

"What did it? Who stopped her?"

The engineer, staggering from the cab with the pallid face of the fireman behind him, pointed, without speaking, to where a little pale-faced, crooked-backed boy had sunk down, panting with exertion, beside the track.

At his feet a huge oil can lay overturned and empty.

The crowd stared one at another, open mouthed. Then the truth flashed upon them.

"He oiled the track!"

"Bully for Crooked Joe!"

They caught the exhausted child, flinging him from shoulder to shoulder, striving with each other for the honor of bearing him back to the depot and set him down among them.

"Pass the hat, pards!" cried one.

It had been payday, and the saved engineer and fireman dropped in each their month's wages. Not a hand in all the throng that did not delve into pocket. There was the crisp rustle of bills, the clink of gold and silver coin.

"Out with your handkerchief, Joel! Your hands won't hold it all! Why, young one, what's the matter?" for the boy, with scarlet cheeks and burning eyes, had clenched both small hands behind his back—the poor twisted back laden with its burden of deformity and pain.

"No! no!" he cried, in a shrill, high voice. "Don't pay me!" Can't you see what it's worth to me, once—just once in my life—to be a little use—like other folks?"

The superintendent had come from his office. He laid his hand on the boy's head.

"Joe," he said, "we couldn't pay you if we wished. Money doesn't pay for lives! But you have saved us a great many dollars besides. Won't you let us do something for you?"

"You can't! You can't! Nobody can!" The child's voice was almost a shriek. It seemed to rend the air with the pent-up agony of years. "There's only one thing in the world I want, and nobody can give me that. Nobody can ever make me anything but Crooked Joe!"

The superintendent lifted him and held him against his own breast.

"My boy," he said, in his firm, gentle tones, "you are right. None of us can do that for you. But you can do it yourself. Listen to me! Where is the quick brain God gave you and the brave heart? Not in that bent back of yours—that has nothing to do with them! Let us help you to a chance—only a chance to work and to learn—and it will rest with you, yourself, to say whether in twenty years from now, if you are alive, if you are Crooked Joe or Mr. Joseph Bryan!"

"Visiting in C— not long ago, a friend said to me:

"Court is in session. You must go with me and hear Bryan."

The court-room was already crowded at our entrance with an expectant audience. When the brilliant young attorney rose to make his plea I noticed with a shock of surprise that his noble head surmounted an under-sized and misshapen body. He had spoken but five minutes, however, when I had utterly forgotten the physical defect; in ten I was eagerly interested, and thereafter, during the two hours' speech, held spell-bound by the marvellous eloquence which is fast raising him to the leader-

ship of his profession in his native city.

"A wonderful man!" said my friend, as we walked slowly homeward. Then he told me the story of Crooked Joe.

DESIRABLE AS IMMIGRANTS.

[North American Review.]

There is no nation in Europe that is more adverse to violence, and has less sympathy with Utopian aspirations than the people of Norway and Sweden. They have been trained to industry, frugality and manly self reliance by the free institutions and the scant resources of their native lands: and the moderation and self-restraint inherited the in cool blood of the North make them constitutionally inclined to trust in slow and orderly methods rather than swift and violent ones. They come here with no millennial expectations, doomed to bitter disappointment: but with the hope of gaining, by hard and unrelenting toil, a modest competency. They demand less of life than continental immigrants of the corresponding class, and they usually, for this very reason, attain more. The instinct to save is strong in the majority of them and save they do, when their neighbors, of less frugal habits, are running behind.

It is therefore a fact which all students of the social problem arising from immigration have remarked, that the Scandinavians adapt themselves with great ease to American institutions. There is no other class of immigrants which is so readily assimilated, and assumes so naturally American customs and modes of thought. And this is not because their own nationality is devoid of strong characteristics, but because, on account of their ancient kinship and subsequent development, they have certain fundamental traits in common with us, and are therefore less in need of adaptation. The institutions of Norway are the most democratic in Europe, and those of Sweden, though less liberal, are developing in the same direction. Both Norsemen and Swedes are accustomed to participate in the management of their communal affairs, and to vote for their representative in the national parliament; and although the power given them here is nominally greater than that they enjoyed at home, it is virtually less. The sense of public responsibility, the habit of interest in public affairs, and a critical attitude towards the acts of government are nowhere so general among the rich and poor alike as in Norway and Sweden, notwithstanding the fact that the suffrage is not universal.

The Pope Mining company, of Phillipsburg, Montana, which has been in litigation for a long time over the Porter Extension, Price, Imperial and Garnet, has compromised by payment of \$22,000, and will now push ahead without let or hindrance.

Among the valuable mining properties of Arizona, the Phoenix mine, situated thirty five miles northeast of this city, is perhaps the greatest, says the *Phoenix Republican*. The character of the ore is free-milling gold, and from present indications, as well as past experience, the quantity of ore is unlimited.

The number of elk taken through this city a few days ago by Col. W. H. Root was twenty. This is the state-

ment of the Laramie, Wyo., *Boomerang*. He was taking them to John H. Starin, the New York millionaire, and they will be turned loose in his park at Fultonville, New York. Mr. Root secured these animals at Beaver canyon, Idaho, to which point they were brought in from the back country. These animals are caught out there during the winter when the snow gets deep. Hunters then set out and chase them down in the snow with dogs. Some moose have been caught out there in the same way, and Mr. Root said when he passed through the city that he knew where he could get sixty buffalo. Fourteen of the carload taken through were males and six females. He expects to send several more carloads of the animals east.

DEATHS.

REES.—October 30th, 1892, of inflammation of the brain, William R., son of John and Eliza, both Rees; born November 23rd, 1891.

KATZ.—In the Nineteenth ward, Salt Lake City, Utah, November 5th, 1891, at the age of 77 years and 11 months, Michael Katz.

MORRIS.—In Salt Lake City, November 6th, 1892, of hemorrhage, Hannah M., wife of Geo. Morris, in the seventieth year of her age.

TURNBULL.—In the Sixteenth ward, Salt Lake City, Sunday, October 30th, Hannah, infant daughter of John S. and Mary L. Turnbull. Deceased was 31 thirty days.

SMITH.—In West Jordan ward, October 28, 1892, at the residence of her son, Albert Smith, Mrs. Jane H. Smith, relict of the late John P. Smith, aged 77 years.

WOOD.—In this city, August 3, 1892, of summer complaint, Bertha, daughter of George and Adeline Ridges Wood, aged 1 year 6 months and 18 days.

KING.—In this city, Nov. 4, of old age, O. H. King, aged 76 years and 6 days. Deceased was a native of Canterbury, England, and came to Utah in 1850.

VAN DYKE.—In this city, Nov. 12, 1892, of heart disease, Mrs. Charlotte Van Dyke, wife of Wm. Van Dyke; born at Belford, England, Feb. 8, 1840.

KIMBER.—At Grouse Creek, on Wednesday, October 26th, 1892, Sarah E. Morgan Kimber, aged 34 years and 11 months. She leaves a husband and nine children to mourn her loss the youngest child being but 17 days old.

BRINTON.—At South Cottonwood, Salt Lake county, Utah, Nov. 2nd, 1892, of typhoid fever, after an illness of 21 days, Mary Gladys Brinton, daughter of Samuel and Joan Brinton. Deceased was in her sixteenth year.

MORRIS.—In Ogden, Nov. 12, 1892, at 9 o'clock a. m., of paralysis, Hannah Midgley Morris, wife of the late William V. Morris, artist. Deceased was born September 18, 1828, in Yorkshire, England.

BARNES.—Of heart failure, at West Weber Nov. 6th, 1892, James Barnes, born March 7th, 1829, at Sussex, England. He was for many years president of the Hastings branch, and died a faithful Latter-day Saint, beloved by all who knew him.—[Oom.]

JAMES.—In the Eighteenth ward of this city, Wednesday, Nov. 3, 1892, of diphtheria, Lawrence Spencer, son of Henry C. and Clara H. James, born September 1st 1890. Also, on Tuesday, Nov. 8th, 1892, of diphtheria, Frederick Joseph, son of Henry C. and Clara H. James, born Oct. 1st, 1894.

LEWIS.—Mrs. Eliza R. Morris Lewis, wife of John Franklin Lewis, and daughter of Hyrum B. and Eleanor C. Morris, born at Rockville, Utah, April 10th, 1870, died at 9:30 p. m., November 1st, 1892, at Mesa, Arizona, aged 22 years, 6 months and 21 days.

Sister Lewis was a faithful Latter-day Saint and was greatly beloved by all who knew her; she was a zealous Sunday school worker, a true wife, a dutiful daughter and a faithful friend. She leaves a husband and infant child two weeks old, father, mother, brother and three sisters, and a host of friends, to mourn her loss.—[Oom.]