

eyes. Any one giving any information concerning him will be considered as conferring a blessing on an aged mother; it will also be of financial benefit to him to make his whereabouts known.

Please ask the western papers to copy. I was referred to your paper as the best organ to appeal to to help locate him. When he left home it was to go to Rock Springs, Wyo. After he left there all trace of him was lost.

JOHN B. STIFF,
Wellston, Jackson Co., Ohio.

Elder C. A. Memmott of Scipio, Millard county, returned on Christmas day from the Southern States mission field, and made a pleasant call at the "News" office today.

Elder Memmott left on his mission in October, 1895, and was assigned to labor in the state of Texas, where he remained until that state was transferred to the Indian Territory mission, when he was sent to Louisiana, and afterwards to the Eastern Kentucky conference. He reports the mission work in the fields where he has labored in a flourishing condition. An interesting conference was held in Vanceburg, Ky., which was attended by Elders Lyman and Cowley, which it is felt will result in great good. Elder Memmott returns in good health, though his health was not the best during last spring and summer. He will resume his journey homeward tomorrow morning.

At the High Priests' meeting of the Salt Lake Stake of Zion held in the Assembly Hall, Salt Lake City, on Saturday, December 25, 1897, and attended by the general public, Christmas day was celebrated in the most appropriate manner. The exercises commenced by Brother George D. Pyper singing: "The Holy City," the words of which were clearly enunciated by him, and his voice was at its best. The singing of this sacred song and Prof. Joseph J. Daynes's accompaniment on the organ was highly appreciated by the entire congregation.

Elder James E. Talmage delivered a lecture on "The birth and life of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ," showing in simple but most suitable language the humble manner in which the Savior and Redeemer of the world was born; the numerous prophecies of holy men concerning this great and important event; the many evidences of His having tabernacled among men; His wonderful works performed in behalf of the believing, and the great sacrifice and the atonement offered by Him for the salvation of all mankind.

Harry Marion Hadley, a freight conductor on the Oregon Short Line, died on Friday night last about 9 o'clock, at the home of his sisters, Grace T. and Laura, 447 west, Second North street.

The deceased was taken with rheumatic pains early Friday morning. In the afternoon he became much worse and at his request his sister administered morphine pills unto him. He continued to grow worse and physicians were sent for, and at 7 p. m. there were five doctors working over him, but without avail, for he died at 9:05. It was feared that too much morphine might have been administered, and a post mortem examination was recommended. The result of the autopsy proved that Hadley had not died from the effects of the morphine, but from cerebral hemorrhage, superinduced by plethoric rheumatism.

H. M. Hadley was 37 years of age, and came to Utah seven years ago from Indiana. He was employed on Eastern railroads before coming here, and for some time past has been running between Lehi Junction and Eureka, on the Oregon Short Line. He leaves four sisters, two in Salt Lake, one in St. Louis and one in California.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A CHRISTMAS TREE.

[By S. Baring-Gould.]

Tom Mountstephen was dressed in his very best—a black suit, a tie of blue satin studded with veritable planets, and in it a new zodiacal sign—a fox in full career, that formed the head of a pin. Tom's collar was so stiffly starched and so high that to turn his head and look over the top of that wall of China was impossible. If he desired to see that which lay to his right or left, he was compelled to turn his entire body, as on a pivot.

Tom was unaccustomed to such a "rig out," and therefore did not look happy in it. Tom in his workaday suit, of the color of the earth, with a string tied under his knees, gathering the trousers together, and with a dusty slouched wideawake stuck at the back of his head, but on one side of that, and with his great, honest, cheery face, ever with a smile on his lips and a dancing light in his eyes—thus Tom was picturesque, delightful. But Tom in his Sunday-go-best did not look at his best.

The day was Christmas Eve, and there was to be a supper with a dance at the hall, given by the Squire to his workmen and their families. Tom was on his way to this, with a face that shone with yellow soap and the friction of a rough towel; and not only so, but he was to attend thither Isabella Frowd, the belle of the village, and one with whom, as everyone said, he had made it up, and a handsome couple they would be. "Bless y'," said Tom, when folks asked him when it would be, "for bless y', you know more about it than me! Go and ax Bella. She, maybe, can fix it. 'Tain't my place, you know." And then he laughed, and thought he had said a good thing.

Tom Mountstephen was an active, intelligent young fellow, serving as under-gardener, getting a respectable wage, and there was positively no reason why he should not marry; but he was inert in just this one particular, or unable to make up his mind.

Isabella was three years his junior, with a very delicate skin and a lovely rosy complexion, fair hair and forget-me-not blue eyes; somewhat doll-like, save in this, that a doll is never self-conscious, and self-consciousness spoke out of every look of Bella's eyes, every turn of her head, every motion of her body. But was she to be blamed? I think not. The Squire always had a pleasant word to give her; the young ladies at the Hall had much of her; everyone with one voice declared that she was a beauty and the pride of the village. Under such circumstances she must have been endowed with unusual common sense and strength of character not to have become vain and self-satisfied.

Bella lived at the Lodge, and it was her practice to open the gates when carriages drove up; and upon such occasions she was quite aware that the ladies, and above all the gentlemen, up Issabella, and go on with her. Her passing, she saw them turn to each other and say something, then she was confident that they said: "What a pretty girl!" And being obliged to keep herself neat and nicely dressed did much towards making her attractive.

It was understood, or half-understood, that Tom would call at the Lodge on his way to the Hall and pick up Isabella, and go on with her. It was in this way. The day before Tom had said to her: "More wonderful things may hap, Bell, than that I should come and fetch you away to the

Hall tomorrow, and then you'll give me the fust dance and five atrer."

"Well, I'm sure I don't mind," she had replied; and so it was understood that he should go for her, and that she should expect him.

"Why, whatever be you about, Polly?" exclaimed Tom Mountstephen, as he came upon a tall, pale girl with pick and spade over her shoulder.

That girl was Mary Mauduit, who lived with a frill, suffering little sister in a cottage, and supported herself by needlework and starching and washing. She had been a teacher in the school, but had been compelled to resign, owing to her sister's health. These two were together, and they were orphans. The child could not be left.

"Well, Tom, how fine you be! Where be you a-going to?"

That is the way in the country; a question begets another before it is answered.

"I be going to the Hall, there's grand goings on there tonight."

"So I've heerd, but I didn't mind it. And I reckon that Bella will be there too?"

"For certain. But what are you after with pick and shovel, I'd like to know?"

"If you must know everything, Tom, it's for little Bess."

"Not going to dig her grave?"

Tom could have bitten his tongue out—he was mad with himself for uttering such a question. It had bounced out of his mouth without thought, and now he saw the color rush into Mary's face, her eyes fill, and her lips tremble.

"Hang me for an idiot!" said Tom; "I didn't mean it; it's just like my ways, Poll. I want to say summut smart, and just say the wrong thing always. But what be you about w' them tools?"

"It's this, Tom, I thought I'd give little Bess a Christmas tree. I've got a few trifles to hang on it—some oranges and nuts and a needle-case and so; and I got Mrs. Wonnacott to come in for an hour and sit w' her whilst I went to the plantation after a tree; the Squire gave me leave," she added in explanation and self-exculpation.

"But, dear heart alive! you don't want pick and spade for getting up young spruce! You want the chopper or a handsaw."

"I don't wish to kill the tree. I thought if I get her up by the roots I could plant her again in the garden, and she'd grow up to a big tree, and it 'ud be something to look at—every year growing bigger."

"What size tree do you require?"

"Not such a terrible big one. Just middlin' like. I can't have her too small, as I ain't got no tapers like the tiny red and yaller and green 'uns they had up to the Parsonage last Christmas. I've only got bits o' common candle ends, and they'd be too heavy for a mite of a tree."

"And how will you bring back your tree and the mores (roots), Mary, w' soil, and pick and all together?"

"I reckon I can make two journeys." "You can't make two for the tree!"

Mary stood silent.

"I'll tell you what I'll do, Polly. I'll off with this dratted collar and put aside my new coat and away with you to the plantation. If you go and mis-fake and have up a deodara or a douglas instead o' a spruce, the Squire will kick and scream."

"You're too kind Tom; hut you'll be late for the entertainment."

"Oh, that's nothing—not two minutes. She'll wait."

He did not explain, but Polly understood that she signified Bella. But she did not know that it had been under-