

Running rapids on a raft by some would be considered rather dangerous sport, but rather than spend a day in walking ten miles over boulders and rocks and carrying our packs, G. W. Riley and myself determined to build a raft and try our luck at navigating ten miles of Marble Canyon on our own hook. We had about twelve rapids to run, however, several of them very bad, one in particular that I did not think the boats of the expedition would go through in safety. We got our logs together, but unfortunately found that our ropes were not long enough to make a large raft. Having no tools to work with we could do no better. We launched it, however, and got on, but found that our raft was not so much made of logs as of a raft. Riley gave me the choice of riding, and concluded that he would go by land; so lashing on our things, I pushed out, and went soon in a small rapid that whirled me along at the rate of six miles per hour. I soon struck larger and heavier ones, and have no doubt but that I often went at the rate of thirty miles an hour. Sometimes strike a rock and whirl around before I could turn myself to use my long-handled shovel, which was my steering gear. What my feelings were at the time I can only describe by saying that I felt mighty glad when I got through. The waves at the lower end of many were six to eight feet high, and I had an ordinary rowing boat well managed. I arrived at the mouth of Kanab creek in less than an hour, and would have made it in less time had it not been for the many whitecaps, which were late in the afternoon, and he is considered one of the best climates in the world. I found the ruins of several stone houses, the Buckskin, the right-hand corner of which towered into the sky at least 4,000 feet, and I thought though people might have been living here in a state of nature. On the wall of the cave—that is, the outlet of Surprise Valley I found a picture of a woman's hand, which appeared as if it might have been painted with water on sand. These and many other signs bearing marks of great age point out to us having been the retreat of the Mohave, Pablos, or Aztec Indians, whose villages are about 100 miles south of here. By the way, I expect to go over there in a few days, and will write you again. —New York Sun.

E. O. BEAMAN.

A CRUELING SARCASM.

Chief Justice Spofford, during the latter part of his life, was considered as a man of great sagacity, and in his latter months he was apt to be as ungenerous as he was sarcastic. When left to his own meditations, with nothing to disturb his peace of mind, his words were clear and compact, and his legal papers patterns of neatness and order, and moreover, his decisions were held as good and sufficient law of precedent. Once upon a time Spofford was the head of the bench holding a Court of Equity, and in the case under trial it became necessary for an attorney to prove the death of a certain man. This attorney was by name a few months a thieving, nervous, bustling fellow, who had the reputation of never letting go his hold upon a case until he had wrung the last possible dollar from it. Wallington, a man of few words, considered a sufficient proof of the death of the man in question, but the Judge would not accept it. "That is no proof at all," was Spofford's emphatic remark. The attorney brought forward other evidences, and still old Spofford shook his head. "It will not do, sir. We cannot accept that as proof." "Your Honor," cried Wallington, "I mean you to believe that I know the man well to the day of his death; I saw him dead with my own eyes; and I attended his funeral. He was my client, your Honor." "Your client," exclaimed Spofford, "Why in the name of sense and reason didn't you state that fact in the first place? You couldn't speak the truth, could you?" The Judge probably thought but little of the sarcasm at the time, but it proved a crusher for poor Wallington—so much so that he was forced to seek another field for the exercise of his profession. —Ledger.

COULDN'T CHEAT THE GAS WORKS. —It has been ascertained that the fumes of the purifying rooms of gas works will cure the whooping cough. To test it, a lady, the wife of a doctor, and her husband took two of their children there to test the matter. The Superintendent of the works very kindly walked upon her to the room. After a few moments, he noticed a black streak along the forehead near the hair, but supposing she had made it by some crook from her fingers, thought nothing more of it, and he left the room. When ready to depart, he suggested to the lady that before she went back to the city she had better look in a mirror, which she did and was not a little surprised to find her face black and red. When she came there, which was indignantly denied, she didn't "powder" her face. "Madame," said he, "that's too thin. You can't be black and red." —Des Moines Correspondence Chicago Journal.

PIOUS GIRLS. —It is reported that several young ladies at a fashionable water-park, still show the trails of their early career by using on Sunday for a bon point, nothing but religious newspapers. They are true as steel, too, to their denominational tenets, and a bright little Presbyterian blonde patronized the Episcopal Church. Another black-eyed disciple of the Wesleyan will support nothing save the Christian Advocate; while a certain boy maiden, with dark complexion and flowing ringlets, who has been under the water, clinging to the shore, and who eloquently about immersion and the necessity of being "baptized beneath the liquid wave." All aver that they feel better while wearing one of their dear persons than when they are without, and why not let the pretty devotees enjoy their religious principles. This is carrying into practice a very proper, and surely will be so ill-natured as to suggest that they had better leave off these prodigious appendages, and emulate the simplicity of the Quaker. Out upon such a barbarous insinuation! —Albion Telegraph.

MRS. S. E. LOVELL.

No. 90 First South Street.

Has concluded to give up the Military Business and accordingly proposes

SELLING HER SPENDING STOCK OF

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RAILROADS.

UTAH CENTRAL RAILROAD

Pioneer Line of Utah

MONDAY, JULY 16, 1877.

MIXED TRAINS

DAILY, SUNDAYS EXCEPTED

Leaving Salt Lake City at 5.30 p. m. and arriving at 11.30 a. m.

Passengers will please purchase their tickets at the office. Fifty cents additional will be charged when the fare is collected on the train.

For all information concerning Freight or Ticket and Freight Agent.

JOHN SHARP, SUPERINTENDENT

UTAH NORTHERN RAILROAD.

TRAINS ARE NOW RUNNING

DAILY.

For the transmission of

Passengers & Freight

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BRIGHAM JUNCTION WITH C. P. R. R.

HAMPTON'S

MONTANA

LEAVES HAMPTON'S ARRIVE AT BRIGHAM

No. 1, 12.45 p. m. 2.30 p. m.

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FARE: \$1.50 Each Way.

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UTAH SOUTHERN RAILROAD

ON AND AFTER JULY 17, 1877,

MIXED TRAINS

DAILY.

Leaving Utah Central Railroad Depot, Salt Lake City at 5 a. m. and 5.30 p. m.

Shady, (nearest point, Little Cottonwood Canyon) at 5.10 a. m. and 5.40 p. m.

Arrive at Draper 8.30 a. m. and 5 p. m.

Arrive at Salt Lake 10.30 a. m. and 7 p. m.

FARES.

Salt Lake to Big Cottonwood Station 50 cts.

Little 1.00

Shady 1.10

Draper 1.25

Twenty-five cents additional will be charged when the fare is collected on the train.

M. H. DAVIS, General Freight and Ticket Agent.

FERAMOREZ LITTLE, SUPERINTENDENT.

C. P. R. R.

February 5th, 1877.

San Francisco and Sacramento.

Leave going East.

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