. She had not gained consciousness sufficient to fully realize what was going on around her, after sinking on the steps of the temple. When she aroused from her stupor her thoughts wandered in her feverish delirium, as she talked of the scenes of the day through which she had passed.

Adrian lay down and rested peacefully for the first time since receiving the cablegram from Mr. Stanton, leaving Lola in the care of her parents and Willy, after first receiving the promise, that should she grow worse during the night he should be awakened. He awoke early and found that Lola was growing worse.

When daylight came it was apparent to all that her sickness was assuming a serious nature. The next difficulty which confronted them was, how they should remove her, and get a physician, as there was not one closer than two hundred miles. After a long consultation it was decided to make her a bed in one of the carriages, leaving sufficient room for one person to sit and watch over her, and her mother was assigned this duty. Mr. Stanton suggested that they ought to have a physician meet them, when Jed said:—

“I will hurry on to Juab and telegraph to your physician to come on the first train and I will secure a rig and bring him to meet you.”

This was at once agreed upon and Jed started before the rest of the company. An hour and a half later and the whole company started, with Lola's carriage in front, in order to avoid the dust. They arrived at Filmore the evening of the third day, where they were met by Jed and the physician. It had been a long, weary trip, but Lola received almost as good care in the closed carriage as if she had been in a house, and was not much worse than the natural ravages of

the fever would make her. After careful examination, the physician said:—

“We have a very sick patient on our hands and must get her to the journey’s end as quickly as possible, where I can have everything that is needed in her case; she has a violent attack of typhoid fever.”

Adrian’s sorrow knew no bounds at this announcement, for he feared that he had rescued her only to have her taken from him again; and at least it would be some time before she could realize that she was in the care of her true friends and even know him.

They drove all that night and arrived at Juab in time to catch the train for Zion the next morning, and, in five hours, Lola was in a pleasant and comfortable room at the same hotel where Vernon Stanton stopped, surrounded by her parents and friends, with her lover frequently at her bedside.

Lehman was given a preliminary hearing at the Garden City before the United States commissioner for the district, who held him to await the action of the district court in the sum of twenty thousand dollars.

Jed went at once in search of Adrian’s parents. Lola’s life seemed to hang in the balance for a period of three weeks, then the fever left her so weak that the physician and her friends feared she would never rally. The loving parents, brother and devoted lover, watched the turning

point with breathless anxiety. They feared they had rescued their loved one only to lose her. At last the climax was passed, her pulse grew stronger, her respiration became natural, and the physician announced that the danger line was passed. She fell into a restful sleep and on awakening she opened her eyes and said to her mother:—

“I thought I heard the voice of Adrian.” Then her eyes closed for a moment, when her mother said:—

“Adrian is here with us, my child.”

“May I see him?” she said.

He moved to her bedside and, taking her hand gently in his own, bent over her to catch her words. As he looked into her eyes he saw the gleam of intelligence and a faint smile on her lips, as she whispered:—

“It is, indeed, my long-lost Adrian.”

Adrian was so overcome with emotion that he could not answer her, when the physician advised him to retire as she should be kept perfectly quiet, telling her at the same time that everything was as she desired. For some time all were excluded from the room but her parents, nurse and physician. During this time she improved rapidly, but everything was veiled in mystery. She could not understand Adrian's presence, where she was, nor how she came there. She inquired several times, but was told that she was, yet, too weak to hear the particulars. When

Adrian was again admitted into her presence they were then allowed to enter into the details of his long absence and her rescue, which was a long story. She now saw through everything clearly, and the knowledge of his being alive did more to bring back her old-time vigor than all else combined. She improved rapidly and, by the last of June, was able to take rides in the open air as far as the canons.

When Adrian heard from his parents and Jed, they were at San Francisco. Immediately after leaving the Garden City, Mr. and Mrs. Waltham went to Sacramento, where he began work by the day at fair wages. He soon had a little savings laid by and with this he bought a few thousand shares in a promising mining corporation. It was not long before this company struck a large body of fine ore and the stock advanced rapidly. Within two months after the great strike in the mine, Mr. Waltham sold his interest in the property for fifty thousand dollars and at once removed to San Francisco, where he engaged in the mercantile business and was now very prosperous. The news of Adrian being alive and having returned to Zion, also the rescue of Lola was to them like the coming back of the dead.

Their cup of joy was full to overflowing and they decided to start to the city of Zion immediately to meet their darling boy who, they thought for years, had found a grave beneath the waves

of the great Atlantic. They supposed all of the Allison family had been offered up as a blood atonement, because of their mysterious disappearance, and, fearing that they would soon share the same fate, they left the country at once. It was about the middle of July when Jed found them, and, three days later, they arrived at Salt Lake City. It was, indeed, a happy reunion of the once wrecked and downcast Waltham family. Lola, by this time, had entirely regained her health, and she and Adrian were now informed of her true origin, as given at the trial of Bishop John Doyl Lee.

After hearing the story of her origin and the cruel way in which her parents, grandparents, uncles, aunts, cousins and friends, had been murdered by the Saints; she told them of the strange vision that appeared to her the night she was torn from her parents at the Garden City; then continuing, she said sorrowfully:—

“Now I fully understand who the angelic figures were. Their protecting care has ever been over me since that time; for, when in sorest distress, their presence has ever sustained me by turning my mind to Jesus. I can further understand why my whole being has so revolted against the teachings and practice of the Saints.” Then turning to Adrian, she continued: “Dear Adrian, we have had a sad experience and have discovered many things during our trials. We have decided, as you know, that our wedding

should take place as soon as you found your parents, that they might be in attendance. We talked this morning of its being within the week after they arrived, but now, that I am bowed down with this new and great sorrow, let us wait a little longer. I do not want to be married within the borders of the territory where my parents were so cruelly murdered. I also want sufficient time to visit the place where the awful deed was done, and pay my respects to their memory while I am yet entitled to bear their precious name, whatever it may be. Alas! mine is a sorrowful condition—unable to know my own name, or that of my own parents."

This was said with so much feeling that all present were melted to tears. Mrs. Allison was deeply affected, when Lola went to her and throwing her arms around her, lovingly, she said:—

"My dear mother! The only mother I ever knew until now; this disclosure will never lessen my love for you, papa, and Willy. God, in his providence, has been merciful to me, in this, that I was permitted to fall into the hands of such noble, upright and virtuous people. I can never repay you sufficiently for the love and kindness you have shown me."

"My dear child," said Mrs. Allison, "the happiness that we have experienced, by having you in our family, has more than rewarded us for everything we have done for you." She then im-

pressed a loving kiss upon her mother's lips and turned to Adrian saying:—

“Dear Adrian, you have not answered my suggestion as to setting the date for our union farther ahead. Under all the circumstances, don't you think it would be the better?”

“Let all arrangements be made according to your will, Lola; but give the directions and we will act accordingly. We will want a number to accompany us to Mountain Meadow. Let us now arrange the time for this trip. It would be more pleasant to make the trip in September, but, at that time, I will be compelled to be in attendance at the district court at the Garden City, as Lehman's trial is set for the first week and it might be delayed.”

“How about your case against him, for the money that he has obtained upon the drafts you sent to your father?”

“The trial of this case is set for the second week in September, but I received word from my attorneys this morning that he wanted to compromise my case against him by paying \$7,000, provided I would take his fine black team and carriage, at twelve hundred dollars, and a piano he has at Filmore at seven hundred dollars. The balance he agrees to pay in cash. I am debating the question in my mind whether I shall accept the proposition or not.”

“What piano did you say?”

“It is the piano that is at the place where he kept you at Filmore.”

"I do not know why; but I have always felt so peculiar about that piano."

"Perhaps I can shed some light upon your mysterious feelings with reference to this piano," said Jed.

"I pray you, do so then, for I should like so well to know the reason."

"The piano belonged to your mother. Klingensmith told Henry Spiral, and he told me that Lehman got this instrument as his share of the spoils from Mountain Meadow, and that it was the property of the mother of the child whom he got."

"While I was there, near it, I felt that I could not bear to play on it; but now I feel that I must come into possession of it."

The compromise was made at once and Lola became the possessor of this instrument. It sat in one of the wagons at the siege at Mountain Meadow, with the back to the Saints, and had three bullet holes in the casing, where bullets had passed through the wood and had indented the iron sounding board, but without damaging its tone. When these holes were discovered in the back, Jed said:—

"These are evidences of the love that the Saints bear toward their fellow man."

After remaining two weeks at Zion, Mr. and Mrs. Waltham returned to San Francisco, as Mr. Waltham had come away so hurriedly, that he had left his business in such condition that he

could not remain away from it longer. By this time Jed had everything in readiness for the trip to Mountain Meadow and, as it was pleasant weather, they decided to camp at night on the route.

CHAPTER XLIX.

Lola with her friends started to Mountain Meadow the next morning, after Mr. and Mrs. Waltham left for San Francisco. Among the company were her foster parents, Adrian, Willy, Mr. Stanton, Jed, Rev. Thomas Gray, the minister of the church to which Mr. Stanton belonged in the East, and at this time Mr. Stanton's guest, and a number of other friends.

The weather was delightful during the trip, except in the middle of the day, when it was somewhat oppressive at times. In the evening, when in camp, they all assembled to hear Rev. Gray talk upon and explain the Bible. These meetings were enjoyed and appreciated by all the members of the party, and especially by Adrian and Lola, who were anxious to learn everything concerning that religion which was free from the taint of polygamy.

On reaching Filmore they encamped near the village; Jed happened to meet his old friend, Henry Spiral, and Henry at once informed Flora that Lola was among a company who were encamped on the river.

Flora went in company with Henry to the camp, and finding Lola, who gave her a hearty greeting, she asked for a private interview. Lola took her to her tent and said:—

“Something seems to trouble you, what is it, Flora?”

“Yes, I am in trouble about my salvation. Ever since I left you at the old Cedar City prison, my mind has been in a state of unrest, because of my wasted and sinful life. After associating with you for a year and a half and knowing your innocent and pure life, I thought of the great contrast between my life and yours. I loved you, however, better than any girl I ever saw, and there resolved to live a better life. When I saw you dragged from the hack that night at the prison by Lehman and Sally, I was filled with disgust and self reproach, because I was a member of an organization that would keep such a man as a member, much less keep him in a prominent position. I have forsaken my former ways and faith, and have tried to live an honest, virtuous life befitting a Christian woman. God knows how well I have succeeded in this regard and that my actions have been in harmony with the teachings of the Bible, as you construe it. This change has cost me all of my former friends. They have ostracized me. They have said to me many times: ‘You have evidently caught the spirit of the apostasy from that contemptible Alison girl.’ I answered that I wished I were half so good as she. O dear Lola, I regret so much the life I have lived! I have prayed so hard that I might be forgiven. I feel the indwelling spirit, as a witness, that I have at least partially suc-

ceeded at the throne of grace. Tell me, dear Lola, is there a place outside of this church for me to live a Christian life?"

"Dear Flora, I am truly glad to hear you talk in this manner. I want you to go with me and talk to Rev. Gray, I know that he can give you the light which you seek."

They went to the minister, who was just about to begin the evensong meeting, with the company seated around, and Lola requested that he give his time, for this evening, to an inquiring soul, that all might reap the benefit of his instructions. He was pleased to grant the request. He then turned to Flora and asked what instructions she desired. She then laid the burden of her transgressions before him, and explained her repentant condition, as she had explained to Lola, when he said:—

"He who seeks repentance for the past,
Should woo the angel virtue in the future."

Then taking the Bible he read the eighth chapter of St. John and explained it. After finishing the lesson on this chapter, he said:—

"My good woman, you would not be rejected by any good church in this christian land, for they all follow the teachings of the Master, and He said, with reference to the sheep that was lost and found, 'I say unto you, that likewise joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons, which need no repentance.'"

Flora sat weeping, after the meeting was over, and Lola went to her and asked:—

“Dear Flora, is there anything that I can do to comfort you?”

“Dear Lola, I do not know. The way is not clear. If I live the religion on which my heart is set, I cannot make a living among these people,” answered Flora, when Lola said:—

“This shall not be a barrier between you and the Saviour. Come and go with us to-morrow morning and you shall never want.”

Henry Spiral was also desirous of joining the party, and made arrangements with Mr. Stanton and Adrian for a position in their mines; and having a good riding horse with equipments, he and Flora joined the party the next morning.

They reached the brow of the hill, just before entering the glen at Mountain Meadow, where they halted. Here they alighted, then formed a procession, and marched, with uncovered and bowed heads, to the rude monument; here Rev. Gray and Vernon Stanton sang in a very impressive manner:—

“Go bury thy sorrow,
The world hath its share;
Go bury it deeply,
Go hide it with care,
Go think of it calmly,
When curtained by night,
Go tell it to Jesus,
And all will be right.

“Go tell it to Jesus,
He knoweth thy grief;
Go tell it to Jesus,
He'll send thee relief;

Go gather the sunshine
 He sheds on the way;
 He'll lighten thy burden,
 Go, weary one, pray.

“Hearts growing a-weary
 With heavier woe,
 Now droop.'mid the darkness—
 Go comfort them, go. :
 Go bury thy sorrows;
 Let others be blest;
 Go give them the sunshine;
 Tell Jesus the rest.”

Then the minister read the first seven verses of the twelfth chapter of Ecclesiastes, after which he offered prayer. He then read from the fifteenth chapter of Corinthians, as follows:—

“For since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead.

“For as in Adam, all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive.”

He then made appropriate remarks, after which all the company, except Adrian and Lola, sang:—

“They're gath'ring homeward from ev'ry land,” etc.

They were then dismissed, and the company turned to go away; but Lola lingered, and leaning against the monument, she gazed at the cross; then wept as a child.

Her grief seemed as great as if she had known her parents, relatives and friends all her life, and that they had died but yesterday. Adrian and her parents tried to console her; but it seemed she could not be comforted. She finally said:—

“Oh, what suffering my parents and relatives

must have endured in that awful time. The horrible spectacle, the last struggle, and when it was over, the ground strewn with their mangled forms, comes vividly to my imagination. Oh, can I ever cease to think of this awful picture!"

Here Rev. Gray approached her and said:—

"Dear friend, I pray you may be comforted. They who loved you in your tenderest days, are not lost to you forever; they fade no more, nor realize pain nor fear. They have reached a celestial habitation. We may feel sad, because of their fate; but while we weep and wonder, they are wrapt in the blissful joy of Heaven. Shadows fall upon them no more. Who has no loved ones in Heaven? Where is the one whose heart has not ached with sorrow, amid the blasts that have congealed his earthly hopes, and withered mortal love? Beneath this cross, dedicated to the memory of an unfortunate band, our hearts are heavy with the memories that hang over it. Our little company is multiplied by their presence, and the communion with the departed will make Heaven more attractive to us."

They led her tenderly from the place, and started on their journey homeward. They camped that night near Cedar City, and as Lola stood in the door of her tent that evening, looking across the hills toward Mountain Meadow, her heart was filled with inexpressible sadness, as the thoughts of the place, with its history, passed through her mind. The next morning, as they

were preparing to resume the journey, she requested that they go to the old prison, as she wanted to see Sally. Since Lola had been taken from the prison, Old Sally had felt her loneliness more keenly than ever before. She had longed to see Lola once more, and her joy knew no bounds when she learned from Lola that she had been rescued from Lehman, and that Adrian had returned. From the association with Lola she had improved in every way, and when the company started to take their leave she begged Lola to take her with her, saying:—

“My dear little gal, I ha’n’t got much longer ter live here any way. This ol’ place has been mighty lonesome ’thout yer bein’ here. Its mighty hard ter think o’ dyin’ here alone, wi’ nobody ter say narry kind word, ner put my poor ol’ carcass in the groun’. Can’t I go ’long wi’ yer chile, ter be yer slave? I will work fer yer as long as these ol’ hands has strength. I want ter worship God and his Son as yer teched me when yer war here. It war sich a conserlation ter my poor ol’ soul, when yer used ter read ter me frum yer Bible; but I ha’n’t furgot hit yit. Do take me gal, fer I want ter know more about hit.”

The sight of this aged and lonely woman, pleading, with the tears streaming down her wrinkled cheeks, to be taken from that awful place, filled all with pity. Lola was so affected, that she could not speak for a few moments; but finally she said:—

“Yes, Sally, you may go; not as a slave, however; your life has already been too hard, and the time has now come when you can rest.”

Sally was so happy with the thought that she was leaving this place never to return, that she could scarcely make the necessary preparations for the journey. Lola assisted her, and advised her what she should do with her things. Sally took her little bundle of things that she wanted to take along, and rode with the driver in the supply wagon. When they reached the main road, she met a farmer and disposed of her cow and hogs for half their value and gave the farmer the remainder of the things she had left at the prison.

The remainder of the trip was made without anything of an unusual character taking place. The evening meetings were continued, which helped to bring Lola out of the gloom into which she had fallen at Mountain Meadow. These were great meetings for Sally, as she had never heard anything like Rev. Gray's teachings, except during the days when Lola was at the old prison with her.

They arrived at Zion late in the evening of the 29th of August, and learned that the pure soul of the holy Prophet Brigham Young had winged its flight to the celestial shore, where more than two hundred prominent women of the world's history awaited the coming of their partner for eternity (according to his revelations), as he had been

sealed to them. His sweet and charming thirty-seven-fold widow was left to mourn the loss of her loving husband.

CHAPTER L.

The next day, after reaching Zion, Adrian and Lola, the third time, set the day for their marriage. They decided to have the wedding at San Francisco, on the first day of October.

Adrian and Mr. Allison attended the trial of Lehman, the next week, at the Garden City. The Saints were there in immense numbers.

The indictment charged him with unlawfully cohabiting with one Wilhelmina Persivie, and holding her out to the world as his wife, while he was also living with Celia Lehman, his lawful wife. The case of the Government was proven conclusively. The defense had no evidence to offer, but moved a dismissal. The court overruled the motion and the case went to the jury, who soon returned with a verdict of guilty. A motion was made by the attorneys for the defendant, for a new trial, alleging several grounds of error. After hearing the arguments for and against the motion, the court overruled the same and sentenced him to five years in the penitentiary. The case was then appealed to the Supreme court of the Territory.

Adrian and Mr. Allison returned to Zion, immediately after the trial was over, and now they turned their attention to the preparation for the San Francisco trip. Adrian and Lola visited the

mine at Park City. Mr. Stanton and Jed were very busy getting everything in shape for a leave of absence. The dividends from the mine were increasing, as they increased the number of hands and the machinery, being at this time forty thousand dollars per month, clear of all expenses. The great amount of fine ore, principally silver and lead, with a small per cent. of gold, that was being blocked out, told that this output would continue for years. Mr. Stanton and Adrian were the sole owners of this property. Two weeks after this trip to the mine, everything was in readiness for the joyous trip to the western coast. Adrian had secured a neat little cottage at Zion, in which Flora and Sally were to live for the present. Lola had the wen removed from Sally's face, the old tooth drawn, and the deserted gums supplied with a full set; then with her hair combed neatly, and dressed in suitable clothing, no one would have recognized in her the same woman who had lived so long in the old prison. Flora was a good dress-maker, and now turned her attention to this business; and having enough friends among the Gentiles, who were willing to lend a helping hand, was soon able to make a good living for herself and Sally, who did the housework for the two. Flora had given all of her time, during the past two weeks, to assisting the leading dress-maker in finishing Lola's wardrobe.

The time had now come for Adrian and Lola to take their departure. Their friends assembled at

the station to bid them God's speed, and all were happy and jubilant over the triumph of this much wronged couple over their foes; in fact all of the Gentiles throughout the Territory, who knew of the circumstances, were wild with delight. It was the finest appearing company who had ever left Zion. Lola never looked more beautiful than she now appeared in her elegant gray traveling suit. They had a palace car, at the rear of the train, especially for them and their friends, who were to accompany them.

As the Union Pacific train steamed away from the station, bearing the happy party, their friends still shouted their good wishes and showered good luck in handful after handful of rice.

Sally and Flora watched the train until it passed from view, in the evening twilight, then turned their steps homeward. They were glad that Adrian and Lola, together with their parents, were beyond the power of their persecutors; yet they felt sad because they were to be separated from them for a time.

At Ogden, the coach in which Adrian and Lola and party were traveling, was transferred to the Central Pacific. The next day was spent in noting the change of scenery as they passed along. This feature of the journey was very entertaining to Lola, as well as other members of the party, whose travels had been mostly confined to Utah. As the train pulled out of Reno, Nevada, where they had just taken supper, Vernon Stan-

ton, standing in the midst of the company and pointing in that direction, said:—

“Virginia City lies twenty miles to the south-east of this place. See yon rising mountain? That is Mount Davidson, whose elevation is six thousand three hundred feet. Virginia City lies on its steep, rugged eastern slope. The throng of people you saw stopping at Reno, or boarding the train, was bound for, or returning from, that great mining district. Virginia City is built over the great Comstock Lode. This mineral vein has yielded more of the precious metals than any other single deposit in the history of mining. Hundreds of men have grown rich in a week from this wonderful bonanza. It was here that I was first attracted toward mining, sufficiently to become personally interested in the business; and learned to love and respect those hardy sons of toil, who with prospect pick and shovel, climb the craggy heights by day, and roll themselves in their blankets by night, and lie down to sleep amidst the hills under a starry or a clouded sky, in search of gold and silver, in order that they may benefit not only themselves but the human family, by bringing these metals from their hiding, and turning them into the channels of trade, that they may become a part of the world’s circulating medium. Often they cast anchor on a prospect, gather in numbers to develop it, skimp and live on the hardest fare for days and months, only to find that the lode doesn’t pay. There are ninety-

nine prospects that fail, to one that brings returns. But when they meet with success, the returns are so great and the benefits so extensive that it does my soul good to hear of a splendid strike. No wrong can possibly be laid at the door of him who grows rich in this way. By his liberality, he benefits all who come in contact with him and leave the product for future generations. I honor the men who have made of the United States one of the greatest mining countries in the world."

The rest of the evening was spent in discussing the mineral wealth and resources of the United States and its development. They had entered California and were climbing the Sierra Nevada mountains, when they retired the second night. They arrived at San Francisco the next morning at eight o'clock, where they were met at the station by Adrian's parents with a number of their friends. Adrian and Lola, Mr. and Mrs. Allison and Willy were driven immediately to Mr. Waltham's residence, where they remained during that day. The other members of the party were driven to one of the best hotels in the city.

The ceremony was to take place at the church, where Mr. and Mrs. Waltham held their membership and had attended regularly ever since arriving in that city, three years before. After spending the day at the Waltham residence, Mr. Allison and his family went to the hotel where the rest of the party were stopping and took up their lodging there, until the marriage should be solemnized.

CHAPTER LI.

The happy day had come at last when Adrian and Lola should wed. The celebration of the nuptials was to take place at the extreme Occident, in one of the most beautiful located cities in the world, a spot worthy in every respect of the happiest day of one's life to be celebrated, even of the last survivor of the greatest crime ever committed on American soil, and on whom six years of the most infamous persecution had been heaped, in order to wrest from her that which makes of woman the sweetest charm of earth; yet through it all she had emerged as pure and spotless as the snow on the topmost peaks of the Rocky Range.

The sun rose bright on that beautiful October morn, sending his rays across the land of fruit and flowers, dispelling the darkness from the splendid city, the Golden Gate, the Presidio, Alcatraz, and Angel Islands' fortifications, the beautiful bay at the east and north, the great Pacific on the west, whose mighty waters reach on and on, until it forms the union between the Orient and the Occident.

In the midst of these surroundings the lovers awoke; she, at the most spacious apartments of the finest hotel in the city; he, at the splendid home of his parents two miles away. They were now far from the land of the Saints and the scenes

of their bitter persecution. Hitherto, according to the divine laws, it was theirs to live separate and apart; in the future it would be theirs, according to the same sacred rule, to live together and enjoy the felicitous blessing of the same happy home. Oh, what joy this contemplated blessing brought to them as they arose on this eventful day! But, as they permitted a glance back over the sorrowful days of the past; he, on the gloomy days spent at Liverpool, when forced to do mission work for the Saints; she, upon the lonely, miserable days, weeks and months spent at the Cedar City prison, they shuddered and half feared that the present happy conditions might be a dream that soon would end by a sudden awakening; but it was a reality; no more bitter experiences, to be inflicted by the Saints, awaited them.

The day was passed and as the sun sent up a faint light from behind the mighty deep, Lola's maid announced that Adrian was in waiting in the parlor, when Lola directed that he be admitted at once to her private apartments.

Soon Adrian came into the room where she arose to greet him, arrayed in her bridal costume; after saluting her and impressing a kiss upon her lips, he said: "Dear Lola, I never saw you look more beautiful, except when standing in front of Bridal-Veil Falls, as the flush of joy and excitement played upon your lovely countenance, as I raised the beautiful fish from the dashing waters of old Timpanogos. That was the zenith for me

at that kind of angling. Since that time, I have been angling in a different stream, the great stream of humanity that has been rushing on since the days of Adam. At one time I thought the coveted prize was lost; but thanks be to our Heavenly Father, to-night the prize is mine."

Just as Lola started to answer, Vernon Stanton appeared at the door and announced that everything was in waiting.

The church was beautifully decorated with potted tropical plants and cut flowers; around the altar was a magnificent floral display. Immediately in front of the altar was an arch covered with magnolia and orange blossoms. From the center of the arch hung the wedding bell covered with small white flowers, and from the center of the bell hung a large half-blown white lily.

A vast audience filled the church to overflowing. Many were friends of Adrian's parents, while the greater number came to see and to do honor to the last survivor of the Mountain Meadow crime, who would have graced the Golden State, had it not been for the ill fate of her people.

Promptly at eight o'clock the organist began the wedding march. A breathless silence fell upon the audience, as the friends of Adrian and Lola who had accompanied them from Zion, together with a number of near friends of the Waltham family in the city, marched in and took seats near the altar, which had been reserved for them; then came the parents of Adrian, followed

by Lola's foster parents, and lastly the happy pair. On reaching the altar Adrian's parents stood to the right, and Lola's to the left, under the arch, Adrian and Lola, coming up between, stopped immediately under the bell. Lola was attired in a wedding gown of white satin, with lace overdress, ornamented with magnolia and orange blossoms. A wreath of the same flowers adorned her head from which the filmy bridal veil fell to the floor. The music ceased, the minister descended from the altar immediately in front of them and pronounced a short, impressive ceremony in accordance with the laws of the United States. A sparkling diamond shone from her finger, the first she had ever worn, and they were pronounced husband and wife. The music began, the wedding party marched down the other aisle, and the ceremony was over.

The wedding party was driven at once to the Waltham residence where supper was served to a large number of guests.

The next day Adrian and his bride started for Europe, on their bridal tour; the rest of the party visited the places of interest around San Francisco during the next week, then returned to Zion.

Their trip to Europe was very pleasant. They visited many places of interest during their stay, and while in England they visited Margaret Baird Salisbury and her people, who gave them a reception at which many of the nobility were present.

Adrian and Lola were charmed with the dignity and elegance of manner of the people they met on this occasion, and spoke to Margaret, afterward, of the great contrast between their refined and cultured appearance and the coarse, unrestrained conduct of the people with whom they had spent their childhood days.

After their European tour was ended, they returned to America and settled down in San Francisco for life. Their wealth was increasing rapidly from the dividends they were receiving from the mine at Park City.

Adrian bought a neat little home for Sally and Flora, in the suburbs of San Francisco; and for years they lived a happy life at this place, giving much of their time to the cause of Christianity. They lived in harmony with the teachings of Christ, as interpreted by the "Sweet Angel," as Sally always called Lola. When Lola visited them, or they in return visited her, Sally would always insist on Lola telling them something more of the blessed Saviour, which was always a pleasant task for Lola. On these occasions she often said to Sally:—

"The seed I sowed during the dark days of prison life fell on good ground."

She would then take the well-worn Bible, which had afforded her and Sally so much consolation while at that gloomy place, and read chapter after chapter to Sally.

Flora married a wealthy contractor of San

Francisco, a few years later, and resides there to this day; and from the day she parted with Lola at the old Cedar City prison, when Lola was left there by Lehman, she had lived an upright, honest, Christian life. She has passed the noon of life and is now traveling toward the eventide, her hair is streaked with gray; and as she kneels beside her bed at night, to give thanks to God for her changed life, she forgets not to thank Him that, in the light of His divine providence, she was permitted to come in contact with the sweet girl who, when in direst distress, looked to the Cross for strength to help her on.

Henry Spiral became assistant at the mine under Jed as superintendent. Mr. Allison became secretary and treasurer of the company. Willy Allison married a young lady in one of the eastern states and settled down for life in the great city of New York as an attorney and counselor at law, where he became prominent in his profession.

CHAPTER LII.

When Zina Blatherskite saw Adrian at the temple door on the evening that Lola was rescued, her old passion for him was so intensified that she grew desperate, and when she heard of the party's leaving Zion for San Francisco, she raved like a maniac, censuring the dignitaries for many things that had not gone to suit her. She had called a meeting of the leaders which convened at the Garden City, about the time that Lola and her party passed that place on their way to Mountain Meadow to hold the memorial services.

After the meeting had assembled, Zina tried to prevail on the dignitaries to see to it that the company was stopped and that an end be put to the ungodly Gentiles increasing in their midst. The dignitaries were free to agree with her that such ought to be the case, but they feared the consequences that would follow. They were able to quell her mad reasoning for a time, but, when she heard that the train had left Zion bearing Adrian and Lola and their party to the western coast, her passion knew no bounds. She stated many times that the leaders of the church were the greatest band of cowards that ever disgraced the earth. So violent was her rage, for the first two days afterward, that none dared to venture in her presence. Then she sank into a sullen mood

and would not answer any call. She was the bishop's favorite wife, yet he believed that she was desperately in love with Adrian. When the news of the wedding came he hoped that she would now become reconciled.

Bishop Blatherskite read the account of the wedding in the paper and sent Lily to take the paper to Zina. She was sitting in an easy chair with her feet against the base of a large window. She wore a loose wrapper, with a shawl muffled around her shoulders and neck. She took no notice of the girl as she entered the room with the paper in her hand. Lily approached her and laying the paper gently in her lap, said:—

“Aunt Zina, papa has sent you this paper.”

Zina glanced at the headlines in the paper, as Lily spoke, and the pictures of Adrian and Lola met her gaze. She changed from the sullen mood, in an instant, to a furious rage. She sprang from her chair like a tigress and, seizing Lily by the hair, threw her with great force to the floor, as Lily shrieked in terror:—

“Help! help! help!”

The bishop and other members of the family came running, in answer to the call; but alas! they were too late. Zina had seized a large specimen of ore, which was lying on the center table, and hurled it with all her might at the poor girl, striking her on the temple, crushing her skull, and killing her instantly. Then rushing to her dresser, she took a dagger from the drawer and

plunged it into her own heart, falling lifeless across the dead body of Lily, as the terrified members of the household came rushing into the room. The bishop was so shocked at the ghastly sight, and grieved to see his favorite end in such a tragic death, that he became temporarily insane.

Thus ended the life of the poor innocent Lily, the last of Rhoda's children, cruelly murdered by the hand of the woman who was the moving cause in the destruction of her brother and sister. Sad and lonely had been the life of this sweet girl, since the death of her mother, James, and Evelyn. She had visited her mother's grave often and would sit for hours by the sacred spot thinking of the loved ones that were gone. Many times her mind reverted to the day her mother was buried, to the funeral services and the prayer that Bodenheimer offered, beseeching the Heavenly Father to throw his protecting arm around the grief-stricken children and she thought how inconsistent he and the rest of the brethren had acted toward them.

Bishop John D. Lee had been executed, Bill Hickman, Porter Rockwell and Brigham Young were no more, and Zina, "The Divine" had taken her "white wings." Thus, the power of the church was passing into other hands. John Taylor, an Englishman, succeeded Brigham as prophet, seer and revelator. He was a weaker man, mentally, but much better morally. There was a power now behind the throne in the person of George Q. Cannon.

The case of Bishop Lehman came on for hearing a year later in the Supreme court, where the decision of the District court was confirmed. The church organization was behind him and the case was appealed to the Supreme court of the United States, where the decision was again confirmed. The remittitur was sent back to the District court at the Garden City and Bishop Francis Lehman was again arraigned for sentence on the second Monday in January, 1883, and the same sentence was again pronounced against him, when the judge of the court said:—

“Francis Lehman, you have been regularly indicted by a grand jury of this court for unlawfully cohabiting with a woman, to-wit: one Wilhelmina Persivie and holding her out to the world as your wife, while you have a lawful wife living and with whom you also live and cohabit. You were tried by a jury of twelve men of your peers who found you guilty as charged in the indictment. The sentence of this court was then pronounced against you. You appealed from the judgment of this court to the Supreme court of the Territory, where the decision was confirmed. From that decision you appealed to the Supreme court of the United States, where the decision of this court was again confirmed and its remittitur has been duly transmitted to this court, ordering that the sentence be carried into execution. Have you any legal reason to offer why the sentence of this court should not be again pronounced against you and carried into effect?”

“Yes, I have this to say. The jury who sat in my case were not of my peers—no, not of my peers. I am a Saint, they are ungodly Gentiles. Your ‘infernal courts’ have no jurisdiction to try the children of God for that which He has commanded.”

“Have you nothing further to say?”

“No, I have nothing further to say. I will not stoop to dignify the officers of a viper nation of earth by entering into a controversy with them—yes, a controversy with them.”

“It is the judgment of this court that you, Francis Lehman, be taken to the penitentiary of this Territory and there kept in close confinement for a period of five years. You are now remanded to the custody of the United States marshal who will see that this sentence is duly carried into effect.”

The Saints were again working hard for statehood and now felt that they had it in their grasp; but it was met by strong resistance from the Gentiles and the coveted prize was again lost.

With the confirmation of the decision of the lower court in the Lehman case, scores of Saints were indicted under the same charge. These indictments were found against almost all of the dignitaries of the church and many of the lay members. Pronouncing judgment for this crime became of daily occurrence in the various courts, in many instances the court sentencing as high as twelve to fifteen in a single day. The word

"cohab" became the title by which those charged and convicted of this crime were designated. It was common on the streets of Zion, Ogden, Garden City and Beaver, where the courts were located, for Mormon, Jew or Gentile to remark,—

"Let us go over to the court and see how many 'cohab's go up to-day."

About fifteen hundred were in the penitentiary at one time while Lehman was there. Lehman served his full time and was then released. He returned to his home at the Garden City, where he was met at the station by five thousand Saints, assembled to welcome the return of this good brother who had been so vilely persecuted at the hands of "this infamous government."

A band headed the procession which was formed to escort him to his home. Next came Sunday-school children bearing banners and transparencies, who were followed by the older Saints bearing cartoons and inscriptions deriding the government and its officers, from the President down, and, lastly, a burly Saint dragged the stars and stripes in the mud.

When the few Gentiles who witnessed the procession beheld this last spectacle, their indignation was beyond control and they attempted to rescue the sacred emblem, but were forced to retreat in disorder, owing to their inferior numbers, though not until many had suffered from wounds received from fists, clubs and rocks, which were used freely by the Saints. When

overpowered by superior strength, this little band of loyal American citizens turned from the scene and left the streets, refusing to witness the pollution of freedom's banner.

On arriving at the home of Lehman, he made a speech which was a perfect tirade of abuse against the government and the Federal officers. In closing, he said:—

“This government is too infamous for the children of God to endure. I will take my little flock and hie me to the land of Mexico, where I can live the religion of God as revealed through the holy priesthood—yes, as revealed through the holy priesthood.”

Lehman at once closed out and took his little flock, consisting of five head of wives, thirty-seven head of children, with a similar number of horses and cattle, and journeyed southward, even unto the land of Mexico, where many of the brethren followed during the next five years. There they attempted to establish polygamy and practice the same without restraint, but the Mexican government soon put an end to the practice and the emigration from Zion to Mexico ceased.

Such disloyal scenes as the Lehman demonstration and the abuse heaped upon the Gentiles, the government and its officers, caused the most intense animosity to exist between the opposing forces. Prosecutions and convictions went on without abating. Many of the Saints apostatized. A large emigration of Gentiles was now flowing

into the Territory. The Mormons had banded themselves together under the name of the "People's Party" while the Gentiles were called the "Liberal Party." The People's party had carried all the local elections for city, county and territorial officers that were not appointed from Washington, except the mining towns of Park City, Eureka, and the little farming community of Corinne. At the next municipal election in the city of Ogden, after Lehman had been released from prison, the battle was fought with the most bitter feeling and resulted in the triumph of the Liberal ticket with a Jew as the first Gentile mayor. "Utah is the only place in the world where a Jew is called a Gentile."

The emigration continued to be largely Gentile. The Liberal party began to organize for a desperate fight for the control of the municipal affairs in the city of Zion, and, at the election in February, 1890, carried that city by a good majority. The campaign had been a desperate struggle, under the leadership of Hon. O. W. Powers as chairman of the Liberal committee and Hon. R. N. Baskin at the head of the ticket for mayor.

The Gentiles of the entire Territory were wild with delight over the victory and the ratification which followed was of the most enthusiastic nature. Still the Saints held out against the government and persisted in the violation of the laws of the land, and still the persecutions went

on. A regular line of march of Saintly-law breakers was kept from the courts to the penitentiary.

The contest for delegate to Congress came on in November with Judge C. C. Goodwin bearing the standard of the Liberals, and Hon. John T. Cane, who had been elected to this position several times before, was the candidate of the People's party. It resulted in an overwhelming victory for Cane. Still the Saints persisted in the violations of the laws and still the prosecutions and convictions went on.

In the spring of 1891 a movement was started by a few Gentiles and Mormons, for a division on national party lines, who looked upon the present condition of things as being un-American. It was strongly resisted at first, by both the Liberal and People's parties. The Gentiles who were in the movement thought at first that it would take a number of years to establish the division, and, feeling that it would do more to break down the bitter animosity existing between the people and to Americanize the Saints than all things else, and desiring this above every other political consideration, pressed forward in the fight.

The movement grew beyond all expectations. At first, as much from the Liberal as from the People's party, but within a year the leaders of the church called the People's party together and it was disbanded. The Saints were told that "in the future they were free to act politically as they pleased."

The Liberal party still maintained its organization. In October, 1890, Wilford Woodruff, who had succeeded John Taylor as prophet, seer and revelator, had received a revelation that the Saints should abandon the practice of polygamy. The general conference, which was then in session, ratified it by a unanimous vote, and, to all outward appearances, the brethren at once began to live in harmony with the same. The Gentiles hoped and believed that the action of the church was sincere and soon the Liberal party was disbanded. They, being true American citizens, at once allied themselves with the national party of their liking, and, for the first time in the history of Utah, all the people were supposed to be on the basis of American politics.

CHAPTER LIII.

After the division on national party lines, an era of apparently good feeling prevailed throughout the entire land of Zion. At the November elections of 1892 and 1894 everything seemed to be all that could be desired, one party gaining at one election and the other party at the next. During this time the American people had come to believe that the Mormons were sincere in their manifestations of loyalty and encouraged them in every way possible to be true to the government. They, through their representatives, had passed an enabling act through both houses of Congress, which was signed by the President, providing a way for Utah to become a sovereign State.

The first presidency of the Mormon church, consisting of Wilford Woodruff, George Q. Cannon and Joseph F. Smith, stated time and again, in public and in private, in official documents and in interviews, that the Saints were absolutely free to act in all matters of state as they chose, that church and state were forever separate and that polygamy was a thing of the past, for the reason that now the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints prohibited the practice. Apostles, presidents of seventies, bishops, presidents of stakes, and high priests also made these statements repeatedly. These promises were

made so often and with such emphasis that their most bitter opponents had come to believe them genuine.

The enabling act was liberal in its donations to the State, forgiving one-half million dollars indebtedness which was owing to the government, giving the State University much valuable land, and eight millions of acres to the State, beside many other donations, thus showing that the American people were perfectly willing to receive them with open arms into the Union if they would only act in accordance with the requirements of the laws of the land.

The enabling act further provided that no church should ever dominate the state nor interfere with the function thereof, that the free public school system should be forever maintained, and that polygamy should be forever prohibited in the State. It further provided for a constitutional convention to be elected, whose duty it should be to draft a constitution, republican in form and in harmony with all the conditions of the enabling act, which, when duly ratified by a vote of the people of the State, would constitute the compact between the State of Utah and the government of the United States.

The members of the constitutional convention were duly elected at the November election in 1894, and convened the following February. At this convention they accepted the terms of the enabling act in every respect, which was duly

ratified by the votes of the people of the territory at the November election in 1895, thus completing the contract.

The present congressman-elect from Utah was a member of the constitutional convention, and was also a candidate for the lower house of Congress at the fall election when the constitution was voted upon by the people. During the progress of the constitutional convention he (a strong Mormon) gained great favor with the Gentiles throughout the Territory because of his opposition to the insertion in that document of a clause providing for woman suffrage. The Mormons were in favor of the provision and the Gentiles were opposed to it, and, when he was nominated as a candidate for Congress, his candidacy created great enthusiasm, especially among the Gentiles. During the progress of the campaign the priesthood of the Mormon church made a feint at him as a candidate, when, in fact, it was striking at one of the candidates nominated with him on his ticket for the United States Senate, and, further, to give him (the present congressman-elect) a chance to display his assumed independence of character.

He then encouraged the reconvening of the convention which had nominated him, and, when many of the Gentiles wanted to withdraw the ticket and fight statehood, he, in a bold, dramatic manner, asked that this be not done, as there was enough power among the liberal-minded

Saints to right every wrong, if, after statehood came, the leaders of the church, as such, should attempt to dominate the State. He crowned his masterly speech with this strong statement:—

“He, who attempts to dominate the State as a churchman, is not only an enemy to the church but a traitor to the State.”

This became his pet saying throughout the Territory during the campaign, and, wherever he repeated it, the people would rise en masse and cheer and cheer again, with the wildest enthusiasm. The Gentiles cheered from the inspiration of love of country and loyalty; the Saints, from an intense desire to deceive the American people.

During the progress of the campaign, George Q. Cannon, of bond-jumping fame, and the propelling power of the church since the days of Brigham, in a Sunday sermon, at Brigham City, made a vicious attack on Hon. O. W. Powers, chairman of the party which had nominated the present congressman-elect, charging him (Powers) with corruption in his manner of conducting the Liberal campaign when he led that party to victory in Salt Lake City in 1890. This attack aroused the ire of every Gentile in both political parties throughout the Territory, and Cannon saw that he had made a wonderful mistake, and, with bold effrontery, he denied next morning having referred to that campaign or Powers in any way. When confronted by his brethren, who were present and heard his remarks, and they affirmed

that he did make the statements, he answered: "I have no recollection about the matter whatever and was never so humiliated in all my life."

From this time until the 4th of January following many of his brethren pronounced him the modern Ananias. The constitution carried with it an overwhelming majority, with many of the Gentiles voting against it. A complete set of State officers, a congressman, a legislature were also elected at this election, and, now, all things awaited the proclamation of President Cleveland.

On the 4th of January, 1896, Adrian Waltham, his wife and three children, two boys and a girl, Sylvester, Howard and Mary, whose ages were respectively fifteen, twelve and ten, Vernon Stanton, and a number of other friends, sat in the parlor of a large hotel at the city of Zion. The annual election of officers for the mining company had taken place the day before. Adrian and his family had reached Zion from their home in San Francisco a few days prior to attend the meeting of the company and to visit the Allison family. The weather was cold and sleighing was fine. The jingling of sleigh bells could be heard on every hand. It was a perfect winter morning. Suddenly, the cannon at the fort began booming, the whistles of the city began shrieking, the bells pealing, the people shouting, all uniting to make one mighty sound of acclamation.

"What is the reason of all this demonstration?" inquired Lola.

"It is the advent of Utah's star upon the American flag," answered Mr. Stanton.

"I might have known this, if I had taken the second thought."

"The demonstration sounds jubilant," said Adrian, "but I fear the government has made a great mistake."

"I think not," said Vernon Stanton. "These people have grown to be American citizens since you moved from their midst. The last four years have wrought a great change. I was one of the last to give up the dear old Liberal party and lay down the fight, but I guess it is all right. The Saints have ceased to practice polygamy and have made it a violation of the rules of the church. They held a constitutional convention, composed of about three-fourths Mormons and drafted a good document, accepted the conditions of the enabling act, and it forever 'prohibits the practice, it guarantees the maintenance of the free public school system, and declares that no church shall dominate the State nor interfere with the functions thereof.' This forever separates church and State in Utah. I believe that it will be a bright and shining star and will reflect credit upon the nation, by growing strong in loyalty, industry and wealth."

He turned from the window where he had been watching a part of the celebration and saw a look of amazement depicted in Lola's countenance, as she said:—

“I am surprised beyond measure at your words, Mr. Stanton. I never heard you utter words before that sounded light to me. I truly hope you are not mistaken, but I fear you do not read aright.”

As she spoke these words with much feeling, she turned from the window, that she might not see more of the demonstration.

Be it remembered to the everlasting praise of Lola and a goodly number of Gentiles of Utah that they never placed any confidence in the pledges of the Saints. Those who resided in Utah kept silent, when they saw the inevitable, knowing to oppose meant ostracism and ruination in business; yet, they had gone quietly to the polls and cast their silent vote against statehood by voting against the constitution, hoping and praying, against fate, that the awful calamity of statehood would yet be averted. On the other hand thousands of Gentiles, who had fought polygamy and the union of church and State, as they thought, to the end, and whose patriotism cannot be questioned, believed as did Vernon Stanton on this day, and even joined in the celebration of the advent of this star upon the flag. They cannot be censured for this, as they hoped and believed that treachery and deceit were things of the past. When Lola had finished her remarks, Mr. Stanton said:—

“I fear that you allow the individual wrongs committed against you to sway you in your judg-

ment. Think of the blessing it will be to this country, if I am right, and these people live up to the constitution they have adopted. Nineteen years have elapsed since you have lived among them, and, therefore, you have not had the opportunity of noting their progress. There are but few of those, who committed the awful wrongs against you and yours, remaining upon the scenes, and they suffered much for the terrible mistake; therefore, you should forgive them: 'To err is human; to forgive, divine.' "

"Ah! Mr. Stanton the words quoted from Pope have come to my mind many times, when meditating upon the cruel treatment inflicted upon me and mine by these people. I have prayed for the full pardon of each participant in those cruel deeds. When I spoke a moment since, I held no malice for former wrongs; I was thinking only of my country. I have studied her history many times. Her cause has become a part of my being, as I have found that under her beneficent laws man can best prepare for a home in heaven. Her constitution absolutely separates church and State and grants freedom to each individual to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience, but opposes the licentious practice of the plurality. Each star upon her flag has ever been true to these sacred principles; therefore, I love my country with every fibre of my being. I would sacrifice my dear boys, Sylvester and Howard, upon the altar of my country, if it was necessary to save her flag from dishonor."

As she said this she pointed to Sylvester and Howard, while her hand trembled and the tears glistened in her eyes. She continued:—

“They are bone of my bone, flesh of my flesh; I love them as I love my life. Ah! far better than life, as I would forfeit my life to save theirs; but I have taught them that, should their country call, they must respond and go where duty leads under her sacred emblem. Therefore, Mr. Stanton, you can readily see that it is the love of my country which impelled me to speak as I did. I pray for the best, and will rejoice with the nation, if it come; but, when I think of the deception connected with the founding of this church and the long train of crimes perpetrated by its members since its organization, I am constrained to ask, ‘Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots?’ Therefore let all present hear this prediction, that as long as the Latter Day Saints are in the ascendancy in this new-born State, and her star shall remain upon the American flag, it will be what I saw a quarter of a century ago, ‘The False Star.’ ”

“A thousand years scarce serve to form a state
An hour may lay it in the dust.”

—Byron, Childe Harold.

EPILOGUE.

For forty-five years prior to the issuing of the proclamation by President Cleveland declaring Utah to be a State, the Saints had bent every energy to bring about this condition. During all these years they imagined that, if they only had the State government in their control, they would be free to act in all matters as they desired.

At first, it was believed by the statesmen of the land that the only tenable ground for denying statehood was that the people of the dominant church believed in and practiced polygamy. Statehood had been denied a number of times upon this ground, and, while Schuyler Colfax and party were there, the Saints took particular pains to commit them to this stand. Mr. Colfax had scarcely reached the limits of the Territory before every plan was arranged by the Saints to ask for this coveted prize along the lines indicated by him; but soon another question came into the fight, which was the persistent efforts of the Saints to blend church and State.

On the defeat of statehood at that time, renewed energy in unearthing crimes and prosecuting the criminals of Utah became the order of the day. The long train of crimes committed, criminal prosecutions, convictions, sentences, and carrying the same into execution, portrays the depths of degra

dition into which the Saints had fallen. These criminal prosecutions seemed to be the crucible through which they must pass in order to Americanize them. Finally, it appeared that the dawn of civilization beamed on their benighted condition. The prayer circle was abandoned, and blood atonement, or murders according to revelation, ceased. There was a great diminution in all manner of crimes. American politics came into their midst, and all the members of the priesthood declared that the brethren were free to act as they pleased in all matters of State. To crown the work of deception, a revelation was received and ratified by the whole church, abjuring the practice of polygamy. The time had come when the noon of civilization seemed to light the whole of this great republic, even the land of Zion.

Upon these apparent conditions the enabling act for Utah was passed, which was accepted by the adoption of their constitution on which the President issued his proclamation on the 4th of January, 1896.

No sooner was the celebration which followed over than the dignitaries of the Mormon church began to violate in every way possible, the terms of the compact existing between the nation and the State of Utah, for they now felt that they could defy the American people.

The legislature, which was about three-fourths Saints, convened at once; the saintly dignitaries

appointed a committee of five trusty members of the priesthood as a steering committee. The duties of this committee were to investigate all matters pending before the legislature, and, if anything was objectionable to the dignitaries, the committee were to indicate it to the saintly legislators, which was a death blow to the pending act. Thus, all things went in harmony with the will of the annointed under the hand of secrecy, which afterwards came to light.

The annual conference of the church convened at Zion in April; and, while the people of the United States were treating them with every courtesy, then and there the Saints demonstrated that every promise and representation made by them, prior to statehood, was intended as an infamous deception to hoodwink the government into granting State power. A manifesto was presented for ratification, signed by the three members of the first presidency, ten of the twelve apostles, the patriarch, the seven presidents of seventies, and the three members of the presiding bishopric. This long document, couched in many expletives, declared in effect that church and State are not separate in Utah, neither are the Saints free to act in matters of State as they choose, but, on the contrary, they must consult their file leaders on all matters whatsoever. It came like a thunderbolt from a clear sky; a few of the Saints voted against it, which brought them under the ban of condemnation; others

refused to vote, which was sufficient cause for ostracism, but the affirmative vote was overwhelming.

This document was signed by the present congressman-elect from Utah, who is one of the presidents of seventies, who, prior to statehood, had declared many times, "That he, who attempts to dominate the State, as a churchman, is not only an enemy to the church, but a traitor to the State." The masses of the church interposed a strong objection in words, during the next week, and even threatened to defeat it at the stake conferences. The secret hand moved. When the document was submitted for their ratification, they marched into the different places of meeting, like slaves fearing the sting of the lash, and voted their freedom away. From that day almost every Saint declared this manifesto in perfect harmony with the many pledges and promises made before statehood.

There were two of the twelve apostles, Anton H. Lund and Moses Thatcher, who did not sign this manifesto. Lund was presiding over the European mission, urging the sixteen hundred missionaries forward to gain converts along the lines indicated by Heber C. Kimble. Thatcher, who resided just across the street from the tabernacle where the conference met, was confined to his room from serious sickness. A committee from his quorum waited upon him for his signature; he protested and asked for time. He was

granted an hour and a half in which to make up his mind. At the expiration of the time granted he returned the document, with a short note saying in effect that he could not endorse it without stultification. The recalcitrant Thatcher was never mentioned as an apostle afterward, his name being dropped that afternoon. As soon as he had passed the danger line of his sickness his quorum met and tried him, without even preferring charges against him. He was graciously informed of the time and place of meeting, but refused admission. He plead, in an open letter, for written charges to be preferred against him and that he be given a hearing, but to no avail. This letter was a masterly plea for Americanism. In it he stated, in substance, that to disregard the promises made to the people of the United States before statehood was stultification, that stultification was dishonor, and dishonor worse than death. Thatcher was at once reduced to the rank of a lay member. His party elected all the members for the legislature at the following November election but three. It was known at this election that he was a candidate for the United States Senate, and a majority of the members of the legislature, so elected, were pledged to him by implication. He refused to beg leave of his superiors (?) to be a candidate. The secret hand moved. He and his supporters began to see the effect. He called upon young Utah to stand by him for American principles. In this

letter he said, among other things, "No legislator can keep his oath of office inviolate if he or she allow the officials of an ecclesiastical organization to control his actions within the province of the State." With this, the fight became bitter. It was anything with the leaders of the church to defeat Thatcher. The ecclesiastical pressure became so great upon some of the saintly members of the legislature that they declared openly that they were not free to vote as their conscience dictated. Thatcher was defeated.

The dignitaries of the church declared the utterances of Thatcher, as quoted, to be apostasy. He was tried for his standing in the church and convicted. He was sentenced to be cut off, except he acknowledge that his utterances were wholly wrong. He yielded, and, by so doing, held his membership; thus, American patriotism perished in the Mormon church.

Meanwhile the prayer circle was reorganized. Polygamy was re-established, the present congressman-elect being among the first to again assume this relation; and soon illegitimates, on every hand, began to swell the numbers of "Utah's Best Crop."

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the mining company, in which Vernon Stanton and Adrian Waltham owned the principal stock, was held at the office of the company in the city of Zion on the 3rd of January, 1899. Adrian Waltham was here in attendance, and had

brought his family with him to the city. The company decided on giving a banquet on the following evening. After the meeting was over and all arrangements for the banquet were perfected, Mr. Stanton and Jed Worthen accompanied Adrian to the Allison home, to meet Lola and the children and her foster parents, who were now getting old and feeble. On arriving at the Allison home they were surprised and delighted to meet Willy and his family, also, they having just arrived a few hours previous, from their home in New York, to visit his parents while Adrian and his family were there. It was a happy reunion, and during the meeting the conversation turned to the present conditions of Utah. After Mr. Stanton had thoroughly explained everything and expressed himself upon the question, Lola said:—

“You seem to have changed your opinion about the Saints since I was here three years ago.”

“Yes, indeed,” said Stanton, “I am thoroughly disgusted with their actions. They have broken all of their most sacred pledges made to the government.”

“I feared these conditions,” said Lola, “but you thought it was prejudice in me when I expressed myself so strongly about the matter at that time. In the face of all that you have said as to the conditions existing, I earnestly hope that Congress will never permit a man, who is living in open violation of the solemn compact

between the people of this State and the United States, to take a seat in that august body. I pray that our Columbia may never be humiliated by witnessing such a sad spectacle. She has been entitled, 'The queen of the world and child of the skies.' This is certainly a true sentiment of this glorious personification, and I cannot believe that our statesmen will allow her to become a laughing stock for the rest of the civilized world."

"We already have a man in the United States Senate who was elected by a violation of this solemn compact. It is known of all men in Utah that Thatcher was defeated by the interference of the dignitaries when the junior member to the Senate from this State was elected; besides, the senior senator is not entirely free from violating this covenant you speak about."

"How was that?" asked Adrian.

"He was at a loss as to how he should vote on the Hawaiian annexation. He desired to know some things connected with the local conditions at the island, which he could not ascertain except he go in person or send a representative. He selected, as his official plenipotentiary extraordinary, the president of the faculty of the Brigham Young academy and college of the Garden City, on whose report his vote as senator was cast. This man, like the congressman-elect, is living in open violation of the law with reference to polygamy."

“If these are the conditions, Utah certainly presents a blooming spectacle to the world,” said Adrian.

“You may begin to bet your last dollar that these are the exact conditions in a nutshell,” said Jed. “Not only do these conditions exist, but, when war with Spain was declared and the President called for volunteers and Utah’s quota was assigned to her, the dignitaries of the church could not keep their hand out of that matter. Instead of allowing the Saints to enlist of their own free will, as American citizens, one of the twelve apostles (Brigham Young) speaking authoritatively in the tabernacle at a Sunday meeting, advised the young men of the church not to answer the President’s call, but to buy bonds. The press finally began to ask, ‘What is the matter with Utah? She seems a little backward in rallying around the flag.’ Then it was that the real motive of Young’s advice was learned. It was designed to show that the first presidency of the church had more power, even in this regard, with the Saints than did President McKinley. They, the first presidency of the church, now issued their call for volunteers, and the young Saints harkened to the voice of their masters and filled the ranks at once. But speaking of blooming spectacles reminds me of the fact that the Saints are still allowed to issue a circulating medium—a right denied to the States.”

The banquet the next evening was a brilliant affair. About two hundred guests were present, all prominent Gentiles. There were a number of patriotic after-dinner speeches, all referring to the conditions existing with reference to Utah and greatly regretting that the Saints had violated the solemn compact existing between the State and the Federal government, some advancing the idea that the government was powerless to do anything in the premises, as Utah was now a sovereign State and that it was in the hands of her people, alone, to determine whether they would keep the conditions of the contract or violate it at pleasure. The speakers were all free to confess that, if the Federal government had lost jurisdiction and had no power to right the wrong, then, indeed, was Utah in a deplorable condition, as it was manifest that a great majority of her people had set at defiance the terms of the enabling act and her constitution.

Mr. Stanton, as toastmaster, called upon Hon. William Allison, as the last speaker, to respond to the all-absorbing question, "Has the Government a Remedy?"

Willy arose amid a storm of applause, and, as he looked on the assembled guests, a gleam of intelligence beamed from his countenance. He caught the approving smiles of his sister as the cheering ceased, which filled him with enthusiasm, and he replied as follows:—

"Mr. Toastmaster, Ladies and Gentlemen:—

“If I were called upon by the American people for advice in the premises I would say, ‘Do right.’ The question would then arise, ‘What is the right thing to do?’

“It has been suggested, and I believe it is a fact, that one of the senators from Utah was elected by a violation of that clause in the enabling act, which was accepted and inserted in the constitution of the State, which says, ‘No church shall dominate the State nor interfere with the functions thereof.’ Also, that the other senator appointed as special representative, upon whose report the vote of the said senator upon an important question would depend, was a man who is living in open violation of another clause in the compact which says, ‘Polygamy shall be forever prohibited in this State.’ Not only this, but a great majority of the people of the State recently said, by their votes, to the American people, ‘Go to — with this clause in the enabling act which you thereby forced into our constitution,’ by electing a representative to Congress who is living in open violation of this clause.

“Again it is asserted, on good authority, that the dominant church of this State appointed a steering committee, from its priesthood, to supervise the acts of its legislature during an entire session.

“It is further demonstrated that many members of the Mormon church, of all classes, have resumed the practice of the blessed (?) plurality.

The governor of the State, a strong Mormon, in speaking against the policy of electing a man in the condition of the congressman-elect, shows conclusively that he has full knowledge of this flagrant violation of law; yet, there are no prosecutions. He was very solicitous about the fair name of Utah, and the Saints in particular, for political purposes and to pose as a man without guile before the true citizens of Utah and the nation. If the said executive of the State would see that the laws were executed and that the transgressors were put behind the bars, his words would have the ring of sincerity instead of political buncombe. Why are the laws of this State in this regard not enforced? It is because of church domination.

“I say to you, my friends, that this question rises higher, sinks deeper, and spreads wider than any political issue that is before the American people. It strikes at the foundation of every American institution. The corner stone of the great republic is ‘That church shall not dominate State.’

“I know that every true American citizen in Utah or elsewhere is opposed to this violation of the solemn compact by the Mormon people. It has been suggested that the Federal government is powerless to act in the premises. If so, we have reached a condition in the affairs of man where there is a wrong without a remedy; such does not seem, to my mind, to be a legal proposi-

tion, to say nothing of equity. If the people of the State can ride down one clause in the compact and cannot be called to a halt by the general government, they can ride down all and transform the State into a theocracy or any other form of government they choose; and the people of the land would be compelled to sit supinely by and see the work go on. If the Federal government could act after all the conditions of the compact were broken, it can act when one is broken. If one party to a contract violates any part of it, the instrument becomes void at the election of the innocent party.

“The government of the United States has kept its part of the contract with Utah in every particular. A majority of the people of Utah has not only violated it, but they have thrown defiance into the teeth of the citizens of this land by electing one of the chief law breakers to the lower house of Congress.

“The Salt Lake Tribune, together with many of the good citizens of Utah, declare that they will contest the seat of the congressman-elect on this ground. Why administer punishment to him and not to those who endorsed his lawlessness? If Congress, after having legal proof that the conditions of the compact have been violated, allows the enabling act to remain upon the statutes will it not thereby acquiesce in the wrong and be estopped from preventing the congressman-elect from taking his seat? If, on the other

hand, the law creating the State was repealed, would not the constitution and all laws of the State made thereunder become void? In this case, would not Utah again become a Territory with the same laws in force as were in existence before passing the enabling act? If it is purely a political question the courts of the land would have no authority to act. If, indeed, this plan should be viewed with disfavor by our statesmen, and the opinion should prevail that the State had gained constitutional rights which would give the courts jurisdiction in the premises, should not the government institute proceedings in the courts to annul the compact on the ground of conditions broken? In either case the effect should be the same—the re-establishment of a territorial government in Utah. In the first case if the constitutional rights had accrued, it would force the Saints to be the plaintiff, in case it was carried to the courts. They could not go into court with clean hands, therefore, the court would leave them as it found them. In the second case the government would be the plaintiff, and when it was demonstrated, by evidence, that the compact had been broken and that statehood for Utah had been obtained by fraud, would not the decision be the granting of relief to the innocent party? Fraud cuts down every barrier to righting the wrong.

“There is no middle ground upon this question. It may be urged that there is no precedence for

such a proceeding, granted. Neither was there a precedent for Magna Charta, but where is the man who questions its validity? There was no precedent for the Declaration of Independence nor the reconstruction of the Southern States, but who questions the right in either case?

“This republic must preserve its dignity. The fundamental principles, upon which the superstructure of the government rests, must be preserved at any cost. When a thing is right, do it without stopping to consider precedence. Acting along these lines has made this the greatest government under the sun. Public opinion is the Areopagus from which there is no appeal. I believe that it is the public opinion of the people of this great land, that the Mormon people have been weighed in the balance and found wanting. I am unqualifiedly in favor of everything that is calculated to perpetuate this government, which, apparently, is as solid as the rocks in the eternal hills. May she ever be thus.

“When the sun shall light the eastern shores for the last time in the history of this earth, and he peeps through the spires of the Alleghany mountains upon the broad and beautiful valley of the Mississippi, thence through the Rocky heights and the Sierra Nevadas to the Pacific coast, may he give light for the last time to the grandest nation of the earth. With her same flag still flying from every spire within the bounds of its broad limits; with every man, woman and

child shouting in exulting tones, that can be heard from ocean to ocean and from the great lakes on the north to the gulf on the south, the immortal words of Webster at the unveiling of the Bunker Hill monument, 'Thank God, I—I also—am an American!' May its reverberating roar be caught up by the spirits of departed patriots from this land and wafted to the paradise of God. But, in order for this glorious scene to take place with all the blessings that would accompany it to the human family at large, it is absolutely necessary that church and State be forever kept separate in every State in this Union."

THE END.





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