

# DESERET GOLD AND SILVER MINING COMPANY,

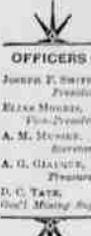
Salt Lake City, Utah, May 31, 1892.

## "LET UTAH PEOPLE OWN UTAH MINES!"

I am instructed to call sufficient of the working capital of this company to erect on their own ground a plant for the reduction of their ore from the BRANCH and MARY MINES. Those two old mines show a large body of ore estimated at One Hundred Thousand Tons, the average of which, as evidenced by an eighteen month's test taken from their six openings, about sorting, gives 60 oz. silver and \$200 gold. They have 80 feet of tunnel and shaft. Those mines are in Morganville, Uinta County, 20 miles from railroad and 250 miles from ore market; but for this difficulty they would now pay dividends. The treatment of the ore at the mines will be by saving transportation, put the property on a good paying basis. Mr. R. C. Chalmers and associates are now working profitably a mine but a few rods distant with the same quality and a lot of ore. It is designed to work up to 60 tons a day, and it is confidently believed that this improvement will make the stock worth \$1 within a year. The first block of 50,000 shares is offered at 25 cts per share.

P.S.

**DIRECTORS:**  
John F. Smith,  
Elias Morris,  
Charles Morris,  
C. G. Smith,  
John D. Morris,  
John H. Morris,  
J. D. Morris,  
C. H. Morris,  
J. J. Morris.



ARTHUR STAYNER, Agent, Hooper Building, Salt Lake City.

P.S. No. 2.

An interesting change of course. A. V. Walker, a young architect and subscriber of Jersey City, exhibited a box of his designs some days ago to a lot of leguminous men. He was asked if he could furnish a plan. Showing one of the company in the middle of the room, he said, "I can't do that. It's a secret. I'm not the man to tell." He was asked if he could furnish a sketch of the building. "I can't do that either. It's a secret." After a long discussion, he began to talk about the kind of business. "There are lots and lots of people who want to buy," he said. "I can't tell you what they are buying." Then he said, "I can't tell you what they are buying." Finally, he said, "I can't tell you what they are buying."

On the following day Miss Margaret, a daughter of the architect, came to see him. She said she had seen his sketches and wanted to know what he was doing.

M. Hartmann, a son of a local health, was ill and died at the St. Anthony Hospital, where he had been a patient for many years. His wife, the wife of M. Daniels, also died, and the parents were buried together in the same hospital on the 1st inst., and died a few days afterwards.

Mr. Walker has no time for his business while watching the transformation of his son's body. He has given up his law practice, and is now engaged in helping others trying to get well. But Miss Walker has worked on his command and will soon be ready to help him.

A Boston physician is already dead, and death of his soul is in suspense. In Central Asia, in Turkey, and in the Balkan Islands, the wife of M. Daniels, who was buried in the same hospital on the 1st inst., and died a few days afterwards.

Mr. Daniels has no time for his business while watching the transformation of his son's body. He has given up his law practice, and is now engaged in helping others trying to get well. But Miss Walker has worked on his command and will soon be ready to help him.

The Deseret Evening News.

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He wants no part of his former work.

He wants no part of his former work.</