

re-recording, and to save correspondence between individuals and the recorder pertaining to the law, he will have the law set out in full on each blank.

Wherever possible, it will be required that the old receipts accompany the applications to this office, which would facilitate the work of comparing the applications with the records.

Miss Eva Cohen, a stenographer in the office of Superintendent Millsap, was found dead in bed at the Wey hotel at 11:30 a. m. Sunday. It was intimated during the day that she had committed suicide, but an inquest held last night determined that death was due indirectly to a spinal affection, and that she died in a spasm.

Miss Cohen's body was discovered by Miss Wey, a sister of the proprietor, at the time stated, and she had apparently been dead for some hours. The attitude of the body gave evidence of having endured great suffering, the face being distorted with pain, the hands clinched until the nails indented the flesh of the palms and her eyes were glassy and staring. Miss Wey sounded the alarm and A. Fred Wey responded, but discovered that the body was dead. Several physicians and Justice Sommer viewed the remains, after which the body was removed to Evans' undertaking parlors. The inquest was held at 8 o'clock last evening and several witnesses were examined.

Miss Cohen was a Polish Jew, 28 years old; she was born in Warsaw, came to America when a child and settled in Denver, where she received her education, graduating from the Denver high school. She came to Salt Lake four years ago, and was engaged as stenographer for ex-County Attorney Whittemore, and later accepted the position she held at the time of her death. On the 8th inst. she took out a life policy for \$2,000 in favor of her younger brother, Nathan Cohen, who lives at Pueblo, Colo., and who has been wired of his sister's death.

It is with regret that we announce the death from pneumonia, after an illness of one week, of Sister Libbie Noall, which occurred Sunday morning, March 21st, at 4.05 o'clock, at her residence in the Twenty-second ward. She was widely known on account of her missionary experience on the Sandwich Islands, she having filled two missions—in all seven years and five months—with her husband, Elder Matthew Noall. All who knew her loved and respected her. She was the mother of five children, four of whom survive her, the youngest being only four months old. May God comfort and sustain the sorrowing husband and family.

Elizabeth Dettie Laker Noall was born Nov. 11, 1864, in St. Charles, Bear Lake, Idaho. Her parents are Lashbrook Laker and Annie Bryson. From her earliest childhood she took an interest in religious matters, being always a faithful attendant at Sunday school and the Young Ladies' Improvement association.

She was a fluent speaker and writer and when but a girl showed quite a gift for poetry not a few of her productions having been published.

On the 21st of June, 1885, she married Elder Matthew Noall and in Nov. of the same year left with her husband to fill a mission to the Sandwich Islands. Here her native ability made itself manifest in the rapid manner in which she acquired the Hawaiian language. Two children, both girls, were born to her while on the islands, both of whom survive her. During the latter half of her mission she was appointed to preside over the Relief societies, which position she filled to the satisfaction of those who presided over her and of the native sisters. At the end of 3 years and 5 months she and her husband were released and returned home in April, 1889.

She was soon afterwards chosen president of the Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement association of the Twenty-second ward, where she gained the love, respect and confidence of all her associates.

In December, 1891, she again accompanied her husband to the Sandwich Islands, he having been chosen to preside over the mission. This time they were gone 3 years and 11 months, returning in Nov., 1895. During all of this time she presided over the Relief Society organization, and traveled from branch to branch and from island to island in the interest of noble work. She also organized the Primary Association, at Honolulu and Laie. It is doubtful if any white woman not born or raised on the islands ever spoke the language more fluently than did Sister Noall. She is known and respected in every village and hamlet on the islands where any Latter-day Saints reside, and many a heartfelt tear will be shed when the sad news of her death reaches the field of her devoted labors.

Sixteen days after returning home from their second mission their fourth child (the third born to them on the islands) died, and Sister Noall took her bereavement very much to heart and never seemed to regain her normal strength.

Very few women have accomplished more in 32 years of life than did Sister Noall, and though handicapped by delicate health, her zeal and courage to do her duty never faltered. Her faith was remarkable, and was exhibited up to her last moment of consciousness. Her example is worthy of imitation, and though she has passed from this sphere of action, her good deeds and labor of love will live in the hearts of all her acquaintances and her works shall follow her.

James Monroe Pyper, an aged and respected citizen, resident in the Twentieth ward, died at about half-past seven o'clock this, Saturday, morning, from a stroke of apoplexy. He was engaged in performing his duties as day janitor at Bishop Wm. B. Preston's office when the summons of the grim reaper came. He was 64 years of age, and leaves a wife and two children, one of the latter a grown up man.

The deceased was a brother of John Pyper of Nephi and of the late Alex. Pyper, who for many years was police justice in this city, and a member of the City Council, and who, at the

time of his death was Bishop of the Twelfth ward in this city. James Monroe Pyper was born February 14, 1833, in Large, Ayrshire, Scotland, and was the son of Alexander and Catherine Monroe Pyper. He joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in his native land, in the year 1842, and a few years thereafter came to America. He was ordained a High Priest April 27, 1895. The deceased has been a resident of Salt Lake City about thirty years. He has had quite an interesting experience in life. At one time he was postmaster at Kearney, Nebraska.

For several years past the deceased has been in rather poor health, though he was able to attend regularly to light labor. He has been engaged as day janitor at the Presiding Bishop's office and the buildings connected therewith; and in that capacity, as well as in his home and ward associations, has made many friends by uniform kindness and faithful discharge of his duty. Many of those who have come to Utah as immigrants during recent years, and who found temporary accommodations at the immigrant house in the tithing yard while awaiting friends or deciding where to locate, will remember with kindest feelings "Brother Pyper." for his courtesies to them.

The hours of duty of the deceased as janitor were from 8 a. m. to 4 p. m.; he relieved the night watchman at the first named hour. It was his place to dust and prepare the office rooms, which were ready for occupancy at 8 o'clock. At this hour today the clerks came, and a few minutes later noticed that the janitor had not fully completed his work. This was such an unusual thing that inquiry was made as to his whereabouts, outside the building, but he could not be seen. About 8:30 one of the employes entered a room adjoining the main office, and there saw the janitor laying on the floor. From the amount of his morning's work that had been completed, it must have been about 7:30 when he reached the room where found. His body was getting cold, and the clerks who gathered around could not arouse him. He had been attacked in an apparently similar manner on a few occasions, hence that feature caused no special alarm; but the condition in which he was found being different to the other occasions named, Dr. C. F. Wilcox was summoned immediately. The physician used every effort to resuscitate him, but the spark of life had fled. He had died apparently without pain, and almost instantly, as there was not the slightest evidences of a struggle, or that he had moved in the least from the place on the floor where he fell.

As soon as it was definitely ascertained that he was dead, the family was notified, and Undertaker Joseph E. Taylor took charge of the remains, removing them to the late residence of the deceased.

The family of Brother Pyper have the sympathy of a host of friends in their bereavement. They also have the satisfaction of knowing that the deceased has lived a humble and upright life, faithful to the cause of Christ which he espoused when he was a boy between nine and ten years of age.