DESERET GOLD AND SILVER MINING COMPANY,

Salt Lake City, Utah, May 31, 1892.

"LET UTAH PEOPLE OWN UTAH MINES!"

DIRECTORS: JOSEPH F. SMITH, ELIAS MORRIS, A. WILSON MUSSER, J. C. WADDELL, JOHN BENNION, ELIAS M. WELLS, A. G. CHANCEY, C. H. WILLEY, J. J. LEES.

OFFICERS: JOSEPH F. SMITH, President; ELIAS MORRIS, Vice-President; A. M. MUSSER, Secretary; A. G. CHANCEY, Treasurer; D. C. TAYLOR, Gen'l Mining Supt.

I am instructed to sell sufficient of the working capital of this company to erect on their own ground a plant for the reduction of their ores from the BRANCH and MARY MINES. These two claims show a large body of ore estimated at One Hundred Thousand Tons, the average of which, as evidenced by an eighteen sack lot taken from their six openings without sorting, gives 68 oz. silver and $5.00 gold. They have 800 feet of tunnel and shaft.

These mines are in Marysvale, Piute County, 50 miles from railroad and 250 miles from ore market; but for this difficulty they would now pay dividends. The treatment of the ore at the mines will, by saving transportation, put the property on a good paying basis. Mr. R. C. Chambers and associates are now working profitably a mine but a few rods distant with the same quality and kind of ore.

It is designed to work up 50 to 60 tons a day, and it is confidently believed that this improvement will make the stock worth $1 within a year. The first block of 20,000 shares is offered at 25 cents per share.

ARTHUR STAYNER, Agent, Hooper Building, Salt Lake City.

Promoter of Industrial Enterprises.

THE SERMON IN STONE.

Remember me, ye the massive fragments of the old walls for long,
Regardless of good and evil alike, of wrong and right,
Which to us are now presented to look,
As unmoved as the dead of a city near them the night of a city near which they lie.

The pressure of Romans and Greeks and Gaul,
Of Saxon and Norman and Dane,
Of Cavalier and Roundhead, of Puritan and Cavalier,
Of Protestant and Papist is pressed into us.
And from the midst of the noise you find in that
Jews and Gentiles.

How shall the character of a man be like that the
Based on Time has known?
The deeds of days are pressed into years;
Time lately shows the character of people,
Industry, patriotism, for good or evil and cannot be sacrificed.

The Marys will take from the nearly vault
The lapidary of Mary,
If possible it could be done,
It does not hide its beauty and fade.
Anything placed in the vault of Mary
Will not be lost.
—Hiram A. Gibson in Salt Lake Tribune.

A CLEVER ESCAPE.

HOW A TENNESSEE CONVICT GOT AWAY FROM AN ARMED GUARD.

An Interesting Story from the Coastal Coasts in the Brownville Mountains—An Injurious Convict Who Is at Large—Getting a Change of Clothes

In Tennessee the most of the convicts are worked in the mines, and are not guarded by walls and bolts, but by men who stand over them with shotguns and Winchesters. As a matter of course from taskmasters are not of a very high intellectual, and do not excel in either humanity or observation. If a convict leans the line or he did the fellows are anything from simple to absolute in the idea of escaping or running, or if he stops to take at the cute cover and starts to run, he will certainly be pursued by one or more bullets, aimed with considerable precision. It is therefore not a matter long for a convict to be killed or maimed for life.

Not long ago there was a white convict named Reed working at the Brownville pinchole. He had been put in for two years for a crime of forgery, and as he was not very strong they let him do the lighter work around the stockade and only worked him in the mines when there was a particularly heavy run. He had been in about a month or so, and had behaved himself so well that the guards thought he was cowed to his lot. Furthermore, Brownville is far away from civilization, and he had no friends to give him clothes even if he succeeded in getting out. One morning he started for the well to draw some water, a guard with a Winchester over his shoulder accompanying him. They walked along side by side, the convict carrying the bucket by the handle. The well is about 400 yards from the stockade, around the side of the mountain, and sort of from one sort of view by trees and bushes. The guard sat down on a stone near by and the convict walked on to the well and looking down into the well. Pretty soon the convict leaned away over and put his head far down into the well hole.

"What's the matter" said the guard.

"A big water snake," said the convict standing up and looking around at him. "The biggest I ever saw."

The guard left his Winchester leaning against the rock he had been sitting upon, and came over. He leaned down the well.

"I don't see no snake," said he. "Draw your water and come along."

"You don't lean over far enough," said the convict. "He's lying on a ledge about half way up the side of the well."

The guard was interested, and leaning to the well low with both hands, leaned away in.

"A little further," said the convict, "and you'll see him."

The guard leaned still further in. The convict grabbed him by the legs, lifted his body to a perpendicular, and with one tremendous jerk tossed his head to the bottom, and vaulted him into the well. The guard fell with a yell and a heavy splash. But the yell was muffled by the close walls of the well and by the small box. Fortunately for him the water was deep and he struck it in such a way that he came to the surface right side up. There he was, sputtering, spluttering and cursing constantly. He looked up at the small square of daylight high above him and saw the convict's face and heard his laugh. "Do you see the snake?" said the convict.

"Just wait till I get out of this!" said the guard. "I'll make you sweat for it."

"And I won't wait," said the convict. His face disappeared from the hole and the guard began to yell. The convict reappeared with the Winchester. "You needn't trouble yourself to yell," said he. "You fort away from this hole it would be harder than a frog's back. Now undress yourself quickly and I'll let down the bucket for your clothes. If you don't undress I'll shoot."

"If you shoot they'll hear you and then will be all up with you," shouted the guard triumphantly.

The convict was silent a minute, then called out: "That's a fact. I'm much obliged. I'll drop my shoes in at you if you don't hurry up those clothes." And he dropped in a small stone just to show how it would work. The guard dodged. It hit the stone caught him on the shoulder and made quite an impression, feeling from such a distance.

"Hurry up," said the convict. "I'll undress, too, and pass you down my clothes. If that helps ever there! You can get out and keep dry until some one comes. I am really doing you a favor in letting you have my dry clothes for you wet one."

The convict was undressed first and threw the guard down a couple of good suits, underwear, hat, pair and boots. When the clothes were ready the convict let down the empty bucket, which was seized by the unfortunate guard and filled with old clothes. The convict tossed them to his captive, took the rope and put it down a crevice in and tossed the bucket again. When the guard had got the rope around the crevice inland the bucket again.

He heard the guard of Gibson over the top of the well and called out to him. He heard man the well and said: "Tell old Gibson you forgot to take your money with. I'm over on the cottage, so I won't pay more than six dollars. I hope you get out soon, but don't be in a hurry."

And he was gone with the Winchester over the chestnut before the head of rage to the guard reached the surface. About two minutes afterward they found the guard in the well and got him out, so something for them. As soon as the guard found the most wonderful footsteps he started to follow. It was nearly an hour before they got him out and started in pursuit of the convict. But every body has to go down to Gibson's clothes, and the convict had no good a start. He was clever enough to keep away from the railroads, and with the guard's pay he was able to get out himself and avoid suspicion. They have not caught him.—New York Sun.

Reckless Fire.

The home of Rudolphe Lerner was well high Paris one morning in October. He was fast asleep and the mistress of the house was busied in calling. It was nearly an hour before they got him out and started pursuit of the scoundrel