

Jack Straw's Castle, the Spaniards or other of its fine old inns. And descending Highgate Hill from Lauderdale house, the glorious truth of blessed nursery rhyme comes home to us when we see the very spot, now covered by a massive memorial stone, where sat poor Dick Whittington as he listened to old Bow bells which rang him back to his city toil to be made "thrice Lord Mayor of London."

It would be a difficult thing to say just when Hampstead Heath is in its most alluring mood to the visitor. For myself, I most love to sit here and see close upon one hundred thousand folk disporting almost ecstatically within its runs and hollows, with an abandon and hilarity which for the day seem to utterly dispel the sombre shadows of their near work-a-day world. They are so quickly here from London; the transformation from prisonment to thrilling liberty is so inexpressibly complete; and all the magic of the sun, the wind, the rugged wilderness of the Heath, the slumbrous splendor of surrounding vales, is so suddenly and so powerfully applied, that a sort of physical and spiritual delirium possesses all.

Great rough fellows from the water-side, from the market booths and from factories leap and shout and roll in the gorse and sand like uncaged animals. There is a smile on every woman's face. The children seem to take from the vitalizing influence something of the nature of winged birds and to sing and almost fly in their carollings and romps. The dogs—and there are as many dogs as folk at Hampstead Heath—leap and roll and tumble and pirouette and bark with a shrill, panting shriek of boundless joy, as though the entire enlivening scene was being enacted for their own holiday heaven. And I truly believe if man has ever seen an English holiday resort donkey—that nearest movable monument to defunct animal life—toss its heels, spread its legs, see-saw its ample ears and give forth a downright roar of laughter, it has been through the irresistible spell of delight which touches all who tarry here.

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

CHARGES AGAINST RYAN.

The working of the Mogul mine by city employes and expose thereof by the News and subsequent investigation of the case before a United States commissioner has proven very interesting. The News likes it so well that it has hunted a little further into Mr. Ryan's methods and here presents other charges than those of working the Mogul mine at the expense of the city. They are to the effect that the city was called upon to pay for material used by Mr. Ryan a year or more ago while that official was building a residence or rather a part of one near the corner of Seventh east and Third South streets.

It is positively stated that lime, brick and other material were hauled to Mr. Ryan's premises by city teamsters; that the taxpayers were called upon to pay not only for the hauling but for the material itself. That there may be no quibbling nor misunderstanding regarding the matter the News herewith presents the affidavits of reputable citizens for the perusal of its readers:

STORY OF A LIME TRANSACTION.

TERRITORY OF UTAH,
COUNTY OF SALT LAKE. } ss.

I, William Varley, first being duly sworn upon oath depose and say that I am a resident and citizen of Salt Lake City, Territory of Utah; that I am a member of the co-partnership of Varley-Joseph & company, a firm duly organized and engaged in carrying on trade in the city and Territory aforesaid; that on April 21st, 1892, and on May 4th and 12th of the same year, W. H. Ryan, superintendent of the Salt Lake City waterworks department, purchased from the aforesaid Varley-Joseph & company twenty-five (25) bushels of lime on each of the dates named, or an amount on the three dates aggregating seventy-five (75) bushels; that the said lime was charged to the account of W. H. Ryan as an individual citizen and not as a municipal official.

The undersigned further says that as per verified vouchers, said accounts were transferred to Salt Lake City corporation and by its duly authorized representatives, the City Council, warrants covering the same were appropriated and placed to the credit of said Varley-Joseph & Company, June 7th and June 21st, 1892, respectively, the first amount being \$8.25 and the second \$12.50 and paid by auditor's warrants Nos. 6340 and 6392, on June 9th, 1892, and on June 22nd, 1892, respectively.

WILLIAM VARLEY.

Subscribed and sworn to before me the tenth (10) day of August, A. D., 1893.

JOHN L. NEBEKER, Notary Public.
My commission expires November 24th, 1894.

HAULED TO RYAN'S HOUSE.

TERRITORY OF UTAH,
County of Salt Lake. } ss.

I, John Varley, first being duly sworn on oath depose and say that I am a resident and citizen of Salt Lake City, Territory of Utah; that on the 12th day of May, 1892, I delivered a load of lime (twenty-five bushels) to the residence of W. H. Ryan, superintendent of the Salt Lake City waterworks department, at or near the corner of Seventh East street and Third South street in said city; that said lime was delivered from the lime kiln of Varley-Joseph & Co., situated at or near the Warm Springs, in the aforesaid city of Salt Lake, and that said lime was paid for by the Salt Lake City corporation by Auditor's warrant No. 6502, on June 22nd, 1892.

JOHN VARLEY.

Subscribed and sworn to before me the tenth (10) day of August, 1893.

JOHN L. NEBEKER,
Notary Public.

My commission expires November 24th, 1894.

Mr. Wm. Varley, senior member of Varley-Joseph & Co. and for many years a respected resident of this city was interviewed on the subject at his beautiful home on Fifth North street on Wednesday night. He was asked by a representative of this paper if the statement was correct that he had sold a load of lime to Mr. Ryan and that the same had been paid for by the city. He replied:

"Yes; three of them."
"Did you keep a record of these sales?"

"We keep an account of every load that leaves the yard."

"Then these particular sales will be recorded on your books, will they not?"

"They will—that is to say they will at least be on the stubs of the delivery book."

"Together with date, amount and name of the deliveryman?"

"Yes, sir."

"Can you tell me, please, who delivered the lime?"

"Mr. Sam Shill, a city employe came after the two first loads and my son, John Varley, delivered the last one."

"To Mr. Ryan's residence?"

"He has since so informed me."

"You have no personal knowledge of that have you?"

"I am confident my son's statement is correct."

"When did you first ascertain that the city paid for the lime?"

"When I saw an account of it in the general appropriation list in the council proceedings as published in the papers."

"And you got your money in that way, did you?"

"We did."

"How did it happen that your firm delivered only the last load?"

"I had a talk with Mr. Ryan after the first loads were obtained and it was agreed that thereafter he was simply to send in his order and we would fill it."

"Will you allow me to take a copy of the orders in question, Mr. Varley, as they appear on your stub book?"

"I will do so providing I can find them."

Mr. Varley then went in search of the order book and on his return the newspaper man procured the following copies from it:

No. 125.

Date, April 21, 1892.

From Varley-Joseph & company 25 bushels of lime on account of W. H. Ryan.

Delivered by Sam Shill.

No. 144.

Date, May 4, 1892.

From Varley-Joseph & company 25 bushels of lime on account of W. H. Ryan.

Delivered by Sam Shill.

Per L.

No. 150.

Date, May 12, 1892.

From Varley-Joseph & company 25 bushels of lime on account of W. H. Ryan.

Delivered by John Varley.

Per L.

Mr. John Varley was also seen at his residence on Peach street in the Nineteenth ward on Wednesday evening by a News representative, and in answer to questions said: "I delivered the last named order myself on the dates shown on the stub as indicated by my signature. The lime was not used for city purposes. Had it been I would have been surprised and probably suspected something wrong, as it was ordered by and charged to Mr. Ryan." "Where did you take the lime to, Mr. Varley?" asked the reporter.

"To Mr. Ryan's residence at or near the corner of Seventh East and Third South streets."

"You are sure of that, are you?"

"I am positive of it."

"Isn't there a possibility of your being mistaken, Mr. Varley?"

"There is not."

"Who received it?"

"One of the masons at work on the building."

"And receipted for it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Was Mr. Ryan there?"

"I did not see him."

"Was anyone there whom you knew?"

"Yes, sir; Mr. Shill, the city team."