

A CHARMING CAMP.

The Mountain-Locked Metropolis of Southern Utah. Silver Reef Surrounded by Bald Peaks and Picturesque Plateaus.

The Town and People, Mines and Miners, Advantages and Drawbacks.

Correspondence of the Bee.

SILVER REEF, Utah, November 13, 1880.—Enclosed by mountain scenery of the wildest description, three hundred and fifty miles of Salt Lake City, and nearly one hundred and fifty miles distant from the terminus of the Utah Southern railroad, is the little city of Silver Reef, the mountain-locked metropolis of southern Utah and the possessor of a wealth of bonanzas, the extent and richness of which are as yet but beginning to be brought to the knowledge of the outside world. The camp is the most picturesque in situation of any I have visited in Utah. It lies on a high and barren plateau, surrounded on all hands by rugged masses of tumbled lava, richly colored sandstones and pine-crested granite. Northward rise the spurs of the Utah range cut and gulched into grotesque and sombre hooded masses; to the south are the Red and Vermilion cliffs, whose faces glow with the color of roses, and rising above their summit, blue and bold in the distance are seen the mountain crests of Arizona.

Silver Reef has set at defiance all the mining experts of the country. Ore elsewhere is rarely found in sandstone. In Silver Reef it is found in its greatest quantities in this formation. But the strata of almost every formation in which mineral is discovered, lies in the mountains surrounding this little city, and a prospect hole sunk in any direction is sure to strike good grade ore. The foundations of many of the houses are built of stone assaying ten dollars to the ton, and the dumps of the mines are filled with waste, which, if nearer smelting and refining works, would pay amply for reduction. The wonderful rarity of ores no less than the extent of the lodes and veins, is one of the most remarkable features of the district of which Silver Reef is the center. Silver Reef is best reached by taking the Utah Southern and its extension to its terminus, and staging it from that point over the intervening distance. The ride is long and uninteresting, especially at this season of the year.

The town is clustered around the mines, and presents, even in this season of the year, a bustling and lively appearance. A year ago a disastrous fire swept away the larger portion of the camp and consumed \$160,000 worth of property. But before the ruins were cold, buildings were in course of erection, and to-day the camp presents a more substantial and prosperous appearance than ever before. There are two churches, a Catholic and Protestant, two schools, one conducted by the sisters of charity, a public hospital, an excellent newspaper, The Silver Reef Miner, a number of faro dens, several Chinese laundries and a brass band. The camp is growing, and outfits prospectors for all the surrounding country, which is rapidly becoming honey-combed with the shafts of the industrious seekers after hidden wealth.

The first work on Silver Reef mines was begun five years ago by a San Francisco mining company, and the early developments were so startlingly rich that three others quickly followed suit. Many of the claims and locations made by other parties were purchased in by these three corporations who, within the past three years, have paid dividends amounting to \$200,000, and now work three hundred miners night and day in bringing to light the hidden treasure which has embedded in the mountains of Silver Reef. The camp possesses several decided advantages over that of Frisco. The rock is soft and water is plenty, the ores are easily treated, and that of the more northern camp, the supply seems practically inexhaustible. The wages of miners are higher than at some other camps in the territory, as much as \$3 a day being paid to ordinary workmen in the slopes. Experienced and capable miners draw, in some instances, \$5. All the companies at Silver Reef seem to be ably managed and heavily backed. The mining machinery of the Stormont mine is among the best in the territory, and that of the other two is hardly inferior. The supply of lumber, a very important necessity for timbering in the shafts, is practically inexhaustible, and the lumber and fuel question is settled by the forests of pine within almost a stone's throw of the town. The daily output of ore amounts to an average of \$10,000 a day, and the mines are not working to one-half their capacity. What the possibilities of the district will be when fully developed would be difficult to estimate. Silver seems every hill, awaiting only the miners' pick and the capitalists' assistance to bring to light. The ores of Silver Reef are a soft sandstone, easily mined and worked. The silver is found in veins or bodies, which vary in richness, often running up into the hundreds, but averaging about \$10 a ton. The character of the silver is chloride, and easily reduced, so that the low grade ores give a fair and remunerative profit.

The Barber-Walker mine is situated just on the margin of the camp. The property is owned and worked by a New York company who, since its acquirement, some six months ago, have paid dividends amounting to \$60,000, equivalent to 24 per cent per annum on the capital stock. A new five-stamp mill has recently been erected. This is placed directly at the mouth of the mine, and receives the ore from the hoisting works. Its present daily capacity is thirty-five tons, but two additional pans and a settler are being added to the capacity of the mill, which will increase the

output of bullion considerably. The mine has been judiciously developed and a fine body of ore has recently been opened up in both the north and south drifts. The present workings easily supplies the amount of ore necessary to keep the mill running. The Stormont mine consists of several large claims which are producing largely. The mill is run by water power, is situated on the Virgin river, some five miles distant from the claims, and is capable of crushing seventy-five tons of ore daily. The ore is hauled to the mill by teams under a regular contract price per ton. All the Stormont claims are being well developed and steadily worked, and the proprietors are among the heaviest bullion shippers of the camp.

The Christy property is a consolidation of fifteen claims. Five of these are now being worked with profit and produce forty five tons daily of good grade ore. The mill of the company is situated about a mile from the mine and is in the town of Silver Reef. It runs five stamps, six settlers and eight fans, and turns out a goodly amount of bullion which is principally shipped to San Francisco. The monthly output of bullion from the camp has averaged \$100,000 a month. There are scores of undeveloped claims around Silver Reef, which if worked would handsomely repay investment. The trouble, as in all new mining camps, is a lack of capital to bring to the surface the ores hidden within their boundaries.

A CROWD OF A THOUSAND. HOW IT WAS ATTRACTED BY POINTING A CANE AT A MUD COVERED CABBAGE.

The other morning two gentlemen were looking out of the window of a house on Market street, when they observed a cabbage roll off a market wagon that was passing. Instantly over a dozen well dressed and apparently sane persons began yelling after the wagon as though the vegetable had been a gold watch or a thousand dollar bill. The driver stopped about half a square off, looked back at the cabbage, yawned and drove on.

"What an absurd fuss people in the street make over trifling occurrences," said one of the gentlemen. "Now, I'll bet a silk hat that I could get a crowd of five hundred persons around that cabbage inside of thirty minutes, and yet not leave this room."

"I take the bet," said his friend, pulling out his watch. "Are ready?" "Yes; give the word."

"It is now eleven-thirty. Go!" The proposer of the wager led his friend to the window, threw up the sash, and taking a cane pointed earnestly at the mud-covered cabbage with a terrified expression. Presently a hack driver noticed the action and began to stare at the vegetable from the curbstone; then a bootblack stopped; then a billposter, a messenger boy, and a merchant.

"What's the matter," inquired a German, approaching the innocent base of his national dish. "Don't touch it! Look out there! Stand back!" shouted the gentleman at the window. At his horror-stricken tones the crowd fell back precipitately and formed a dense circle around the innocent cabbage. Hundreds came running up and the excitement increased rapidly.

"Look out there!" frantically screamed the better, waving his cane. "Take that dog away quick!" Several stones were thrown at a cur that was sniffing around the cabbage.

"Take care!" said a car-driver to a policeman, who was shouldering his way through the mass. "It's an infernal machine, nitro-glycerine—or something."

Meanwhile the sidewalk was blocked, the street became impassable, women screamed and rushed into the shops, and a store-keeper underneath began to tie a bucket on one end of a long pole with which to pour water on the devilish invention. The crowd by this time numbering over a thousand, the two gentlemen moved away from the window and set down. In a few moments there was a hurried tap at the door, and there appeared a man who had been sent as a delegate from the mass meeting outside.

"I should like to know, gentlemen," he said, "what the facts are?" "What facts?" "Why, what is there peculiar about that cabbage out there?" "Nothing in the world," was the soft reply, "except that it seems to be surrounded by about a thousand of the biggest fools in town. Do anything else for you?"

The man reflected a moment, said he "guessed not," and retired. Before he headed in his report, however, Captain Short's watch had dispersed the mob, and clubbed two hundred and eleven separate persons for creating a disturbance.

"The Trembler" Kind of Corset. A correspondent of The Cincinnati Enquirer says: A new corset attracted my attention at the shop of a leading manufacturer. It was like the ordinary article, except in one important particular. The breast was composed of a lattice work, this part of it covering two apertures in the otherwise staunch corset, and forming a loose support for what was to go within. The corset is female slang called the "Trembler," and the name indicates its useful purpose. Worn over a dress waist that does not fit too tightly across the bust, it permits a little unrestraint to the fish inside, and the effect is said to be quite enchanting to the male observer. This kind of a corset has to be made carefully to order in order to obtain all its advantages, for it should be exactly adapted to the peculiarities of the wearer.

A Voracious Eater. A remarkable feat of eating and drinking against time is reported by the Hungarian press, and said to have been performed by a youthful Magyar residing in Grazzardien. This surprising trenchman made a wager, and is said to have won it with several minutes and an omelette to spare, that he would between the hours of 9:30 p. m. and midnight, devour the following comestibles, it being clearly understood that there should be a full portion of any two of which portions

may be estimated as constituting a hearty meal for a full-grown adult blessed by nature with a lively appetite: Roast beef with paprika sauce and potatoes; a Viennese veal cutlet with peas; a fillet of veal with dumplings; grilled pork and pumpkins; half a fowl fried in butter; bubble and sausk; a beef steak with poached eggs; fried calves' liver; calves' brains and kidneys; pickled veal; stewed beef; a broiled goose liver, and a fricasseed fowl with carrots. He not only contrived to stow away all the articles enumerated in this comprehensive menu, washing them down with two quarts of beer, four bottles of old wine, and three of arated water; but when he had cleared the last of his appointed dishes—the clock-dial then marking ten to 12—he asked for a three egg omelette, which vanished down his throat before the hour struck.

Sad Trials. To begin—Is aught sadder—could there be a worse scheme. Right amid all of life's jocular whirl, Than to notice one's rival drive by with a team. And beside him one's very best girl? Again—Have you noticed the face she reveals. (Tis too awful, we confess for a joke) The woman who sees her rival in seals While she's forced to wear that old cloak? Once more—Do you mind what an awful rebuffin' Is expressed, and how surplus talk With the man who's asked, "Well, old boy, take us this?" What—yes? well, then—take a walk? —Titusville World.

IMPIETIES. A clergyman, meeting an inebriated neighbor, exclaimed, "drunk again, Wilkins!" to which Wilkins, in a semi-confidential tone, responded, "Sho am I, pars'n!" A new book is out entitled "Links in Rebecca's Life." Rebecca was probably a sausage-maker's daughter. What an eventful and mysterious life she must have led!

"Why Are We Here?" was the subject of a Council Bluffs clergyman's sermon last Sunday morning. This is indeed a hard question, with the fare to Omaha down to 25 cents. Thieves now invade church fairs and steal watches in care of young ladies. Of course this is reprehensible to the last degree, but at the same time it is not altogether unpleasant to know that the fair managers are not permitted to entirely monopolize the robbery unseparable from such instrumentalities.

"What is hell?" asked a Lutheran Sunday school teacher of a boy in class last Sunday. "A shirt with a button off, m'am," replied the boy. "Explain yourself; what do you mean, sir?" demanded the meek spirit but surprised teacher. "Well, I heard my pa say to my ma the other morning, when he put on a shirt with the back button off, 'well, this is hell. That's all I know about it'."

Fitting emblems are not always appreciated. The neighbors of a poor fellow who died erected a tombstone to his memory, and had placed above it the conventional white dove. The widow looked at it through her tears and said: "It was thoughtful to put it there. John was very fond of guano, and it is an especially fitting emblem."

"Think," shudderingly moans a Pacific coast paper, "of jining heart and soul in a hallooish chorus with an antiquated bonnet six months old! There is something shocking in the very suggestion." Isn't it sad that in all the prophecies there is no statement that new robes will be furnished to the angels every day or two?

They tell of a very cultured divine in Boston who, instead of saying: "The collection will now be taken up," impressively remarks: "The accumulation of moneys will now ensue." A great Philadelpia clergyman, a great athlete and lover of spirits, forgot himself once and said: "Here endeth the first inning—let us pray."

I had not slept a good night's sleep all winter until I used St. Jacobs Oil, —is the way Mr. P. A. Pindey, Mukkegway, Ill., puts it.



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