

contract the board would strictly enforce the penalty incurred by the delay. Adopted.

#### APPROPRIATIONS.

Ackerman & Co., printing.....	\$ 268 50
Smith, Britton, Poore company.....	81 75
J. Midgley & Co., blackboard.....	67 59
George Forrester, carpenter.....	69 50
Teachers's pay-rolls.....	10,495 25

Total.....\$19,982 59

Adjourned for one week.

#### RETURNED ELDERS.

Elder William Salter of South Bountiful returned from a mission to England, on October 30th. He left for his field of labor on August 29, 1891, and was on his arrival in Liverpool appointed to travel the in London Conference. He was released on account of ill health, but otherwise he enjoyed his mission very much.

Elder George Langlois of Huntsville, Weber county, called at the News office this morning, having returned from a mission to Great Britain. He left on the 5th of September, 1889, was appointed to the Nottingham conference, where he labored till March 4th, this year; he then spent a couple of months in Guernsey. On the 11th of August he went to London where he labored until released. Elder Langlois says he has enjoyed his mission very much, although he found people as a general rule very much prejudiced against the Gospel as taught by the Saints. He arrived in Ogden on the 30th of October.

Elder Albert F. Haycock, of Pangutich, arrived in this city yesterday, having concluded a mission to England. He left home for the mission field exactly two years from the date of his return to Utah. He labored for the first eighteen months in the Leeds conference, and the latter part of the time was spent in the Birmingham conference. Elder Haycock met with some little opposition, but this in no way, he says, discourages the missionaries, who try in every way to bring the Gospel before the people among whom they seek to labor.

Brother Haycock started for Pangutich this morning. He is in the enjoyment of good health, and has had a pleasant and profitable mission abroad.

#### CROOKED JOE.

[St. Louis Republic.]

A great railroad depot may not be the best school for a boy, yet poor little Joe Bryan had scarcely known any other. He could not remember when the long waiting room, with their tiled floors and dreary rows of stationary settees, and crowds of hurrying people, were not quite as familiar to him and more homelike than his mother's small, bare house, which he knew as little more than a place for eating and sleeping.

At an age when an ordinary babe might have been frightened into convulsions by the shriek of a locomotive, Joe, securely fastened in his cab, would stare for hours through the great window, undisturbed by the incessant rush and roar of arriving and departing trains.

He had only been six months old when the dreadful accident happened

which, at one fell stroke, made him fatherless and transformed him from a strong, well-developed infant to a pitiful creature, which even death refused to take.

The old yardmen tell the story even yet—how young Michael Bryan, as straight and manly a fellow as ever left his green, old, native island for the better chances of the new world this side of the sea, came whistling out of the roundhouse that morning and stepped hastily from an incoming locomotive, neither seeing nor hearing another rushing up the parallel track. His mates cried out to him—too late! Nobody who saw it would ever forget the look of agony which distorted his handsome face in that horrible instant when he recognized his doom, or the perpendicular leap into the air, from which he fell back beneath the crunching wheels.

In the excitement and consternation of the time no messenger had been sent in advance to prepare the poor young wife for her trouble, and she stood in the doorway with her baby crowing in her arms, when the stout bearers paused at her gate with their mangled burden. She uttered a terrible cry and fell fainting—the child's tender back striking the sharp edge of the door stone.

"What a pity that it was not killed outright!" said everybody but the mother. She herself always insisted that only her constant watching over the little flickering life kept her from going mad in the first dreadful months of her bereavement.

The officers of the railway company were kind to poor Mary Bryan. They paid the expenses of the burial, and after little Joe had slowly mended, employed her about the depot to scrub the floors and keep the glass and wood-work bright and neat.

When Joe was seven years old his mother sent him to school. He went patiently, day after day, making no complaint, but she awoke suddenly one night to find him sobbing on the pillow beside her. Only by the dint of long coaxing was she able to find out the cause of his grief. Some of the rougher boys—more thoughtless than cruel, let us hope—had called him Humpy, and asked if he carried a bag of meal on his back.

Mary flamed with the fierce anger of motherhood.

"You shan't go another day!" she declared. "The ruffians! I won't have my darlin' put upon by the likes of them!"

So Joe's schooling had come to an untimely end. Yet, meager as was his stock of book learning, the development of his mind far outstripped the growth of his stunted and deformed body. Everybody liked the patient little fellow, tugging manfully at his mother's heavy water buckets, and running willingly at every call of the station men. At twelve years old he had picked up no small amount of information, especially on railroad topics. He knew every locomotive on the road, understood the intricacies of side tracks and switches, and could tell the precise moment when any particular train might be expected with the accuracy of a time table.

Yet the very quickness and ardor of his nature deepened the sense of his infirmity. The glances cast upon him by stranger eyes, some pitiful, some curious, others, alas! expressive only of annoyance or disgust, rankled like so many arrows in his heart; not one

missed its mark. How wistfully his eyes followed boys of his own age—straight, handsome, happy—who sprang lightly up and down the steps of the coaches, or threaded their way along the crowded platforms. For one day of such perfect, untrammelled life he would have bartered all the possible years before him. Yet he never put his yearning into words, even to his mother.

"Crooked Joe's a rum 'un," said one of his rough acquaintances. "He senses his trouble well enough, but he don't let on to nobody."

Mr. Crump, the telegraph operator, was Joe's constant friend. It was he who, at odd moments, had taught the boy to read, and had initiated him into some of the mysteries of the ticking instrument, which to Joe's imaginative mind seemed some strange creature with a hidden life of its own.

It was growing dark one November afternoon. Joe—never an unwelcome visitor—sat curled in a corner of Mr. Crump's office, waiting for his mother to finish her work. He was laboriously spelling out, by the fading light, the words upon a page of an illustrated newspaper, quite oblivious of the ticking, like that of a jerky and rheumatic clock, which sounded in the room.

Mr. Crump, too, had a paper before him, but his ears were alive. Suddenly he sprang to his feet, repeating aloud the message which that moment flashed along the wire.

"Engine No. 110 running wild. Clear track!"

He rushed to the door shouting the news.

"Not a second to spare! She'll be down in seven minutes."

The words passed like lightning. In a moment the yard was in a wild commotion. Men flew hither and thither, yard engines steamed wildly away, the switches closing behind them.

The main track was barely clear when 110 came in sight, swaying from side to side, her wheels threatening to leave the track at each revolution. She passed the depot like a meteor, her bell clanging with every leap of her piston, the steam escaping from her whistle with the continuous shriek of a demon, and the occupants of the cab wrapped from view in a cloud of smoke.

Some hundred rods beyond the depot the track took a sharp, upward grade, from which it descended again to strike the bridge across a narrow but deep and rocky gorge.

Men looked after the flying locomotive and then at each with blanched faces.

"They're gone! A miracle can't save 'em," said one, voicing the wordless terror of the rest. "If they don't fly the track on the up-grade they'll go down as soon as they strike the trestle."

The crowd began to run along the track, some with a vain instinct of helplessness, some moved by that morbid curiosity which seeks to be "in at the death."

But look! Midway the long rise in the speed of the runaway engine suddenly slackens.

"What does it mean? She never could 'a' died out in that time!" shouted an old yardman.

Excitement winged their feet. When the foremost runner reached the place the smoking engine stood still on her track, quivering in every steel-clag nerve, her great wheels still whizzing round and round amid a flight of red sparks from beneath.