

Former Salt Lake Boy, Now in California, Writes of It in the
Stanford Sequoia.

disseminated every now and then with deeper sounds like sledges-hammer blows on a hollow tree. Great lines of fire flared up from the beach spreading far inland. The wind whirled and the small volcano sent up blasts of fire like a small volcano in action.

Yes, too, as we watched, other flashes appeared,—nearer to us; and another sort of thunder rolled through the mist. It was a far different sound. Then we knew the attack. Only once before had we heard it and that was in Utah when we were using old Betsy and Jane. The Sal to blow the top off the ridge between Red Butte and Emigration canyon—just for target practice. The soldiers, the Indians, the Mexicans, weren't making all that fuss themselves, and a feeble cheer arose from the forms that straggled out of every tent. What a jumble of bugle sounds now! It isn't any quiet padding, it is a boom—boom—boom—and a scream—and the great camp flashes up out of the darkness like a myriad of lights. There is a tramping of pony hoofs as orderlies fly towards the front. Loud commands to "put all lights out by order!" To "charge!" The camp and re-echo through the echo. And then it all becomes dark again.

"Volunteers for the front this way," and Ethan Allen, great grandson of him who mixed things up at the battle of the Clouds, in the direction of the firing line with a small following, of men, muffled cry,—half cheer, half shriek arose from the left. A line of dark shadows passed out of the California camp, and we heard the cartridges in their belts as they disappeared toward the front. A series of sharp commands, a loud counting of companies, a business like command to "forward march, double time," and the line of dark shadows started falling together and a regiment of regulars started up the road. With teeth chattering, arms all a-tremble, knees knocking and shivers running up and down our spinal columns, the volunteers in camp watched the battle. The loud cracking of Springfield to the right and the howling of Krags in front told us that the enemy's flanking party had been checked and that the California men were in. Soot, everything commenced to blaze away together—the Mausers, the Krags, the Springfield, the fort, the battery, and the Spanish volley guns.

The front became one blaze of fire and smoke. Then all of a sudden it ceased, like the end of an orchestra's tune in the theater just as the curtain goes up. The sea commenced to howl again, the rain and the wind redoubled their fury.

It was a cold, cold night, for the dawn was coming and the night was over.

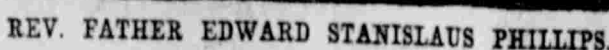
Manager Robert Campbell of the Utah Light & Power company and State Engineer Gimmell returned from Ogden last evening where they had gone for the purpose of looking over the proposed site for a big reservoir in Ogden canyon. At Ogden they were joined by City Engineer Parker and Superintendent Bishop Wade of the power plant. The party then proceeded to the reservoir site which is located at the point where the canyon widens out about a quarter of a mile above the present dam. It is proposed to construct a large earthen dam at this point about 60 feet high which will cause the waters of the river to back

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25 cents. Sold by all medicine dealers.

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At this afternoon's call on the mining exchange no special changes are recorded in the prices of stocks excepting May Day, which closed with 86 bid. Los Rios was at 100.

Assistant Attorney James F. Smith returned to town today from Tooele,



The tragic fate of the Hazleton (Pa.) priest in New York is still a mystery. Father Phillips was conspicuous during the coal miners' strike as the adviser and defender of miners. He went to New York and had an interview with J. Pierpont Morgan. It is thought that he was influential in arranging a settlement. About two weeks ago he paid another visit to New York and a few days ago was found murdered in an obscure tenement.