BOTANY CLASS AT MOUNT NEBO.

Delightful Excursion to This Celebrated Peak.

SNOW BANKS AND FLOWERS.

Students at Manti Summer School Write for the "News" a Glowing Account of Their Outing.

Special Correspondence.

MANTI, July 1.—The visit of the Manti summer school class in botany to Mount Nebo last Saturday, a notice of which has already appeared in your columns, has been made memorable to the class, at least, by the description of it, which have been written by a number of the excursionists.

Your correspondent has been permitted the privilege of examining these essays, and of making from them the extracts that follow:

The teacher of the class, Prof. Pond, says that the excursion was due to the courtesy of Mr. H. S. Kerr of the Sanpete Valley railroad, and to the patronizing liberality of the management in giving to the class the privilege of this rare botanizing expedition to one of the prettiest spots in the State.

THE PARTY.

The company consisted of the following named persons: Misses Ruth Jarvieson, Epra Christensen and J. H. Peay, and Misses Dorothy Smith and Mabel McIlvoy, teachers in the summer school, and the following students, who are really teachers throughout the county:

Thera Johnson, Flora Johnson, Jessie Jacobson, Belle Quilter, Amelia Larson, E. T. Reid, Jessie Peay, Mrs. Bradford, Louisa Christensen, Hilda Baker, Lottie Baker, C. D. Carter, Alma Soderberg, Jamie Jorgensen, Jean Cox, Willie Keller, Joseph Christensen, Ed. Allen, Gustave Peterson, F. C. Petersen, Jr., Anna Petersen, Frank Jorgensen, Elmer Lewis.

THE START.

"The morning of July 1st dawned bright and cool. Light and heavy were the hearts of the teachers and students who assembled at the train at 9:30 a. m., with the anticipation of spending a delightful day at Mount Nebo.

"The ride was pleasant, every voice was sung by the company. Kindergarten songs, sacred hymns, patriotic sentiments and exercises but favorite song proved to be, 'Come, Children, Come.'

"I was sorry to notice that the young man who has suffered from palpitation of the heart since his return from Manti went thus usual. He told us it was due to his taking a seven cold the night before. The fact explained his riding on the engine, as he was afraid of being chilled again by water.

"When passing the place where the road turns off into Salt Creek canyon, the engine was put behind the car, and some of the boys could conveniently do so stand on the front platform and gaze in wonder and admiration at the beauties of nature that came into view as we neared our destination."—Millie Keller.

THE CANYON.

"Speeding on we passed red hills rugged cliffs, beds of lilies, and one spot particularly notable, where towers of pines took us to a beautiful bed, giving the appearance of a city of ruined castles.

"Here the numerous green shady nooks such as excursionists delight in. I felt a most delightful sensation when I gazed upon the cool, clear, ice-cold fatigued mountains on each side of the road, heard the music of rushing waters, saw the modest flowers peeping from the cracks, thought of all, when looking through the pines, the joy we saw the peaks of Nebo, and could smile, and could hardly (forgetting herself) refrain from singing Dixie with which they were mingled."—Jessie Peay.

"Riding on the canyon can be seen a water-fall, whose mineral sounds fall on to peace and forgetfulness of the world. Here, water spouts from the like diamonds, rushes over the cliffs to mud. Frogs, and singe merrily as it leaping down on the rocks below. In the distance another is seen winding its way downward. The water bubbles and foams in delight. Also and behind an agate rock to take another tumble. A glacier has been formed at the end of its water-fall and is another strange feature of the canyon. It is composed of ice, which has been formed by constant melting and freezing."—Velora Peacock.

THE MOUNTAIN.

"The most cool which we climbed reaches to the sky, and looks down on it. It is hard and compact and the Revelers of the July sun seem to have to melt upon it. We found it difficult to the questions we have read of glaciers that this is indeed a glacier in miniature.

"Walking up the snow with staff in hand it seemed as if we were exploring Arctic regions. This thought leaves us, as we feel the rays of the sun and see the (mortar) sparkling on the sides of the oozing hills around us. At last the foot of the water-fall is reached, and we are enough for the sun spear to fall on us. But where does this water go to? It runs into the ice and it is gone, which is wide open to receive it. Away below the water emerges from under the snow and is free again to dance about in the sunlight.

"As we descend, the splendor of the scene is more apparent, and we stand in silent admiration of the handiwork of God. What could be more perfect? The tall majestic mountains are thrusted by streams of sparkling water. The cool wealth of green covers all the mountain places. A steep precipice of red rock stands like a back of red dresses adorning it, and by a very long."—Anna Petersen.

NEAR THE SUMMIT.

"One might think that the vegetation near the summit of Nebo would—if at all—be stunted and dwarfed. But it is not. The trees are not stunted, but little strong, large and coarse; but it is not. A tree is an acorn, and seems the 'acorn' is found in the higher the root the more sensitive and delicate, as with the vegetation near the summit of Nebo. It is sensitive and delicate. The snow are thirty and have a tendency to grow with and rather bend before it, and thus the trees become more sturdy.

"Talk, slender, cultivated-looking looking-glass grow on little terraces, that are found around the base of such rocks; there grows such to be hunting in the highlands, sagebrush, wild wood, etc., for note they grow in profusion. The vegetation is beautiful, healthy, and of various kinds; mostly however of herbs and shrubs.

"In one of the high rock hills, it seems that several years ago there were trees in greater number at an elevation of about ten thousand feet; there is at present a bill of dead fallen trees, standing upon earth to weight; they lost evidence of having once been very thirty, not long since, the will yes has gone, and the mighty sound about the dead trunks and limbs; the wind cuts have come to stay; the sunlight, the rain, the snow has lifted its lofty head; the wild cherrie have crawled from underneath the fallen trees and from amongst the wind; the elements; the elements, poets and other flowers, herbs and shrubs have emerged; the cause is as a guess one would never tell that that ground was here the home of a thirty growth of pine, fire, etc., and not the cause for the fire is uncovered in the foliage and undertrash.—Orson Jensen.

INCIDENTS OF THE TRIP.

Prof. Jorgensen's two small sons climbed with the most daring utility far higher than their paternal sire ventured.

Prof. Pond got into a botanist's paradise and came down from the mountains bearing a large bouquet of columbines, starwaxes, pulmer tuck roses, ferns, and many other kinds of alpine flora.

Mr. Kerr hitched half a dozen horses up the stages. Prof. Christensen and several others, who enjoyed a good young boy, who appeared to be gentle, the reminder, soon far up on the heights and still unshaken.

The lunch at the foot of the glacier—lemonade, fruits and sandwiches, the drinks from the ice-cold spring issuing from the roof of a large rock—and, after the climbing among the ice, the freshing coolness of the waterfall, the sporting view of surrounding mountain ranges, the ride down the hills, the rolling drive, brighter and scene of the pack-mained company, the delightful shower just as we reached the canyon, and the pleasant return on the train at dusk, these are features of the trip that will be long remembered.

"The Misses Johnson will think the trips brown colors which they saw was a bear. Miss Pond failed to kill it with a snowball and Miss Thera did not think they could reach its lair with we left it.

"Mr. Cox dined high and I never have such a shadow that could be seen in shady nooks as well as I could see him. His shadow always appeared shorter than he; but that was his stature, as he was climbing about rocks. Who seemed more strange to his size the shadow or the reality, I do not remember. Mr. Cox's shadow was a little nearer to be a light color hat, a black skirt, and a red short waist.

"When we had almost reached the waterfall I looked back and saw a people mysteriously surrounded and apparently shading a boulder. Later I found that on the boulder were seated a dark haired young man and an auburn haired maiden.

"In a dark secluded spot I found Miss Peterson industriously pounding air into a bottle.

"Mr. Reid's arrows proved that he is a hot-headed Hillman, for upon trying to reach the same spot I found it in a mountainous snowball.

"The sun shone bright, Miss —— was looking for inspiration. She found one and this is the result:

Oh, Mr. Nebo, grand, sublime!
If thou wert not so hard to climb
Thy snows crowned top I'd reach
And from some rough peak preach.
Wonders in nature I've found
For the mightiest men off head for sail.

"Miss McBride is one of those who become a handsome gallant, and Cupid himself is her ideal. Cupid is one who transformed into a boy."—Jessie Cox.

TIMMONY TIDBITS.

Baby and a Bicyclist—Boy Who Tapped a Tile.

The usual unclassified assortment of human human interest items found in Timmony attention upon the anxious seat before Judge Timmony yesterday afternoon.

The star event was a monologue entitled "Mother Bears Me Child?" or the Tick Bird Bikist. According to Wm. Clark (a distinctive, pumpkin colored, woolly headed lad) endowed with a Weber front brace and trackless he was riding a bike down the sidewalk on West South Temple when a child stood on his bicycle track at about the walk he spot. In order to avoid a smashup and a collision with the baby Clark hot-footed the pedal off of his wheel, which baby's pape (brow blower on the scorcher and hooted the latter into the street. The cocksure rider assured that he had been assaulted by H. Fury, who runs a grocery store on south Temple street and who claimed the baby that had been knocked down. The evidence showed that Fury had taken Clark's bicycle, and, after shaking him and then throwing the offending bicycle into the street, Fury was discharged with a few words to invest in a pocket of his tacks.

"Filibuster," called the official announcer, and a dead silence ensued. The Office Dating pointed out a remark. Clark spoke up and said the stock in soul of another arm, a lark and a chip shaper.

"Do I know my business isnorpant?" "Were you drunk?"

"No, I guess so."

"Took you two days, Next!"

Mounted Officer Sperry then introduced his victim who had been tossing their plays across down-town crossings. Boy Green's father stated that his boy wouldn't go fast and that it was an outrage; then looking out of the window he saw a farmer who was most accommodating in allowing his team across the State street crossing, he exclaimed, "Why don't you arrest him, instead of six blocks hoof?"

Dick, in judicial tones (two unfortunated kinned) to the following witness, exclaimed, "As soon as the jury rifles enough officers we will arrest everybody."

"Two dollars," said Timmony.

Nathan Will, a ten-year-old, fearful lad, was the next victim on the list. He was charged with tapping the Lumber Paper company's tile in the rear of his place. The complaint attorney asked if it was not quite fair as Schergeant's lock on the tile prevented for the case to go over until 2 p m. today.

It was so arranged.

ALLEGED KILLING OF BEER.

Reports received from Vernal convey the information that the Indians are killing deer in Diamond mountain

PIMPLES

PREVENTED BY

Cuticura SOAP

The most effective skin purifying and beautifying soap, as well as purest and sweetest, for toilet, bath, and nursery. It strikes at the root of bad complexions, rough hands, falling hair, and baby blemishes, etc., the clogged, tortured, inflamed, unwashed, or sluggish pores.

Sold everywhere. Cuticura Soap (25c), Ointment (50c), Resolvent (50c). Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Prop., Boston. "How to Cure Pimples," free.

An Excellent Combination.

The pleasant method and beneficial effects of the well known remedy, SYRUP OF FIGS, manufactured by the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO., illustrate the value of obtaining the liquid laxative principle of plants known to be medicinally laxative and presenting them in the form most refreshing to the taste and acceptable to the system. It is the one perfect strengthening laxative, cleansing the system effectually, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers quickly yet promptly and is the only remedy to overcome habitual constipation permanently. Its perfect freedom from every objectionable quality and substance, and its acting on the kidneys, liver and bowels, without weakening or irritating them, make it the ideal laxative.

In the process of manufacturing figs are used, as they are pleasant to the taste, but the medicinal qualities of the remedy are obtained from senna and other aromatic plants, by a method known to the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. alone. In order to get its beneficial effects and to avoid imitations, please remember the full name of the company printed on the front of every package.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N. Y.
For sale by all Druggists.—Price 50c. per bottle.

State Fish and Game Warden John Sharp is somewhat delighted as to the success of the regime for the protection of the game birds of the State, that the season of its year would make such a thing almost impossible, owing to the scattered condition of the animals.

WADLEIGH'S RESIGNATION.

Came as a Matter of Great Surprise to Denver Friends.

The Denver News of yesterday has this to say of Mr. Wadleigh: "The resignation of Frank Wadleigh as general passenger agent of the Rio Grande Western came as a matter of great surprise to his many friends in this city. Whatever may be the cause of his departure, it is certain that his services will be in immediate demand by some competitor, for he is a good man. Was a more efficient or popular passenger agent. He was trained on the road from the ground up, and was the assistant general passenger agent when he accepted the general passenger agency of the Rio Grande Western. He has held the position for four years and filled it with signal ability and success. He has demonstrated the art of popularizing and advertising a road, preserve rare equanimity and maintain the dignity of his position, and yet be always genial and attractive, the numbered hosts of friends in Denver will regret his departure, with regret at the prospective departure from that city. He has grown up in the railroad business, and has the rare combination qualities of character and training, and his large experience, he has before him a future that will place him in place as one of the great railroad passenger agents of the country."

OFF FOR OREGON.

Judge Colburn Leaves on Account of His Wife's Illness.

Judge R. F. Colburn left for Roseburg, Oregon, this morning in response to a telegram stating that Mrs. Colburn is there seriously ill. His leaving will cause Judge Colburn considerable inconvenience, as he has taken charge of the publicity department of the Salt Palace, as was expected.

Announcement Director Talbot is on his way returning to Salt Lake after several of the prominent attractions at New York for the Salt Palace. The list will be announced on his return by the Talbot directors next Friday evening.

At the regular meeting of the directors last night the expenditure of $1,000 amounting to $1,000 was approved, and all appropriations to work minor extensions were made.

The opening of bids for the purchase of selling articles of the Palace grounds was postponed till Tuesday evening, because President Noble was unable to be present until the close part of the meeting.

A new attraction was offered to the directors last night, consisting of a spectacular display of reflected light, which, if it can be obtained, it is thought, would be the best thing that plays across down-town crossings. Boy Green's father stated that his boy wouldn't go fast and that it was an outrage; then looking out of the window he saw a farmer who was most accommodating in allowing his team across the State street crossing, he exclaimed, "Why don't you arrest him, instead of six blocks hoof?"

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FOR GIRL STUDENTS.

Question That Will Be Presented to the Board of Regents.

There are few progressive questions which the Utah club women do not discuss and aid in settling, and now that the new University is to extend first, the question of what the girls will do with the new University is to extend first, the question of what the girls will do with the new University is to extend first, the question of what the girls will do with