

trol of the entire affair and marched therefrom from the City Hall under the protection of his political wing. The judge had everything his own way. Not an objection was made by them to this dictatorial and unceremonious proceeding. It is due to Marshal Young, Captain Janney and Sergeant Donovan, to say that they were not present. One of the officers who was seated in the marshal's private office at the time declared in strong terms that had he made the arrest he would have thrown the prisoner in, despite the efforts of his friends. This statement, however, was not made in the hearing of Judge Powers, and not until after that gentleman had taken his departure. For reasons palpably plain to the public, an entry was not made of the arrest on the record kept for such purpose, neither was bail money required.

The Salt Lake Tribune of this morning pretends to be greatly exercised over an account which appeared in these columns last evening of the arrest of one of its reporters by a policeman on Tuesday night last, on a charge of drunkenness and discharging firearms within the city limits, thus endangering the lives of citizens.

It also demurs to the statement that Judge Powers suddenly appeared at police headquarters where this "drunken individual" was taken, and marched by him from the City Hall under the protection of his political wing, and that the judge had everything his own way, and that not an objection was made by the officer in charge to this dictatorial proceeding.

The Tribune is pleased to denominate the whole affair as a "Tempest in a Teapot," and says that "the individual arrested is not and was not at the time of his arrest a reporter on the Tribune." To this we reply that it is a matter of general knowledge to public officers that the person in question has been a regular member of the reportorial staff of that paper. If he was not such "at the time of his arrest," then his services had only been dispensed with a very few hours before. It is true that he was "laid off" a few months ago, but it is also true that he was re-employed some time since. But in the language of the Tribune, "that is neither here nor there." Such quibbling does not in the slightest degree justify the action of Judge Powers, nor do away with the fact that a well known "Liberal" newspaper man, who had been arrested by the local peace officers on a charge of committing an infraction of the municipal ordinances, was taken from the police by the recognized manipulator and leader of the "Liberal" party. That is what is objected to.

## INDIAN JOE'S CHRISTMAS.

HOMESPUN.

Whirr, whirr, whirr shrilled a huge whip of rawhide across some unresisting substance!

"Hello, you there!" called a voice in broken Indian.

Whirr, whirr, whizzed the whip as it tore through the air on its wicked mission, unheeding of the interruption.

"Here, you, hello there, what are you doing?"

As if in saucy answer to the interrup-

tion, whizz went the muffled squeal of a deadly arrow.

The white man was now within sight of the Indian encampment, and he looked fearlessly at the feathered arrow pointed at his own defenseless breast.

"Hugaba manik?" came the white man's broken Indian question.

The three huge Indian braves, who stood now close beside the interlocutor, vouchsafed no reply save a low grunt.

The white man, a powerful, broad-shouldered six-footer, with the eye of a hawk and the sympathetic chin of a strong woman, looked with a sickening sigh at the still quivering form of a six-year-old child whose defenseless head had just received the arrow of the tallest Indian.

Two other children stood, or rather crouched, behind some brushwood, peeping up just now to see and hear the white man.

"What is the matter with these children?" asked the man.

"Captives," laconically answered the tall Indian in the Piute tongue.

The Indians turned and were about to resume the chastisement of the two remaining children, when again the white man interposed.

"Let that whipping go."

For answer, the whip held by the two Indians swished down upon the backs of the screaming, shivering children with cruel vigor.

With a groan of anguish at the sight, the white man touched the arm of the tallest brave, and said:

"Let me buy your captives."

After a pause of reflection, the tall Indian ordered the other two to desist, and with a grin turned the bleeding backs of the children to the pained gaze of the white man to enforce his words, and then said briefly:

"One boy for one pony. No buy, whip boys till they die."

The white man understood enough of the language to thoroughly understand the meaning of the words, and, too, he understood the Indian nature well enough to know that the threat would be carried to the bitter end if he was unable to buy the two captives off.

With a hard lump in his throat, the white man looked at the three cruel Lamanites, then down into the narrow valley where the smoke of tents showed the encampment of these people to be stationed at present. With quick calculation, his thoughts reverted to his journey home to the distant Great Salt Lake Valley, nearly a hundred miles from where he now stood, and how or in what way he could ever get back, if he sold his only horse, he could not tell. Even if he parted with his only horse, there would still be one child left to suffer and bleed under the lash of these cruel savages.

As he stood wavering for one brief instant, whirr whistled the lash as it fell once more on its death dealing mission through the air.

With a cry of veritable rage and misery, the white man drew his saddle, and roll of blankets and food off the tired horses, which stood chopping the short bunch grass at his side, and then taking up the child nearest him, he fled from the scene, too much overcome by the horror and his own helplessness to endure another moment of such agony.

Who can tell the strange, protecting love that grew up in that strong man's heart for the bruised and broken body of

the child he had to carry for many and many a weary mile between him and his home in the newly settled Great Salt Lake Valley? It was the love of the strong for the weak and helpless, and his affection was returned with the lavish devotion of a faithful dog by the dark-skinned child who felt himself taken away from death, prison and despair to endless happiness and peace.

"What on earth did you bring such a big care and burden for me to carry on my broken shoulders for, is more than I can tell," said his hardworking wife when the white man at last set his foot inside his own door. And to think you traded off your only horse, and about the only way you have of making your next winter's bread is by carrying the mail, and such upon my life it plumb beats me."

"Fanny, have you ever seen the righteous forsaken?"

"Well, I've seen 'em go through some pretty tight places. And I guess the Lord expects us to help ourselves now as much as He did in David's time." But the pleading, haunted look in those big dark eyes of poor little Joe was more than she could well resist, for her heart was very warm, if a little crusty over with daily cares.

So then, Joe, three apiece. To run, to jump and to fear the hand of no man, ah, this was heaven for Indian Joe. But, it was not heaven for his white step-mother. For Joe, Indian Joe, would not work unless really compelled to; and as Mistress Fanny had small gift of government, and as good Uncle Derric was away from home most of the time, Joe had things pretty much his own way.

The fields, oh! the sweet fields of growing grain, where blue gentians and wild daisies grew with coy modesty. What rapture for the wild son of the forest and meadow to plunge among the stalks, heedless of the damage thus wrought, and pluck with eager hands the blossoms planted by the dainty hand of summer and sunshine-tipped with yellow dusty stems.

Up the course of the wandering City Creek, what joy was his to wade and plunge along the cool, sparkling stream, his dark feet splashed and spangled over with the jewelled clear water. Then the minnows, to catch with quiet eager hand the darting, tiny, shining minnows! His rare laugh would sometimes echo among the willows and cottonwoods that skirted the banks, as the expert little fisherman added still another to his stock of minnows hid in the home-made cotton shirt.

Aunt Fanny was vexed with him for his persistent shiftlessness. In this busy new town, where every hand and every foot had work for each working hour, was it small wonder that she felt that even Indian Joe should be willing to do the few and small chores which she had set for him? It was no use however; when the morning found her out of bed, it likewise found Joe up and away, no kindling cut, no water carried, and no fire started. She could but scold him sharply, yet the mother heart within her repented, and when Joe would look up into her face and repeat the formula that good old Uncle Derric had taught him to use on just such occasions; "Please forgive me, I do better next time, Aunt Fanny." Then she would sigh disconsolately and murmur.

"Well, I suppose it's bred in the bone." And then once more she would give him his chores to do, and would