

The crew managed to escape in the boats and by swimming ashore.

Only two persons were killed, and they were two sailors who were in the bunks. It is supposed that they were wounded, as the explosion took place on the starboard of the vessel where their bunks were located.

The "Condell" kept up an incessant fire on the "Magallenes," and in order to bring all her broadside to bear on the "Condell," the rebel cruiser turned about. The "Lynch" began a fusillade from its guns, blowing the yardarm of the cruiser into the sea. At the end of the yardarm was the flag. In a moment one of the gunners sprang overboard, and with a few strokes caught the yard arm, catching hold of the ropes which were thrown to him from the ship. He was standing on the deck, holding on to the dripping flag. This action caused the revolutionists to fight with more vim, and it soon became too hot for the government vessels.

The Condell gave the signal and at full speed the flotilla put to sea. They continued using their guns, but with little effect. The Magallenes gave chase as best she could, but seeing that it was useless she returned to Chanaral.

After the smoke of the battle had cleared away it was discovered that the vessel was not so badly injured as was reported. Her forward port battery was badly damaged and part of the gun carriages had been demolished, but aside from these casualties and a little of the rigging being gone, no further damage was done.

On the other hand, over three score of men were more or less wounded and about twenty-two dead.

The government vessels put on all steam and proceeded to Valparaiso, where they went into repairs. It is hoped by the government to have them ready in one or two weeks to proceed north again.

The "Huascar," which was erroneously reported lost, was at Iquique when last heard from getting ready to go on a trip of destruction with the "O'Higgins." The barks "Alene" and "Albatross" were very badly injured by the shots from the vessels. The "Alene" had a big hole in her bow, while the "Albatross" was without two of her masts.

A LETTER FROM MIDWAY.

It is about time that this quiet but thrifty place up in the fruitful plateau of the Timpanogas River was heard from in the lower levels, and wherever else the NEWS circulates with its messages of weal and woe, cradle and coffin, wedding and weather.

Among the limited literature which our farmers are granted leave to peruse at the brief leisure of the long days of unremitting toil, the columns of the NEWS occupy the distinction of first choice, especially for the reason that the denizens of the widely scattered habitations and settlements in these valleys of the mountains are enabled through your numerous correspondences from all ends and nooks of the Territory to hear from old friends and acquaintances, former dear neighbors, etc., whom different fates have dispersed in different parts.

None but the readers and friends of the NEWS can fully realize the far-reaching power for good wielded by such a vehicle of information. In this mutual work no place is too remote, no community too small not to be able to contribute to the general interest.

To begin with the immediate, I have to record two very entertaining no less than instructive meetings held yesterday, in honor of the birthday anniversary of Brigham Young, in our assembly hall. The forenoon was devoted to the Y. L. and M. I. A., and the afternoon, amid a crowded audience, to the Primary Association, when the little ones were both entertained and entertaining, the former by Sisters Howard and Freeze from Salt Lake City, the latter by a number of well-rendered recitations and songs. Both gatherings were edifying and will be productive of much good—a worthy sequel to the Stake conferences held last Friday over at Heber, where much valuable advice was given to the young and rising generation, for most of whom in this county the school doors closed last week for the summer vacation.

The private school in Midway, which was started April 13th, immediately upon the close of the public free school curriculum, with an enrolment of about 65, is still keeping on, with the intention of running till July 3rd. At present the attendance is somewhat lower, owing to the field occupations requiring the help of the boys and girls in many families, and also on account of the state of health, which has been bad of late, through the unforeseen and unparalleled rapid fluctuations in the temperature and consequent changes in the atmosphere. The little ones have been suffering much from the mumps and similar ailments. There was a scare (fortunately not based on fact) as to a more malignant malady, but I am happy to state that Dr. Lindsay, our county quarantine physician, is now perfectly satisfied with our sanitary condition.

One great drawback is the impure quality of the water supply, which, however, is in a good way of being remedied as soon as the inevitable farm works admit of other cares and thoughts. Several weeks ago repeated meetings of the citizens were held to that end, and a provisional committee has been chosen, with Alva J. Alexander as chairman, to devise the best ways and easiest means of getting the pure and copious water of some springs on the hill sides into the township for general distribution.

This, by the way, reminds me of the almost unanimously signed and universally seconded petition for the incorporation of Midway into a town, a mile and a half by three-quarters of a mile in extent. This precinct or ward already numbers about 1000 souls, almost every head of a family living and thriving on his own ground and supporting the community with his own taxes. With a solid and compact organization into some sort of municipal order and union, we will make rapid strides toward substantial progress, and "1891" will prove one of the most eventful in its history. Already we have the daily mail, since April 1st, and then the town incorporation, then the waterworks, then vast improvements in the public school (due

to the wideawake enterprise of Trustees Robey, Huber and Bronson and the liberality of the taxpayers); furthermore a new development of a financial character, by the establishment of J. J. Schneider's hotel and bathing resort—a substantial two-story brick structure at the foot of the big hot pot near the mouth of Snake creek.

In fact, both the elements and the intellects promise prosperity. This will be certain to abide with us, if we only preserve the peace that we have been enjoying these many years in these sequestered vales. The "hub-bub" and whirlpool of politics have not yet reached up into these rural retreats, fanned by the cool breezes from the snow-crammed canyons of the Wasatch mountains. LEO HAEFEL.

MIDWAY, Wasatch Co., Utah, June 2, 1891.

DEEP CREEK.

Here we are in the midst of the mining excitement—prospectors and miners going and coming east and west. Yesterday we met a party of miners just from California by teams. They called their company the Flapjack company, and were bound for the Dugway.

While we were at Willow Springs we witnessed a miners' stampede. Talk about your cattle stampede, or the wild asses in the East; either would have been laid in the shade. Looking east from where we stood, we saw coming buckboards, wagons, men driving pack animals, more wagons, a pack train of jacks and jennies. This was fun, as they refused to cross a little stream of water the recent rains had made. One of the men shoved them into the ditch while the other fished them out. On they went, with the little jacks kicking the mosquitoes under the left ear, helter skelter.

I asked several where they were going. They in turn whispered: "Following them fellows." "Where are they going?" "Don't know." But they were all heading for the Deep Creek mountains, plain in sight, a great mountain of granite with no possibility of any ore in it. An old miner by the name of Boyd had taken gold from Gold Hill and salted some ore for a hoax.

At this place there is not so much excitement, but the first question asked is, "Where is the railroad, when is it coming, where is our Bacon?" The teams are continually passing, but mostly going in, the cold grub and drink having given out. We met one four horse team and asked the men if they had anything that would cure rattlesnake bite. One answered, in a mournful tone, "We started mit five gallons, but the wagon shake the bung owut, so we don't got some." They too are on the road home.

What is wanted out here are good miners and prospectors. None of those fellows that have been selling green-groceries, young onions and asparagus, or people that part their hair in the middle, are wanted here.

The mines are rich enough and will pay big when the railroad shall have reached here; but until that time, stay at home. H. J. FAUST.

DEEP CREEK, May 19, 1891.

In London 35,000 gas stoves are regularly in use.