

When we enter Gate Canyon we leave the water and for forty miles we cross a desert to the bridge of the Duchesne river, where we are glad to see the water. Here we saw the first red men of the reservation. They had a wagon and two span of horses and were on their way to Price for freight.

From the bridge to Fort Duchesne is twelve miles. This we made in the early hours of the morning. Fort Duchesne is situated on the Uintah about five miles from its confluence with the Duchesne, and is not as romantic a place nor as well situated as we had expected.

There is considerable freighting between the Fort and Price, but it is done at such low figures that those engaged in it hardly live. They get only one cent a pound for hauling the freight over a very rough road ninety miles, and no return loading.

The most of the troops at this post at the present are colored—and Duchesne boasts the only colored commissioned officer in the United States service. From Duchesne to Vernal is a distance of 27 miles over a very hard road, leading up hill and down, in deep sand and over rocks, making it a most tedious drive in the hot sun.

Your correspondent left Vernal on the evening of August 23rd, at 7 p. m., journeying to Fort Duchesne in the night to avoid the heat of the sun on the tedious road. We found in Uintah County a prosperous and industrious community who have in the few years the county has been settled accomplished wonders. Yet there is much to be done before the large valley of Ashley is all brought under cultivation. The soil when cultivated yields well and though hard and dry to all appearance, soon become so filled with water from irrigation as to hold the moisture well.

We passed over portions of the farms of Brother C. C. Bartlett where two crops of lucern had been cut without water this season and by one good irrigating a third crop could be obtained—yet this had just as dry an appearance as the new land that is being broken when first tilled. Much new land has been taken up and efforts are to be made to increase the water supply. Then the valley will be able to sustain a much greater population.

A few persons have started apiaries with flattering results. Lucern seems well adapted to this climate and soil and grows luxuriantly yielding heavy crops of which there is quite a surplus this year.

The town of Vernal is the principal place and contains a number of good stores.

Our little party left St. Duchesne early on the morning of August 25. It consisted of Brother John L. Blythe and daughter, W. W. and W. S. Calder, representing Z. C. M. I., and your correspondent. For two days we followed up the Duchesne, passing over some very good farming country and excellent grazing lands, and some very rough road. The second night we camped on Red Creek, a fork of the Duchesne. Here we had for companions for the night a family of

emigrants on their way to Ashley. They were of the original frontier style who are continually on the move to fresh lands where there is more room and better facilities, only as population increases to again move on. After making camp we were joined by four original cowboys, fully equipped with all their accoutrements.

The picture made by this medley camp was quite romantic. The high hills on either side of the narrow valley down which runs a clear stream, the trees and willows surrounding our camp, composed of a six ox wagon, mule team, spring wagons and good teams with the pack horse and mustang of the cow boys were features of it. The next morning as the sun came up friend Calder brought his camera to bear on this picture and it will be preserved in all its originality.

Between Red Creek and Strawberry Valley there are some rough roads and steep pulls. The descent of one we found rather difficult, having to hold the wagon to keep it from upsetting. Strawberry Valley is a pretty place in the top of the mountains with rich natural meadows and beautiful clear streams, well stocked with fish, and its rich pastures now containing some thousands of cattle which have almost consumed the once plentiful grass.

Campers here will find a plentiful supply of blankets a necessity. From the Strawberry down Daniel's Canyon is a pleasant drive, over a good canyon road, and the sight of the thriving town and well cultivated fields of Heber is refreshing to the weary traveler, making him to feel at home once more.

TRAVELER.

August 28th, 1889.

STEAMBOAT STORIES.

The old time steamboatmen are not all dead. Many of them still linger on the stage of life, though in these days of rapid transit and railroad rush they are probably looked upon as superfluous. Between them, however, there exists a sort of freemasonry that draws them closer and closer together as their ranks are thinned by death. In all the large river cities there exist little coteries—some places only two or three; in others, large numbers—who preserve among themselves a formal or informal club or association and meet at stated or irregular intervals and talk over old times.

The writer was one of a little group of these kindred souls a short time ago, when one of them recited a little incident that will long live in the traditions of the Ohio River.

A QUEER CRAFT'S CAPERS.

Two steamers were bound up the river between Cincinnati and Louisville. One of them was a large side wheeler—either the *Silver Moon* or *Glendale*, the narrator forgot which. Anyhow, it was one of the class of steamers known in those days as a "Cincinnati tub," with a model like a cheese-box. She was running in the Cincinnati and Memphis trade.

The other was a little stern-wheeler named the *Volunteer*, running in the Cincinnati and Cumberland river trade. She was a curious sort of a craft and had decidedly cranky habits. Her hull had formerly been a canal boat. A pair of heavy towboat engines had been put on this hull and a sort of box cabin constructed. She could run like a scared wolf, but, as stated, had cranky habits. She had balance rudders that somehow or other were never exactly in the position they should be, and altogether this queer craft was a terror to pilots. She belonged to three men, all well known in St. Louis at that time, and whose memories are still cherished here by hosts of friends. They were James L. Maginnis, William Reilly and William Burt.

On the occasion referred to the *Volunteer* overhauled the Cincinnati tub and passed her on the starboard side, when the rudders got crossed, or something happened to cause the little stern wheeler to cut one of her cranky capers. When probably her length ahead of the side wheeler she "took a sheer," and ran squarely across the bow of the big boat. Hiram O. Braze, a well-known pilot, until recently inspector at Memphis, was, he thought, in the pilot house. He saw there was no use in trying to pull her back, and to stop was to let the side wheeler run her down; so he simply pulled the wheel hard down, and the little stern wheeler actually ran clear around the Cincinnati tub, coming up again abreast on the starboard side. Of course there was excitement on both boats, and cheers and yells, and not a few curses, as it was thought the pilot of the *Volunteer* was responsible for the boat's maneuvers. While this was going on, the little boat straightened out up the river, and again gradually forged ahead until well in the lead, when, to the profound astonishment of everybody, she again "took a sheer," and again ran clear around the big side wheeler, exactly repeating the former maneuver.

TOM GROSS' TRICK.

A little event in which this craft figured was then related. It was the habit in those days for the steamers bound up stream to take fuel barges—coal or wood—in tow, and continue the trip while transferring the fuel from barge to steamer. When the fuel was transferred the barge would be set adrift, with one man on board, who would care for and land it. There were two magnificent boats plying in the Cincinnati and Louisville packet trade, the *America* and the *United States*. They were probably the finest, and, without doubt, the fastest boats afloat. They were beautiful steamers, and constructed on such perfect lines that their pilots could control them as closely as craft was ever controlled. The pilots of these steamers used to indulge in a little trick for their own amusement, which was a cause of great trouble to the pilots and commanders of other boats. It was this: On meeting another boat the signal would be sounded, for passing, but when the