CONSOLIDATED VIRGINIA

Strike In Dave Keith's Mine In Oregon.

WILL LOOK FOR QUARTZ

BRATNOBER EN ROUTE TO THE KLONDYKE GOLD DIGGINGS.

Accompanied By Noted Mining Men He Will Visit the Yukon to Look For Lode Deposits—The Cyanide Process—Will Handle the Kamas No. 2 Tailings—The Gold Hill Mines In Oregon—Work That Is Bringing Glittering Results—The Gold So Coarse That the Mill Has to Be Stopped to Clear the Plates—The Mines of Tintic—Historical Review of the District By the Silver City Star—Mining Notes.

The Republican, of Baker City, Ore., has the following to say of the Consolidated Virginia mine of that place, in which Dave Keith of this city and the Park is heavily interested:

Today is an exciting and pleasant one for the owners of the Consolidated Virginia mine. It will also add pleasure to the owner of the Virtue, of which the Con-Virginia is an extension. The Con-Virginia company has been sinking a shaft and are now down something like 600 feet. Not long since the company decided to crosscut the vein, which they supposed was located some place in their claim. This crosscut was accordingly run and yesterday afternoon the main ledge was encountered and a cry of delight issued from the mine. In a moment the whole neighborhood was in a state of pleasurable excitement and on the way to the mine. The work was not suspended, however, to celebrate, but went along and the ledge was deeply penetrated and located before the shift was discharged.

At about the same hour the Virtue found the vein again and they are now taking out the ore. The Virtue vein has been lost for several days, but now that it is again located the mine will again produce the usual amount of wealth. The vein on the Virtue was found on the 800-foot level. The Virtue mine has been a great producer and will so continue. The claim has been worked about 20 years and never failed to shell out for the owner from $20,000 to $50,000 per month. This is now what the Con-Virginia will proceed to do, and in very short order, too. Thousands of dollars have been spent in developing this claim and now the investors are to reap their reward.

WILL LOOK FOR QUARTZ.

Henry Bratnober on His Way to the Klondyke Diggings.

Henry Bratnober, the eminent mining expert who formerly lived in this city, will explore the Klondyke country in Alaska for quartz. The San Francisco Call is authority for the following:

"The Yukon will not much longer be without exploration of mining experts and mining operators. Up to date it has been a 'poor man's diggings,' as the surface placers are always in the clulcebox stage while the cream is being skimmed. Money and large operations make fortunes when simple labor quits, but chiefly will it look for and develop the great quartz deposits somewhere above the placer claims.

"One of the great mining experts and operators of the mining world is now on his way in from Juneau. He is Henry Bratnober, who is widely known as one of the chief experts of the great exploration company of London, a rich man himself and and associate in mining operations of Hamilton Smith and Thomas Mein. Both he and Mein recently went to the Alaskan coast to look after large investments and development operations in Silver Bow basin, and now Bratnober has started on a trip to the Yukon. He does not go to locate placer claims, of course. He will make a reconnoisance of the region, looking to the opportunities for capital, big deals and so on, and especially without doubt the possibilities of quartz mining in this unknown region. When he comes back he may not tell all he learns, but he will give expert opinions and accounts that will command interest and confidence throughout the world.

"With him have gone Nate Fuller and Tom Sunny, who have made names and fortunes in coast mining, especially in connection with the Bird's-Nest mine, adjoining the Alaska Treadwell on Douglass Island."

THE CYAIDE PROCESS.

It Will Reduce the Camas No. 2 Tailings.

Messrs. Anderson and Wickham, chemists of the American Cyanide company, says the Times of Hailey, Ida., went out to the Camas No. 2 mine this morning, intending to stay there. They are to make ready for the new machinery that is coming from California and from Denver. This consists mainly of new bottoms for the tanks and of assay furnaces. To put this machinery in place and to make other preparations will probably take 30 days. The work will, therefore, hardly be in operation before the first of September. They will continue in operation until freezing weather, as the cyanide solutions freeze at the same temperature as water.

There is no doubt as to the success of the cyanide process on the tailings of the Camas No. 2. Before the company concluded to take hold here at all, it made exhaustive tests of the tailings at its laboratory in Denver, and Mr. Frank, the vice president and treasurer, who is here now, knows just what he can do with the material that he will work on here. His company's operations will therefore not be experimental; they will be on a commercial basis.

Four chemists will be employed at the No. 2 works, besides a number of laborers. The works will be operated day and night until stopped by frost.

THE GOLD HILL MINES.

Work There Is Rapidly Bringing Glittering Results.

Manager James A. Pinting, Capitalist John P. Hanna and Captain Franchot of the Burnt River Mining company, which is operating its Gold Hill mines, are in the city, says the Democrat of Baker City, Ore.

The gentlemen granted a pleasant interview to a Democrat reporter in the lobby of the Hotel Warshauer yesterday. The members of the company are very properly pleased at the steady and successful operations 650 feet deep in the bosom of mother earth, at the Gold Hill mines.

At this gold producer the steady tunneling is constantly bringing forth the yellow "good stuff" which averages about $16 to $25 to the ton of rock. The sunny metal constantly comes out of the rock in glittering and coarse particles much like the output from a placer mine. So coarse is the gold that yesterday the mill was stopped to clean the plates.

A force of 35 men is now delving in the mine or operating in the mill, which hammers the precious metal from the quartz. So far as the work underground as well as in the mill is concerned, everything is "serene as a calm sea scene." Consequently a most satisfactory cleanup is certain to be had about the first of August.

The Gold Hill has just gotten its quartz mill in the best possible shape, and five stamps are now dropping a merry tune of prelude to certain-to-be golden treasure to reward the enterprise of the owners, whose intelligent working of this fine property deserves the most complete success.

The Gold Hill is but 2½ miles from this Queen City, and the mine is one of the most promising in all our golden mountains.

THE MINES OF TINTIC.

Historical Review of the District By the Silver City Star.

In our present issue, says the Silver City Star, we continue our story of Tintic's discovery and development, this article containing some important facts in relation to some of the most famous properties in the district.

The Phoenix lode was located by George Rust and J. T. Hardy on Jan. 1, 1879. This property lies immediately south of the Ajax mine, and is generally regarded as a most favorable property. It was extensively worked in 1889 and again in 1892 by Colorado parties under lease, but no satisfactory returns resulted. It is now the property of the Hercules Mining company and is patented ground. The Phoenix is fully equipped with a steam hoist and all necessary machinery, but is lying idle owing to disagreement and litigation between the stockholders.

The Northern Spy lode was located Jan. 1, 1879, by Mrs. Martha Heath, and the Fisherman lode on Jan. 2, 1879, by L. M. Heath. Both locations cover identically the same ground, the second being made on account of Heath being advised that a former location did not expire until Jan. 2. The Northern Spy is the north extension of the Carisa and has acquired a well earned reputation as one of Tintic's bonanzas. The Heath family, who owned the property and who did considerable development, went to California in the early '80's and left a power of attorney with Robert Hall, who sold the property to Alexander Graham. Graham worked the property for several years, shipping the ore to the old mill at Homansville and receiving big returns. Graham afterwards sold to John Beck for $80,000, the latter organizing the Northern Spy Mining company. The company did considerable work and shipped a great deal of ore, but during the past several years all the work has been done by leasers. The Northern Spy is now being worked under a lease by Hyrum Beck and others, and is a regular shipper. It is equipped with a first-class steam hoist and all necessary machinery.

The Gemini lode was located March 24, 1879, by John Q. Packard and John McChrystal, and forms the north end of the magnificent property of the Gemini Mining company. The Gemini or Keystone, as it is familiarly called, is one of Tintic's wonderful bonanza producers, and is credited with the payment of over $600,000 in dividends, although, as it is a close corporation, exact figures are difficult to obtain. At some future date we will return to the Gemini and endeavor to give a complete statement of the interesting facts concerning it.

The Godiva lode was located April 2, 1879, by John Q. Packard and John McChrystal, and was the first producer on the now celebrated Godiva mountain. The Godiva, together with the Ajax, Pythagoras, Vulcan, Aurora and Albion lodes, forms the property of the Godiva Mining company. The Godiva has been a producer of high grade ore for several years, but being like the Gemini, a close corporation, it is difficult to secure the exact figures of its production. The Godiva mine has several hundred feet of tunneling and a fine working shaft is now being sunk. A steam hoist and compressor was put up on the mine this year, and it will soon again take its place as a producer of precious metals. John Q. Packard controls the stock and the mine is being worked under the superintendency of John H. McChrystal.

Mining Notes.

Good copper ore has been found in the Hesperus lode, at Butte, Mont.

The Purrott mine, at Butte, is producing about 500 tons of ore daily, and the output could be increased if desired.

Two sluice robbers were shot last week in Siskiyou county, Cal., on the Gilmore & Baur mine, near the Oregon line.

Robbers broke open the safe at the Providence mine, at Nevada City, Cal., last Tuesday night, and stole $2,550 worth of amalgam.

World, Idaho City, Ida.: The old South Africa mill is being transferred from Alder creek to the mines above Grimes' pass, lately discovered by Joseph Wells and his father.

Harry Smith, one of the leading citizens of Delta, Colo., who was in attendance at the Jubilee last week, was so well pleased with Salt Lake and the undeveloped resources of the state that he has about concluded to move his family here and go into business.

Toodie Transcript: Sam Serrine, who is working a force of men on the old Mono mine, was in town yesterday, and said their lucky star was in the ascendency as they have struck a fine body of ore sure. We are glad to hear this, as Mr. Gisborn is a rustler and deserves success.

Western Mining World, Butte, Mont.: Mr. J. M. Calderwood, the popular and efficient representative of Fraser & Chalmers, was in Butte, Tuesday, in the interest of his firm. Mr. Calderwood was formerly stationed at Helena, where his ability as a thorough business man did much to popularize his firm throughout Montana. He is now located in Salt Lake City, Fraser & Chalmers do a large business in all sections of the mineral belt.

Butte Miner: Work has been resumed on the Big Bonanza, north of Walkerville, and a contract has just been let to sink the shaft down an additional 50 feet. About 1,000 tons of ore have recently been taken from the Big Bonanza, and but little realized on it in the way of smelter returns, though it assayed 156 ounces in silver to the ton. The property has produced some very rich silver ore, but has not been systematically worked for some time. It is now under lease and bond to William Wilson and associates, who will do some crosscutting as well as sinking an additional 50 feet.

Price Advocate: A. E. Gibson returned from Colorado, via Vernal, on Monday morning, after an absence of about five weeks. Mr. Gibson spent the most of his time at his gilsonite mine, just over the Utah line, near Rangely, and some eighty miles north of Fruita. He purchased a half interest in a claim which shows a three-foot vein of an excellent grade of gilsonite. At one end of the claim the vein is cut in two by a deep canyon and exposes the vein to a depth of 200 feet. Mr. Gibson says this one claim will supply the entire demand for a number of years. He disposed of a half interest in a copper claim near Paradox, Colo., to Abraham Hatch for about $2,000. Preparations will be made for putting in a tenton smelter for reducing the ore. Assays show the ore to run from one to two ounces in gold, 10 to 12 in silver and from 15 to 25 per cent copper. There is a 50-foot vein of this valuable ore. The mine is 60 miles from a railroad and about 30 miles south of Grand Junction, and just east of the La Sals. Mr. Gibson says that the La Sal mountains are full of prospectors.

Brough & Graves,

Stock and grain brokers, have the only leased wire in Utah; 21 Morian block.

Tintic and Mt. Nebo excursion, via Rio Grande Western, 8:30 a. m., Wednesday, 28th. Fare only $2.00 round trip. Special train.

JAMES A. POLLOCK,

160 Main Street.

Stocks bought and sold for cash or on commission. Weekly market letter and quotations upon application. E. G. Woolley, jr. Member Salt Lake Stock Exchange.

TINTIC & MERCUR EXCURSION,

July 26-27.

By Oregon Short Line, one fare for the round trip. Trains leave at 7:30 a. m., returning at 6:20 p. m. Tickets good returning July 31.

DOWN BY MT. BALDY

Entrancing Spot at Bull Lake, Described By J. F. Gibbs.

SCENE FROM THE BELNAP

MAGNIFICENT RELIEF MAP SPREAD OUT TO VIEW.

Some Hints For Those Who Want an Outing Away From the Beaten Paths—Some Lessons From Nature— An Interesting Letter.

In Camp, Blue Lake, Base of Mt. Baldy, July 18.—Nowhere on the earth can there be found a spot more sublimely grand and picturesquely beautiful than this wild and rugged glen, which holds within its mountain walled environment an emerald gem of limpid water so exquisitely lovely as to baffle a just description. Switzerland may boast of her Alpine lakes, and Scotland of her Highland lochs, but Utah has here a tiny sheet of water unsurpassed in all the world for beauty and the grandeur of its surroundings. As this deep gorge (having the commonplace name of the South Fork of North creek) extends along the southern base of Mt. Baldy, it widens and forms a small basin, the sides of which rise far above timber line or nearly 12,000 feet above sea level. Occupying a portion of the basin is the little sheet of pure mountain water known as Blue lake. It is, however, a misnomer, as its surface reflects the color of the emerald, except where its crystal depths give back the phantom shadows of the lofty mountains and the fringe of forest trees which girt it on every side, the high ridge which divides this glen from Beaver canyon, in which nestles another lovely sheet of water known as Puffer lake, rises abruptly, bearing on its steep side an almost impenetrable forest of pines. To the east the glen it continues on a mile or so, where it merges into the bald ridge which divides Marysvale from Beaver valley, and bending slightly to the northwest becomes lost in the eastern base of Mt. Belknap. From the lakelet's northern bank Mt. Baldy's massive form rises into cloudland, his yellowish sides of porphyry bearing scars inflicted by the storm king during unnumbered ages of elemental warfare, are so steep as to repel the rising desire to reach his bald summit from this direction. To the northeast a couple of miles, the less massive but more lofty form of Mt. Belknap rises to the highest altitude reached by any mountain peaks in Utah. Belknap rests on a triangular base formed by three great ridges, one of which runs southwesterly a couple of miles, where it is absorbed by the eastern portion of old Baldy; another reaches out northerly and bends downward towards Gold mountain, while the third ridge extends onward to the south, and forms the dividing line of the great watershed, not only of this region, but continues on to where the Colorado river cuts the range in two and forms the world renowned Grand canyon.

Because of his greater altitude and more central position, we selected Mt. Belknap's summit as the objective point of our long and arduous efforts. Editor Brunell of the Piute Pioneer had become suddenly apprehensive regarding the Piute infants, and on the previous afternoon committed himself to the care of providence and "lit out" for Marysvale. And for once providence had its hands full, but finally succeeded in keeping the Iowa tenderfoot from killing himself and horse among the cliffs at the head of Bullion canyon. But Ward Christian, the trained mountaineer and guide, remained, and while providence was busy looking after Brunell we were soundly sleeping.

The following morning we passed along the south side of the lake, which is about one-quarter of a mile long and some 200 yards wide, and proceeded up to the gorge to the east, and for a half mile walked on the remnant of a snowslide, now 10 to 20 feet deep, and which bridges, lengthwise, a torrent whose muffled roar under our feet was often the only evidence of its presence. When opposite Mt. Belknap, one branch of the snowslide gorge runs to the north, and, in its steeper ascent, is merged into the mountain 1,000 feet or so below its summit. Although this branch of the gorge is often crossed by dams of debris brought down by snowslides, it is the easiest trail from the Beaver side of the range. As we ascend the pines and other trees become smaller and more scrubby, until, bent down under the deep snows of this locality, they sprawl over the ground and assume the shape of large evergreen umbrellas. The simple but beautiful flora found around Blue lake becomes even more simple in structure and from comparatively complex leaves at the lake, the same variety of flowers are associated with tiny fronds so characteristic of Alpine regions. Turning to the eastward we mounted the divide near the head of the north fork of Bullion creek and right at the head of the Little Beaver creek, both of which flow eastward to Marysvale.

When the Rio Grande Western railway reaches Marysvale this part of Utah should become famous among tourists and excursionists. From Marysvale up Bullion to Webster basin is a fine wagon road, and from the basin a good trail leads up here to the divide, and ladies could make the trip of five or six miles on horseback without discomfort, and amid the finest scenery on the continent. Once on the divide the old government trail furnishes an easy ascent to the summit. The only unusual sensations experienced are those of short breathing, more rapid pulsations of the heart, a monotonous roaring in the ears, heavier feet and lighter heads. But those slightly unpleasant sensations are forgotten when, on reaching the summit, one realizes he is nearer the ethereal place called heaven than any other citizen of Utah, and when for the first time he looks forth on the grandest and most extensive panorama between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans.

MT. BELNAP.

Wherever exposed, the body of Mt. Belnap is of the same rich-looking red porphyry as that found at various places on Gold mountain, while Belnap is capped with dolomite, which is split into thin slabs and in the form of slides covers the mountain sides and gives to it a greyish appearance. Out of these slabs, covered with lovely palatial markings, the walls of seven small buildings have been erected and which are scattered along the summit. On the highest point is the circular wall of an observatory, about 13 feet in diameter, and in the center of which stands a small wooden tower, once the support of a telescope and other instruments. Some ten years ago these stone huts were occupied by members of the geodetic survey, and signals were flashed to Jeff Davis and Government peaks in Nevada, to the Henry mountains, to Mt. Nebo, to Fool Creek peak in the Canyon range, and other lofty elevations in Utah where other signal stations had been erected.

THE TOPOGRAPHY.

A detailed description of the topography as seen from the summit of Belknap would comprise nearly all of southern Utah, and would serve to confuse the reader, and for that reason only the more conspicuous objects will receive attention. The first object on this relief map, and to which the eye will instinctively turn, is the pyramidial-like form of old Baldy, whose majestic proportions rise from the deep North creek gorge to the south, and from Indian Creek and Fish Creek canyons to the northwest and north. From the bottom of those canyons to the summit it must be fully 5,500 feet, and with hardly a break in the uniformity of an ascent so steep as to preclude the possibility of climbing it. Language fails to describe the mingled feelings of astonishment, admiration and awe with which the spectator first looks on the gigantic proportions of the treeless but peerless Baldy. His bare sides are here and there relieved by red porphyry buttes, resembling partly ruined chimney stacks, and which are the remains of small volcanic cones which belched forth flames and gases during the progress of the stupendous uplift of Baldy and his family of lesser peaks, including Mt. Delano to the south and Brigham peak at the head of Horse Heaven, to the southeast. Along the ridge which gently descends from the highest point of Baldy to the northwest, is a large bank of snow, while at various places on his north and east sides great banks of the eternal "beautiful" are still in evidence. Close in and nestling against the south base of Baldy is little Blue lake, merely a speck on the landscape, its placid face glinting in the sunlight, and looking for all the world like an emerald gem dropped from the gates of paradise and jealously guarded by grim-visaged Baldy from the profane gaze of only a few favored mortals.

In the north one looks down into the wooded and pastoral-like depths of Fish Creek canyon, and to the east down deep into the little Beaver canyon, a very paradise for a summer resort. Grandly beautiful as is the scenery immediately surrounding Mt. Belknap, the mind soon tires of nature's prodigality, and relief is found in the less distinct details of distant objects. Directly to the east, and nearly 100 miles distant, is distinctly seen the Thousand Lake mountain, and still eastward the blue, faint outlines of the crest of the San Rafael mountains are visible to the unassisted eye, while intermediate are a dozen of mountain ranges and systems. Away to the southeast a full 100 miles is clearly seen the Henry mountains, rivaling many of its details when the eyes are assisted with a pair of powerful field glasses. To the south, probably 100 miles away, are distinctly outlined the mountains around Kanab. As we turn our attention to the southwestward, the country around St. George becomes less obstructed by intervening mountains, and the view is greatly extended, so much so that the mountains near the southwest corner of the state, and nearly 200 miles away, are clearly in evidence by the aid of the glasses. Nearly west of us Government peak rises, sentinel like, from the mountains comprising the State Line mining district. As one turns towards the northwest the low intervening mountains permit an almost full view of the Snake range, with Jeff Davis peak occupying a central position, while Mt. Moriah's low dome marks the northern extremity of the range. Over the low places in the Snake mountains, and beyond some 20 or 25 miles, is seen the ragged crest of the Taylor range, distant fully 200 miles. Still further to the northwest the eye first rests upon the Detroit and Dugway range, over 100 miles distant, and beyond Detroit the highest portion of Fish Springs mountain, and still further the Deep Creek range is seen in bold relief against the horizon and fully 200 miles distant. To the north of the Deep Creek range the glistening saline flats of the Great Salt Lake desert stretch out to the northwestward until mountains, some 300 miles away, are more of shadow land than real, while the fateful mirage distorts fanaastic forms. Directly to the north some 80 miles, the details of the Canyon range are most clear, and beyond, between 20 and 50 miles, the Tintic mountains are a barrier to further observation to the north. Easterly from Tintic Old Nebo and the high range of which he is the crowning figure, obstructs the vision in the direction of Salt Lake City.

PAROWAN VALLEY.

Parowan valley, to the southwest, can be easily studied. Parowan and Cedar City are seen in all their details of streets and tree embowered houses, and further on is Summit, a long row of trees, farms, etc., while the Little Salt lake—one of the very few remnants of ancient Lake Bonneville—sends to us the salty reflection of its saline incrusted margin. Beaver valley, to the west, and almost under our feet, is an object of interest, although Beaver City is hidden from view by Old Baldy. Millard county, which covers all of the great Pavaut valley, is in every way the most interesting study of the entire field. Meadow, the nearest visible town, is so nearly due north as to enable one to count the streets and note the turns in the road towards Fillmore and Kanosh, while 90 miles distant green patches indicate the towns of Deseret, Hinckley and Oasis. The line of the O. S. L. road is easily traced from those towns southward along the eastern base of the Cricket range, through whose openings Sevier lake—the second largest body of salt water in the state—is distinctly seen. Tabernacle butte(Pawyen butte and other extinct volcanoes with their dark fields of lava, are as clearly seen as though within ten instead of 60 to 80 miles distant. Sevier valley is spread before us to the northeast, with hardly a detail of towns and winding river absent from the field. Sanpete valley, 75 to 100 miles distant, can be easily studied by the aid of field glasses. In fact, if the teachers of the schols of adjacent counties would occasionally bring their more advanced pupils to the summit of Belknap the students would learn more in two days of the geography, topography and geology of southern Utah than they can learn in four or five years pouring over maps and reading books. Before the observer on Mt. Belknap is spread out in full view the resources of an empire in embryo. Agriculture with its various branches; gold, silver and lead mining at his very feet; sulphur, pumice stone and iron, and the vast coal fields of Iron county are before him. In adition it inspires the beholder with awe and reverence for the infinite power that is here present in a thousand different forms called "effects," or results, from lack of more expressive terms.

THE DAWN OF LIFE.

While dwelling in lower altitudes and within an environment surcharged with the restless activities of bustling life, men are not wont to meditate on the brevity of human existence nor on the grandeur of nature with her complex and eternal forces. But when isolated from his fellow men, and standing on the dome of some giant mountain like Mt. Baldy, while his range of vision covers almost one-sixtieth of the earth's circumference, while all around him are stupendous mountains gashed, torn and riven by subterranean forces, and deep gullied, smooth and rounded into graceful curves by erosion; while the grandly beautiful panorama of green and shady dells, savage looking abysses, distant elevations with intervening valleys, lakes, rivers and the tiny dwelling places of mortals, all losing their distinctiveness and individuality in the distance, while the furthermost objects melt into the dreamy realm of regions unexplored, there will come to even the most passive mind strange and startling thoughts. Involuntarily his mind will travel backward through the ages and ages which have joined the immeasurable past, and he becomes an awed spectator on the apex of Mt. Baldy. Unconsciously the mighty mountain has been sinking and he finds himself face to face with conditions which bespeak the very dawn of life in its most simple forms. The once lofty dome is now but a mere speck on the bosom of a shoreless ocean from which great clouds of mist is constantly rising. While he meditates on his weird environments an age has passed. Thousands of feet of limestone has been deposited on the ocean bed, burying myriads of tiny animal forms, worn and ripple markings which, today, form the letters, words and pages of the history of that mightly lapse of time known as the lower Silurian age.

The only perceptible change noted by the watcher during that almost infinite period was that the almost total darkness, caused by the impenetrable veil of mist, has been partially dispelled by the cooling of the yet warm ocean which continues to part with great masses of vapor.

UNUSUAL SIGHTS AND SOUNDS.

Without warning, unusual sights and sounds arouse the watcher from his long reverie. The late passive ocean is here and there being lashed into fury. Great volumes of smoke and jets of steam issue from the troubled waters, while huge rock fragments are hurled high in the mist laden air. Immense tidal waves beat upon and threaten to engulf the small area of "dry land" which rocks and trembles beneath the feet of the solitary spectator. The smothered rumblings of earthquakes; the crunching, grinding sound of enormous rock-masses in continuous oscillation; the sharp and deafening explosions as the heated rocks of the earth's crust came in contact with the water; the hissing of steam and roar of contending elements, all speak to him and tell of pent-up subterranean forces finding egress along lines of least resistance. After what seemed an age, during which the pandemonium of sounds continued, silence regained its supremacy and the solitary watcher noted that his range of vision had been extended by the elevation and enlargement of his island, and that other islands had been formed. An examination of the new land disclosed the fact that numerous fissures had been formed, and that up through those channels had come untold wealth of copper, gold, silver and other metals which, except for those seismic convulsions, would have remained forever beyond the reach of man.

Another age, comparatively of much less duration, passed while the watcher noted the change. Quietly, almost imperceptably, the bold dome of Mt. Baldy rose to an altitude of several thousand feet and the area of dry land was correspondingly enlarged. A clear atmosphere enabled him to discern the apex of the Frisco mountain and the granite comb of the Bradshaw range in Beaver county. In Millard county the Cricket range appeared as a low-lying ledge, beyond which, a few miles distant, the House range was plaintly visible above the ocean, and Detriot mountain was but a small island. The eastern part of Millard, all of Sevier, nearly all of Iron and the eastern and southern portions of Piute counties, had not yet risen above the ocean. Mosses, ferns and tiny trees of simple structure had taken possession of favorable localities, while new and diverse forms of animal life had multiplied in the ocean upon whose floor thousands of feet more of limestone had been spread, and the Upper Silurian age had added another chapter to the earth's geological history.

ANOTHER AGE.

Another age drew its slow length along the path of physical and vital progress. The solitary watcher noted that his island home had somewhat enlarged, and that new forms of vegetation of more sturdy growth had appeared. Vast beds of sandstone had been spread out in places on the ocean bed, while its waters fairly teemed with numerous types of the finny tribe, great numbers of which, with numerous beautiful shells and other forms of marine and terrestrial life, form the letters, words and paragraphs of the chapter called the Devonian Age.

CRUST BUILDING.

Our watcher had now entered the most important and interesting period of the earth's physical history. The process of crust-building continued by the deposition of lime, shale and sandstone on the floor of the ocean and the area of dry land was steadily augmented by emergency. Proceeding along the elevated ridge to the south some 50 miles, our watcher observed that a large area in Iron county had risen a few feet above the ocean, and that, stretching out toward the south and west, a large forest of ferns and kindred trees had taken possession of the low-lying land. A dense growth of smaller ferns and other shrubs of simple structure occupied every foot of available space, while a rank growth of moss-like plants formed a carpet of perpetual verdure. No gaudy butterflies flitted before our watcher, nor songs of birds greeted him, nature had not yet given birth to the winged denizens of the air. Horrible looking reptiles dragged their ungainly bodies along the margins of swamps and lakelets, and the hoarse croak of giant amphybians alone disturbed the silence of an otherwise eternal solitude. Thousands of years passed during which the trees, shrubs and plants flourished and died forming an ever thickening bed of vegetable mould. Perpetual summer and a moist tropical climate stimulated successive growths of vegetables until the mould was scores of feet in depth. Quietly the land began sinking and the great forest was submerged. Hastening back to the more stable region of Mt. Baldy our watcher waited while thousands of feet of shale, lime, sandstone, etc., were spread out over the ocean floor and burying deep in its firm embrace the once beautiful forest with its reptillian life and myriad forms of fish and shells, all forming the subject matter of the vastly important carboniferous age.

To our now deeply interested spectator, time seemed to pass more swiftly as he noted the more rapid evolution of nature. On the greatly enlarged area of dry land, embryatic trees and plants gave place to those of more complex structure bearing nuts and fruits. Grasses succeeded canes and kindred coarse vegetation as the covering of nature, while vari-colored flowers relieved the monotonous stretches of green which marked the presence of a luxuriant vegetation in the midst of which winged forms of aerial life fluttered in joyous existance and broke the long silence with exhuberant melody. Quadrupeds of mammalian type roamed in the forests and wide savannahs browsing the luxuriant herbage. In the oceans great whales and other marine monsters sported in the tepid water. To our enthusiastic spectator nature seemed to have fulfilled her contract in the delivery of a finished world. However, it was not yet ready for man's occupancy. On ocean floors and the beds of land-locked lakes chalk, volitic stone and other kinds of rock were being deposited. The already large area of dry land was being added to by a slow uplifting of the continents and islands, when the gentle movement of the earth's ever-thickening crust became more energetic. Ocean floors were more deeply depressed causing a compensatory uplift of the mountain system. Fissures were formed, up through which flowed great masses of trachite, granite, porphyry and other intrusive rock substance which overflowed on mountain sides and in places formed high peaks and ridges. Volcanoes belched forth their heated contents, disfiguring the face of nature with fields of lava. Hot sulphurous fumes issued from the fissured, fractured crust and filled the air almost to suffocation, while the earth groaned in its terrible travail. Our spectator stood aghast at the repetition of these wierd sights and sounds. As he looked forth on the once placid face of nature, and saw in river, mountain sides, in yawning chasms, in the sharp and jagged rock masses, and and on the desolate wastes of cooling lava, basalt and other eruptive rocks and on the desolation which had been wrought, he asked himself if what he saw—a world in ruins—were to be the final fruition of the majestic evolution he had witnessed? Impelled by sorrow and anxiety he traversed the region north of Mt. Baldy and saw at its base a vast basaltic mesa which, in broken foothills, bent around to the east and south. Further exploration disclosed newly-formed veins of the precious metals and great deposits—even mountains—of iron. On the sides of those vast carboniferous forests which he had seen sink into the ocean, he now saw in the upturned rock strata that those same forests had been pressed and metamorphosed into veins of stone coal which, but for that mighty upheaval, would have remained deep-buried beyond the reach of future men.

CLOSE OF THE TERTIARY AGE.

Comparative quiet once more reigned, but our spectator knew by the continually enlarging view from Mt. Baldy's lofty dome, that the tremendous uplift which had marked with innumerable scars the closing of the Tertiary age, was still active in the further elevation of the temperate zone. By degrees the once balmy air became chilled; great cloud masses from equatorial regions were driven northward and emptied their frozen moisture on mountain tops, on elevated tablelands and plains. Centuries passed, during which the frigid blasts beat against and over the giant mountain walls. When the fierce storms had ceased and exhausted nature had resumed her wonted tranquility, our now terrified spectator ventured forth and from his lofty point of vision looked forth on another seemingly frightful calamity. As far as his eye could penetrate, fields of ice and snow, hundreds of feet deep, covered the earth, with not even one dark spot to relieve the dazzling whiteness. He listened. The deep roar of rushing avalanches intermingled with the uninterrupted crushing, grinding noise of huge glaciers relieved the frigid silence of what seemed an universal death. During thousands of years those great ice rivers slowly moved with irresistible force down the mountain sides toward Beaver, Clear Creek and Marysvale. Enormous masses of rock were torn from obstructing ledges and crushed and ground into fragments, were carried down to the valleys. Canyons, gulches and ravines were ploughed deep into the living rock and the debris moved to lower altitudes. In many places the capping was torn from "blind" ledges and veins, thus revealing their precious contents of metal and coal. Mountain systems had been slowly sinking to lose frigid altitudes. From underneath the glaciers, rushing torrents carried the finer particles of matter far out into the valleys, forming the foundation for more fertile soil. The thousands of streams thus flowing from the upper fields of melting snows formed in the western portion of Utah, that great prehistoric lake known to the world as Bonneville. By slow degrees the mountains and valleys settled down, the climate became warmer, the glaciers continued to shrink until their sullen voice was hushed in the completion of their labor. The savage face of nature had been smoothed and rounded. Lakes were dried or shrunken to a mere miniatures, grass and shrubs sprang forth and covered the plains and mountain sides, while forests once more occupied all favorable localities. From the royal dome of old Baldy our spectator looked forth on the finished world waiting in fresh beauty for the occupancy and subjugation of immortal men.

Had but one link in the chain of events wrought by that mighty and complex evolution been omitted, man's dwelling place would have been incomplete, the Infinite Design unrealized.

With our meditations there comes a feeling of awe and increased veneration for the Power that fashioned the earth and gave to it its proper axial inclination; that determined its orbital and diurnal motions; that clothed it with verdure, cereals, fruits and flowers; that upturned the indurated rock-strata that man might reach the subterranean wealth prepared for his use and progress. Not alone in those essential conditions do we discern the wonderful provision for man's existence, but also in the configuration of the mountain systems. Were it not for such lofty elevations as the Mt. Baldy range which traverse this intermountain region from north to south, and which arrest the fleeting moisture and condense it into storm clouds, and that hold in their deep defiles the precious snows of winter, Utah and the adjoining states would be as barren and wind-scorched as the Desert of Sahara.

NIGHT COMES ON.

While our party regretfully lingers over the thought that the fast-descending sun will soon force us from the scene of such indescribable grandeur, the shadows have been creeping to the east, enveloping the wooded glens in darkness. Gradually the outlines of distant mountain ranges are lost to view; the deepening shadows merge the details of nearer objects into weird indistinctiveness, and in the swiftly gathering gloom we prepare for our descent to the little lake, while our thoughts instinctively turn to the prospect of a cheerful campfire, to the rude but frugal fare of a camper's larder, and to a hard but restful bed on mother earth, ever soft and grateful to tired limbs.

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Pillosophy.

Of making many pills there is no end. Every pill-maker says: "Try my pill," as if he were offering you bon bons! The wise man finds a good pill and sticks to it. Also, the wise man who has once tried them never forsakes

..Ayer's Cathartic Pills..

Tintic and Mt. Nebo excursion, via Rio Grande Western, 8:30 a. m., Wednesday, 28th. Fare only $2.00 round trip. Special train.

LAST EXCURSION TO TINTIC,

Eureka, Silver City, Mammoth, on Wednesday, July 28th.

The Rio Grande Western runs its last Tintic excursion on July 28. Special train leaves at 8:30 a. m. Returns at 9 p. m. Fare, $2 round trip. Those who have not yet visited the great camps and those who have not seen the famous engineering achievement known as the "Double Circle," should not miss the opportunity.

and Grant, Ogden, Utah.

Agent for Crescent and Columbia bicycles. Wheels rented, 25 cents per hour. Fishing rods made and repaired. Model and rubber stamp making a specialty.

Clearing Prices

On all summer goods this week at F. AUERBACH & BRO.

Periodical tickets taken for retail trade at the Palace meat market, 265 South Main.

LOWEST EAST-BOUND RATES,

Via Rio Grande Western Railway.

On Wednesdays and Saturdays, until Aug. 11, the Rio Grande Western continues its low passenger rates to all points east. Call at ticket office, Dooly block corner, for particulars.

F. Auerbach & Bro's.

Great clearing sale all this week. Don't miss it.

F. AUERBACH & BRO.'S.

Eureka, Mammoth and Silver City excursion, July 28, via R. G. W. railway, $2.

THE BASEBALL GAME

Fort Douglas Browns Defeat the Jubilee Team.

CIVILIANS WERE NOT IN IT

THE SCORE STOOD TWENTY-ONE TO SIX.

Jubilee Boys Demonstrated Their Right to Retire From the Diamond —Cannot Play Ball a Little Bit.

If the Jubilee nine ever had any illuminations, their lights went out yesterday on the dusty, sun-baked diamond at Fort Douglas. At the end of the melancholy and depressing conflict, the Jubilees were as much defunct in a baseball way as is the luminous celebration which they were created to represent.

PLAYED LIKE FARMERS.

But there was a difference in the manner of the demise, for instead of going down amid belching cannon and meteors of flashing light, as the celebration did, the Jubilees simply went up against the soldier nine and were eaten up.

SCORE TELLS THE STORY.

The glaring score of 21 to 6 tells the story of the game eloquently. The Jubilees were unable to rap the ball with the willow; they could not grip the ball hard enough to make a decent obstruction to its progress, and, lastly, there seemed to be no method in their madness. When a shortstop throw was necessary, the Jubilees' fielders developed tremendous vitality as to the forearm, and seemed to have designs against the peace of mind of visitors at Mount Olivet. They missed flies, missed opportunities, and would have missed the ground if they had fallen on it.

The Jubilees have someone on third base with a very pretty and revere style of figure, and the assumption is that he was placed there on account of his very lovely and naturally perfect aspect. Nevertheless, Paul Revere Barnes, notwithstanding his distinguished beauty, was not even popular with the ladies, for he gracefully and unerringly eluded every ball that came near him and almost collapsed with the bat in his hands every time Richards swung a curve towards him. He is the only really pretty man in the Jubilees, but some of the others yesterday developed almost equal adeptness in getting on the lea side of files and pitched balls.

KIDDER HIT HARD.

Kidder's sallies with the ball were also not as successful as usual. The husky Browns greeted his pitching in a very familiar way and spread out 19 runs from his curves, including one home run.

Knickerbocker was absent and Ostler was away, and that may have furnished some excuse for the drubbing. Jones acted