

bles through the scalp, tearing it loose from the skull. I never lost consciousness, but while the process was going on, the couplet from Byron's Siege of Corinth.

From a Tartar's skull they had peeled the flesh,

As ye peel the fig when its fruit is fresh,

passed through my mind.

I was very weak from exertion and loss of blood, but managed to crawl out of the way and up to where the scrimmage began. Here I was found by Hoffman and the Indians. I believed H. climbed a tree, but I had no time to look for him. I partially rode and lay across a mule's back to my hunting camp. That night H. left for a doctor and my mining companions.

About dark the Indians came upon us. They had got the carcass of the bear, and, with the flour and coffee I had in camp, gave me the liveliest wake possible in the absence of good whisky.

The doctor, my friends Lew, Jack and others got to me early the following morning. It had snowed during the night. I had to be packed on a stretcher, and I and my friends who carried me got many hard bumps during the tedious mountain journey home. But we got safe to camp. Careful nursing, strong nourishing food, no probing of wounds or Kouniss diet, together with a good constitution, brought me safe through. A year or two after Hoffman and the man Pullen, who was wounded by the bear, were found murdered at their hay ranch on the San Joaquin river.

My obituary has been published once or twice, but in the language of the great Webster, "I still live."

CHASING THE HOSTILES.

Duties and Habits of the Government Indian Scouts.

Three Tribes of Apaches that are Always Reliable—Details of the Arduous Work of the Scouts—Their Life in Camp.

When an outbreak occurs more men are enlisted and sent on the trail of the hostiles. The Yuma and Mojave Apaches have been scouting for the government for many years, and also the San Carlos. These three tribes are always reliable, and only those that have been with them know their worth. During the last few years the White Mountain men have been enlisted, and now the Chiricahua is found to have taken a liking to Uncle Sam's service.

The scout is a regular soldier, governed by the articles of war, the same as the army in general, but he is only enlisted for six months, and, except the police at the agency, is only paid on discharge with final statement. On enlisting he is given a Springfield rifle, a field-belt and ammunition, canteen, and cup. To his belt is attached a small brass tag with his number and the letter of his company stamped on it. For clothing all he draws is a dark-blue shirt and a blouse. Very seldom is the shirt drawn, the blouse being about all he cares for. In the field each scout is supposed to wear a white cloth tied around his head to distinguish him from hostiles, as it has been found that he prefers to travel with the blouse folded under the belt to keep the weight of it off the hips. These companies are generally about fifty strong, with one first sergeant, three or four other sergeants, and as many corporals, generally chiefs or sons of chiefs or trustworthy men. They are commanded by experienced officers from different regiments of cavalry or infantry, assisted by citizens employed by the government, known as chiefs of scouts.

SCOUTS IN ACTIVE SERVICE.

The duties of the chief of scouts are to serve out rations, carry dispatches, and act as lieutenants to the officers in charge of the company. The scouts draw their rations every day, generally after coming into camp, when on the march. The ration is the army field ration, and the way they cook it is according to emergency. When the command breaks camp in the morning the scouts are off ahead of every one, and are in camp at night long before the columns are in sight. They cut across the country by trails of their own, and when the tinkle, tinkle of the bell-horse ahead of the pack-trains heard they jump up, ready for the loads as they are dropped from the mules in camp. The chief of scouts opens up the rations, cries "Autha, ecan, ecan," (come for rations). Here they come all around, laughing and joking, sometimes trying to make a "draw" on the sugar-sack on the sly, which they are very fond of.

Then away they go to their fires, which are sure to be burning well, for rain or shine they have got a fire every time. One parches the coffee in a pan, and when it is done another grinds it with two stones in a shelter-tent as well as any coffee-mill. Another mixes flour and baking-powder in an iron pan and partly makes the bread in large, round, flat slabs—that resemble a Mexican tortilla—in a frying-pan. He then passes it to another, who stands it up on end against a stone close to the fire, and there it bakes till done. The bacon they will not eat, only using it to grease the pans, but they generally manage to secure a deer on the road, and that will be carried on the ramrods of their guns, sizzling over the fire. They

cook their next day's breakfast at supper time, when on the march, so that the next morning they have everything packed and breakfast dispatched before the mules have begun to be saddled.

EXAMPLES OF PHYSICAL ENDURANCE.

For the campaign down in Mexico last summer, Major Davis' scouts carried five days' rations on their backs and took the trails where pack trains could not go. Some of our scouts were mere boys of 17, and they would run off with all that load on their backs when the white men had to be helped to carry their own rations. They have been known to travel 100 miles in 30 hours, over a rough mountainous country, in the broiling sun, and one young officer that attempted to follow them last summer had become completely exhausted in five hours and had to be helped back to the cavalry command by two of the Indians. When the cavalryman's horse dropped on the trail he would have to go on foot, and when he began to stumble and slip from fatigue, the scout would be at his side, and carrying both their guns, would endeavor to help his white comrade along. Simple as a child, he never forgets a friend or an enemy, and one good turn done him will be amply rewarded in the shape of deer meat or anything he thinks will please the other.

Although the scouts do all their service in the mountains on foot they are very fond of riding, and always make good use of any captured stock they may get hold of. Four companies were paid off and discharged in Fort Bowie in October, and the sutler and an enterprising ranchman did a rushing business for a few days. From the sutler's store, each with a new saddle, down to a herd of young broncho horses, there was a constant stream of Indians. In an hour or so they would have their horses broken and be riding to camp on a run, with fancy ribbons streaming from their horses and heads. At this time there were 14 squaws and 14 children prisoners, captured from the hostiles at different times during the summer, and it was a strange sight to see the Chiricahua scouts buying calico and trinkets for the prisoners, captured in some cases by themselves. —Arizona Cor. Chicago Times.

SAILING THROUGH SPACE.

THE MAN WHO TACKLED A KITE SINGLE-HANDED.

Amos Evers of Alpena, W. Va., returned home yesterday after one of the most exciting adventures that has ever fallen to any man in the United States, if not in the world. For the last half dozen years it has been the custom in the summer months for the boys and men in this vicinity to amuse themselves by making huge kites of stout oiled paper, and flying them with thick cord. A worthless cur or cat, or two, was usually attached to the tail or "bobs," and great was the delight of the inhabitants when the frightened animal kicked and squirmed as the kite mounted into the clouds.

It was determined this year that all previous efforts in kite making should be outdone, and three weeks ago work was begun on a monster affair. The dimensions will give an idea: Extreme height, 9 feet 4 inches; width across the top, 4 feet 3 inches; width across the bottom, 2 feet; extreme width across the middle, 5 feet 6 inches. The framework was built of tough hickory shaved thin, and stayed with one-eighth inch copper wire. A double thickness of heavy muslin was stretched on each side of the frame, and the place for fastening the flying cord was doubly braced with yellow pine scantling a quarter inch thick. Into this was screwed a ring bolt, which was clamped on the other side with an iron pin. The ring itself was five inches in diameter, and capable of bearing four or five hundred weight. The kite complete weighed ninety-six pounds. The tail was made of sixteen-feet rope weighed with lead. Instead of the usual tying cord 200 yards of closely wound manilla rope, very light, but as strong as a double-link chain, were procured, and on Thursday afternoon of last week the kite was pronounced complete and ready for a voyage in the air.

Sam Weatherbee was the man who originated the idea, and when everything was finished Sam called up the crowd to liquor at Bragg's bar. The party consisted of Weatherbee, Amos Evers, Bill Oaks, or blind Bill Oaks, as he is better known; Ed Walton, and Spence Maynard. They drank pretty freely for more than an hour, and it was then proposed that a trial should be made of the kite, to test its powers before the great fly came off the next morning. The wind was blowing pretty fresh from Smith's gorge, and after one or two unsuccessful efforts the huge frame caught the wind as three men ran with a rope down a steep incline toward Laurel Fork. One of them carried the coil of rope over his shoulder while the other two paid it out. As the huge kite rose in the air it required the utmost strength of all three to hold it, and finding this a difficult task, they took a half turn around a tree stump, and in that way gradually gave the kite more rope until it was seventy-five yards in the air. Just then Evers came out of Bragg's bar-room. He was very drunk, but walked a fairly straight line. "There's a drink waitin' for youse fellers," said he, with a hiccup. "Better git in thar an' git it, an'—." Then suddenly

espying the kite, and the cord wrapped around the stump—"Why, you've got ner up, hain't yer? Jes' gimme the end o' that rope. I'll hold her walle you licker."

Nothing loath the three men assented, and after giving the rope another turn gave up the slack end to Evers and went into the bar. No sooner had they gone than Evers took one turn off the stump, and the rope began to run through, and burn his hands. He braced against a big stone and managed to get a loop over the stump again in such a manner as to form what sailors would call a couple of half hitches. This stopped any more rope from running out. But Evers believed he could do better than that. Taking up the slack he wrapped it around and around his body under the armpits and made it fast in front of his chest in three or four tight flat knots.

"Kem out yere, Sam," he cried; "kem out yere, till I learn you how to fly a kite."

This is what the party heard in the bar-room and they lounged toward the door with a laugh. As they reached the threshold the laugh turned to a cry of amazement and horror. They saw Amos Evers stoop and push the rope off the stump altogether. In an instant they saw him whisked up into the air as though he was a feather, instead of a man weighing 140 pounds. He was just about heavy enough to make the kite maintain its equilibrium. As he was jerked upward he gave vent to an unearthly yell. Then his companions faintly heard him cry, "Help! Help! Fur the Lord's sake, boys—" but they heard no more, for the unfortunate man was then nearly 1000 feet above their heads. They saw him kick and struggle and grasp the rope in front of him. Higher and higher he was borne, and fainter and fainter became his shrieks. In less than five minutes he was a mere struggling speck outlined against the blue sky. The kite was still visible and was rising steadily. It must have been going at a terrific rate of speed, for poor Evers was stringing out behind like a peanut from a ship's mast. In a few minutes more the outlines of his form could no longer be seen, and at the expiration of fifteen minutes from the time the kite was let loose he had passed out of sight, going in an easterly direction toward Rich mountain, a spur of the Alleghenies.

On the following morning a party started out in the direction the kite had taken. They returned at nightfall without any tidings of the man who had been so strangely snatched away. Two days passed, and nothing was heard of Evers. Three days, four, five, six days, a week, and still nothing. It was then generally conceded that the man had been lost, and consolation was offered to the widow in the shape of a small keg of whisky, a new "sled wagon" and a mule. But yesterday morning Amos Evers turned up as large as life. Two gentlemen accompanied him into the place. He sat down on a cracker barrel in the grocery, and told his story in a few words and without any effort at self-glorification.

"After I got jerked off my feet," he said, "I didn't know where I was for a minute, but when that rope began to tighten it knocked all the rum out o' my head. I guess I hollered some. Seems to me I was a mile high afore I tried to do anything. First I thought I'd cut the rope, but finding I was liable to fall too far, I concluded to hang on and see if I couldn't catch a tree top; but I wuz a heap to high fur that. After a while I begun to lose my breath like, an' then I concluded something had to be done, so I began climbin' that rope with the idee of bustlin' a hole in the kite. Musta taken five or six hours to climb twenty yards, cos it was pitch dark, when I feels the kite a wobblin' as though it had lost the 'bobs.' I wuz afraid to go any higher fur fear she would drop too suddint, so I slides back a little way, and then she got stiddy agin. Finally I says to myself, 'Better die quick and be done with it,' and I starts to climb agin. The old kite wobbled fearful. I felt that I wuz goin' down amazin' fast. I felt myself swish through a big button-wood, but I couldn't git no hand hold, so I kep' on climbin'. The nearer I got to the kite the more she wobbled, and the more she wobbled the further down she came. After a while she turns 'ker summix, and I lands all in a heap alongside of a little run, in a place whar I'd never been before. I wuz kind o' foolish I guess, for I didn't wake up till daylight, and I didn't know what wuz wrong. I meets a lot of people, and these two gentlemen take me up to their house and kep me for three or four days till I got right again, and, after I got on my feet, I had to stay a couple of days more with some other gentlemen. Give us some licker!"

The place where Evers landed after his wonderful flight through the air was Mill Brook, Hampshire county, about 70 miles as the crow flies from Alpena. The gentlemen who first discovered him were Henry G. Beeson and George Hackett, both of whom attest the finding of Evers in an insensible condition, lying beside the huge kite. He was badly bruised, and could not speak for several hours after being restored to consciousness. They nursed him and then agreed to accompany him to his home, which they did. Evers in his terrible journey, crossed seven rivers and two ranges of the Allegheny mountains. He was suspended in the air at least seven hours. —New York Sun.

THE PENINSULA OF LOWER CALIFORNIA.

The great peninsula of Lower California has been but little known, except as an appendage to the Pacific Coast. Yet it is as large as the Italian peninsula and has many features in common with it. Lower California is divided in the middle by a mountain upraise which shuts off communication between its upper and lower parts. The lower half has been long populated, and has now about 25,000 people. The pearl fisheries attracted them, and collateral industries finally founded a commerce, and towns have risen. The northern half has continued unknown and unexplored. With equal capacities, a climate somewhat better fitted to agriculture, it is even less known than Upper California was forty years ago. Yet in this upper half of Lower California grass grows and water runs, there are noble mountains, with mines of gold, silver and copper and coal, fine streams, fertile plains and superior timber. This entire upper half has been purchased outright from the Mexican Government by the International Company, of which Mr. Edgar T. Welles, of Hartford, Connecticut, is President, and Mr. George H. Sisson of California, is General Manager. This purchase covers 18,000,000 acres of land, which has been carefully explored and surveyed. It begins only 15 miles south of San Diego in this State, so it is where railroads will penetrate it as soon as it is settled and the necessities of commerce demand such a facility, and yet this country is as little known as high Tibet. The Mexican government has passed a colonization act, which is intended to invite immigration to that country, and under this act the International Company has perfect title to this enormous grant. Upon these lands are no settlers, nor strange social institutions to be displaced or adopted. They are wild, unsubdued, and offer to American enterprise the last frontier. In their present state wild grasses cover them, groves of live oak dot the plains and belts of giant pines shade the mountain sides, game is abundant, and the first settler will repeat the hunting experiences of two-score years ago in the interior States, where deer, elk and wild fowl supplied the spoils of the chase.

The climate of this region forbids many of the hardships which attended upon settlement of the Northwest, and gives assurance of that blessing in all States, good health, which is especially needed by the pioneer.

The soil is found to be adapted to the products grown in this State, and on the few farms already made are grown grapes, lemons, figs, bananas, dates, coconuts and pineapples, besides the stone fruits and apples. This grant has on one side the Gulf of California and on the other the Pacific. Upon both coasts are fine bays and town sites, where cities will be planted in response to the needs of trade. Already large sales are made by the company, and we anticipate soon the novelty of a great American colony founded in that part of Mexico, and by its prosperous example moving the whole Republic to a profitable imitation of its thrifty ways. —S. F. Call.

ALTITUDES AND HEART DISEASE.

THE RISK WHICH SOME PEOPLE RUN—DANGERS OF THE HIGHER LEVELS.

The Medical Journal has just reported a paper read before the American Climatological Association, by Dr. A. L. Loomis, of this city, which may be of vital importance to many people proposing to visit mountain resorts the coming summer. Dr. Loomis details four cases in which heart disease was brought on by a change from a lower to a higher altitude. Two of these cases were persons going to St. Regis Lake, in the Adirondacks, at an elevation of only 2,000 feet. One was that of a visitor to the Catskill mountains, and the fourth had gone to Colorado. Though a relief was afforded them by a return to lower levels, they all died within four or five weeks.

As the result of his experience in twenty-six cases, Dr. Loomis concludes that "the risks which one with even slight cardiac insufficiency runs by passing from a lower to a higher altitude is certainly very great; and, if the insufficiency be extensive, such change becomes immediately dangerous." This conclusion, strongly supported as it is by Dr. Loomis' data, is especially important when it is remembered that cardiac insufficiency may exist in those who give no evidence of it while at, or moderately near, the sea level.

It is well known that a sojourn at the high resorts of the Swiss Alps is contra-indicated for persons suffering from diseases of the brain, heart, or the large vessels. The change in the blood is due to deficiency of oxygen (calculation will show that ordinarily at an altitude of only 2,000 feet 17.48 grains less of oxygen are inhaled than at sea level) would alone explain the perils which many people incur by exchanging tide water for high mountain air. —N. Y. Herald.

In the Senate to-day the chair presented the proclamation of the Governor of Utah relative to the violation of the marriage laws in this Territory. It was referred to the Committee on Territories.

CORRESPONDENCE.

CORRECTION.

PLEASANT GROVE, Utah County, July 21st, 1886.

Editor Deseret News:

Your paper states that Richard Jones, the young man who was shot in Provo Canon, was out with the Mutual Improvement Association. Your informant made a mistake, as the company to which he belonged was up the North Fork, while the young folks' conference was up the South Fork.

I. J. HAYES, Secretary of Conference.

EVANSTON INKLINGS.

EVANSTON, Wyoming, July 21, 1886.

Editor Deseret News:

This town appears to be enjoying a "boom" just now. Improvements are going on and the burg seems lively. Sell's circus held forth here yesterday and last night and drew good audiences.

The mines at Almy are not being worked on full time, and as a consequence hands are short of work.

Grain in Summit County will be light. Hay short, and the prospects for grass another season is not very flattering. There are cattle and sheep upon a "thousand hills."

Section men have orders to clear the track for fast trains, which will be put on about the 1st, some 16 hours will be saved in time from Omaha to Ogden.

NO CARDS.

BEAVER CITY, July 19, 1886.

Editor Deseret News:

I see in the News of the 16th inst., an account of C. Alvorsen's dishonest dealings with his friends and employers. He seems to have passed in Emery County for an honest man, so he did in Beaver until he was proven otherwise. I know of parties that he got money from, and others who signed notes with him as security four years ago in Beaver. The principal and interest to-day would amount to nearly \$300. This I can vouch for, how much he has cheated the people in other settlements is a question, for I understand he has not remained long in a place. His tactics have been to get all he could and move on, and leave his friends to foot the bills, which they have done in Beaver, and if he can get bondsmen he will probably leave them. My advice to all men is to keep clear of Alvorsen. I know of his having applied different times to get a recommendation from Beaver, but failed. He is smart enough to pass from settlement to settlement without a recommend. He can make a good prayer, can speak well, and makes a fair Sabbath School teacher, but he is a deceitful man, and should not have the confidence of the people.

Respectfully, D. GRIMSHAW.

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pose Mustang Liniment only good for horses? It is for inflammation of all flesh.

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