

HERE were so many remarkable things about' Brigham Young that it is difficuit to choose one side from which to catch a peep at him. But to his loving and. favored children, the devotion which he always manifested to his family was the most precious trait.

He was good at all times, or so we esteemed him; but at the children's yearly fes-

He was good at all times, or so we esteemed him; but at the children's yearly festival, the Christmas, he was a very human and tender Santa Claus. Who that ever dwell under the sloping of the Lion house will forget the wonderful presents which were carried, many of them by ox leams, across the plains? States, tons, the perennial fack-khild, and once a glassy taw' was worth it can be the sloping of the girls. And always the exactly weighed pertion of stilet and motio-candy mingled with a generous portion of nuts and risks. Say, will you trade your stick of propermit, mother? And, here read my motioes? Did there have such thrills as those romant in order of which a scheer only on the propermit, mother? And, here read my motioes? More with teal overs we such thrills as those romant is motioned and your stick of the proper with the scheer objected to the noise and shouting? Certainly not father. This we show the to pay the eager child who called "Christmas Gift." In his willing ears.

why and where. And that dinner? Turkey, cranberry, mashed potatoes, dried corn, baked beans, mince and cranberry pie—and father always told the Yankee definition of that delicacy: Why is cranberry pie like kissing the girls? The more you have the more you want.

more you want. There passed a few fleet seconds-or hours -between the dinner and the call of the rayer bell; at six o'clock in the early dark;

TEBER C. KIMBALL played too important a part in the westward movement to Utah, as the right hand man of Brigham Young, to be ever in danger of being forgotten. Just as it only takes one two minute race, to show the kind of mettle a thoroughbred horse has in him, so it only takes a flash of character under the pressults of extraordinary circumstances, to show the kind of soul and heart a man has in him.

Such an instance in the life of Heber C. Kimball came when the famine of 1855 and 1850 came to Utah. His family at the time consisted of 100 souls, and there was not half a pound of bread stuff per day, for each member. Yet he took into his household just 100 other destitute persons, and shared with them, ration and ration alike, whatever there was to eat. The incident was one of the glories of the co-operative spirit that was shown at about the same time by Brigham Young when he dissolved a conference of the Church with orders that every man with a strong pair of horses or mules, hitch up his wagon and start for the plains, to rescue a stranded handcart company, starving in the snows.

Younger Utahns would do well to'read the simple narrative of Heber C. Kimball, written in the famine times, to his son William,

ten in the famine times, to his son William, who was on a mission in England, until re-called by the Johnston army uplsode. The letter runs in part as follows: "I have been under the necessity of ra-tioning my family with yours with two thirds of a pound of bread stuff per day each; as the last week is up today we shall commence on half a pound each, for there is scarcely any grain in the country and there are thousands that have none at all scarcely. We do this for the purpose of

is scarcely any grain in the country and there are thousands that have none at all scarcely. We do this for the purpose of feeding hundreds that have none. "My family at this time consists of about 100 souls, and I suppose that I feed about as many as 100 besides. My mill has not brought in for the past seven months, over one bushel of toll per day, in consequence of the dry weather, and the water being frozen up—which would not pay my miller. When the drouth came on I had about 700 bushels of wheat, and it is now reduced to about 125 bushels, and I have only about 25 bushels of corn, which will not provide for my own family until harvest. Heber has been to the mill today and has brought down some unbolted flour, and we shall be under the ne-cessity of eating the bran along with the flour cessity of sating the bran along with the flour and shall think ourselves doing well with a half a pound a day at that. You must that I did not raise one sporemember of wheat last year and I have not received any from any other source than the mill. Still we are better off than most of the still we are better on than most of the people in these valleys of the mountains. There are several wards in this city who have not over two weeks' provisions on hand. "I went to the tithing office with Brother "I went to the filling once with Brother Hill, and examined it from top to bottom, and, taking all the wheat, corn, buckwheat and oats, there are not to exceed 500 bush-els, which is all the public works have or expect to have. The men have been all turned off except about 15 who are at work making seed drills for grain as we shall be turned off except about 15 who are at work making seed drills for grain, as we shall be obliged to put in our grain by drilling on account of the scarcity, which would prob-ably not take over one-third of the grain it vould to sow broadcast. "We shall not do anything with the public We shall not do anything the mechanics of every class have all been counseled to aban-don their pursuits and go to raising grain. This we are literally compelled to do out of necessity. Moreover, there is not a settlement in the territory that is not in the same Some settlements can go two months, fix as we are. some three, some can, probably, at the rate of half a pound a day, until harvest. Hon. A.W. Babbitt, even, went to Bro. Hyde's proiston store the other day and begged to get a pounds of flour, but could not. Money 25 pounds of flour, but could not. Money will not buy flour or meal, only at a few places, and but very little at that. I sell none for money, but let it go where people are truly destitute. Dollars and cents do not count now, in these timus for they are the tightest I have ever seen in the terri-tory of Usah". the tightest I have ever seen in the terre-tory of Utah." "The letter speaks for itself, as to the character of President Kimball. When asked for a sketch of his father as he re-membered him, S. F. Kimball submitted the following to the "News." It was just as natural for Heber C. Kim-ball to be true to his friends under the most trying circumstances as it was for him to breathe. The greater the danger the truer he was to his friends. During the 24 years that he was first counselor to Prest. Brig-ham Young, he was never known to be un-true to him, even if his own ideas were not exactly in harmony with those of his file exactly in harmony with those of his file He was naturally a liberal man, and nothing did him more good than to be able to care for the poor and needy who nat-urally flocked around him in times of urally nocked around min in times by trouble and want. He was an honest man and one who took great pleasure in paying his delts. While preaching in the Tabernacie one day, he asked the congregation if there were any present to whom he was indebted, and if so he desired them to stand up. One man arose to his feet and informed him that he was owing him five dollars. This amount was promptly handed to the gentleman afwas promptly handed to the gentleman afthe property in a prayerful man and one who had implicit faith in the Lord. He often remarked that it could not be otherwise, as his prayers had been answered hundreds in his prayers morting when it was conas his prayers hall been answered hubareos of times. Every morning when it was con-veptent, he would have all of his hired men attend family prayers and sometimes he would talk to them for an hour at a time, explaining to them the principles of the Gos-pel. While praying, he would talk to the Lord as though he was in his very pres-ence. When in deep treatise he would lock himself up in his private room and there spend hours at a time upon his knees in spend hours at a time upon his knees in pleading with the Lord for the blessings that he most desired. was also a humane man and as ten derhearted as a child. He could not bear to see dumb animals cruelly treated, and would not allow his teamsters to carry a to see dumb animals crucity treated, and would not allow his transfers to carry a whip. He was a good judge of horses, and owned some of the finest in the land, and took great pride in them. He insisted upon them having the best of care and never allowed them to be worked on the Sabiath day. No poor horses works upon comday. No poor horses were ever seen comthe nule that he brought with him from Jackson county, Missouri, was 35 years old when the Indians stole him. His horse "Tom" lived to be 36 and one not acquaint-

"W HAT do I remember of Willard Richards?" said Levi W. Richards. at his home on C street a few days ago. "Well, to tell you the truth,

I remember much of his kindness and his big heartedness as a foster father, but little of his public work, for I was yet a boy when he dled.

"You see he was principally out in public life, and his family did not have much of life, and his family did hot have much of his time. But I recall well one incident of his home life. It was the day the first issue of the Deseret News came out. He brought the copy home with him to dinner, and told us at the table about the work of getting it out. After the meal, he gave me that copy, and I kept it for many years as a souvenir of the starting of journalistic enterprises in the mountains.

of the starting of journalistic energylacs in the mountains. "I was just seven or eight years old at the time, and right after that I had a chance to earn my first money. It was from the "News" that the money was received, too. Uncle Willard called me over one day and effored me a place, carrying the "News" to his home to be folded, and the folded copies back to the office. The women folk at home had the task of folding the paper in those days.

home had the task of folding includes those days. "Thele Willard was more of a father to me than my own father, for he took me when I was very young, and brought me on the long journey across the plains in 1848, my own parents being sent on a mission to Europe when the main body of the saints began moving westward from Winter Quar-ters. I remember the camp wagon we used. began moving westward from Winter Quar-ters I remember the camp wagon we used. It was like a sheep wagon of the later era, only it had side doors, and I broke my arm once by falling down the steps to the side door. After that Uncle Willard kept me inside the wagon, and often taught me my letters, and reading lessons. He was a big hearted man. I always respected him as a boy, but he never punished me, that I re-member. Once we had a pond full of float-ling packs of shingles, and I used to ride about on them in the water. He childed me for it, and told me to quilt doing it, but the worst punishment he meted out was to send me in the house.

worst punlshment he meted out rate to send me in the house. "The old Richards' homestead was west of the Temple block, and I recalt the fun-eral of my uncle, as one of the first boyish pangs I had. He was buried in the Cliy creek willows, of an old channel that ran through the lot, but the body was later re-moved to the cliy cematery. "In that last liness there was one thing that showed his character very strongly. Honey was very scarce in those days, and

Honey was very scarce in those days, and he craved it while sick. One day as I stood by the bedside looking at his worn face, he called me closer to give me a taste of the precious honey that had been procured for bim." him." Mr. Bichards shared with Hober C. Kim-Mr. Richards shared with Heber C. Kim-ball the responsibilities of being a counselor to Brigham Young in the westward exodus. With John Taylor he was in the jall at Carthage when the Prophet was killed, and these two with Parley P. Pratt remonstrat-ed with Sidney Rigdon during the interim until the selection of Brigham Young to lead the Church. At Nauvoo he began his public duties as a city councilman, and as secretary to the Prophet Joseph. When the westward movement began he was chosen westward movement began he was chosen as a member of the first band of pioneers, and came to the valley, returning with the authorities to make the trip again the next summer. At Salt Lake he was the first sec-retary of state, serving in that capacity for the provisional state of Deseret. Later he was presiding officer of the council of the territorial legislature and Utah's first post-master. Besides being the first editor of the "News" he was the first Church his-torian, and recorder. His, then, was a busy life in the pioneer days. At Salt Lake he was the first sectorian, and recorder. His, then, was a busy life in the pioneer days. Like nearly all the men who are men-tioned in this series of pathfinders and state builders, he died with the future still bright before him. His age was only 50, but each year had been crowded with events. Jed-ediah M. Grant had been still younger, for he was only 40 at his death, while Parley P. Pratt was only 50, and Newel K. Whitney was only 55. All the men were practically of a generation, acquainted with their task of pioneering Utah, before the task was actually begun, and seeing the new common-wealth well on its feet before laying down the burdens with which they had grappled while young men. Among the classic documents of the Among the classic documents of the Church is one by Willard Richards entitled, "Two Minutes in Jail." It tells of the mar-tyrdom of Joseph and Hyrum Smith, in a thrilling and vivid manner. When Joseph Smith started west as the plans of his en-emles made his doom appear certain, Wil-lard Richards went with him, crossing the Miscouri in a skiff to bring him to the Rockies. Then when the prophet returned and surrendered to the mob who operated in the name of the law, Willard refused to leave him and voluntarily accompanied him leave him and voluntarily accompanied him to fail, even refusing to leave him when he retired into an inner cell, with the mob all around the jall. His narrative of what happened in the flual assault on the jail is in part as follows: "A shower of musket balls were thrown up the stairway against the door of the prison, the stairway against the door of the prison, followed by many rapid footsteps. "A ball was sent through the door which hit Hyrum on the side of the nose, when he feil backwards extended at length with-out moving his feet..... As he struck the floor he exclaimed 'I am a dead man.".... Joseph continued snapping the revolver into the doorway, while Mr. Taylor stood at his side and knocked down the bayonets and muskets that were constantly discharging through the doorway, while I stood by him After telling of the shooting of Mr. Taylor, the parrative continues: "He rolled under the bed which stood by his side, where he the bed which stood by his side, where he hay motionless, the mob from the door cou-tinued to fire upon him, being hindered on-ly by my knocking down their muzzles with a stick; while they continued to reach their muzzles into the room." The narrative ends with an account of dragging Appostle Taylor into another room, after Joseph has been shot from without the window. His marvelous escape from the mob, preserved to the Church the only first hand narrative of the great tragedy of Its early history.

ARLEY P. PRATT, one of the first D quorum of apostles, fortunately has left us such a record of himself in his own

autobiography, that the kind of man he was stands easily conspicuous and prominent. An incident of his youth illustrates the dominant note in his character, which was a complete absorption of himself in any enterprise he undertook, and a complete giving up of himself to any cause he chose to champion. The incident has to do with meeting his brother William in Ohio. Parley heard his brother was living 10 miles distant from his forest home, and dropping his tools, ran nearly the whole distance, forgetful of himself and the fa-tigue entirely, till he had his brother by the hand within two hours. In another hour he was talking carnestly to him of the gos-pel, and making a convert of him, while he entertained him at his own home in the forest

forest. Another incident having to do with his lack of restraint in launching into a sub-ject in which he was interested. He heard conversion to the gospel illustrated the same of the Book of Mormon from a Baptist min-later. He read it, was overcome with its spirit, and immediately set out for Palmyra to find the Prophet Joseph. When he got to the house, he met Hyrum Smith, and the two of them sat up all night to talk over the wonders of the new gospel, in which Parley was acquiring so over-

to talk over the wonders of the new gospel. In which Parley was acquiring so over-whelming an interest. Next day he started to walk 30 miles to a preaching appoint-ment, and when too tired to walk, he stopped to read the Book of Mormon. He preached his sermon, after his 30 mile walk, and then finding he was not baptised, and that there was now authority on earth to commission elders to preach the gospel, he about faced and walked back 30 miles to demand his baptism at the hands of Hyrum. As soon as the baptism was over, a vigor-ous preaching campaign was started that kept the new convert busy for many weeks.

ous preaching campaign was started that kept the new convert busy for many weeks. There was something of the same self-effacing devotion again in the trying era following the death of President Joseph Smith. Parley was on a steamer plying be-tween Buffalo and Chicago, when news of the Prophet's death came to him. Known as a Mormon he was asked the effect on the religion, and he replied at once that the Mormons would continue their work and spread their gospel he had restored in all the world, declaring to the passengers that the Prophet's martyrdom was on a par with the world, declaring to the passengers that the Frophet's martyrdom was on a par with the killing of all the other prophets of an-

T was 50 years ago, on Dec. 1, since Jedediah M. Grant breathed his last. His death took place in this city Dec. 1, 1856. How he was regarded in the community, and how deeply his death was felt is best shown by one circumstance. A party to celebrate the wedding of Horace K. and Mary Whitney, which took place that day, was in progress when someone entered the room and solemnly announced, "Jededlah M. Grant is dead." The party was at once broken up in silence, and everywhere there were the most genuine signs of mourning. Mr. Grant lived a most active life, and into his 40 years existence (he was born in Windsor, Broome county, New York, Feb. 21, 1816), he compressed as much exper-lence as many a man who had lived double Mary Whitney, which took place that day,

into his 40 years existence (ne was born in Windsor, Broome county, New York, Feb. 51, 1816), he compressed as much experience as many a man who had lived double his time. It was at his funeral that President Brigham Young uttered the sentiment, "Jedediah M. Grant was capable of living as long and learning as much in 25 years, as most men could in a hundred."
When the city of Salt Lake was incorporated in 1851, Mr. Grant was chosen its first mayor, and he occupied the position by continuous election as long as he lived.
His early career as a preacher of the Gospel is so familiar to readers of Mormon history that it does not need narrating. He was called the Lorenzo Dow of the region in which he worked. He was in Nauvoo at the time of the Prophet's martyrdom, and was sent to carry the awful news to the apostles and elders in the cast.
He was married to Miss Caroline Van Dyke on July 2, 1844, Bishop Newel K. Whitney performing the ceremony. He did not arrive in the Salt Lake valley with the first 'company of Pioneers as he was in the east transacting Church business. He arrived, however, in 1847 with one of the later companies, being a captain of the third hundred. He burled his wife and little daughter on the journey to the valley.
He was a sleated brigadier general when the local milities was organized in 1849, and was later promoted to the major generalship. He met with great success in dealing with the Indians, and it was sold of him that he was as jealous of their rights as he was of the safety of the was so familiariy known in the community as "Brother 'Jeddie'" that it seems strange to call him anything else) was most found of children. In fact, he idolized the little ohes wherever he met them. To his own children he was cone of the most kind and indulgent of fathers. He was a specified and indulgent of the there.

he idolized the little ones wherever he met them. To his own children he was one of the most kind and indulgent of fathers. He was also passionately fond of music, but used to say with a smile that while he could sing, he sang everything in the same tune. I remember his being greatly amused at, and often singing, an old time burlesque song, one verse of which was this:

ISHOP N. K. WHITNEY, second pre-D siding bishop of the Church, called by D revelation through the Prophet Joseph Smith, was of Puritan ancestry. His forefathers, of English extraction, settled in Watertown, Mass., at an early date in the history of the colonies, and took an active part in colonizing, also in the Indian wars and the Revolution. He was the eldest son of Dr. Samuel Whitney and Susannah (Kimball) Whitney, He was born in Mariborough. Windham county, Vermont, Feb. 5, 1795, whither his parents had removed, probably to gain a more extended practise of the father's profession. Here he grew up as a father's profession. Here he grew up as a boy with fairly good advantages, but with a spirit of enterprise beyond the home ifa. He wanted to make his own way in the world, and after some experience as a sit-ler, during the war of 1812, and after ink-ing part in the battle of Platteburg near Lake Champlain, he determined to in la-dian trading at Green bay, on Lake Mich-gan; there he exchanged furs, skins of wild animals, etc., with the eastern markets for such goods and wares as were suitable for sale in that new mid wild courty. It was during his solourn there that he

It was during his sojourn there that his life was saved by an Indian maides, she, seeing he was in great perilfrom all fin-iated drunken Indian of her father's tribe (to whom he had refused more whisky held him by his blanket with almost super human strength until the young man coul escape through the window. He never for got the girl's heroism and many were th mementos the dusky maiden received from him. Long years after he gave one of hi mementos the dusky many reverse one of his him. Long years after he gave one of his daughters the name of the beautiful French Indian girl, Modalena. He had been in many dangers by sea and the had been in many dangers by sea and the had been in many dangers by sea and the had been in many dangers by sea and the had been in many dangers by sea and the had been in many dangers by sea and the had been in many dangers by sea and the had been in many dangers by sea and the had been in many dangers by sea and the had been in many dangers by sea and the had been in many dangers by sea and the had been in many dangers by sea and the had been in the had b

He had been in many dangers by sea and by land in his journeyings to and from But-falo. New York and other adjacent cities. He was generally taken for it doctor, and in places where a physician was needed, he was called, and quite frequently it was only necessary to give such advice as he was sur-would be beneficial without explaining that he was not a professional. He was a may who possessed in a marvelous degree the gift of healing, which in that day was un-known.

nown. In manner Mr. Whitney was diguided reticent and exclusive, a man to be look up to by the masses, and to be depended u on when great presence of mind was be ed, in cases of accident, emergency of a In the years 1822, while in Cleveland aster.

but time flew; and then, the bell came out of the tiny recess in the hall, father's hand rung it four, deliberaté, even strokes, and it said plainly: "Come to prayers, come to prayers, come to prayers, come to prayers." The crowding children were some out to prayers, come to prayers, come to prayers, The crowding children were soon out in the hall, and into the parlor, or "prayer room," and there sat father, by the green baise table, his beautiful hand on the green cloth, table, his beautiful hand on the green cloth, perhaps drumming a tune, or resting quiet-ly, as we filed into the room. And who can forget the prayer. His petition was for the widow, the fatherless, the Lamanites and the return to the center stake of Zion. And how the heart thrilled with the solemn re-quest for the load to somewher the "shehow the heart thriled with the solemn re-quest for the Lord to remember the "ehe-miss of His people, and to let them fall into the pits which they dig for the feet of Thy saints, inasmuch as they will not repent and turn unto Thee." And after the prayer was over, do you see the girls fly? And new oh, dear, the hand is tuning

turn unto Thee. And after the prayer was over, do you see the girls dy? And now, oh, dear, the band is tuning up, and the floor-manager is calling all the gentlemen to take their partners for the grand opening march. And there goes father at the head of the line, and isn't he the most stately figure, the floor? And and the best dancer on the floor? An doesn't he lead the march and counter march with stately elegance, and up and down the line, and ladies to the right and gents to the left, and then faster and faster gents to the left, and then fister and laster swells the music until all are in a sort of dignified trot, and then fisher holds up his hand, and they part and separate? Ah, that was a proper and fine opening dance. But it followed a quiet opening prayer, which some of us missed. But here we all are now. And now its "gentlemen choose your partners for the quadrille." And then the men prance gravely across the hall to your partners for the quadrille." And then the men prance gravely across the hall to where the ladice sit, up on those wondrous-ly gorgeous red cushioned scats on the side. And what fluttering and bowing and arms akimbo, as the ladics smile and take the elegantly offered arm! No one is rude, no one runs, there are no barbarians to throw handkerchiefs into a "hold-up place." no, no! They are all too metry, too dignified, too thoughtful of each other and the levely no! They are all too merry, too digined, too thoughtful of each other and the lovely occasion. And such howing and balancing on the left, and chassing on the corner! And no one fails to do the intricate turn of the "dosa-balinet:" for these are real demore not balance and three.

dancers, not kickers and tyers. And presently father calls the merry as-sembly to order, and then one of the brethsendbly to order, and then one of the break-ren steps out and listen! There follows some sweetly spiritual and othical talk about amusements in general, and for the Christ-mas season especially. And the "boys" are califored not to bring the foot down with polyse when switch on the contage, and mas season especially. And the "boys" are cautioned not to bring the foot down with noise, when swinging on the corner, and "the people" are congratulated on the gifts and blessings of a practoma-Father in Hea-yen who has remembered His own at this bounteous Christmas tide. And then, high above the resulting rustle and murmur, calls the voice of the floor managet. "Lades choose your partners for a Tucker donce." And there is an instant paths, and the non sit back primity waiting to be chosen, and the ladies shrink deligately from thus as-serting themselves. But, there, see One petitocal flutters in the nervous flight across the wide space across the hall, and that em-boldens another; and then wint a flutting and futtering and losting and chattering and preening and pranches, as the intered gen-tlemen strat gravely our before their dus comfited companions of the chosen of the chosen. And father? You may be sure, he was among the very first to be chosen of a lady so defity, turn the corners so bithely, and donners to the oposite lady to mag-nificently as does father. And his prou-ting and pigeon-wirgs are creations of and pigeon wirgs are creations of art? Everyone in the sit craned neeks are by figure cut the sit with there gentle yet arise the sit with the sit with the sit as ly figure out the six with those gentle yet siry turns and curbs. Ab, that was a sight never to be forgetten! And if you were his partner? No one failed to be charmed and exhilarated by that pagnetic, gracious,

brilliant personality. But, the dance is nearly over, the midnight But, the dance is nearly over, the midnight bell is about to sound, and hark! Into the center of the room steps father, and with his succient words, he briefly asks the benecenter of the room steps father, and whith his succent words, he briefly asks the beas-diction of a loving Parent upon the assem-bly about to "go to their several places of abode." And the gratitude of a people is voiced that the Father sent His Son, in a manger, to be despised, hated, misunder-stood and crucified, for His one message of Feace! And then, the merry, yet subdued

(Continued in Columns 2 and 4)

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cient days. Taunted that perhaps he would be the

Taunted that perhaps he would be the next leader of the Church, Parley replied in a manner to show that self seeking was not a trait in his character, declaring in a way to silence his questioners, that he was a man and that a man nover exulted and triumphed in the murder of the innocents, Landing at Chicago, he did another typical thing. It was to throw every ounce of his energy into an attempt to get to Nauvoo. From Peorla there was 105 miles to go, and he started out on foot, thinking of every-thing first, before his own comfort and pleasure. This was a long, lonely, and soli-tary journey he made over the Illinois plains to the sorrowful city, and he spent the weary miles thinking of the devastated Church, and the sorrowful women to whom he was coming home, finally working out in his mind the plan by which he would act on arriving, to preserve the Church or-ganization, and keep the work going ahead to fulfill its mission. In three days he walked the distance, announced the feel-ing he had to a conference of people, and ing he had to a conference of people, and then found himself with a fight on his then found himself with a light on his hands. Sidney Rigdon, so impersonal in his loyalty, was aspiring to be president, and had called a meeting to have himself elected. Parley walked into the plans, had a meeting with Elder Rigdon, and ordered him to wait the arrival of the other apostles Before they finally arrived, another attempt by Rigdon had to be thwarted, and the issue was met with the same disregard for personal consequences to himself, and in the same spirit of considering the good of the whole church instead of his own future. the whole church instead of the own function Even against arguments that great property losses would occur through delay, he argued that property losses were nothing to the gospel, whose principles must be kept sacred despite every material advantage or mater-ial loss. When the other apostles finally arrived, the meeting was held at which Brigham Young was chosen leader, and there was no murmur from Parley who had held the key to the difficult situation for so long.

e who knew Parley well are growing Those who knew Parley well are growing fewer daily. Milando Pratt, a nephew, re-calls him as a man who was very fond of children. "He used to come to our house when I was a boy," he says, "and we al-ways ran to meet him. He was sure to get us all on his back, or as many as he could carry, and pack us into the house. There were many incidents I recall, about his private life, such as his work in the canyons, when he cut trees enough to fence ns, when he cut trees enough to fence his farm, some of them even being below the size of six-inches which was the legal

ait for cutting trees. "When disciplined for this, he made an "When disciplined for this, he made an oration to the court that was a thrilling thing, and in it he said he had cut the trees because he wanted to see if anybody had the ginger to stand up and bring an apostle to an accounting. He thanked John Nebeker, who made the complaint, for hav-ing the "sand" to do it, and won his freedom with a severe reprimand. He had been one of the legislators who had passed the law on cutting young trees. "As a young boy I remember his talks in

"As a young boy I remember his talks in the old tabernacle. He was a great orator, and the words seemed to roll off his tongue fluently and with never a pause to find a word. He would walk back and forth in the pulpit when he talked, holding the lapels of his coat with his hands. He al-ways held his audiences spellbound. I think his enser in the Mormon Church grew out of giving himself up wholly to its work, and then letting its necessities shape his future. He was never too poor to go on a mission, or too involved to leave his home to perform a public duty. Most, if not all, to perform a public duty. Most, if not all, of his life was a sacrifice of personal de-sires for the general good of the Church.

BRIGHAM YOUNG.

[Continued from Column 1]

mothers have packed children and babies away under the buffalo robe of the sleighs, father has gathered his chattering family together, and at last the hall is empty, the company separate, under the Christmas 1 stars, the babies are all taken out of the doep window sills, where they have slept stars are whispering overhead that Grist-mas tide is over, and only the ghosts of a beatitude hover over the season and the place. Deer ghosts! soundly the whole evening through; heavy home-knit rtockings are drawn over the Indies me French kid shoes, and good-byes are all raid. Darby has tucked the tiay hand of Joan under his woolen neck mufther.

"When I can shoot my rifle clear To pigeons in the sky, I'll bid farewell to pork and beans, And eat my pigeon pie."

He was also a great lover of dancing, and He was also a great lover of dathener and always displayed great spirit and activity, though his arms often kept time with his feet. He was extremely sociable and lively in disposition. Nothing pleased him more than entertaining his friends at our home. than entertaining his friends at our home. That he was a man of courage is well shown by the familiar episode which used to be freely narrated of him while he was mayor in the early fifties. Whisky selling was not allowed in those days, and the re-port reached him that a company of emi-grants had brought in a load of whisky and proposed to sell it out in their wagons in proposed to sell it out in their wagons in definition of the ordinance. He called on them and told them they would be breaking the law. They proceeded, however, and opened the sale next day. Thereupon the mayor with one or two officers took an ax, proceeded to the wagon of the emigrants, smashed in the heads of the whisky barrels, and allowed their contents to flow into the

HEBER C. KIMBALL.

[Continued from Column 2]

gutters.

ed with these animals would not take them

to be more than eight or ten years old. Many times Prest, Kimball has been heard to pray for "Jack" and "Tom," as well as his other animals. He often said that the Lord had given them to him and that the expected to have them again in the hereafter. In early days when Prest hereafter. Young and company were making their an-nual visits throughout the different settlements of Utah, sometimes through the ments of Utah, sometimes through the force of circumstances they were compelled to make tremendous drives, which made it hard on the poor animals. Heber C. Kim-ball always dreaded these trips on that ac-count, and on many occasions he wept like a child when he would see these faithful animals left dead or dying by the wayside while crossing these hot and due to denote while crossing these hot and dusty deserts of southern Utah.

One day there was a man driving an ox one day there was a man driving an ox team by his house heavily loaded with rocks. The hill in front of them was so steep that the oxen were unable to pull the load. The driver then commenced to use his whip over their backs very vigorously when Bro. Kimball appeared upon the scene. He asked the driver to let him take the whip and do the driving while he lift-ed on the wheel. He then started the oxen up and at the same time bit the driver across the back with the whip, and the oxen moved off with the load. Prest. Kimball moved on with the load. Prest. Kimball then apologized to him for the seeming ac-cident that had taken place. He told him that it was just as unreasonable for him to whip the poor oxen when they were pull-ing all they could, as it was to cut him excess the back with the when when they across the back with the whip when he was lifting all he could.

Prest, Kimball was a good judge of men and before he would employ them for any length of time, he would test them in varlength of time, he would test them in var-ious ways. Sometimes he would have them dig a deep hole in the ground which would require several hours of their time. Then he would have them fill it up. Then he would have them move a large pile of cob-ble rocks several feet away and when this was accomplished, he would have them throw them back to the same place. If they did this good naturedly, he knew that he had men that could be depended upon. One day his masons ran out of adobies, but he had several hundred about 100 vards away but no yards away, but no team handy to haul them with. He soon formed an adobe brigade made up from his numerous sons and neighbors' boys, which reached the whole distance. By pitching the adobies from one to another, he soon had them moved to the

desired spot. If he happened to hurt one's feelings he could not rest until he had made it right. After this was done, the injured party gen-erally thought more of him than he did in the first place.

and towns, where he me whom he fell in love. He had been dir ed to the house for a seamstress. It the period of ruffied shirt bosoms made fine cambric. She not only suited him her dainty handiwork, but in every qui fication for a life companion. Miss had come to Ohio from Connecticut her maiden aunt and a bachel expecting soon to return, but fate preve ed. They were married in a few mont and young Whitney became the partner Sidney Gilbert in general merchandlse Kirtland. Everything prospered with this

happily married couple. Subsequently the became members of the Campbellits church to which Sidney Rigdon, Isaac Morley, E R Snow and many of the Ohlo saids longed. To the day of Bishop Whith death, he and his wife would sit for h in the evening, singing over the oid Ca bellite hymns, interspersed with Latt Saint hymns and old fashioned songs colces blended harmoniously sang a fine bigh tenor, his toner ich mellow, and Mrs. Whitney was a so of the rarest quality In Kirthan me frequently called the Mormon nightin frequently called the Mormon River It was to their home in River Joseph, the Prophet, and his wife Ex came, early in February, 1851. They already heard and received the coste November, 1830, when Parley P. F brought them the Book of Mormon, Sidney Rigdon and Brother Morley had come converts. Elizabeth Ann Whit come converts. Elizabeth Ann en had a most refined, spiritual natur was no doubt of the tribe of Judah often narrated how she saw a descend upon their home at and heard a voice saying "Prepare to the word of the Lord for it is coming the word of the Lord for it is co is the Hebraic song known to is "N. K.," as he was designated in was not so quick to respond, bu unswerving when convinced, an they prayed for the Prophet Kirtland, at that time a most unit it was less than three months baptism that he came, drove in walked in, soluted the proper-"Newel K. Whitney! thou art nding his h. he exclaimed, exte as to a familiar friend. vantage of me" the other replic the proffered hand. "I could

the proffered hand. "I could by name as you have me." "I the Prophet." said the straug-prayed me here, now what do me?" Immediately Mr. Whitne took him to his home, where welcomed most hospitably, rea-time until the martyrdom of wercomed most hospitally, the time until the martyrdom of they two were bosom friends, eled to Missouri together; the to the eastern cities, bearing the and collecting means to help but pla in Kirtland, and to purcha Missouri.

Joseph Smith had implicit c Bishop Whitney. He made kn many truths not revealed put bishop loved the Prophet w bishop loved the Prophet, with the possible devotion; he would have h his life for him at any moment firm belief of the writer of the that no man could be more loyal to than Bishop N. K. Whitney to the Joseph Smith.

Joseph Smith. As already stated Bishop Whi not easily al As already stated bland, we dignified in manner, not easily al-by strangers; he was really of the itanical New England type, and shrewd business capacity calculat cumulate means and husband re-

shrewd business capacity, cumulate means and husband resources was particularly well fitted for a bishop for positions of public trust such as he filled during his later life as truste trust for the Church, and treasurer of provisional state of Deseret. Heber C. Kimball was perhaps the est friend of Bishop Whitney after the of the Prophet. They were almost it arable. The bishop was also devote Brigham Young and his associates twelve aposties. No man could have g er reverence for the priesthood He a reverential man; he held sacred of holy, and was to all intents and nurpo a reverential man; he held sacred thin holy, and was to all intents and nurposes man of God. He died in this city Sept. 2 1850, at his humble adobe home situated the Whitney corner, where the Latter-di Saints university buildings now stand--th property originally atlotted to him by Pres-Brigham Young.