

taken to a furnace room where there are six great retorts. Each retort is of cast iron. It is a great iron pipe fourteen inches in diameter and about six feet long. It will hold 2,400 pounds of quicksilver or about a washtub full of this amalgam. This much amalgam has 400 pounds of pure silver. It is carried in a wheelbarrow into the furnace room, and the precious stuff is shoveled into the retort with what looks much like a fire shovel. The retort is now tightly stopped up so that not even the vapor can escape, except by means of a pipe at one end of it. The fire is made hotter and hotter, until at last the quicksilver, which vaporizes at 200 degrees, goes off in the form of steam or vapor. It flows away into the pipe, and is condensed further on by the cool water passing over the pipe. It then flows off into a reservoir outside the furnace, and is ready for a second chase after other silver maidens in the pan room. The pure silver does not vaporize at all. After the quicksilver has left it it melts, and when the retort is allowed to cool it is found in the bottom, looking for all the world like a piece of old plank covered with ashes. It is silver slag or impure silver bullion. It is now broken up into pieces, remelted in a smaller furnace and cast into bars. It is not yet ready for the market, but must first be shipped to refining furnaces in other parts of the country, where by means of chemicals it is made pure and ready to go to the mint to become silver dollars.

Frank G. Carpenter

AT THE INDIANS' MERCY.

TUCSON, Arizona,
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In April, 1853, a party of emigrants passed through Parowan on their way to Southern California and stole a very fine pair of horses from a Brother Braff. Knowing that they would have to camp for water at the Iron Springs, about thirty miles distant, a party of eleven men organized to follow them and recover the animals, intending to come upon their camp the next morning about daylight. The bustle made in getting ready excited the curiosity of a couple of Utah Indians, members of a large force of several hundreds of warriors under the great chief Walker camped a Summit Creek, seven miles distant. With customary caution they did not ask any grown person what was the cause of the stir, but inquired of a little boy. He told them the party were going out to fight Walker. The Utes hurried to Walker's camp, and told him of the intended attack, and he at once prepared to receive it.

In ignorance of all this the little party of eleven men armed with rifles, accompanied by Dr. P. Meeks and Samuel Gould, who were unarmed, started out about sunset, and on coming in sight of the Indian camp dashed forward on the run, yelling in true boyish style. This convinced Walker that he was about to be attacked as he had been told, and his strategy was worthy his great reputation as "King of the Mountains." He and Ammon, his brother, rode out to meet the advancing party and halted near a small ravine. He began to talk, and our little party clustered near to hear what was said. While this talk was going on

Indians on horseback and on foot streamed forth on the right and left in an unconcerned manner, as if to gather up their horses, but soon began to circle around us. Even then we did not suspect anything, but thought that they, too, simply wished to listen as we did. But after a little while it was noticed that they were watching our party rather than Walker, and that they were drawn up in perfect order. Surrounding our party at a distance of about fifteen paces was a circle of about thirty warriors on horseback, each armed with a rifle, bow and quiver of arrows.

Beyond this circle was another, composed of men on foot armed with bows and arrows; and beyond them was still another circle of footmen armed with rifles, while the little ravine was lined with dusky faces and rifle barrels. Walker vehemently talked in Ute language, which Ammon, who could speak English fluently, interpreted from time to time. Walker asked why we were there at that time of day with guns in our hands. Lieut. Col. J. A. Little, our leader, told him we were going after some stolen horses. Walker said it was a lie—we had lost no horses—we had come to fight. He was told he was mistaken; we did not want to fight, but had lost horses and wanted to get them back from the Americans who had stolen them. He said our place was to stay at our wicklups and dig the ground and work, and he became very much excited. Suddenly the Indians all leveled and cocked their guns, the bowmen stood with their murderous arrows ready to fly, and the outer circle kneeling upon one knee, leveled their rifles upon two sticks crossed to form a rest for their guns. We were helpless; not a man had his gun in position for use—we were all huddled together in a compact heap; and had they fired not a soul would have survived.

It is a very disagreeable thing to look down the muzzle of a loaded rifle with an angry Indian at the other end, expecting, as we did, every moment to feel the crash of a bullet, or, worse still, to be pierced through with arrows. Though expecting death my only fear was that of being wounded and then tortured. But when Ammon said again that the Americans had not taken the horses, an inspiration came to Col. Little, and he answered, "Well, then, boys, we had better go home again," at the same time riding through the ranks, followed by all the party. The Indians seemed dazed for a time and did not oppose the movement. Once outside the trap some wanted to fight, but Col. Little said, "No, we must let the people at home know what is going on," and away we went, followed by a party of mounted Indians in hot pursuit. The time we made was excellent—seldom beaten—and Parowan never seemed so beautiful as when we came near it and our pursuers turned back.

A council was called, extra guards stationed, and all went to work making bullets and preparing for defense. Indian spies reported our warlike preparations to Walker, and he at once took to the mountains with his band. The council determined to send an express to acquaint Governor B. Young with the affair, and Samuel Lewis, a son of Bishop Tarlton Lewis, volunteered for the service, and in less than an hour was away on his perilous ride.

This ride of Samuel Lewis' is worthy

of remembrance, as a feat seldom equalled by a white rider in this country. He went to Salt Lake City and returned—a distance of over 520 miles—in eight days, going most of the way through a wild, mountainous country alone, at a time when no one traveled except in companies strong enough for defense. Leaving out the time he spent in the city he averaged about seventy miles a day for eight days. Persons who have not ridden seventy miles day after day cannot know what it means; after the first day or two every bone and muscle in the body aches intolerably, and one can find no position to obtain any ease.

President Young hurried Brother Lewis back with orders to avoid all trouble or conflict, as Parowan was too distant to receive any help.

By the time Brother Lewis returned to Parowan all was peace again. Mutual explanations had been made, Walker saying that the emigrants had told him the Mormons would come and fight him, and when he saw the boys coming on the run—whooping and yelling—he thought it was true. We learned the emigrants had said this to prevent a possible pursuit to recover the stolen horses.

Elders C. C. Rich and Amasa Lyman arrived in Parowan April 30th, 1853, with a company of thirty mounted men under command of Captain William W. Wall, who had orders to be on the watch for either Indians or Mexicans, who, it was thought, meditated hostilities. One of Captain Wall's men, a German, who put on a good many airs, wished to borrow a guitar to show off his musical abilities. As a joke he was referred to a man who made and sold tar. In broken English he asked if he could get a guitar. The dealer thought he wanted tar and said, "Yes, I have it, how much do you want?" The German, somewhat mystified, said he "wanted only one." Supposing he meant one gallon of tar, it was brought to him. "I don't want that—I want a guitar," said the German. "Well," said Adams, a little nettled, "if you want to get tar, tell me how much you want, or go about your business." Explanations resulted in parting with mutual disgust.

Elder Franklin D. Richards arrived in Parowan on July 20th with word that an Indian war had commenced, and a man named Keel had been killed at Payson; and on August 2nd Col. George A. Smith with Lieut. Col. W. H. Kimball and thirty six men arrived with orders that all settlers living outside of forts must move in; that Paragoonah, four miles from Parowan and Fort Johnson, twelve miles distant, must be abandoned. Paragoonah had about twenty-five families, and was a flourishing place. Such as had log dwellings moved them to Parowan, but most of them had good adobe dwellings, Wm. H. Dame having just completed a fine one costing \$3,000. All the adobe homes were pulled down, and the people came to Parowan for refuge. The families who lived at Fort Johnson went to Cedar City, six miles distant. These orders were given because it was thought the settlers in their scattered condition could not so well defend themselves, but it was a great loss to those affected. It was also ordered that all dry or orange stock should be driven to Salt Lake City, and if necessary the women and children should also be taken there. A constant watch had to be kept