

# PROPHETIC CORRESPONDENCE.

Brig. Communicates by the Deseret Scalawag Line.

Facts and Figures from the Tithing Cash Books.

Church News and Harem Scandals.

EPS. TALONS: I received the following dispatch from our beloved Prophet this morning over the Deseret Scalawag Line:

BRIGGS, May 6, 1876.

Bro. GRAY:—I expect my family to attend prayers regularly. See that they do it. Do not close my store, but tell Brother Hyrum to discharge every clerk he can catch at his nasty, lousy, stealing from me, and lay judgment to the line and righteousness to the plummet. Watch Joe F. in every move, and tell Brother Jack if he don't keep off Whisky street, he will go to hell just as Almon Dabbit did. See that the brethren keep up their preaching on the subject of the temple. My rheumatism is getting worse, and my "creakers" are giving out. Send me three dozen more. Briggs is fat and hearty. BRIGGS.

I shall read this dispatch to the family in meeting Sunday afternoon, and endeavor to impress on the minds of the girls the commands of their father. I sent the following letter to the Prophet this morning:

DEAR BRIGGS: Since my last letter to you, I have been able to attend one of the secret meetings of the Twelve, held in the historian's office, and have learned the object to be a better and more completely organized resistance to the appointment of Briggs, either as your First Connector, or as President of the Twelve. Joe F. Smith is the ring leader, backed up by both John Taylor and Orson Pratt. They did not know that I was within hearing, and they therefore spoke freely on the subject nearest to your heart. Joe upbraided you with ambition, covetousness, and even apostasy. He said Briggs's thoughts were seldom on anything but eggs, oysters and the succession. Johnny W. got it again for his extravagance.

Pratt said he was not desirous of being more than an apostle in the kingdom, but he would oppose any and all of your sons. The Josephites were largely discussed, and the propriety of inviting David Smith to come and take his place at the head of the Church at your death, was fully resolved upon. Oh, it's no use in talking. Brig, the Twelve never will submit to the Prince; it's a gone case with him.

SISTER MARY ANN.

I escorted Sister Mary Ann down to my new store, one day this week, that she might see how the Lord is blessing you in your old age. We went into the front door, and proceeding down to the office, Sister Young shouted out at the top of her voice: "Hyrum! Hyrum!" and then she stopped to catch her breath.

"Brother Young has been a praise up his new store to me so much that I thought I'd come down and see it. Can you spare time to show it to me?" And then she stopped again for breath. Hy's face turned red, and the clerks looked up from their work to see who spoke.

"Come along, then, Sister Young," said Hy, as he started up stairs.

"O, mercy, Hyrum, can't I be carried?" she panted.

"Yes, we can go up on the elevator."

"These elevators are such funny things, I'm afraid of 'em, and I guess I won't go up." And she started to retreat.

The clerks all snickered, and stuffed their hand in their throats. Hy coaxed her along, and finally succeeded in getting her into the carriage. They went up to the third floor like a shot, and as the old lady stepped off the elevator, she remarked, "La me, we used to go up stairs on a ladder when I was a girl,—and there was no boys around."

SOME CROOKEDNESS.

When Jim Jack and Robert Anderson were out to dinner, yesterday, I went through their accounts, and I think there is a great deal of crookedness in them. It's my positive opinion that they are both robbing the Church, and I would advise an investigation. I turned to your personal account, which shows that you have not taken credit on the books for your personal services to the Church since that last entry of \$997,000. There is a balance of \$835,050, charged to you, and if you should die before this is squared, Joe P. and his ring of Apostles will make this a bone of contention with Briggs. You will do well in authorizing me to balance this amount by an entry for your services rendered, and I will do it unknown to Jack and Anderson, both of whom I think are in league with Joe. It will be a terrible thing for these account books, in their present condition, to pass out of the hands of the family. Why, they would ruin all future generations of the Young family as prophets. They would play out the revelation business for us, Brig.

Brother Reynolds is paying off the hands in B. Y. and Co op. trip now, and the poor devils appreciate this change from tithing orders immensely. He was forced to do this, because there's nothing left in the tithing office, except salt, and even the mice are deserting the building.

SISTER AMELIA.

Amelia has got back from York. She says the reason she left you there was because you picked up Liza Burgess at Provo, and are taking her to St. George. She brought back that box which looks so much like a coffin, and when I asked her what was in it, she told me it was her Urin and Thaumium.

I want you to tell me confidentially what it is.

Harriet, Twiss and Mary Joe have been joined by Amelia, and the four of them are setting everybody up, and you and Liza Burgess in particular. They have got hold of that scandal about Brother George Q., and are just spreading it like wildfire. Amelia brought back with her a scandal about Brother Joseph's Provo wife, Mary Jane, who, she says, has added another little girl to Utah's best crop. But she intimates that Brother Joseph has not been down to Provo for a year, yet all these sisters take pains to congratulate Uncle Joseph by telling him that, notwithstanding he is nearly eighty, he is young for his age. Then the old man smiles and wipes his lips with his red bandana handkerchief, while sisters Amelia and Harriet laugh behind his back.

There is a general feeling among the Saints that you will come back home feet first, and some of the women and children are already picking out their several shares of your property. My prayer is for your health. Yours in the covenant,

GRAY.

LION HOUSE, May 6, 1876.