

THE NORTHERN VALLEYS.

The Country Traversed and its Resources.—Facilities for New Settlers.—Possibilities for Increasing Water Supply, Etc.

Editor Desert News:

From Soda Springs to Chesterfield in Port Neuf Valley (which is in reality a continuation of Gentle Valley northward, for there is no chain of mountains between the two) the road for the first few miles runs parallel with the river in its westerly course and then diverges to the north over an extensive plain which nearer the base of the mountains is considerably broken by volcanic ridges. Further west, however, the plain presents a more even appearance and, in the language of a very practical and experienced resident of the region, offers the best opportunity for new settlers to acquire from the public domain extensive and productive farms of any place within five hundred miles of Salt Lake City. To render it available, however, would require the expenditure of considerable labor and means in the construction of a dam in Bear River and a canal from it to the land in question. It is estimated that a tract of excellent land at least ten miles square in Port Neuf Valley on the north side of the river and perhaps nearly or quite as much in Gentle Valley, on the south and east side of the river, might easily be irrigated by water obtained by placing a dam in Bear River at the rocky point west of Soda Springs, a not very difficult feat, as the banks and the bed of the river at the place mentioned are of solid rock, and the water is there in abundance awaiting the skilled efforts which will some time be employed to bring it forth upon the thirsty land and render it productive and habitable. No objection could be raised to the use of the water, as it only runs to waste now, nor would the raising of the water by damming the river be likely to injure anyone located higher up the stream; in fact, it might prove a benefit to the farms lately taken up on the opposite side of the river from Soda Springs. No difficulty would probably be experienced in securing eastern capital to accomplish this work, but that would result in the owners of land being under perpetual tribute to monopolists of water right, a condition by no means desirable. It will be infinitely better for actual settlers to engage in the enterprise and control both land and water. A resident of Bountiful in this Territory has expressed his willingness to invest \$1000 in the construction of the dam, and it is to be hoped that others who are able and willing to assist will soon be forthcoming.

CHESTERFIELD,

so named in honor of Bishop Chester Call, one of the founders of the settlement, occupies the north end of Port Neuf Valley, the houses scattered over an extensive area, being still located upon the quarter sections of the owners, although a townsite has been surveyed upon which in course of time it is expected the settlers will build. The only building now erected upon the townsite is a fine, large, brick meeting house, with council and vestry rooms attached, now being finished—a monument of the enterprise and public spiritedness of the ward—located upon the top of a hill which overlooks the entire valley. Much of the soil in this vicinity is of an excellent quality and yields heavy crops of grain, potatoes, etc. The farm owned by Bishop Chester Call here is said to be the best in Idaho. With the exception of a few ranchers, who were located on the bottom land along the banks of the Port Neuf, the first settlers came here five years ago, and were from Bountiful, Davis County, Utah; indeed to see the present population and hear the old familiar names represented here—names that figured in the early settlement of the south end of Davis County, such as Call, Willey, Loveland, Sessions, Holbrook, Tolman, Perkins, Muir, Barlow, Hatch and Moss—is sufficient to forcibly remind one that Bountiful has advanced, and that the new brood has settled down in Port Neuf Valley. And to see the substantial improvements which have been made here by the little colony, most of whom have only been here two years, is to be convinced that there are few if any drones among them. Chesterfield is perhaps the most flourishing and prosperous settlement for its age there is in the mountains. The old Fort Hall wagon road, so much traveled nearly forty years ago, runs through this valley and out at the northern end where the Port Neuf enters. The Oregon Short Line also extends through the valley to within six miles of Chesterfield, where, at a station called Squaw Creek, it takes a turn westward and then follows the Port Neuf in its tortuous course southward and then northward into Marsh Valley. The Fort Hall Indian Reservation which extends for a distance of about seventy miles north and south, includes the range of mountains on the west of Port Neuf Valley, and the whole of

MARSH VALLEY,

with its settlements of Garden Creek, Marsh Centre, Woodland and Nine Mile, as well as the string of ranches located all along the stream to Red Rocks, the broken chain of hills which separates Marsh Valley from Cache Valley. The residents of the villages named have mostly lived in Marsh

Valley for very many years and settled there and made homes with the full expectation that they would have no difficulty about obtaining government title thereto. Their having failed to do so, and learning that the valley was included in the reservation has tended to retard the development of the country. A considerable breadth of fine meadow land is found along the borders of the stream in the centre of the valley, most of which is, however, claimed by a couple of monopolists, but there is as well a great deal of excellent bench land well adapted for cultivation if sufficient water could be had for it, especially on the west side of the valley in the vicinity of Garden Creek, the most populous of the settlements in that region. The bench land here faces the sun and produces good crops, and shade trees and the hardier fruit trees do fairly well here, a somewhat unusual thing for these northern valleys. On Garden Creek is perhaps the most favorable location for a reservoir in this mountain region. The stream takes its rise in a valley which has but one outlet, a narrow gorge between two precipitous bluffs of solid rock. All that would be required to make an

EXTENSIVE AND DURABLE RESERVOIR

would be to build a wall across the narrow defile to the height desired and arrange the same for the water to flow over it in case of a freshet. If Marsh Valley should be lopped off from the Indian reservation, as there has been some talk of doing, which, by the way, the way the Indians express themselves as being quite agreeable to, there is no doubt but this and other extensive improvements would soon be made and the valley would soon become populous.

The four settlements mentioned as being embraced in Marsh Valley, and which are widely separated, have but one postoffice, located at Oneida Station on the U. & N. R. R., a somewhat central point, but a long distance from any of the settlements.

OXFORD,

which so recently put on metropolitan airs, as the capital of the large county of Oneida before it was divided, the headquarters of the county and government land officials and the rendezvous of a half dozen marauding deputy marshals who, made incursions into the surrounding settlements in search of men having more wives than the Edmunds law allows, has somewhat waned in population and notoriety, and now only contains one saloon, and that but poorly patronized. It is simply a rather pleasantly situated village, with nothing in its surroundings to indicate that it will ever be much more. About the only thing in which it surpasses its neighboring settlements is in having better and more pretentious houses and farms and earlier gardens, the last mentioned being for the most part located upon the hillside facing the sun. The writer and his friends feasted upon luscious strawberries, green peas and new potatoes from the garden of Bro. Grosbaw on the 16th inst., and they were not the first of the season either, so that in early gardens Oxford is not much behind those of the more favored localities in Utah.

CLIFTON,

located about five miles south of Oxford, along the base of the mountains, and possessing nearly the same advantages of early gardens, is a pleasant village and greatly improved since the writer's former visit, almost nineteen years since. A scarcity of water is complained of here this year and strong talk is indulged in concerning the construction of a reservoir, a project which the residents consider to be quite feasible.

DAYTON,

another village along the foot hills, which is not nearly so old as Clifton nor so populous, is greatly distressed for want of water the present season, and the storage of water in a reservoir in the hills above the settlement seems to be the hope of the inhabitants for an increase of the necessary means of irrigation in the future, and they are not very confident of success in that line, as their facilities are not the best.

WESTON,

located still five miles farther south and near the extreme limit of Idaho, has a larger population than most of its neighboring villages and the people seem quite prosperous. For a number of years the reservoir system of providing water for irrigation has been tried and found to succeed here; indeed the people could not well hope to subsist otherwise, as their water supply is so limited. The settlements mentioned with Swan Lake, located across the valley and about four miles distant to the northeast from Oxford, and Treasurton, a small settlement located on Battle Creek, about five or six miles south and east of Swan Lake, include the whole of the Oneida Stake of Zion, the visiting of which constituted a most

DELIGHTFUL TRIP.

The meetings as a rule were well attended, and excellent feeling prevailed and the improvement associations and Saints generally were found to be alive to their duties and enjoying the spirit of their religion. The native flowers and shrubs of the valleys and mountains traversed, which in many places were found in rich and beautiful profusion, included many specimens which were well worth cultivating, and doubtless will be in the

future as they become better known and appreciated, when they will not only serve as a constant source of delight to the traveler over the plains but to the denizens of cities as well.

G. C. L.

TRAMP OR GENTLEMAN?

Undoubtedly he was a tramp. The solitary marshal, whose business it was to represent the majesty of the law in the little village of Blue Rock, spotted the stranger as soon as he entered the place.

The visitor was shabbily dressed. His coat was ragged and his trousers were patched. His hat was without a brim and his shoes let his feet touch the ground.

"I'll shadow him," said the marshal to himself.

The tramp slouched along down the shady side of the street until he reached the depot. Here he paused and took a seat on the platform.

"Hello, there!" said the marshal as he came up. "You must move on."

The man thus rudely spoken to turned a weary face toward the officer.

It was not a very clean face, and it bore traces of care. But it was not a bad face nor a very old face. On the contrary, it was rather frank and youthful.

All this the marshal took in, but he had his orders and he had to carry them out. Blue Rock had passed an ordinance subjecting all tramps to thirty days' imprisonment at hard labor.

"What are you doing here?" asked the officer roughly.

"I am looking for work," was the reply.

"Who are you, and where are you from?"

"I am a gentleman," said the tramp, wearily.

"A gentleman!" shouted the marshal. "You look like one. What is your name and where are you from?"

The wayfarer put his hand to his head and a puzzled look came over his face.

"I would give anything to be able to answer your questions," he said, "but I can't answer, for I do not know."

At this astounding reply the marshal raised his baton.

"None of your chaff," he growled.

"Now, I'll give you one chance. You must march out of town or I'll run you in."

The stranger evidently understood the full meaning of the threat. He leaped from his seat with a frightened look, and without a word walked off down the railroad track.

"He's been arrested before," said the officer, thoughtfully. "No doubt he has been in a dozen jails. Well, so he leaves here it is all right."

Two hours later the guardian of the peace found his tramp occupying his former seat on the platform.

"Now, you must come with me," said the marshal, angrily.

He seized the lounge by one arm and jerked him up.

The prisoner made no resistance. He looked reproachfully at his captor, and started off with him without a word.

At Blue Rock justice was always swift, although perhaps it was a little crude.

In less than an hour the tramp was convicted and locked up in the stockade, where he was set to work breaking rock.

The prisoner's obstinacy in asserting that he had forgotten his name and former place of abode made the petty village officials very mad, and the poor fellow was put to work at harder tasks than usual.

As the weeks rolled on it was noticed that the prisoner displayed no resentment or impatience. He went about his work cheerfully and without a complaint.

When the prisoner's time was out the first man he met after his release was the marshal.

"Get out of the town right away," was the officer's advice.

"But I want to stay here," said the tramp. "I want work, and I like the place."

"You are a blank fool to want to stay in this town," replied the other, and it will be my duty to arrest you again if you don't leave. So march!"

The unfortunate wretch made no further appeal. He limped off slowly and was soon out of sight.

Later in the day the marshal passed by the depot and saw a spectacle that made him open his eyes.

The tramp was on the platform, and the superintendent was talking to him.

"Come here," said the superintendent to the marshal, "and take this vagabond off!"

There was nothing to do but to make the arrest. A speedy conviction followed, and the luckless victim was again sent to the stockade for thirty days.

At last the month came to an end and the prisoner was turned out. This time the marshal marched him beyond the town limits and left him.

"He has got too much sense to come back," reported the marshal to the mayor.

"We may have been too hard on him," responded the mayor. "I sometimes think he is wrong in the head."

"Well, it is too late to talk about it," said the other, and the conversation ended.

The tramp did not turn up again that day or the next.

The worthy marshal began to be worried and the mayor was a little uneasy. Blue Rock was such a small place that a sensation was always welcome, and the unknown prisoner had

been the talk of the town for sixty days.

"He's hiding in the woods, and will slip in here some night and burn the town," said one.

This idea found great favor, and that night the villagers found it difficult to sleep.

On the following day there was a railway excursion to a point of interest forty miles away, and everybody of any consequence in the town went along. The mayor and council, the superintendent of the depot and even the marshal joined the party.

The return trip was made after dark, and the train sped along at a fearful rate of speed. The excursionists were all in a jolly humor and were at the height of their festivities when the frightful shrieking of the locomotive whistle startled everybody. The train came to a full stop, and among those who rushed out were the mayor and marshal of Blue Rock.

At the head of the train they found the engineer and conductor talking with a man who held one hand to his side, from which the blood was streaming.

"Great God! It is our tramp!" exclaimed the marshal.

"You are right," said the mayor. "My poor fellow, what is the matter?"

The tramp fell in a fainting fit before he could answer the question.

"You see," said the engineer, "this man was tramping through the woods when he came to the track and found two train wreckers tampering with the rails. Well, the tramp, or whatever he is, jumped on the two scoundrels like a tiger. He disabled one of them, but the other stabbed him in the side and ran away. So he built a fire on the track, and as soon as I saw it I stopped the train."

Just then several passengers came up with the wounded wrecker, who had been seriously injured by the tramp.

The villain evidently thought that he was mortally wounded, for he made a full confession.

"I think," said the Blue Rock mayor, "that we owe a debt of gratitude to our preserver. Many men in his fix would not have turned a hand to save us."

The tramp opened his eyes and smiled faintly.

"Did you know we were on the train?" asked the marshal.

"Oh, yes; I saw you when you went up the road this morning, and I hung about here because I saw those two chaps acting suspiciously on the track."

"Come, now, who are you and where is your home?" asked the marshal.

"I am a gentleman. I have forgotten my name and all about things that happened years ago. I can tell you nothing more."

"By George!" said the mayor, "I believe he tells the truth."

"We must take him to Blue Rock and care for him," said one of the party. "He shall have the freedom of the town and the best there is in it."

"Thank you," said the tramp, with a smile. "I am satisfied now."

A spasm of pain contracted his features.

A gasp, a fluttering of the breath and the unknown was dead!

Tramp or gentleman? Who was he and what lay back of his misfortunes? These were the questions the Blue Rock excursionists asked each other on their way home.—*Atlanta Constitution*.

The American Army Against a Common Foe.

The great encampment in New Jersey where the troops from the south and west of New York were rendezvoused was indeed an inspiring sight. The Marylander was standing guard beside the Jerseyman; the Virginian and the Carolinian were drilling in the same field with the Pennsylvanian, and marching in review beneath the same starry folds which had waved over their common ancestry at Brandywine and Monmouth, at Cowpens and Moultrie, behind the weak breastworks at New Orleans, up the steep slopes of Cerro Gordo and Chancellorsville, and upon the hills of Buena Vista. Forgotten now was the hatred of five short years a quarter-century ago; remembered were the glories of their heroic fathers' days and their mutual hopes and aspirations for the common country. Forgotten not, indeed, the undying laurels won on a hundred fields by leaders who wore the gray, but remembered most justly and loyally by those who had marched into battle under a Lee, a Johnston and a Stonewall Jackson. Base indeed would be the son of the North who, having learned what it was to face American bullets and American bayonets, should grudge the men who had once worn the butternut and gray the right of paying honest tribute to those who once had led them into battle! Yes, it was a glorious sight to him whose pulse beat higher whenever he thought of his birthright as an American. The ex-confederate thanked God that the issues of that mighty conflict had not dismembered this glorious union of the whole American people, as he saw the South rising into a prosperity never dreamed of in the days of the old regime. Defeat for one side had been splendid victory for both; and here they stood in arms again, as they had promised—as brethren—keeping glad step to the music of the Union.—*From "My Dream of Anarchy and Dynamite," in The American Magazine for June.*

TWAIN IN WASHINGTON.

HIS EXPERIENCE ABOUT THE NATIONAL CAPITAL.

Mark Twain, having survived participation in the authors' readings, recently played Rip Van Winkle in revisiting the places in Washington of which he was a habitue twenty years ago. In fact, more than twenty years have passed since Mark then with little reputation and less money, was eking out a living as a special correspondent of some Pacific coast papers while writing his book "Innocents Abroad," which was to make him famous and start him on the road to riches. After several passages with the doorkeepers of the House, Mark is of opinion that "the insolence of office" is as ripe now as it was in his time, to say nothing of Shakespeare's. Presenting his card to one of these officials, the height of whose ambition is to be mistaken for Congressmen, Mark asked that it be sent to Sunset Cox. The doorkeeper disdained to look at the card which he had, as if afraid of contamination, but viewed the humble humorist from head to foot and sized him up for "the country jay" that Mark's drawl and dialect suggested.

"You can't see Mr. Cox."

"Why?"

"Because he is busy."

"How do you know? Is he making a speech?"

"Naw, but he can't see you."

"Well, how can I get in the press gallery?"

"Are you a reporter?"

"No, but I used to be a mighty good one when I lived in Virginia, Nev."

"Well, if you ain't one now you can't get in," and pushed Mark aside to be polite to a female lobbyist whose card went into her member's last enough. Finally the humorist passed the pickets of the press gallery. After he had asked in vain for the dead and gone correspondents who had been his chums Colonel Mann recognized him and gave him the "World man's seat" in the front row, whence he had a fine view of the statesmen of the present generation wrangling over the labor bills. Mark says he will soon publish a compilation of other people's humorous writings and is also engaged upon an original work which he hopes to finish some time next summer.

Having "swapped lies" for a while with the correspondents Mark tried the floor again. This time he was recognized, and Mr. Cox not only went out to see him, but took him on the floor and made him acquainted with all the Congressional celebrities, from Reed of Maine to Martin of Texas. He kept the crowd of members around him laughing until the gavel of the speaker came to the rescue of order. He says the levee that he had reminds him much of those he used to see on the Mississippi in the days when he was piloting.

Copper in Alaska.

From Lieut. Henry P. Allen's report of his explorations up the Copper River, says the *Juan (Alaska) Free Press*, we learn the following interesting facts about the country:

"Copper River is a stream of considerable size and difficult of ascent in boats. It is not confined to one channel, thus forming many large islands, and its volume of water is so great that the stream spreads over nearly the entire bottom of the valley. Along its banks are large gravel bars, and the country is marked with extensive glacial deposits. After passing the glaciers, which lie about forty miles back from the coast, the climate in summer is dry and warm and in the winter it is mild and no great depth of snow falls. The mountain ranges are very high and are marked by many lofty peaks, the highest of which is Mount Wrangell, which is now considered the highest mountain in North America. But a few years ago Mount Wrangell was an active volcano, breathing out flames and molten lava, and she now sends out clouds of smoke and vapors. The mountain is situated northeast of Mount St. Elias and about two hundred miles back from the coast and in the very heart of the mineral region of Alaska."

LUCK IN LITTLE THINGS.—A New York man has made a small fortune of \$25,000 in two months through an invention. He had often noticed the trouble which school children have in cleaning their slates, and he invented a little tin box, in the bottom of which is a small sponge saturated with water. In the center of the box he placed a piece of tin drilled with holes, and on top of this another small sponge. A pressure moistens the upper sponge, and the slate can be instantly cleaned. One firm of stationers purchased 10,000 gross of the little invention, and the lucky inventor hopes to become a millionaire.—*Chicago Herald*.

Politeness is an easy virtue, costs little, and has great purchasing power.—*Dr. Alcott*.

Minister (to sick official, who, by the way is of the republican persuasion)—"You are aware, my dear brother, that you are about to die?" Sick official—"Yes, I am aware of it." Minister—"And do you feel you can go with resignation?" Sick official—"Yes, but I'm going without resignation. We die, you know, but never resign." The ruling passion is strong in death.