

HIDDEN TREASURES.

A Golden Cavern in the Mountains of Utah.

The Strange Story of a Convicted Wife-Murderer Who Was Executed at Salt Lake City Taking the Secret With Him.

Many stories are told in the east about great hidden treasures in the mountains of the west. In some instances those wild romances are but the imagination of thoughtless brains, while in many cases the stories are true. The west is filled with treasure vaults whose gold and silver deposits are numerous, says the Chicago Inter Ocean. Old Spanish residences, now going to decay, contain secret rooms lined with gold and filled with precious stones and rich jewels. The mountains contain dark canyons where mines of fabulous wealth have lain dormant for ages. The humblest shepherd or range rider may accidentally discover the greatest mineral deposit ever known, and the most timid explorer may find the treasured wealth of a French millionaire stored away in the caverns of the old dwellings.

Utah was once Mexican property, and its fertile valleys were peopled by a wealthy class of men. The old cliff-dwellers of the Colorado left most valuable homes containing gold and silver bathtubs, vases and ornaments, while the workings of miners living a century ago show the vast wealth taken from the old adobe and sluice boxes. A strange story of fabulous wealth was related by Enoch Davis, a wife-murderer recently executed in Salt Lake City. He found the most wonderful mines ever seen by man, and exhibited nuggets of gold from the sluice boxes which excited the curiosity of court officials so that his life was spared for many months.

About sixty miles from Salt Lake City is an unexplored section of the Utah Indian reservation. No man has ever penetrated the deep, dark canyons of this Indian land since the days of Brigham Young, the well-known Mormon leader. After the California gold excitement it is said a gentleman named George Knowles came from the diggings of the Golden state and settled in Utah. He agreed with the president of the Mormon church to give him his weight in gold for one of the numerous women of the Young harem. The proposition was accepted and Knowles was given six weeks in which to produce the gold.

Knowles, with a son about fourteen years of age, started from the Mormon Mecca Monday morning and within two weeks returned with eighty-five pounds of gold nuggets. Young accepted the money, but swore his slave to absolute secrecy as to where the gold was obtained. At that time the church people were opposed to the opening of mines, and no man was permitted to prospect in the territory. The old man Knowles lived and died in Salt Lake City with visions of wealth haunting his deathbed, but he never returned to the secret mines.

In after years the son determined to disobey the orders of the church and seek the gold fields he had seen in his youth. He was accompanied by Enoch Davis, the wife murderer. One dark night in the month of June the prospectors dropped down from the high, sandy mesas into the gold-lined cavern. Here they found thousands of nuggets with the mountain waters flowing over them. Every pocket and knapsack were filled with the valuable treasures. When morning dawned they were met at the summit of the canyon by a band of Indians. The red men fired and Knowles dropped dead. Davis feigned death and fell to the bottom of the cavern. The Indians could not get down the bluffs, and the white man lay there in an apparent state of death until nightfall, when he arose, and after two or three days succeeded in escaping from the savages.

When Davis escaped he made his way to Vernal, a wild frontier town near the Indian reservation. In this village he took up his abode, expecting some day to be enabled to return to the fields of wealth. He married and settled down to the duties of a home life as the village blacksmith. His mind became troubled, he resorted to drink, and at last in a fit of jealous despondency killed his wife and buried her in a potato pit near the house. The crime was discovered within a day and Davis was arrested and imprisoned on the charge of murdering his wife.

In the prison all the nightmare of golden treasures haunted the doomed prisoner. He drew a map of the country and presented it with the facts to the court officials as a ransom for his liberty. Many thousands of dollars have since been expended in seeking this famous gulch, but nothing has been found. Davis, after repeated postponements, was finally convicted and shot without again realizing the fulfillment of his dreams. The lost gulch is yet a subject of much thought, and prospectors seek the place as soon as the winter's snow melts from the mountain slopes.

Trials of Tourists.

There turned up at Hamilton, in the Bermudas, the other day, a company of several hundred British tourists, including Sir Arthur Sullivan and many musical and literary folks of some distinction. They were a sorry and bedraggled crowd, and their appearance was partly explained by the fact that they had left a six weeks' washing ashore at one of the far-down islands and had come away without it, so that everybody was at a low ebb of linen. They were cheered with the hope that the British cruiser Blake, whose captain had promised to fetch up the missing garments, would soon arrive in the harbor. This hope was disappointed, for the excursionists left on schedule time, a few hours before the arrival of the Blake with their linen. Those that saw them at Hamilton are wondering how they looked on reaching Great Britain.

CREDIT IS CAPITAL.

It Served a Wall Street Broker in Good Stead on One Occasion.

I know in this city a southerner who has made his way from nothing to a comfortable fortune, says a writer in the New York Press. He was a broker in Wall Street, plodding slowly along, living from hand to mouth, with a bank account that sometimes grew as big as eight hundred dollars. He met a capitalist who wanted certain bonds, and with a commission of twenty-five hundred dollars in view, he undertook to deliver them. He knew an old bondholder who had them, and his purpose was to get them without causing a sudden rise in their value. The old fellow named his price, which was entirely satisfactory. The amount was twenty-five thousand dollars for the lot. My friend went to his office, drew a check for that sum and handed it over.

"Perhaps you know that it is customary in transactions of this kind to give a certified check," said the bondholder.

This was a stunning blow, almost a knockout, for a man with a bank account of never more than eight hundred dollars, but my friend, begging the old fellow's pardon for the oversight, started to get the proper certification. He went straight to the cashier of his bank and stated the whole case to him, explaining that he was to deliver the bonds within two hours and make his profit of twenty-five hundred dollars.

"It is an unusual request," the cashier said, with a smile of half pity for the ignorance of his customer.

"I know it," said the broker, "but I cannot lose this chance of making two thousand five hundred dollars. You know I am honest. I have been a depositor here for two or three years, and have never before asked a favor. I will have the cash here within two hours to make good the check, or will deposit the collateral."

The cashier hesitated. He who hesitates is lost. He looked the broker straight in the eye and said:

"I will do it. I know you are an honest man."

With a certified check for twenty-five thousand dollars, the southerner returned for the bonds, much to the amazement of the old bondholder, who declared that if he had known his ability to produce a certified check for that amount he would not have offered the bonds at all. He offered them as a bluff. But the bluff being called he had to yield. Inside of an hour and a half the bonds were delivered to the capitalist, and a check for twenty-seven thousand five hundred dollars was deposited at the bank.

My friend had had many transactions with the old bondholder since then, and he never fails to ask: "Do you want a certified check?" to which the reply is: "Never mind about it; I'll take any sort of check you give me."

MINKS IN AN ODD BATTLE.

They Fought Each Other Violently and Viciously, in the Water and Out.

An unusual battle was witnessed at Greenwood lake one day recently by Mr. Silas Pickering, of Newark, and old Steve Garrison, the veteran guide. Steve was rowing and Si was catching frogs for bass along the east shore of the lake, says the New York Sun. Suddenly they heard a remarkable squealing, and as they turned a point of rocks they saw on the shore of a little cove two full-grown minks in combat. The usually shy animals were so busy that they paid no attention to the approach of the boat, and Steve rowed up to within fifteen feet of them.

The minks seemed each to be fighting for a throathold, and the way they sparred and scratched was highly interesting. Finally one caught the other by the back, and they rolled from the rock into the water, where they continued to fight as energetically as on the shore.

Soon they emerged, separately, but clinched as soon as they were on the rock, and the fight waged sharper than ever. Both minks squealed almost continuously as they snapped and scratched at each other.

Three times they pitched from the sloping rock into the water and crawled out to renew the fight ashore, but after another such dip only one came up. The other had evidently tired of the fight and sneaked away under water. The victor crept upon the rock and, not seeing his adversary, began to strut and fro as if much pleased with himself. Suddenly he caught sight of Pickering's striped blazer and fled into the bushes.

His Little Mistake.

A young farmer who had great conceit, little discretion and scarcely any education presented himself at a Presbyterian conference and said he wished to be ordained as a preacher. "I ain't had any great learnin'," he said, frankly, "but I reckon I'm called to preach. I've had a vision three nights runnin'; that's why I'm here." "What was your vision?" inquired one of the elders. "Well," said the young man, "I dreamt I see a big, round ring in the sky, and in the middle of it was two great letters—P. C. I knew that meant Presbyterian conference, and here I am." There was an uncomfortable pause, which was broken by an elder who knew the young man and was well acquainted with the poverty of his family and the neglected condition of the farm in which his father had taken such pride. "I haven't any gift at reading visions," said the old man, gravely, "but I'd like to put it to my young friend whether he doesn't think it's possible those two letters may have stood for 'Plant corn?'" Fortunately this version was accepted by the applicant.

A Spider with a Voice.

India, according to S. E. Peal, has a stridulating spider whose sound, like the pouring of shot upon a plate, can be heard ten to twelve yards; ants that produce sounds by rasping the horny tip of the last abdominal segment against dry leaves or twigs, and a butterfly which produces a series of raps with its wings.

MYSTERY OF A MAINE ISLAND.

A Hermit Englishman Who Ended His Misery by Cutting His Throat.

"Some years ago, up at North Haven island, on the Maine coast," said a New Yorker, according to the Sun of that city, "I came across a mystery that haunts me still. A bare rocky point juts out into the sea on one side of the island, and the first year that I visited the place there was a rude cabin on the rock. Having gone out there from curiosity one day, I found a man in shameful rags trying out the oil from the refuse from a fish-canning factory. When I came to examine the man his appearance astonished me. He was an extremely handsome, well-made Englishman of forty or thereabouts. His hands, soiled with the material he worked in, were small and well shaped. When I tried to draw him into conversation he at first answered in monosyllables, and was almost sulky in his reserve. He gradually thawed, however, and I found that he spoke rare and beautiful English, that of a well-read and well-bred man. Glancing into the door of his cabin, I could see perhaps a score of well-thumbed volumes in library binding. His reserve was such that I could not ask him about himself, but I left the island deeply interested in him.

"I turned up at North Haven the next year, and one of the earliest things I did was to go out to the point in search of my acquaintance. The rock was bare again, and there was no trace of him and his cottage. I asked about him of some persons I met on the island, and here is what I learned: He had come to the place mysteriously some years before, having been dropped by a schooner. He found work at the fish cannery, but later quit the place, built his cabin on the rock, supplied himself with food chiefly by fishing, and obtained from the factory the privilege of trying out the refuse. From the product he obtained a little ready money for tobacco and other luxuries. At some time between my two visits his cabin was discovered to be on fire late one night, and, hurrying down, his neighbors saw him amid the flames dead, with his throat cut. The fire had so seized upon the hut that his body could not be removed until it was nearly consumed. He was buried, and no solution of the mystery was discovered. Life had evidently become insupportable to him, and he had taken the way of suicide as the easiest one out of misery."

AN AMERICAN TRAIT.

Whatever is Done is with All the Energy Possessed.

When E. S. Martin, in his comments on "This Busy World," described with accuracy that intensity of energy and excess of zeal which overtrained the Cornell crew and led to their ignominious defeat, he pointed, says Harper's Weekly, to a trait of American character which must be estimated and understood by anyone who undertakes to set forth the existing conditions of American life and development. As Mr. Martin truthfully says: "It has been said of politics in this country that it is war. In the intensity of business competition there seems to be a growing sentiment that business is war." This merely means that the American pushes every principle to its ultimate logical conclusion, but this is one of the keystones of American character.

It may be a good trait or a bad one, but it is essentially and exclusively an American trait. It is probably the outcome of those conditions of freedom under which we struggle and conquer or fall, but it exists in no other country. In this country alone has the principle of business competition been pushed to its utmost. Then, when the limit of competition has been reached, a struggle equally fierce has developed the principle of combination, and pools, and trusts, and syndicates, and traffic agreements have shifted the scene and scale and scope of the contest.

The principle extends alike to great things and to small ones. We play the game for all there is in it, whether the game be politics or poker, railroad management or college athletics. It may wear us out, but it does not let us rust out. It may interfere with our growth in sweetness and light, but it is not a trait of weakness and decadence. Above all it is evolution, the development of natural causes lying down deep in the roots of our national life. It is a movement we have entered on, to which we are fully committed, and which we could not check if we would.

Cannibal Cruises.

One of the tales dug up out of the misty past is that given by the York (Me.) Courant of the wreck of the Nottingham galley on Boon island. This vessel, which was bound to Boston from London, was driven on the island in a terrible gale on the night of December 11, 1719. The weather was so dreadful that some of the sufferers soon died. There was nothing to eat but shreds of raw hide, rockweed and a few mussels. After a few days two of the men attempted to get to York on a raft but were drowned. At last the hunger of the survivors became so raging that they ate some of the flesh of their dead comrades, and, having no fire, must, perforce, swallow this raw. Immediately their dispositions, which had been kind and helpful, seemed to undergo a total change. Instead of praying, they began to swear, and quarrels commenced. At last, after twenty-three days of this horrible life, they were rescued, being then mere skeletons and unable to walk. A light-house was erected on this island in 1811.

Too Smart.

A Philadelphia lawyer was seated with a group of friends the other day discussing the leading topics of the day. One of the men present, Mr. Canby, persisted in monopolizing more than his share of the conversation, and his views did not at all accord with those of the lawyer. As the men separated, one of them said to the lawyer: "That Canby knows a good deal, doesn't he?" "Yes," replied the lawyer, "he knows entirely too much for one man; he ought to be incorporated."

METAL PRODUCTION LAST YEAR.

Statistics Compiled by the Engineering and Mining Journal.

The statistics of the mineral and metal production of the United States in 1894, compared with the output in 1893, have been compiled with care and were published recently by the Engineering and Mining Journal.

The total value of the mineral and metal production of the United States in 1894 was as follows: 1893, \$315,840,500; 1894, \$553,272,902; decline, \$237,432,400, or 9 per cent. This great falling off was, however, due far more to lower prices than to lessened quantity of the product. Thus the value of our coal production declined last year \$13,783,828, or 7 per cent., while in quantity it fell off only 6,220,970 short tons, or 3 1/2 per cent. This comparatively small decline in the volume of coal produced is substantially a measure of the whole mineral output of the country.

The copper output increased 8 per cent., from 327,255,788 pounds in 1893 to 353,534,314 pounds in 1894, though in value it declined no less than \$1,639,508, or 4 1/2 per cent.

The production of gold increased from \$35,955,000 in 1893 to \$39,761,205 in 1894, but the commercial value of the silver produced declined from \$47,311,450 in 1893 to \$31,403,531 in 1894, a fall of \$15,907,929, or 34 per cent. This was partly due to a reduced production, 66,500,000 ounces in 1893 and only 49,846,875 ounces in 1894, but the price also declined from 78.2 cents per ounce in 1893 to 63 cents in 1894.

Pig iron showed a heavy decline in quantity, from 7,047,384 long tons in 1893 to 6,657,388 tons in 1894, but the value declined much more than the quantity, or from \$93,888,309 in 1893 to \$71,966,363 in 1894, a falling off in value of 23 1/2 per cent., and in quantity only 5 1/2 per cent.

The value of spelter declined \$1,000,000, though the quantity produced fell off but 2,250 tons.

On the whole the mineral industry of the United States has made a highly satisfactory record in 1894 in the quantity produced over such an enormous shrinkage of values. With prices lower than ever before thought possible, and in the majority of cases lower than similar articles are produced anywhere else in the world, the output has declined but little. The low prices no doubt maintained a large consumption, and now, with reviving prosperity and prices, the producers will reap the harvest for which they planted in the hard times.

A CLOSE TRADE.

An Instance of "Nearness" That Is Hard to Beat.

The close-fisted and the absent-minded serve a similar use—they amuse their neighbors. The New York Sun quotes a man from the rural districts as telling a story of a Mr. Putterby, an old-time townsman of his, whose reputation for "nearness" was evidently well deserved. Locally he was thought to be almost a prodigy in this respect, but no story of this kind is so good but that another can be found to beat it.

One of the coins current in those days was the old Spanish silver-piece, which passed for twelve and a half cents, and was variously called "nine pence," "York shilling" and "bit." It was the existence of this coin that enabled Mr. Putterby to achieve his crowning triumph in the way of a close trade.

A farm-boy came along one day with a load of pumpkins, which he was peddling about the village at a cent apiece. Mr. Putterby looked at them, concluded to buy, but wanted only half a pumpkin.

"But a whole one is only a cent," said the boy. "How are you going to pay me for half a one?"

"Easiest thing in the world," said Mr. Putterby.

The pumpkin was cut, he took one-half under his arm, and handed the boy a shilling.

"Now give me the twelve cents change," he said; and taking the twelve coppers from the astonished boy, he walked away with his purchase.



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