

# The Daily Astorian.

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## THE MAN OF MANY WIVES.

Hearing that Brigham Young, Jr., and his family had arrived from Salt Lake, and were quartered at the American House, Columbus, Georgia, one of the *Tribune* reporters took a notion yesterday morning that he would run down and interview Mrs. Young. The scheme of interviewing Brigham was an old one—there would be no enterprise in anything of that kind, but the idea of a chat with the wife seemed new and brilliant.

"Can I see Mrs. Brigham Young in the parlor for a few minutes?" inquired the reporter at the office counter of the American House.

"Walk up to the parlor and I'll find out," said Mr. Smith.

The parlor was the largest the reporter had ever seen. It was eighty feet one way and seventy the other, and the ceiling was so high that the reporter thought they must have to use a telescope to determine what it needed whitewashing. He sat down in a chair in one corner. Pretty soon a tall stout lady entered the room.

"Mrs. Young, I suppose?" asked the reporter.

"Yes sir," answered the lady.

"I have called, madam," said the reporter, "to ascertain your views on questions involved by polygamy and other institutions peculiar to Mormonism."

"Ah, sir," said the lady pleasantly, as she took a seat, "I fear I shall be unable to gratify your curiosity. My husband has gone out for a walk; when he returns he will doubtless be glad to advise you upon any topic concerning our faith of which it may be proper to say anything."

"But I wish to obtain your views," explained the reporter. "Mr. Young has frequently been heard through the press, while his wife has never been interviewed. May I hope, madam, that you will accord the *Tribune* the honor of being the first to convey to the public your—"

"Do you wish to see me?" inquired a small, thin lady, who had entered the parlor quite noiselessly.

"Excuse me," said the reporter, "but Mrs. Young was the lady I asked for."

"Well, I am Mrs. Young," said the small, thin lady.

"Yes," said the tall, stout lady, "this is Mrs. Young, and so am I. This is Sophia, Mr. Young's fourth wife, while I am Margaret, his seventh wife—he calls me birdie."

The reporter was considerably embarrassed. He might have been happy with either, were't other fair charmer away.

"Be seated, madam," said he; "I have called to ascertain your views on the questions involved by polygamy and other institutions peculiar to Mormonism."

"Oh, but I've nothing to say," protested the small, thin lady; "Brigham will be in shortly, and maybe he'll talk with you."

"But, madam," urged the reporter, "Mr. Young has frequently been heard from through the press, while his wife—beg pardon, I mean his wives have never—"

"Who was it wanted to see me in the parlor?" asked a red haired freckled lady, coming into the room at this juncture.

"Why, this gentleman is a reporter," explained the tall, stout lady, "and he has come to interview us. Mr. Reporter, this is Mrs. Lucy Young, my Brigham's second wife."

Mrs. Lucy Young bowed stiffly and sat down on a hair sofa.

"I'm not going to be interviewed," she said. "If there's any interviewing to be done, Briggys got to do it."

"Hello, girls, anybody down here want to see me?"

The inquirer was a curly headed, red cheeked young lady who came bounding into the room very unceremoniously.

"It's a reporter come to interview us," said the freckled faced lady.

"A reporter? Why, how funny!"

exclaimed the curly haired, red cheeked young lady, laughing heartily. She sat down next to the reporter.

"I'm one of the Mrs. Young," said she, "but I mustn't say a word that is liable to be printed. Brigham would never forgive me if I did, I'm his fourteenth wife, you know, and he's awful jealous. Oh, there you are, Emma. Come in dear. Here's an editor who wants to interview us."

Emma was another wife—the eighth. She was cross-eyed, but otherwise comely to view. She was followed by Rachel, the third wife, who was brown haired and blue eyed, and demure looking. They were duly introduced. The reporter felt himself called upon to commence all over again.

"Mrs. Youngs," said he, addressing the group, "I have called to ascertain your views on questions involved by polygamy and other institutions peculiar to the Mormons."

"Wouldn't it be better to call the rest of us before we attempt to be interviewed?" suggested the eighth Mrs. Young.

"Perhaps so," said the reporter. "But—but how many are there of you?"

"Oh, we're quite a family," said the fourth Mrs. Young; and going to the parlor door called out: "Maud, Jennie, Clara, Rebecca, Harriet, Mabel, Ruth, Julia, Francis, Mary, Caroline, Esther, come into the parlor and bring the rest of us with you."

The reporter pinched himself to see whether he was awake. There was no doubt about it.

The Mrs. Youngs began to stream into the parlor. There was every variety of them. They were tall, short, fat, lean, red faced, pale cheeked, plump, scrawny, old, young, sour, pleasant, vivacious, stupid, graceful, and awkward. The parlor got crowded—why don't they have bigger parlors at the American House, anyway?

The idea of expecting a reporter to interview the Mrs. Youngs in a room not more than six by eight! The air was stifling. The reporter felt as if he were going to faint. He began to regret that he had ever undertaken the novel task of interviewing the outfit.

"Oh, girls! girls! here comes Briggys!" cried one of the ladies who had been looking out of the window.

"Where? where?" screamed the rest, rushing pell mell to the windows—there were seven of them—all craning their necks to get a look at their husband. Such scrambling and hustling was never seen before. The Youngs pushed, slapped and crowded one another in their attempt to secure a view of her liege lord.

"See, he threw a kiss at me," exclaimed Mrs. Young.

"He didn't either! It was for me!" cried another Mrs. Young.

And immediately the rest of Mrs. Young indignantly asserted the kiss was meant for her, and then ensued a war of words, in which such endearing epithets as "You saucy jade," "You pert minx," "You mean thing," and "You cross old hen" figured conspicuously. The reporter crept wearily away from the scene. As he tottered through the hotel office Mr. Smith stopped him.

"I hope you succeeded in getting the interview you wanted," said Mr. Smith; "I did the best I could under the circumstances, but the fact is, quite a number of the Mrs. Youngs have gone out shopping and others were too much under the weather to receive callers."

"I was attacked with muscular rheumatism in my limbs on a late visit to Boston," says Mr. B. B. Hardwick, 350 Washington street, New York. "Three bottles of St. Jacobs Oil cured me completely."

**A Sufferer from Rheumatism.** I limped about for years with a cane, and could not bend down without excruciating pain. Parker's Ginger Tonic effected an astonishing cure and keeps me well. It is infallible. M. Guilfoyle, Binghamton, N. Y.

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There is a line of five Territories lying between Minnesota and the Pacific ocean, upon the development of which the Northern Pacific railroad is destined to have a remarkable effect. Their united area exceeds by more than 100,000 square miles that of the entire range of Atlantic states from Maine to Florida, which comprised the original union of states, and they contain some of the richest lands on which the sun shines. The great streams of migration from all directions are pouring over their eastern and western frontiers and building up the material for great states. Farms spread over the plains and through the country as if by magic, and towns spring up in a month at the touch of enterprise and industry. Deposits of priceless minerals await the miner, and water power of stupendous extent is wasting itself on cataracts and wild streams alive with undisturbed fish. Capital and labor, eager as they are for profitable employment, are embarrassed by the extent of their unusual opportunities in the northwest.

The report, probably untrue, that a man who was hanged in Arkansas ten days ago was afterwards resuscitated by his friends and is now alive, opens up an interesting question. The sentence of the court was that he should be hanged by the neck until he was dead, and the officers may insist that it is their strict legal duty to hang him again, and keep on hanging him until the fact of his death is undisputedly established. On the other hand, his friends may claim that he has already complied with the demands of the law. He was hanged by the executioner until the physician appointed to that service pronounced him dead. He was cut down as dead, transferred to his friends as dead, and in the eyes of the law he was dead. What right, therefore, has the law to execute a man twice for the same crime, or to hang a man who is legally dead?—*Cin. Times-Star.*

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A man's reputation, like his coat, may be soiled without touching the man himself, since the reputation is not the character, any more than the sleeve is the arm it envelops. The character can be soiled only by what the man himself does, while the reputation may have mud thrown upon it by any wretch unmanly enough to want to injure the standing of another. We are to see that our motives are pure, our principles honorable, and our outward life governed by them, and to go about our duty calmly, confident that in the end they who unjustly seek to injure us will do us no harm.

## A LETTER FROM GERMANY.

Very esteemed Sir:  
The praise your Liver Pills have called forth here is wonderful. After taking one and a half boxes of your genuine DR. C. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS, I have entirely recovered from my four years' suffering. All who know me wonder how I, who, for so many years, had no appetite, and could not sleep for backache, which in my side, and general stomach complaints, could have recovered.  
An old lady in our city, who has suffered for many years from kidney disease, and the doctors had given her up, took two of your Pills, and got more relief than she has from all the doctors. Yours truly,  
J. VON DER BURG.

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The genuine are never sugar-coated. Every box has a red wax seal on the lid, with the impression of McLANE'S LIVER PILLS. The genuine McLANE'S LIVER PILLS bear the signature of C. McLANE and Fleming Bros. on the wrapper. Insist upon having the genuine DR. C. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS, prepared by Fleming Bros., of Pittsburgh, Pa. The market being full of imitations of the name McLANE, spelled differently, but of some pronunciation. If your stock-keeper does not have the genuine DR. C. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS, send us 25 cents, and we will send you a box by mail, and a set of our advertising cards.  
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