DESERET EVENING NEWS: SATURDAY, APRIL 1, 1905.

nce. In some places their walls are are each other above than below, are each other above than below, that they look somewhat like caves that they look somewhat like caves thambers in the rock. Usually in gauban a sorge we find beautiful is up such a gorge we have deep basins or pot holes. In the walls, and back many miles the country numbers of monument of buttes are observed, so we have ped buttes are observed, so we have carved walls, royal arches, glena, ove suches, mounds and monu-ets.

its. itsee towering monuments. ist these mounded billows of orange these mounded billows of orange istone, past these oak set glens. these fern decked alcoves, past mural curves, we glide hour after mural curves, we glide hour after to stopping now and then as our stop is arrested by some new ten until we reach a point which

FATHER ESCALANTE.

FATHER ESCALATION AND A STATE In the year 1776 Father Escalante, a

INDIANS RAIDED "MORMONS."

INDIANS RAIDED "MORMONS." Between the cliff and the river there is a little meadow. The ashes of many camp frees are seen, and the bones of sumbers of cattle are bleaching in the pass. For several years the Navajos have raided the "Mormons" that dwell in the valleys to the west, and they deubless cross frequently at this ford with their stolen cattle.

SOME OLD INHABITANTS.

Late in the afternoon I got up a lit-Late in the attended two or three hundred to glich about iwo or three hundred fee from camp and discovered the ruins of two or three (id houses, which were wightally of store, laid in mortar. Only the foundations are left, but irregular the foundations are left, but irregular blocks of which the houses were con-structed, lie scattered about. In one your I find an oid mealing stone, deeply worn, as if it had been much used. A reat deal of pottery is strewn around, and old trails which in some places are deeply worn into the rocks are seen. It is ever a source of wonder to us we these andent people sourcht such It is ever a source of wonder to us it is ever a source of wonder to us it is ever a source of wonder to us it is ever a source of the sought such haccessible places for their homes. They were doubtless an agricultural race, but there are no lands here that they could have cultivated. To the west of Oralby, one of the towns in the province of Tuaayan, in Northern Ari-ma, the inhabitants have actually will fittle terraces along the face of the diff, where a spring gushes out, and the made their citles for gardens. It is possible that the ancient inhabitants of the place made their agricultural lands in the same way. But why should they seek such spots? Surely the country was not so crowded

such the country was not so crowded with population as to demand the util-iation of so barren a region. The only suiton of the problem suggested is nis: We know that for a century or no after the settlement of Mexico many expeditions were sent into the country now comprised in Arizona and New Mexico, for the purpose of bring-ing the town building people under the domination of the Spanish government.

He is organizing an expedition with which he hopes to place the French flag on the North pole. He does not announce whether he will also locate his throne there or not.

Many of their villages were destroyed and the inhabitants fied to regions at that time unknown, and there are tra-ditions among the people who inhabit the pueblos that remain, that the can-yons were these unknown lands. May-be these buildings were erected at that time; sure it is that they have a much more modern appearance than the ru-ins scattered over Colorado, Utah, Arizona and New Mexico.

FLED FROM SPANIARDS.

These old Spanish conquerors had a monstrous greed for gold, and a won-derful lust for saving souls. Treasures they must have, if not on earth, why then in heaven, and when they failed to find heathen temples bedecked with silver, they propitiated heaven by selzing the heathen themselves. There is yet extant a copy of a record made by a heathen artist to express his concep-tion of the demands of the conquerors. In one part of the picture we have a In one part of the picture we have a lake, and nearby stands a priest pour-ing water on the head of a native. On the other hand a poor Indian has a cord about his throat. Lines run from the two groups to a central figure, a man with a beard, and full Spanish panoply. The interpretation of the pic-ture writing is this: "Be baptized, as this saved heathen; or be hanged as that damned heathen." Doubtless some of these people preferred a third alter-native, and rather than be baptized or hanged they chose to be imprisoned within these canyon walls. within these canyon walls.

Aug. 29,-We start very early this morning. The river still continues

Circumstantial Evidence, the Negro

swift, but we have no serious difficulty swift, but we have no serious difficulty and at 12 o'clock emerge from the Grand canyon of the Colorado. We are in a valley now, and low mountains are seen in the distance, coming to the river below. We recog-nize this as the Grand wash. A few years ago a party of "Mormons" set out from St. George, Utah, taking with them a boat and came down to the mouth of the Grand wash, a portion of the party crossing the river to ex-

of the party crossing the river to ex-plore a portion of the San Francisco mountains. Three men-Hamblin, Mil-

plore a portion of the San Francisco mountains. Three men-Hamblin, Mil-ler and Crosby, went on down the river, landing a few miles below the mouth of the Rio Virgin. We have their manu-script journal with us, and the country is comparatively well known. The relief from danger and the joy of success are great. Ever before us has been an unknown danger, heavier than immediate peril. Every waking hour passed in the Grand canyon has been one of toil. We have watched with deep solicitude the steady disap-pearance of our scant supply of rations, and from time to time we have seen the river snatch a little of what was left while we were a-hungered. And danger and toil were endured in those gloomy depths, where oftentimes the clouds hid the skies by day and but a narrow zone of stars could be seen at night. Only during the few hours of sleep, consequent on hard labor, has the roar of the waters been hushed. Now the danger is over, now the toil has ceased: now the gloom has disappeared: now the firmament is bounded only oy the horizon and what a yast expanse of constellations, can be seen!

horizon and what a vast expanse of constellations can be seen!

And a Wad of Greenbacks.

guides from Courmayeur, whose re-sourcefullness and knowledge of ics proved invaluable. At the outset everything went well. The trusty whaler buffeted her way to the northern extermity of Princs Rudolph Island in twenty-seven days from Archangel. But a month later, when hope was at its highest, it was suddenly dashed. During the night of September 7, 1889, a southwest breeze suddenly dashed. During the night of September 7, 1889, a southwest breeze drove the ice pack against the ice field in Tepliz bay, which in turn was driv-en against the fixed ice along the coast. "Toward 6:30 o'clock houd reports coming from all sides, and sudden movements of the ship, which first heeled over to the left, and then twen-ty decrease to the right, roused me commovements of the ship, which first heeled over to the left, and then twen-ty degrees to the right, roused me com-pleteny. Under the strong pressure of the ice against the bow, the ship had backed about ninety feet, and had risen at the same time on the ice, where she remained, with her bow out of water, heeling over about twenty degrees to the left. Great slabs of ice had been raised against her side and stern, while she was making her way through them. At the bow all the rig-g, g of the foremast had broken loose, and on the rigth side of the ship, which was exposed from the middle to when she heeled over, the outer planks of greenheart were seen to have been driven in to a depth of two and a half or three and a fourth inches for a length of eighteen to twenty feet, so much that a hand could be passed be-tween them." Mot until long afterward could it be ascertained just how much damage had been done but it was obvious that the ship was no place to winter in. The party's varied experience during their long encampment on land and the ex-

long encampment on land and the ex-cling time in the spring, when even blasting operations seemed unable to stir the ship, and enable them to re-turn on her to Norway, make the best of reading.

THE DUKE'S DISASTER.

It was during a training jaunt with the dogs in the depth of the Arctic night that, in Dr. Molinelli's words: "A sudden and violent outburst of wind from the north enveloped us in A sudden and violent outburst of wind from the north enveloped us in a dense and opaque cloud of very fine snow, which made the night still more dark, and we strayed from the right way. Without being aware of the fact, we ascended a low glacler situated in the middle of Teplitz bay, and came swiftly down the gentle incline on the oppoute side. On coming to where the glacher ended, by a precipice at the edge of the sea, the duke and Cagnil fell down on the ice in the bay from a height of about twenty feet." No bones were broken, but both were badly frost-bitten before reaching the hut. Cagni recovered at the time, though his weakened finger suffered again during its northern journey, and he had then to cut off the frozen part with a pair of Beissors, and afterward to submit his finger to further amputa-tion. The duke lost portions of two

tion. The duke lost portions of two fingers at once, and sadly recognized that he could not think of going with

that he could not think of going with the sledges. Readers of Arctic narratives know how impossible it is to represent in summary the impressiveness of the long, continuous story of discomfort heaped on danger, and danger on dis-comfort; of alternating disheartenment and exultation, and the infinite unceas-ing strain of it all. Of course Cagni's struggle to the north and still more desperate struggle back—the heart-breaking fight against the hostile drift of the ice, the few yards gained in many days, with food and energy running out, the gradual killing of dogs, the perlious scrambling through lee and water toward the land that seemed to come no nearer—suffice through ice and water toward the land that seemed to come no nearer-suffice it to say that it is Nansen over again. Let us note that on March 23 the first detachment, Lieut. Querini, Ollier of Courmayeur, and the Norwegian Stokken, turned back, according to pro-gram, and vanished from the sight of Cagni-and of all men. Snapshots of 23d of two other months may conclude this notice: his notice: "April 23.-Seven o'clock passed, eight

o'clock passed and still we went on. We must have covered much more than ten miles, but at that moment I hardly took note of this. I did not even think of it. The absence of all obstacles, the



"When beneath the tent, at that first moment of repose, when all the fibers of the body seem to unbend and relax after long fatigue, the clear idea of things came back to me. We have conquered! we have surpassed the greatest explorer of the century.

"June 23.-We descend the glacier, which is full of crevasses. The Polas Star is still fixed in its place. We begin to see black spots moving about, and hasten on, Now we can already make out the men. "The doctor is there at the head of

"The doctor is there at the head of the men, and waving his cap like them, and crying out 'Hurrah! Hurrah! Hur-rah!' A few minutes later we are in each other's arms. I clasp the hands of the men. Hans says to me "Do you know Querini has not come back? you know Molinelli as though stupified; he bows down his head"



SEE US.



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price of---



The Duc d'Orleans, pretender to the French throne, not finding the

"pretending business" particularly exciting, is to take up Artic exploration.

AN EXPLORING PRETENDER.

25

ere soveral in the party, among them Jones and two men who had recently come west to practise law. The parchment of their L. L. R. degrees had not begun to turn yellow with age. I feel safe in

mying that. I forget what brought it up, but frumstantial evidence came to the fore as a topic. The L. L. Bs. hell forth, showing what a cinch circumstantial evidence might be-that it was, indeed, the best evidence, taken all is all, that a lawyer could have to convince a jury with, and they gave several illustrations. Then Jones spoke

"That's all right," he said. "The cases mu cits to illustrate your argument ite interesting and are good as far is they go; but they don't cover the

"Why don't they?" asked one of the L Bs. "Don't they show the fun-

L L Bs. "Don't they show the fun-damental integrity of the principle we have had under discussion?" "Umph! Umph!" replied our friend Ames, who had been raised in Ken-nucky, and added: "If you don't mind I'l tell you of something that hap-pind to me. It may be interesting and its 'straight goods." "Sure, old man. Fire away!" "All right. It was like this: We

There is a certain inevitable same-

tess about narratives of Palor endeaver, and probably the Duke of Abruzzi's volumes will not achieve such a "boom"

says the London Express.

Ordinary Soap

Philadelphia

Hverance.

Feis-Napths

were on board the Owl, running away from San Francisco pretty fast one night, and had all turned in. I had put my wad, nine \$100 bills, under my

pillow, along with my watch, and had gone to sleep—I don't care what Mr. Dooley may say to the contrary. "Perhaps I had been asleep an hour, when I roused a bit and sort of naturalwhen I roused a bit and sort of natural-ly felt for my wad. It's a habit I have. Well, it wasn't there. Some one had pinched it, but had left the watch. "Then and there I made a 'spiel' for the porter—a loud one—and soon had every one in the car awake, wonder-ing or cussing, or guessing, or all three. "I told what had happened and in-sisted on a search. The others said that that was the proper thing, and so the porter and I went down the line, going through every bunk and every bunker in turn until we came to the last man.

last man.

last man. "There we were up against it. He wouldn't be searched under any con-sideration. He gave us a card and said we could look him up by wire at the first station we came to, but search him --not on your life! "We were sure he was the man, and as we thought we could have him pinched when we got into whatever was the next station, we did not search him by force. him by force. "Then some one said that, in order

to make the round-up as complete as possible and to show no more partiality, we should go through the porter. "The porter was a negro, but he tried

FARTHEST NORTH.

Italian Flag Above Nansen's Highest Latitude.

"The conductor took charge of him, and every one started back to bunk-

every one but our friend who wouldn't be searched. He said: 'Gentlemen, I wish you would be good enough to search me now.' We thought he was off he troller or the said of the his trolley and we laughed at him. Why the deuce should we bother to search him when we had found the money? "But he would have it. So, in a per-

him when we had found the money? "But he would have it. So, in a per-functory way, I went over him. I found some small amount of change, a few small bills, between \$10 and \$15 altogether, and said: "Well, my friend, are you satisfied now?" "Look in that left sock,' he replied. "And what do you think I found there? Nine new \$100 bills. A dead ringer for my wad. "Now, what would circumstantial evidence have done for me if I had gone on and held up that man with a gun and searched him and found that wad? Wouldn't I have been in it right up to the neck? I should have had him pinch-ed, of course, and later, of course, he could have proved good, shown who he was and where he got the \$900. Then he wouldn't have come back at me, would he? Oh, no! And he'd have as good a cinch as any you have men-tioned, not on the strength of your circumstantial evidence, but plum dead against it. Am I right?" We agreed. We agreed.

of it. The absence of all obstacles, the sameness, the monotony of the march, had stupefied my brain, and I followed my sledges, which did not require my help, as though I were asleep. My thoughts wandered far away-far from ice and cold. I was among green trees, and in a warm climate-I was dream-ing.

"It was a quarter to ten. My mind came back to the present, and I re-membered that tomorrow we should have to travel again. I called out to

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STOMACH SWEET.

an annana annana annana annana annana annana an to remain for some years in those solitary and icy regions. The danger of osing the dogs by disease, the risk of trusting to drifting on the Arctic ocean (a voyage which, though it may be repeated with the same probability of the same probability of success, may also be accompanied by

> "It was decided to push for the Pole from Franz Josef Land, and to force the pace by forming the expedition of many lightly-laden sledges, each driv-

"Vith considerable modifications in detail, this was the plan that took Capt. Cagni and his three companions to 95 deg. 34 min., in April, 1900. Will that ever be surrpassed? Scarcely, by that route, says the Duke of Abruzzi. "It would at most be possible to push on a few miles further toward the north if the ice on the Arctic ocean was in an unusually favorable state, but the results would not afford any compensation for the fatigue and the privations undergone." Reasons are given, however, for be-lieving that an expedition on similar

in't good property any more. Fels-Naptha cuts wash-day in

as those of his Norwegian predecessor, But the frozen North is far too unknown dangers, even in the case of vessels built like the Fram.) dussuaded me from attempting to follow the same system." vierdly fascinating ever to become Male; and we can promise the reader that he will be thoroughly absorbed FORCING THE PACE. in this record of desperate adventure. plucky endurance and undauted per-

Handsomely gotten up and subperbly Bustrated, the book is not too fine for en by one man, "The enormous distance could not be traversed by a single party unaided, Either the sledges would be too heavily

Illustrated, the book is not too fine for the interest of its contents. It is an invest of the contents of the interest of its contents. It is an invest of the store of capi. Cagni's dash for the Pole; of the weary, perilous return, which at times seemed hopeless; and of the store of the store

THE ARTIC WINTER. Wintering in the Artic regions is otoriously rather trying to the temper, notoriously rather trying to the temper, and some may suppose that eleven Italian and nine Norwegians would not make a very happy Polar family. But they did: they kept each others' feasts, and were the best of friends. To the Italians, of course, was reserved the honor of the final advance. The record-breaking four were an Italian naval officer, a Genoese sailor, and two Alpine

lines, based upon the west coast of Greenland, would seriously threaten the Pole.