

We made for Church Island, but, as the wind was rather high, we did not reach there until 3 o'clock the next morning. The night had passed very quickly and pleasantly, though, as the hours were beguiled with "yarn spinning" and singing to the breezy music of guitars. About 12 o'clock the moon rose, and the field glasses and "captain's glass" came into requisition by which the craters, plains and valleys of the moon were plainly visible; Jupiter received his share of attention, too, and did credit to himself by displaying three of his satellites.

Landing on the largest island of the lake we slept till sunrise; we then started off for Stansbury Island, but not before we had taken a morning dip in the lake.

In size Stansbury ranks next to Church Island and is to the west and south of the latter. We had fair sailing and had about forgotten the word "sea-sick," when we rounded the southern point of the island we were leaving and were struck by a sudden squall. In the excitement that ensued a young lady fainted, but an admirer was conveniently near and he persuaded her to revive. We were clipping through the water at a lively rate now, but as the vessel did not roll much, hardly yet did we realize the meaning of "sea-sickness," pretty soon, however, the squall passed on and left in its wake a rolling sea, and a lively comprehension of the word began to manifest itself. The observer might have seen different persons stealing gently and unobtrusively, but hastily, away to the deck rail. They had not the inclination to gather in groups as was their wont before, but seemed to prefer seclusion. A bleaching process commencing around a dolefully drooping mouth and quickly extending over the whole face was the first outward sign of rebellion within, and, though some did their best to quell the uprising, they were at last obliged to open their mouths and permit it. In a few hours convalescence set in and we were as lively as ever, except now and then when the schooner swayed a little, the former victims would engage in sober reflections.

Toward evening the air began to get so calm that the captain was afraid we would be unable to reach Stansbury, and such proved the case. At 10 o'clock we lay becalmed a mile or two off land, under a sultry sky, with black, lowering clouds that looked like rain. Anchor was cast and preparations made for sleep. Each one had made his pun or told his funny yarn; the laughter had subsided, and Morpheus was about to claim her own when, from the hold of the vessel, where the gentlemen had been consigned to sleep, came two deep, doleful voices singing "Hard beds, hard beds, come again no more!" Of course that set us all laughing again. We did finally get to sleep, however, when a gentle pitter patter, accompanied by a sensation of wetness, awakened all. The rain lasted but a few minutes, though, the only disagreeable result being a few stiff necks next day.

When morning came there was a breeze but it was not favorable for the island; but as the majority on board wished to obtain specimens of fossil and of coral formation, with which one part of the island abounds, it was decided to reach land by "tacking" instead of going home as the wind seemed determined we should. The water being shoal along the part of the island we approached, the skiff belonging to the schooner had to be used to take us ashore. Landing, we went in various directions specimen hunting, the agreed signal to call us back being a pistol shot. After the lapse of some two hours the shot was heard, and we gathered together to compare our different finds. Some valuable specimens of fossil and coral had been gathered, another specimen, though not so valuable, more interesting to some—a very rusty wild cat trap to which still clung some hairs. Another interesting find was a closed hive in a deep cranny of the summit of a rocky ridge. Within the tube was a paper covered with the names of an exploring party of 1879. Of course we added our names under the head "Excursion aboard the *Argo*, August 8, 1890." We now counted noses and found that two of our party were missing. Hearing a faint "halloo," we looked to the top of the mountain of which the island consists, and saw two diminutive forms. By much beckoning they were made to understand that they were wanted; they were down in "no time," as one who has tried descending the steep side of a mountain will understand.

Half an hour later we were under full sail for Church Island again, but as there was a stiff wind with tossing waves, the sea-sick scenes of the day before were re-enacted with the difference of more victims this time. Two sisters were particularly noticeable as they had been loud in their acclamations of delight at each new victim of the day before. Now it was their turn and though they got near the cabin and each held a shawl out to protect the other from the gaze of jesters, their groans could be heard, and they were paid in their own coin.

It was amusing to stand on the cabin deck and look along the vessel. Those afflicted (including all but a favored few) were lying about in various positions of dejection until one started for the deck rail, which was a general signal for the rest to do the same.

To one not thus busily engaged with himself the scene of the lake and its surroundings was beautiful, comprising as it did all the shades of blue imaginable. First, there was the deep blue of the rolling waves, made darker by contrast to the crest of foam they carried; then, to the west loomed Stansbury Island, which was not so far away but its most prominent ledges looked a blue black, and its less obtrusive parts a bluer black. Three other shades of blue, lighter, displayed themselves in the mountains on the western coast of the lake, and Fremont Island and the Promontory to the north. To the

south lay Tooele County, presenting to the lake a semi-circular valley, each succeeding mountain of which appeared a lighter blue than its predecessor; northwest was Church Island with the individual blue of its distance, and east, the coast and mountains with their respective tints; roofing all was the blue sky, so that one might call the whole a blue picture, but certainly not the sort to give one the "blues."

Well, we were near the southern end of Church Island, but could get no nearer, as this land cut off the breeze that had carried us that far, so we again anchored to await a change. As the change did not come very readily, two ladies and a gentleman determined to go ashore in the skiff, which had been made use of during our whole trip when the lake was calm enough. It was a good mile and a half, and those in the skiff had gone perhaps half way, when they noticed the schooner moving for shore, too. She had taken advantage of the whisper of a breeze that had come, and, of course that was the signal for a race. Lending their assistance to the breeze, there were several "poling" with all their might; but it availed nothing, as the skiff kept the lead.

Sails were drawn down and we anchored to await the following morning. It was yet early and we had plenty of time for exploring and picking up very pretty round stones that were speckled and striped; we also had time for bathing. That night most of us decided to sleep aboard the vessel, but a few, more adventurous, went ashore to rest amid the sagebrush. There wasn't so very much sleeping done by some, though, as they made a rousing bonfire, by the light of which they got so deeply interested in a game of cards that they could hardly believe their senses when they saw the moon looking up watchfully at them over the eastern mountains.

Next morning we all got aboard and were waiting as usual for wind to fill the sail. Taking advantage of this some were off in the skiff, and three young ladies who decided to take a bath appeared on deck in their bathing suits, when up came the perverse breeze and disarranged their plans; they retreated sheepishly to the cabin to redress as the schooner started on at a lively pace, but she had to tack about to get the skiff load. Then we had a merry voyage home, arriving at the western shore at 5 o'clock in the afternoon.

All voted that it was the most solid enjoyment they had ever had at a stretch in all their lives.

N. B.—We encountered one or two gnats on the voyage.

SALT LAKE CITY, August 1), 1890.

ERICK L. OLSEN and Peter Olson Sandford were admitted to citizenship today in the Third District Court. Edward A. De Roche's application for naturalization was rejected because he was a "Mormon."