

Correspondence.

From Springville, Utah County, to
Arizona in Nine Days.

HOLBROOK, Apache Co., A. T.
June 17th, 1881.

Editor Deseret News:

Not forgetting to thank Bro. Robert Gardiner, of 58 Main Street, for a well filled lunch basket, our company of 15 under charge of Dr. W. G. Young, boarded the U. C. R. R. morning train on the 6th inst. for Ogden, and the U. P. R. R. from there, starting from 11 a. m. for Denver, Colorado. Reaching Colorado Junction, 560 miles, we met the cars bound for Denver at the Junction and changed cars, thus saving time and expense by going six miles further east to Cheyenne. This was at 4 p. m. on the 8th, reaching Denver, 138 miles the same evening at 9.30. We slept over night at the Planters Hotel, our baggage being forwarded next morning the 9th, in time for the 8 o'clock Rio Grand narrow gauge cars for Pueblo, reached there 141 miles at 1.30 same day, changed cars again to the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe R. R., (broad gauge) to La Junta, 63 miles, arriving at 5.30 p. m. Laid over till next morning, transferring our luggage for the third time to Albuquerque, N. M., (pronounced Albuquerka) via the New Mexico extension 135 miles, reaching there at 8 p. m. on the 11th. Here we met with Bros. John W. Young and Erastus Snow at the depot of the Atlantic and Pacific R. R. where the cars of that company were getting ready to start for Bacon Springs with iron and freight. There being no passenger cars attached our company were accommodated in the way car and started as soon as we transferred our luggage, arriving at Bacon Springs, about 125 miles, on Saturday morning at 8 a. m. Brothers Young and Snow came with us. We proposed resting here till Monday 14th, intending to start for Holbrook, but learning on Saturday that eight wagon loads of merchandise, belonging to Bro. Young were at Houck's Ranch, en route for Holbrook, 15 miles below, myself and two of our company were sent by rail to join them. We got to camp after dark and started on Sunday morning for Holbrook, arriving there Wednesday evening, 15th, before sundown—distance 85 miles. Traveling the county roads between Bacon Springs and Holbrook, we never lose sight of the Atlantic and Pacific grade, the road crossing the grade at a number of points. The grade runs through the centre of Holbrook, which I believe is destined to be one of the principal stations of Arizona. The iron is laid more than half way between Bacon Springs and here, and might probably reach Holbrook within 30 or 40 days. The road is graded for 40 miles below this and will approach near to Sunset and St. Joseph, and as I understand, will terminate at or connect with some other road at Los Angeles, California. At Bacon Springs the A. and P. Company have an immense quantity of iron in stock piled up to a height of over four feet and covering an area of three acres. The rails are all of steel and a new style of fish plates combining strength with durability to connect the rails—and when built and finished will be without exception, the best found road in the country. At Starkville station between La Junta and Los Vegas on the Mexican Extension there are immense coal beds in active operation from which thousands of carloads of coal are taken and awaiting shipment at the various sidetracks. From Los Vegas to Albuquerque the Santa Fe and Topeka cars pass through large forests thickly timbered from which ties of red and yellow pine are cut and piled up by the million for miles along the road, besides large quarries of grey sandstone are located close to the track and used by the company for bridge and culvert building. Our baggage, under the hands of the smashers, (I have heard that before), had pretty rough treatment, we witnessed a fine specimen of the art at the La Junta Station, one large box was relieved of its entire bottom and had to be handled upside down. My own box which was a moderate strong one, escaped with a broken lock and minus a handle. Our purpose in coming out here is to establish a mercantile centre from whence goods and provisions can be supplied to our own people at reasonable rates. Flour is worth \$7 a hundred and potatoes cannot be had at nine cents a pound. When the cars come

this length, of course things will be cheaper. The water here is a little brackish, but we soon get accustomed to it. The climate is similar to Utah this time of the year, but chilly enough at night to allow a person to sleep comfortable under two pairs of blankets. The only thing disagreeable is the wind, which blows constantly, raising a dust occasionally. Messrs. Young & Co. have an immense quantity of store goods in stock, and by the time the engine comes this way we will have a little town organized. Your humble servant is to start a bakery. We have blacksmithing by Messrs. Worsch & Warner, from Provo, and they are kept busy at work. The mule train I started with from Houck's ranch, under Milton Ray (a classical name, and a young man of superior intelligence), brought about 12 tons of hardware and merchandise. We are under the watch-care of Brother B. Young, so we do not lack for wise counsel. If agreeable, I will write and report progress as we grow.

Yours, etc.,
A. CROLL.

BEAVER, July 11, 1881.

Editor Deseret News:

Prof. Maeser, principal of the B. Y. Academy at Provo, with his son and Elder Talmage, were with us yesterday and last evening, and go to Greenville and Adamsville and cheer the people again this evening with their enlivening and instructing remarks. Of all of the entertaining and edifying lectures and remarks ever delivered here, the Professor's discourse last evening was the crowning one. His two leading points, were union of effort by consolidating contiguous school districts, and sustaining our own schools, showing the people that they could not afford to patronize those who are not of us, but who seek and are likely to succeed in turning children from the religion of their fathers. Parents could not afford to assume the responsibility to throw the treasures God had given them under such influences. He held the congregation as with a spell and when a vote of thanks was tendered a perfect forest of hands went up. Elder Talmage and President John R. Murdock followed with excellent remarks. All three of the visiting brethren made excellent remarks in the afternoon, and the professor also met with the Stake authorities, county school superintendent and trustees, and made many wise suggestions, which were fully appreciated. Beaver looks forward to a high school, duplicating as far as possible that of Provo. May kind heaven speed it.

I understand that our late Judge Boreman has succeeded in obtaining a new trial for the Beaver and Iron County convicts. No one objects, but every honest man wishes them to have the full benefit of the law. The general, and so far as I can learn, universal verdict of the community here seems to be that the judge and jury at the March term of Court administered both justice and mercy. The juries were satisfied as to their guilt and the Court dealt leniently with them, doubtless in consideration of the fact that the most of them were young. This was as it should have been. With the community, your correspondent endorses both. Every friend of the community would say let well enough alone. But Boreman never was a true friend to the people of the district he presided over, but took every opportunity to vilify and misrepresent them. He would convict sincere honest men on laws never designed to reach their case, and many who the people had every reason to believe were guilty as charged, found themselves very lucky under his ruling in receiving verdicts of "not guilty."

Judge Twiss did a remarkable amount of business in an almost incredibly short time, and did it well. Boreman who always took an incredible amount of time to do nothing, seems to think there must be something wrong in so much dispatch—the new idea of ending so many cases at one term when Boreman would have continued them for several terms and then granted new trials and left gaps open for reversal on appeal to the Supreme Court, thus running the country to great expense without any returns. The proceedings being found illegal the parties were turned loose without the merits of the case being tested.

The Iron County house breaking case has cost that county several thousand dollars already, and the irrepressible Boreman seems to want to keep up the expense, thinking

probably that the next jury will conclude that the outlaws have had enough, and will find them "not guilty." But if the time ever has been when juries have forgotten that while defendants should have the benefit of every reasonable doubt, where the evidence is clear, their sympathy, if they have any, should be with an outraged community. This over stretch on the part of attorneys to save outlaws from the disgrace of the public prison is a false sympathy and ruinous to guilty parties and the community; and if it will ease Judge Boreman's conscience any we will admit that he is not the only would-be lawyer who has practiced in this district who has carried these matters to extremes.

Since last spring the people have felt much more secure in their persons and property than during Boreman's reign, and I hope our people and Judge Twiss will follow up the victory they have so nobly won, in placing the people partially back to where Boreman found them eight years ago. A little foresight of those good old times makes the people hanker for more. If, however, we must have efforts to continue the old stale, technical practice, by all means let us have Boreman as the leader, for of all the broken down demagogues that ever made a failure in Southern Utah, he is the most unpopular with all parties, hence there is less to be feared, for he not lacks in influence, but in legal ability.

D. TYLER.

ONLY JONES.

A MILITARY STORY.

The officers of Her Majesty's 24th and 84th Infantry were sitting around their mess table in Castle-town, the capital of the Isle of Man, one evening more than 30 years ago—that is, all of them except one; But then that one was only Jones. Nobody minded Jones; even his peculiarities had begun to be an old subject for "chaffing," and, indeed, he had paid such small attention to their chaffing that they had come to find it little pleasure, and after some weeks of discomfort, Lieut. Jones had been allowed to choose his own pleasures without much interference. These were not extravagant—a favorite book, a long walk in all kinds of weather was favorable. He would not drink; he said it hurt his health. He would not shoot, he said it hurt his feelings. He would not gamble, he said it hurt his conscience; and he did not care to flirt or visit the belles of the capital; he said it hurt his affections. Once Captain de Reuzy lispingly wondered if it was possible to "hurt his honor," and Jones calmly answered that "it was not possible for Captain de Reuzy to do so." Indeed, Jones constantly violated all the gentlemen's rules of proper behavior, but for some reason or other no one brought him to account for it. It was easier to shrug their shoulders and call him "queer," or say "it was only Jones," or even quietly to assert his cowardice.

One evening, Col. Underwood was discussing a hunting party for the next day. Jones walked into the room, and was immediately accosted:

"Something new, Lieutenant. I find there are plenty of hares on the island, and we mean to give puss a run to-morrow. I have heard you are a good rider. Will you join us?"

"You must excuse me, Colonel; such a thing is neither in my way of duty nor my pleasure."

"You forget the honor the Colonel does you, Jones," says young Ensign Powell.

"I thank the Colonel for his courtesy, but I can see no good reason for accepting it. I am very sure my horse would not approve of it; and I am sure the hare will not like it; and I am not a good rider; therefore I should not enjoy it."

"You need not be afraid," said the Colonel, rather sneeringly; "the country is quite open, and these low Manx walls are easily taken."

"Excuse me, Colonel, I'm afraid; if I should be hurt, it would cause my mother and sisters very great alarm and anxiety. I am very much afraid of doing this."

What was to be done with a man so obtuse regarding conventionalities, and who boldly asserted his own cowardice? The Colonel turned away, half contemptuously, and Ensign Powell took Jones' place.

The morning proved to be a very bad one, with the prospect of a rising storm, and as the party gathered in the barrack yard, Jones said earnestly to his colonel:

"I am afraid, sir, you will meet with a severe storm."

"I am afraid so, Lieutenant; but we promised to dine at Gwynne Hall, and we shall get that far at any rate."

So they rode rather gloomily away in the rain. Jones attended to the military duties assigned to him, and then, about noon, walked seaward. It was hard work by this time to keep his footing on the quay, but amidst the blinding spray and mist he saw quite a crowd of men going rapidly towards the great shivering Scarlet Rock, a mile beyond the town. He stopped an old sailor, and asked:

"Is anything wrong?"

"A little steamer, sir, off Calf of Man; she is driving this way; an', intee, I fear she will be on ta rocks afore night."

Jones stood still a moment, and then followed the crowd as fast as the storm would let him. When he joined them, they were gathered on the summit of a huge cliff watching the doomed craft. She was now within sight and it was evident that her seamen had lost all control of her. She must ere long be flung by the waves upon the jagged and frightful rocks toward which she was driving. In the lull of the wind, not only the booming of the minute gun, but also the shouts of the imperilled crew, could be heard.

"What can be done?" said Jones to an old man whose face betrayed the strongest emotion.

"Nothing, sir, I am afraid. If she'd managed to rount ta rocks she would have gone to pieces on ta sand, and there are plenty of men who would have risked their life to save life. But how are we to reach them from this height?"

"How far are we above water?"

"This rock goes down like a wall forty fathoms, sir."

"What depth of water at the foot?"

"Thirty foot or more."

"Good. Have you plenty of light, long rope?"

"Much as you want, sir; but let me tell you, sir, you can't live ten minutes down there! Ta first wave will throw you on ta rocks and dash you to pieces. Plenty of us would put you down, sir, but you can't swim if you get down."

"Do you know, old man, what surf swimming is? I have dived through the surf at Nukuheva."

"God bless you, sir! I thought no white man could do the same."

While this conversation was going on, Jones was divesting himself of all superfluous clothing, and cutting out the sleeves of his heavy pea-jacket with his pocket-knife. This done he passed some light, strong rope through them. The men watched him with eager interest, and seeing, their inquisitive, look he said:

"The thick sleeves will prevent the rope cutting my body, you see."

"Ay, ay, sir; I see now what you are doing."

"Now, men, I have only one request: Give me plenty of rope as fast as I draw on you. When I get on board—you know how to make a cradle, I suppose?"

"Ay, ay, sir; but how are you going to reach the water?"

"I am going to plunge down. I have dived from the main yard of the Ajax before this. It was a high leap."

He passed a double coil of rope around his waist, examined it thoroughly to see that there was plenty to start with, and saying, friends, stand out of the way and let me have a clear start," raised his bare head one moment towards heaven, and taking a short run, leaped as from the spring board of a plunge bath.

Such an anxious crowd as followed that leap! Great numbers, in spite of the dangerous wind, lay flat on their breasts and watched him. He struck the water at least twenty-five feet beyond the cliff, and disappeared in its dark, foamy depths.

When he rose to the surface he saw just before him a gigantic wave, but he had time to breathe, and before it reached him he dived below its centre. It broke in passionate fury upon the rocks, but Jones rose far beyond it. A mighty cheer from the men on shore reached him, and now he began in good earnest to put his Pacific experience into practice.

Drawing continually on the men for more rope—which they paid out with deafening cheers—he met wave after wave in the same manner, diving under them like an otter, and getting nearer to the wreck with every wave, really advancing, however, more below water than above it.

Suddenly the despairing men on

board heard a clear, hopeful voice: "Help at hand, captain; throw me a bouy."

And in another minute or two Jones was on the deck, and the cheers from the little steamer were echoed by the cheers of the crowd on the land. There was not a moment to be lost; she was breaking up fast; but it took but a few minutes to fasten a strong cable to the small rope and draw it on board, and then a second cable, and the communication was complete.

"There is a lady here, sir," said the captain. "We must rig up a chair for her; she can never walk that dangerous rope."

"But we have not a moment to waste, or we may all be lost; is she very heavy?"

"A slight little thing—half a child, sir."

"Bring her here."

This was no time for economy. Without a word, save a few sentences of direction and encouragement, he took her under his left arm, and steadying himself with the upper cable, walked on the lower with his burden safely to the shore. The crew rapidly followed, for in such moments of extremity the soul masters the body, and all things become possible. There was plenty of help waiting for the seamen, and the lady, her father and the Captain had been put in the carriage of Braddon, and driven rapidly to the hospital hall.

Jones, amid the confusion, disappeared. He had picked up an oil-skin coat, and when everyone turned to thank their deliverer he was gone. No one knew him; the sailors said they believed him to be "one of the military guests by his rigging," but the individuality of the hero troubled no one until the danger was over. In an hour the steamer was driven on the rocks and went to pieces, and it being by this time quite dark, every one went home.

The next day the hunting party returned from Gwynne Hall, the storm having compelled them to stop all night, and at the dinner that evening the wreck and the hero of it were the theme of every one's conversation.

"Such a plucky fellow," said Ensign Powell. "I wonder who he was? Gwynne says he was a stranger; perhaps one of the crowd staying at the bay."

"Perhaps," said Captain Marks, "it was Jones."

"O, Jones would be too afraid of his mother."

Jones made a little bow, and said, pleasantly, "Perhaps it was Powell," at which Powell laughed, and said, "Not if he knew it."

In a week the event had been pretty well exhausted, especially as there was to be a great dinner and ball at Braddon, and all the officers had invitations. The ball had a peculiar interest, for the young lady who had been saved from the wreck would be present, and rumors of her riches and beauty had been rife for several days. It was said the little steamer was her father's private yacht, and that he was a man of rank and influence.

Jones said he would not go to the dinner as either he or Saville must remain for evening drill, and that Saville loved a good dinner, while he cared very little about it. Saville rather wondered why Jones did not take his place all the evening, and felt half injured at this default. But Jones had a curiosity about the girl he had saved. To tell the truth, he was nearer in love with her than he had ever been with any woman, and he wished, in calm blood, to see if she was as beautiful as his fancy had painted her during those few awful minutes that he had held her high above the waves.

She was exceedingly lovely; just the fresh, innocent girl he had known she would be. He watched her dancing with his brother officers, or talking to her father, or leaning on Braddon's arm, and every time he saw her she looked fairer and sweeter. Yet he had not courage to ask for an introduction, and in the busy ball room no one seemed at leisure to give one. He kept his post against the conservatory door quite undisturbed for a long time. Presently he saw Squire Braddon with the beauty on his arm approaching him. As he passed, the Squire remembered that he had not been to dinner, and stopped to say a few courteous words, and introduced his companion.

"Miss Conyers—Lieutenant Jones."

But no sooner did Miss Conyers hear Lieutenant Jones' voice than she gave a joyful cry, and, clapping her hands together, said: