

MISCELLANEOUS.

FROM WASH-DISH BASIN, TETON.

Prompted by a desire to inflict further torture upon the readers of your valuable paper, I again come at them with my illiterate trash this time dating it on the banks of the Teton River in the wash-dish or basin of that country, a mile north of the main bridge, shortly after noon on Friday the 20th of August, in the year of our Lord 1897.

My last prescription, as you no doubt well remember, came from a spot called Canyon Creek, the half-way house, so to speak, between Rexburg and the place in which this undying monument finds its origin. I told you then that we were off for the Teton, and that saying, however questionable a source from which it came, was as true as one as ever mortal man dare utter. Now we are on the Teton and on it it seems, to stay, as fish are found here in abundance, the very fact that my companions have been out angling from early morn without returning up to the present writing, being proof positive, I take it, that the speckled beauties are in the creek with a vengeance. Some of those found in abundance have been lying on the banks for several days, no doubt—a circumstance which points strongly to the unlawful use of giant powder, thus aiding in the depletion of the creek and making it doubly hard for the honest lawbreakers to catch even sufficient fish to make up a fair car load. In spite of it all, however, my companions, exclusive of myself, are doing exceptionally well and up to this stage of the game, mountain trout have been had for the mere catching, and since our arrival here yesterday, we have had fish for breakfast, fish for lunch, fish for dinner, fish for tea, and fish for supper.

While washing up the breakfast dishes a few short moments ago, I had a pleasant chat with a neighboring camper, a gentleman who up to a week before the Jubilee, conducted a small furniture store on State street in Salt Lake City. He told me that he was forced to retire from business because there was no money in it and that in two or three weeks or after he had given Yellowstone a visit he intended to return to the city, settle up his accounts and hie himself, and wife—for she is with him—to more congenial climes, presumably, judging from his conversation, to California. The gentleman in question, was, for ten years, a prominent business man of Great Falls, Mont., where he seems to have met with fair success. A desire to do better, however, brought him to Salt Lake, but it was not long after his arrival there that he found out he had made a mistake and began to yearn for pastures new. Why he should have given up hope so soon before the Jubilee, however, is a mystery to me, as very few shrewd business men would leave any town in so short a time before, such a grand demonstration as the Jubilee proved itself to be.

Mr. Blank, for I forgot his true name, was naturally anxious to learn something of his former haunts and when he learned that I was from Salt Lake, he began to question me concerning a good many things, some of which, I confess, I was not posted on. He asked me how the Jubilee turned out and I told him it was the grandest and most brilliant affair in the history of Utah; that a hundred thousand visitors were gathered in Salt Lake; that the hotels and restaurants did a pell-mell business; and in fact the celebration was a success far beyond the ex-

pectations of the most sanguine. Was I right?

The gentleman then turned his remarks to Salt Lake's municipal affairs. He scored unmercifully the city's politicians in general and office holders in particular. The high taxation was cited as a sufficient cause to frighten off outside investors and moneyed men, and the hope was expressed that political jobbery would soon put a stop to, that men with limited means and the interest of the city at heart, might be able to stay there and live in comfort, devoid of outrageous taxation and almost unbearable political oppression. These conditions, said the gentleman, had given Salt Lake a black eye—an optic so boldly discovered that it would take some time for it to regain its natural complexion.

Teton Basin is a splendid health-giving country and a district that is rapidly being filled up with home seekers from Utah and other parts of Western America. Like Idaho in the main, the Basin is an excellent ranching area and for this purpose many are going in and numbers of acres of the fertile soil here, are fast being converted into fields of waving grain vegetables and other useful commodities. The uncultivated tracts are covered with well-bred, well-fed horses, to see a band of which makes one's teeth water—for lack of a better expression—in a desire to pick out a good buggy team, or a nice riding pony, or both, as the desires of the longing individual may dictate. To "pick out" in this case, however, without the consent of the owner, would be horse stealing its most flagrant form—an offense, of course, that your humble servant would not make himself guilty of, be the longing for a beautiful equine specimen ever so great.

Teton river, as a very necessary adjunct in this part of the country, is not to be sneezed at. Its width is about 200 feet at this point and daily a large volume of water passes through its channels—to say nothing of the fish. The river is not a deep one, nor is it a treacherous stream like its near neighbor, the Snake; but in watering and irrigating this district, it does its part and does it well, and to the great satisfaction of the residents and property owners hereabouts. As a stream for annual baths it is unequalled at this season of the year and only a gaze upon its placid waters prompts the onlooker to a plunge, however an amateur in aquatic, as a fitting tribute to the dusty roads traveled while en route to this particular point.

Since writing the foregoing paragraphs, my co-partners in the fishing business have arrived—two of them—both loaded down with excellent specimens of the speckled beauty, thus giving us a record, in three catches, of 128 fish, actual count. This may not be as prodigious a fish story as some people tell, but it can be counted on as reliable, coming as it does from people who hail from Salt Lake and whose word, therefore, is absolutely as good as their bond.

I told you in my last antidote that Salt Lake people were flocking to the Park—Yellowstone, I mean—in goodly numbers. Some of "the boys" passed through here several days ago, among them Walt Wilding of Z. C. M. I., Johnnie Wilson of the News bookbindery, and two others whose names I do not know, but whose faces are familiar in Salt Lake circles. While in Rexburg the other day I had a talk with the invincible Ben E. Rich, editor

of the white metal Standard. I took occasion to inquire of the gentleman if there was not an almost unprecedented rush to the Park this year, whereupon he answered that he did not think there was; that he had seen just as many people en route to the Park in former years as there had been during the season now on. This answer shattered my individual conclusions, for I had built up the thought that this year the Park was being run upon with greater vengeance than ever.

Speaking of Yellowstone recalls a remark made to me the other day by Peter Wilbur, the trapper and guide referred to in my last letter. The gentleman was speaking of the route to Yellowstone, and declared that the best road to the park was by the Ishawood trail, which runs through Big Horn county, Wyoming. Wilbur stated that on this road the hunting was fine, thus affording the traveler a splendid opportunity for game, while the view of the country was great and had a tendency to please even the most fastidious. The gentleman and his companion, N. E. Brown, are residents of Ishawood and send monthly contributions on fishing and hunting in the West to a magazine published in New York called Recreation.

In conclusion I will say that we are feeling as fine as silk, with fair chances for the recovery of one of our number who at present is decidedly home-sick. Our outing thus far has been a dandy, and undoubtedly it will remain so to the bitter end. In this locality a home is not complete without the News. Realizing this, the great bulk of the people are regular subscribers.

Can I come again, Mr. Editor?—at your readers I mean.

Yours for Fish,
A. B. JR.

SUNDAY SERVICES.

At the Tabernacle services yesterday Elder Joseph E. Taylor, of the Stake presidency, presided. The choir sang the hymn: Hark, listen to the gentle strain.

Elder A. Milton Musser offered prayer and the choir sang the hymn: God moves in a mysterious way.

Elder Joseph Musser, who recently returned from the Southern States, was introduced to the congregation. He said he could not express his gratitude for the privilege of standing before the Saints again. Only those who have been separated from the people could realize his feeling. Laboring in the world has been a pleasant task. There is no greater calling than that to go forth and preach the Gospel to the sons and daughters of God.

There are hundreds of Elders laboring hard in the South. There have been many changes in the last three or four years. When the Temple was dedicated, President Woodruff had said that from that time on the hearts of the people of the world would be turned and the labors of the Elders carried on more successfully. This statement has been verified certainly in the South. People who were enemies in the past are now softened in their feelings and assist in spreading the truth. They allow the doctrines of the Church to be preached to their families. The Elders seldom go without lodgings now and where they were formerly killed great success is being met with.

One great cause of this change is on account of the practice of the Elders to preach without purse or scrip. The Lord has said that this should be the plan and he would care for them as he does for the lilies of the field, which spin not neither sow.

The Elders in the South have thought that they were robbing the