

CORRESPONDENCE.

Written for this Paper.

JENSON'S TRAVELS.

On Saturday, May 11, 1895, I bade adieu to my family, friends and the city "I love so well" and took my departure for foreign climes. The train on which I was a passenger left Salt Lake City at 5:20 p. m. on the day mentioned, and after traveling 171 miles, I arrived at Pocatello, Idaho, at 11 p. m. At this growing railroad town there has been a branch of the Church for a long time, and a few years ago it was organized into a ward, with Carl J. Cannon as Bishop. He now has charge, and the ward belongs to the Oneida Stake of Zion.

Sunday, May 12. Having stopped three hours at Pocatello, I boarded the regular overland train on the Oregon Short Line and made for the Pacific coast. At American Falls, 25 miles from Pocatello, the train crossed Snake river on a magnificent bridge, after which the railroad passes through a most barren and desolate country, abounding with volcanic formations in almost every conceivable shape. As the sun rose above the horizon in the great Snake river valley, our train was passing through the town of Shoshone, from which stages run regularly to the famous Shoshone Falls, on Snake river, only a few miles away. We arrived at Nampa at 11 a. m. From this point a branch road leads to Boise City, the capital of Idaho, which lies to the northeast, 19 miles distant. Continuing the journey down the Snake river, we at length cross that stream into the state of Oregon; beyond the town of Ontario we recross the river into Idaho; thence passing down grade through the canyon through which the mighty river wends its way ocean-ward, we at length cross a fourth time, and after traveling three miles further up Burned river, we arrive at Huntington, Oregon, a small railroad town of about 400 inhabitants, which is the present terminus of the Union Pacific system.

In passing down the great Snake river, I noticed vast tracts of what appeared to be the best kind of land for agricultural purposes, but yet unclaimed from the desert. While the question of irrigation is being so earnestly discussed throughout the nation, I think it would pay for some of our enterprising advocates of irrigation on a systematic and enlarged scale to turn their attention to that particular portion of western Idaho and eastern Oregon which lies adjacent to Snake river and is susceptible of irrigation from that stream. There certainly is plenty of good land and plenty of water, which are the two main features to be considered in connection with the founding of irrigation colonies. There are already a number of small hamlets which recently have been built up on the banks of the river, indicating great enterprise on the part of their inhabitants; but they are only a small commencement of what might be.

There is no change of cars at Huntington, but a stop for dinner is made. It has always seemed to me that both the railway companies and the traveling public are being imposed upon by cer-

tain proprietors of depot hotels and lunch counters who seem to think it their special privilege to charge travelers just what they have a mind to without considering the actual value of what is sold. Huntington is perhaps a good sample of this; while wheat is selling at this point for 35 cents per bushel, 25 cents was charged one of my fellow passengers for a loaf of bread.

Continuing the journey from Huntington, on the Oregon Railway and Navigation company's line, we pass through the heart of eastern Oregon, and I was particularly pleased with the appearance of the celebrated Powder river valley and Grand Round valley. In the former Baker City is the chief town and in the latter Le Grande. The scenery through the Blue mountains, whose summit we cross at an elevation of 4,200 feet, is very fine. After stopping for supper at the little station of Meacham, the journey was continued through the darkness of the night.

Monday, May 13. At 3 o'clock a. m., a gentle shock was felt throughout the train, which immediately came to a complete standstill. After a while one of the passengers, curious to know what important station we had arrived at, since the stop was so much longer than usual, opened a car window on the right of the train; but instead of beholding the supposed depot, a cloud of sand nearly blinded him, and for the next few minutes he was rubbing away at his eyes, to the amusement of those of the passengers in his car who were not asleep. Another passenger, who in the meantime had been on the outside to examine the situation, volunteered the information that our engine had jumped the track in trying to plow its way through the sand which during the windy night had blown across the road bed; and that we would perhaps not be able to move again for a day or two; the town of Dalles, however, was only one and a-half miles away, and our jesting friend wisely suggested that the passengers might walk that far, if they could not afford to wait for the train. After the announcement of this news, a rather youngish looking man of questionable nationality but unquestionably the owner of a pair of extra long legs, at once prepared for the proposed walk, not being sufficiently wide awake to distinguish between Yankee wit and the true point of the story. A very corpulent lady hailing from the East also began to show great uneasiness by knitting her eyebrows in a significant manner, and finally remarked that it would be utterly impossible for her to pack her baggage to the nearest station. A young Danish girl, just twenty-two years old, direct from Bornholm, with whom I had conversed the day previous, finally awoke and wanted to know what had happened, as she perceived considerable restlessness among her fellow passengers. I assured her that it was nothing serious; that we were all alive, that not even the engineer or fireman was killed, and that if she would take another nap, she would soon meet her friends who were waiting for her in Portland. By the way, this lady's name was Funk, and she had an uncle by the name of John or Johan, who

emigrated to Utah from Bornholm many years ago as a Mormon. Who knows him? The young lady's future address will be Forest Grove, Oregon.

Yes, our engine was off the track all right; and it was not till a gang of men had worked for a couple of hours shoveling sand, and after two engines with a wrecking train had been sent to our assistance, that we could proceed on our journey. But it is an odd wind that blows no good. Had this accident not happened we would have passed down the gorge of the Columbia river in the night. With this delay of nearly three hours we had the privilege of beholding the beautiful scenery along the "beautiful" river in the light of a beautiful morning. At 5 a. m. we rolled into Dalles City, and thence continued to Portland, where we arrived at 10:30 a. m.

Dalles City, thus named after the so-called "dalles" of the Columbia; is eighty-eight miles from Portland. It is a city of about 5,000 inhabitants. The "dalles" proper begin at Celilo, fourteen miles above this point, and are simply a succession of rapids, until nearing the Dalles station, where the mighty river for two and a half miles narrows down between walls of basaltic rock, only 130 feet across. In the flood-tides of the spring the water in this chasm has risen 126 feet. The word "dalles" is rather misleading. "Dalle," is French and means variously "a plate," "a flagstone," "a slab," alluding to the oval or square shaped stones which abound in the river bed and the valley above. But the early French hunters and trappers call a chasm or a defile or gorge "dalles," meaning in their vernacular "a trough." Hence the present name.

As we left Dalles City in the morning a splendid panorama of beautiful scenery began to unfold itself to the view, and having made the acquaintance of a young, intelligent gentleman from Portland who was willing to explain to me all he knew of the various attractions, I enjoyed the sights immensely. The Columbia itself is quite a study, being one of America's greatest and most important rivers. It rises in the Rocky mountains, in latitude 50° 20' north, flows northward 51° 10', receiving Canoe river, which has its source at 53° north. It then turns sharply to the northward, expanding at 51° into a chain of small lakes, receiving the waters of Kootenai at 40° 30'. Just south of 50° the Pen d'Oreille, the great North Fork (Clarke's) pours its waters into it; then flowing south it receives the Spokane, and turning almost due west, the Okanogan joins it from the north. Still bending south of west, the Methow, Chelan, Enteatwa and Wenatchee contribute their waters. When it turns southward, it receives its greatest southern fork, the Snake, and also the Walla Walla, Hood river, the Willamette and others.

From its birth among the most magnificent scenes on earth, in the far north and in the heart of Yellowstone National Park, down through its 2,500 miles of irresistible sweep to the western sea, it is an avenue of wealth and wonder. Inland for 300 miles from the Pacific it averages about two miles in breadth, reaching over six miles near its mouth. Engineers estimate that it carries off a volume of water but little, if any, less than the Mississippi. Its im-