

THE EVENING NEWS.

Monday, August 12, 1872.

THE STORY OF COELIO.

[CONCLUDED.]
"Save your Majesty—I have promised to finish the likeness of the Señor Don Paez by the festival of his daughter. He saved my life, and has paid me in advance on condition it is finished by that day. He has given me his word, and I must fulfil it."

"Sir Coelio?" said the King, assuming a terrible aspect, "know that we have some reason to suspect that you are an impostor, and have deceived our most worthy servant Paez. There are those within who know you better than you think for."

"Let them appear!" exclaimed Sanchez Coello, with an impudent indignation—"let them appear! I do not fear them, whosoever they may be. Never has he had any lip never have I committed an action for which I need blush; never but once, and then I was driven by want and misery to seek to free myself from a life which had become an intolerable burden upon him? No! I would die first. Bring forward those who know me better than I think for, and then King Philip, truth shall be known to the blushing."

The King struck three times heavily upon the floor with his sword. Suddenly the door opened, and who should appear before the astonished Sanchez Coello but the Marquis of Maravilla, leading in Donna Estafania!

The young lover stood like one under a spell. Presently he opened wide his arms, and folded them again, pressing the beautiful and faithful girl to his heart. "I am the King," said the King, who drawed from beneath his cloak the gray beard and locks of his disguise, held them up before the astonished painter.

"Philip of Spain and Don Paez are one and the same. May Sanchez Coello, whom Don Paez had learned to love, be true to Philip. Marquis of Maravilla, we ask of you the hand of your daughter, and the hand of our court-painter and beloved friend Don Alfonso Sanchez de Coello."

"That which the King asks a subject may not deny," answered the old courtier, showing low before his sovereign.

"God bless you, Sanchez!" said Philip, as he placed the hand of Estafania in that of Coello. "May you both be as happy as I—here he lowered his voice—"as I am wretched!"

A HOUSE WHERE MEN NEVER LAUGH.

How do you think you would like to be fearing every moment to be blown up, not daring to speak loud, and not being allowed to write, or an explosion that would send you in an instant to the other world?

You don't think it would be very pleasant? Well, it isn't; yet hundreds of men live just in that state, work, receive pay, and live year after year in the very sight of death, as it were; all that the world may have gunpowder.

You can easily guess that those men go about quiet and never laugh.

You know that gunpowder is very dangerous in a gun, or near a fire, but perhaps you don't know that it is equally dangerous all through the process of making. A powder mill is a fearful place to visit, and strangers are very seldom allowed to enter one. They are built far from any town, in the woods, and each branch of the work is done in a separate building, so that if one goes off, the distance from each other, so that if one blows up it wouldn't blow up the rest. Then the lower parts of the building are made very strong, while the roofs are very lightly set on, so that if it explodes only the roof will suffer. But, if a spire or a tower, something of the same size of the powder mill will go off almost in an instant, and every vestige of the toll of years will be swept away in a few seconds.

But, though you feel like holding your breath to look at it, it is really a very interesting process to see. It is made, perhaps you know, of charcoal, saltpeter, and gunpowder. Much of the articles is prepared in a house by itself; but the house where they are mixed is the first terrible one. In this building is an immense mill-stone, rolling round and round in an iron bed, and under the stone sit the three terrible ingredients of gunpowder. There they are, the powder mixed and ground together. This is a very dangerous operation, because if the stone comes in contact with its iron bed it is very apt to strike fire, and the merest suspicion of a spark would set off the whole. The materials are spread three or four inches thick in the bed; the wheel, which goes by water power, is started, and every man leaves the place. The door is shut, and the machinery left to do its terrible work alone. When it has run long enough the mill is stopped and the men come back. This operation leaves the powder in hard lumps or cakes.

The next house is where the cakes are broken into grains, and, of course, is quite as dangerous as the last one. But the men can't go away from this; they are obliged to attend to it every moment, and you may be sure no laugh or joke is allowed within its walls. Every one who goes in has to take off his boots and put on rubbers, because one grain of the dangerous powder, crushed by a boot, would explode the whole in an instant.

The floor of this house is covered with leather, and is made perfectly black by the dust of gunpowder. It contains a set of seives, each one smaller than the last, through which the powder is sifted, and an immense laboring mill where it is ground up, while men shovel it in with wooden shovels. The machinery makes a great deal of noise, but the noise is drowned in the rattling houses. The rattling crashing of the machinery even seems to give greater horror, and one is very anxious to get out of that house.

The stoving-house is the next on the list and there the gunpowder is heated on wooden trays. It is very hot, and no workmen stay there. From there it goes to the packing-house, and it is put up in barrels, kegs and caskets.

Safely through all these houses, it goes at last to the warehouse.

One feels like drawing a long breath to see the fearful stuff safely packed away out of the hands of men, in this curious house.

"You've heard of things being as dry as a powder keg, but you wouldn't think that very dry. It is almost imbedded in water. The roof is one big tank kept full of water. Did you ever hear of a water-roof before? Instead of steps to the door, there are shallow tanks of water through which every one must walk to the door."

In none of these powder houses is any light ever allowed except sunlight. The wages are good, the day's work is short, ending always at 3 or 4 o'clock. But the men have a serious look, that makes one think every moment of the danger and glad to get away.

Though curiously may take a man once to win a powder-mill, he has no desire to go the second time, and he feels all the rest of his life that for once he has been very near death.—Ez.

UTAH MINING & SMELTING CO.

DOUGLASS, U. T., AUGUST 7, 1872.

"TO ALL PERSONS WHOM IT MAY CONCERN: TAKE NOTICE THAT M. A. McCOUILL, Esq., is now a stockholder of this company, and is also vice president, with the "Utah Mining & Smelting Co." in his name. He is now authorized to act for or in the name of said company."

EDWARD R. BLACKWELL,

Chairman of the Board.

RAILROADS.

UTAH CENTRAL RAILROAD

Pioneer Line of Utah.

ON AND AFTER

MONDAY JULY 17th

1872.

Trains will leave Salt Lake City daily at 8 a.m. and 2:45 p.m. arrive at Ogden 7 a.m. and 4:45 p.m.; issue Ogden City at 8 a.m. and 5:10 p.m.; arrive at Millville Lake City 10 a.m. and 7:30 p.m.

BY ADDITION TO THE ABOVE

MIXED TRAINS WILL RUN

DAILY, SUNDAYS EXCEPTED;

Leaving Salt Lake City at 5:30 p.m. and

and Ogden at 5:45 p.m.

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

For all information concerning Freight or Passage, apply to

H. H. DAVIS,

Freight and Freight Agent,

JOHN SHARP,

Superintendent.

ON AND AFTER AUG. 9, 1872,

MIXED TRAINS WILL RUN

DAILY.

Leaving the Utah Central Railroad Depot, Salt Lake City at 7 a.m. and 3 p.m.

Sandy (nearest point to Little Cottonwood Canyon) at 8:10 a.m. and 4:15 p.m.

Arrive at Point at 8:50 a.m. and 4:50 p.m.

Leave Point at 9:10 a.m. and 5:10 p.m.

Arrive at 8:15 a.m. and 4:15 p.m.

Arrive at Salt Lake at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.

Please purchase tickets at the office.

FARES:

Salt Lake to Cottonwood Station \$1.00

Sandy " " 1.25

Draper " " 1.25

Point " " 1.75

Please purchase tickets at the office.

M. H. DAVIS,

General Freight and Ticket Agent.

FERAMORZ LITTLE,

Superintendent.

C. P. R. R.

February 1st, 1872.

San Francisco and Sacramento.

Leave going East

4:45 p.m. 7:00 a.m. San Fran

7:00 a.m. 7:25 a.m. 4:45 p.m.

8:45 a.m. 8:55 a.m. 5:15 p.m.

9:45 a.m. 1:45 a.m. 6:15 p.m.

10:45 a.m. 1:45 a.m. 6:20 p.m.

Arrive from the West

Leave going West

2:00 p.m. 2:45 p.m. 5:45 p.m.

3:45 p.m. 4:45 p.m. 6:45 p.m.

4:45 p.m. 5:45 p.m. 7:45 p.m.

5:45 p.m. 6:45 p.m. 8:45 p.m.

6:45 p.m. 7:45 p.m. 9:45 p.m.

7:45 p.m. 8:45 p.m. 10:45 p.m.

8:45 p.m. 9:45 p.m. 11:45 p.m.

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11:45 p.m. 12:45 a.m. 2:45 a.m.

12:45 a.m. 1:45 a.m. 3:45 a.m.

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