

Tamale mountain and sweep slowly and gracefully round in an ascending spiral, such as an eagle only can trace in the air. It appeared to me that he was rising to keep the sun in view as it sank in the west. With that thought in mind I brought out my glass and watched him. He moved ever round and round each incomplete circle carrying him farther westward and upward. When at length I lowered the glass the eagle had disappeared. He was invisible to the unaided eye, and yet I fancied he was still gazing upon the sun while around me in the valley the shades of night were falling fast, etc.

Moonlight nights are superb here. There is neither dust nor smoke to obscure the face of Luna, and she shines white and cold and still at her very best. One night when she was on her monthly full, I lay for hours watching the magic play of light and shade as the clouds, driven by a brisk southern breeze, swept across her face. Now huge masses of vapor as white as piled snow floated by, their edges, as they crossed the moon, hemmed with glowing silver. Again great black Thor stormers dashed by in pursuit of the nymphs of the gossamer shutting the light out as suddenly and completely as when you blow out the gas for the night. The cause of this effect is found in the nearness of the clouds to the eye of the beholder. From the plain you see the same clouds and their chase, but they are much farther away and the horizon is so far removed that the light is never wholly obscured. But in the canyon where at her greatest altitude—I came near saying Altitude—the moon is merely peeping at you over a mountain crest and all the shadowed ground is black and the horizon seemingly so close that you could touch it, the play of the moon and the clouds becomes wonderfully interesting.

I have had a busy and charming summer up here among the stars. I have climbed enough to carry me not less than fifty miles straight into the skies. You see I am becoming familiar with the way of my final tramp, though there are people in Salt Lake foolish enough to say that I will be going the other way.

I met a sweetheart on one of my trips. She was—

A daughter of the gods,
Divinely tall and most divinely fair!

Of course she will never know how much her charmingly intellectual and chastely beautiful face has been to me, and I only tell you because my friends among the readers of the "News" have carelessly accused me at times of lacking appreciation of the better-half of life.

I had a ride up the canyon some time ago with a vivacious little widow who was the unfortunate owner of an Alta mine that had been devouring her house for years. She was running over with assertions of what she was about to do to make the old camp live again. I innocently asked why she had not done so long before for her own benefit. Ah! said she, I have been betrayed; I have been be-trayed. Then I put my foot in my mouth as usual, by declaring that if she would show me the rascal who did it there should be a stop put to his evil dolings.

Alta is profound. The blasts along her hills do not disturb her slumber. There goes on the little efforts of years to jump others claims, steal what the incautious prospectors leave in their cabins or hunt for ore in mines that have been abandoned. Yet I believe she will wake again. There is wealth yet in old Emma, and when her owners give over the policy of employing snap hunters to manage their property and give a practical, common sense miner

control, with orders to go down, they will again find ore. Then, there is plenty of uncut ground as good as that of the olden time. All that is needed is perseverance and pluck. There is no truth in the stories of salted mines up here, and no occasion to use salt. The mountains are bursting with mineral and one of these days new men will reap the golden harvest. The output of the present season must be credited to the City Rocks, the Grizzly and the Bryan, with a few sacks of ore from several others. CHARLES ELLIS.
Alta, October 4, 1897.

MARICOPA STAKE CONFERENCE.

The quarterly conference of the Maricopa Stake of Zion was held at Mesa on the 20th and 21st inst. President Collins R. Hakes and counselors presiding. All the meetings were well attended and the reports given in showed the various organizations to be in a healthy condition and the Saints in this remote Stake steadily increasing in faith and good works.

Although none of the general authorities were present to instruct us, yet all the Elders who addressed the meetings spoke with more power and demonstration of the spirit of truth than ever before; and this was only in fulfillment of promises of the servants of God, for our beautiful house is finished and entirely paid for. This was the best conference we have ever held.

Elder Isaac Dana was sustained as Stake president of Y. M. M. I. A. with Geo. F. Ellsworth and F. C. Johnson as his counselors.

The health of the people in this land is excellent. The past summer has been the mildest yet known and now we have ahead of us nine months of the finest weather to be found anywhere. Truly the Latter-day Saints of Maricopa Stake are a blessed people.
BEN F. LE BARON,
Stake Clerk.

MOUNTAIN-PLAIN FESTIVAL.

Denver, Oct. 7th, 1897.

Denver, the city between Mountain and Plain, has been for the past three days afire with the glint of silver and gold—16 to 1—and the principal streets of the city have been aglow with uncountable myriads of vari-colored incandescent lights. The multitudinous strings of Chinese lanterns strung from every available fastening place, cross and recross streets and lawns, made a spectacular ensemble that was indeed gratifying to behold.

The streets have been congested with thousands moving here and there like a mutable sea, listening to the blare of the trumpets, the music of inspiring bands, the huzzahs of immeasurable voices, the cat-calls of boys and girls with innumerable devices for making noise, all mingled with the laughter, glee and merriment of the thousands in the throng who were present to celebrate the Festival of Mountain and Plain and the "slaves of the silver Serpent."

It is said that at no time in the history of Colorado in general or of Denver in particular, has there ever been such an outburst of the natural and spontaneous vehement asseveration of joy as there was during this year's celebration.

The queen of the festival, Miss Lillian Hurd of Denver, was selected by the Woman's club, and the maids of honor (48 in all) were selected by ballot.

On Tuesday and Wednesday mornings the visiting bands, numbering thirty-two, contested for prizes at the grand stand. After each day's contest the bands assembled in one united band of nearly 700 musicians and

marshed down Sixteenth street, playing Sousa's El Capitan march. The harmony was perfect and was without a doubt the greatest feature of the whole program. Fifty thousand people fell in line and followed the bands down the street and the scene presented was "awe-full." "Awe-full" is the only word in the English language that describes the sublimity of the music. The prize of \$300 for the best band was won by Telluride.

The features of the first day opened up with a pageant of progress. First a float of the cliff dwellers, then the Indians representing the first settlers of the plains; then the pioneers of Colorado, who crossed the plains in the late 40's and early 50's. The detail was carried out with much precision. In many the original prairie schooners and harnesses were used. Then came floats descriptive of the early establishment of the city of Denver, depicting the scenes and incidents of its early settlement. These floats and this portion of the parade were entirely in charge of the pioneers' association, the society being made up of men and women who came to Colorado prior to 1859. There are about 400 members still living. Following this division came the decorated carriages, one of the most beautiful features of the entire parade. It made a string of about three-quarters of a mile long. Then came the allegorical floats representative of the growth of the country at large and of Colorado in particular. All of them were of the highest possible elegance, in papier mache, and were the creation of an Englishman named George E. Robinson, who built the recent floats at Los Angeles in April last and at New Orleans for the Mardi Gras. The floats furnished by the various counties in some instances cost thousands of dollars. In every case they told a story of the counties' wealth and products, showing the value of the various minerals produced in the mountains and the fruits of the irrigated plains. Following this division came the floats of the business and manufacturing establishments of Colorado. Last but not least was the display of the Denver Chinese. Every Chinaman employed in Denver practically went on strike ten days before the festival began and spent the time in arranging the various and wonderful displays, at a cost of nearly \$20,000. They brought from the Orient, bands, banners, implements of war and regalia which the priests of their country wear when worshipping their innumerable gods. In a float, one of the most beautiful in the parade, rode five of their favorite gods and two goddesses, flanked on either side by soldiers of the army of Confucius. Following the gods came the bands (?), making the most weird and horrible music imaginable, and with them came Chinamen carrying box after box of firecrackers, which they shot off all along the route of march. The end of this division and of the parade was the wonderful Chinese dragon, two hundred feet in length, which crawled along the streets to the horror of children and horses. The head of the dragon was made of green with glaring eyes that shot out six feet and a large mouth out of which shot a tongue of fire. The animal was beautifully grotesque, with sparkling scales of silver and gold. After the parade the fire department gave an exhibition of life-saving, etc., at the five-story building erected for that purpose at the grand stand (corner Colfax and Broadway). The day's program concluded with an illuminated bicycle parade at 7 o'clock on the down town streets, and Indian games and fireworks at the city park.

The second day was given over to frivolity. The lord of mirth ruled the