

minutes was then in order. After partaking of a sumptuous repast, and an enjoyable interchange of thought, we were called to order and the program carried out.

At a few minutes before 5 p. m., the meeting adjourned. It was truly an enjoyable time, long to be remembered as a feast of good feeling towards Bishop Swenson.

WM. M. FRAMPTON.

Ogden Standard, Dec. 30: Yesterday afternoon, William H. Wright, of the firm of W. H. Wright & Sons' company, died at his home, 531 Twenty-fourth street, of Bright's disease. Though he had been failing for several months, he was able to be out on the street up to and including Saturday, Dec. 18. Since then he had kept close at home, though not in bed. Yesterday about noon as he was sitting in a large easy chair, his breathing became labored and he dropped off in sleep. His sons called on him, but he felt that there was no danger and they went to the store as usual. Near 4 o'clock Mrs. Wright asked him if she should send for his sons, but he still felt that it was an attack which would not last long and they were not sent for. His breathing became rapidly more labored, shortly after, however, and at 4:30 he passed away, with his wife and a friend by his side.

William H. Wright was born March 11, 1827, in Birmingham, England, and was thus 70 years, 9 months and 17 days of age at his death. He joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints when 17 years of age. In his 21st year he married Miss Emma Taylor and emigrated to America in 1854. In company with his wife and three children, he crossed the Plains with an ox team in 1859, and settled in the spring of 1860 in Richmond, Cache county, where he engaged in agricultural pursuits. In 1872 he removed to Ogden, and in 1875 started the business now known as W. H. Wright & Sons company, and was the president of said company at his death. He had not been actively at work in the business for about twelve years, but has attended the meetings of the company and they have always profited by his advice, while the company has grown to be one of the largest and strongest business institutions in the State. Mr. Wright has been closely identified with the life and growth of Ogden, was always one of its leading and most public-spirited citizens, and his death removes one of the pioneers of Utah, and a pioneer in the upbuilding of the city and State.

He has preformed two mission for the Church, and has been actively and closely connected with the Sunday school movement in this county for a number of years. He was a true, loving husband, an affectionate and indulgent father, and was respected by all who knew him.

He leaves a loving wife and nine children to mourn his loss. Six of the children, Mrs. Jane Crawshaw, Angus T., Parley T., Chas. H., Joseph E., and Frank L. are now in Ogden. Mrs. Julia Petty lives at Richmond, Utah, and William C. is absent on a mission in England, while Miss Florence Wright is in Chicago, where she went only a few days ago on a visit. She is expected home Saturday; and the funeral services will probably be held Sunday.

FROM FRIDAY'S DAILY, DECEMBER 31.

Mr. and Mrs. Stutz, husband and wife, and members of a company, of traveling theatrical people were the victims at Manti late yesterday afternoon of a serious tableau fire explosion. The couple, with their daughter, were stopping at the Bench hotel. Mr. Stutz was in his room with his wife and daughter and was preparing the pow-

der for an illumination of the play that was to be produced last night. By some means a spark or flame of fire was communicated to the powder. Instantly there was a terrific explosion. The room was filled with fire and smoke. The daughter escaped unhurt, but not so with Mr. and Mrs. Stutz, both of whom were badly burned. Mrs. Stutz was especially hurt. Her hair was burned off and the flesh in places fell from her face, body and limbs. Her recovery is questionable.

Inquiry of Dr. C. F. Wilcox this afternoon brought the reply that the little girl, Ina Wilcox, from whose stomach he yesterday removed a hat pin, six inches in length, was resting as well as could possibly be expected under the circumstances and that the prospects for her recovery were good.

The child is three years old and a relative of the doctor, and weeks or months ago—the exact time is not known—she swallowed a steel hat pin six inches in length. On one end of the pin was a guard or head as large as a shoe button. No complaint ever came from her regarding the swallowing of the pin and it was not known that anything was wrong until seven weeks ago when she fell causing the point of the pin to penetrate the coating of its surroundings. Violent pains followed. The Riverdale (Idaho) physician, where the child's parents live, was called in but without satisfactory results, and after considerable suffering, the little patient was brought to this city, and the trouble located, after which the pin was removed. It was corroded by rust and taken away in three sections. The operation was performed at the Holy Cross hospital, and Dr. Wilcox was assisted by Dr. Richards, McKenna, Meacham, Witcher and Beer.

George Powell, the 13-year-old son of "Jack" Powell, who resides on Post street and Fifth South, near Seventh West, met with a most shocking accident at 10:30 o'clock this forenoon. From such information as can be gleaned it appears that the little chap with a number of companions was playing and wrestling on the Rio Grande Western track on Fifth South, about ten rods south of Fifth South, when a switch engine came along. The boys were either unable to get out of the way or in their daring failed to realize the danger they were in. One statement is that George was thrown down by one of the other boys and run over before he could escape from the crushing force of the ponderous wheels already close upon him. However, he was caught under the engine and had his right arm ground completely off between the elbow and shoulder. Besides this he sustained other severe injuries in the form of bodily bruises.

The lad was speedily rescued from his perilous position, placed on the engine and taken to the depot, from which point he was conveyed to St. Mark's hospital, where he lay in a semi-conscious state for several hours waiting for the shock on his nervous system to pass off before amputation was attempted by the surgical staff.

George has been an unfortunate little chap. He lost his mother a few years ago, and of late has been living with his father and stepmother.

Thursday afternoon about half-past 4 o'clock, the report of a shot was heard in Doctor McCurtain's residence, and when some of the neighbors rushed in they found little 10-year-old Claude Gulick, son of W. D. Gulick, dying from a rifle ball wound; he died about five minutes after he was shot. The shooting was accidental, and Frank McCurtain, aged 9 years, claims that the rifle from which the bullet was fired was lying on a wash stand and fell to the

floor, and that it exploded in falling, and inflicted the wound on the Gulick child. The two boys and a little two-year-old boy of Doctor McCurtain's were alone in the house when the accident occurred, and the small boy said to the people who first came in, "Frank shot boy." It is believed that the McCurtain boy was playing with the rifle, as it was lying on the wash-stand, and accidentally discharged it, and that it then fell to the floor.

The bullet entered the body of little Claude between the right nipple and the breast bone and passed through the body, after which it passed through a bureau and lodged in the wall. The course is on a line with the top of the wash stand and agrees with the theory that the little McCurtain boy was handling the gun; he was very badly frightened and possibly believes that the gun was discharged when it fell. He started out at once to find a doctor, and Drs. Allen and Taylor were on the ground soon after the accident, but not till the child was dead. Mrs. McCurtain, who had been out to visit a neighbor, arrived a short time after the boy was dead and was overcome by the sad accident; she says that the doctor was not in the habit of keeping the rifle loaded, but that he had loaned it to a man and, she supposed, he had returned it loaded. Mrs. Gulick was prostrated with grief when she learned the sad news, and the two families have the sympathy of the entire community in the sad accident.

Colonel W. L. Pickett Peyton, the brilliant but somewhat erratic young politician and public speaker who recently bade adieu to Ogden and Utah to seek a new haven of rest in the Northwest, is dead. In a letter of departure addressed to his friends he said he had spent the best and most enthusiastic years of his life in Utah; that while some bright memories would linger with him, there were more sad ones to remind him of an unhappy and unprofitable past; that if some roses had fallen along his path there had been ten thousand heart-piercing thorns to prevent him from a possession of their beauty and fragrance; that if a few sunbeams had scattered their rays of hope around him, they had been followed with shadows of disappointment as cruel and cold as Arctic midnight.

It was with such pangs of regret as these that he said good by to his many friends, for he had many, notwithstanding his frailties, and betook himself to other climes. It was while nursing such a sorrow that sickness came and it was while he was suffering from such a sorrow that death followed his prostration. The account of his illness and demise is given in the following dispatch from Spokane, Washington, under date of last evening:

"Col. W. L. Pickett Peyton, who came here from Ogden three weeks ago, to make this his home, died this afternoon at the hospital of the Deaconesses' Home. He was to deliver a lecture on the 'New Woman' last Tuesday evening at the First M. E. church, for the benefit of charity, but he was taken ill Monday and removed to the hospital, suffering from a severe case of pneumonia. His case was regarded as hopeless from the start. He had become intimate, during his stay here, with Jacob Crockett, another Southerner, who has taken charge of the remains and has notified the father of the deceased, C. S. Peyton of Roncerverte, Greenbrier county, West Virginia.

FROM MONDAY'S DAILY, JANUARY 3.

904 E. Lyon St., Des Moines, Iowa.  
I would be thankful for any information concerning the whereabouts of George N. Hinkle, or any of his rela-