

had been an infidel, that alone would compel me to say there is a God.

But on we go, passing through the bleak fields of the "queen's dominion," stopping for breakfast at London (not big London), then through the rolling hills and broad prairies, till finally, late in the night of the second day, we reach Chicago.

And indeed it is a great city with its lake frontage of twenty-two miles, fifty-eight miles on the river, and the distance between its northern and southern limit twenty-four miles, while at its broadest point it is ten and a half miles wide. But Chicago has labored hard to make the city what it is. For many years after it had become quite a flourishing town, the one invincible, universal, inevitable thing about the town was mud. The people were in despair since water will only run down hill, and part of the town was below the level of the lake.

The first effort at drainage was an experiment; in fact, many were the experiments, many were the failures; the whole prairie was at fault. At last people awoke to the fact that nothing could be of any permanent good short of raising the whole town. At once a high grade was established, to which all new buildings were required to conform. But this was not high enough; a higher one was ordered. Even this was not sufficient. A third raise was made, so that now the city stands nearly sixteen feet above the original prairie. Think of the task of lifting a city like this out of the mud and water high enough not only to make drainage possible, but perfect.

And then again, less than a quarter of a century ago Chicago lay a waste of smouldering ruin; and only about three years ago Jackson park was but a bleak swampy place. Today the whole world recognizes the transformation which converted the swamp into the "White City," the city of palaces such as mankind has never seen before.

But why dwell on Chicago and the great Fair? No pen, no tongue, can do it justice. I might speak of the woman's building, the naval exhibit, the lagoons and gondolas, the Midway Plaisance with its curious and canals, and the powerful electric search lights; but to be understood, to be appreciated, it all had to be seen. The days passed all too quickly and the great Exposition is a memory and we turn our faces westward—Manti City, Utah, being our destination. And while our journey was very pleasant, with the most jovial of traveling companions, yet we found ourselves weary and glad indeed when the trainmen shouted, "Colorado Springs, two hours for refreshments." While we had refreshed ourselves frequently as we came along, yet here was an opportunity for eating, and talking, and walking, and resting, and drinking, for two whole hours.

Colorado Springs lies for the most part on a wide plain, with level streets, yet it is only fifteen miles from the center of the springs to the summit of Pike's Peak, where, snow-capped, it lifts its mighty head as if in silent adoration of its maker. But is it not a curious fact that the springs from which this place takes its name are situated in Manitou, five or six miles distant west. The water of these springs have a world-wide reputation for their medicinal properties. The

climate is most invigorating and healthful—the air dry, and a blue sky with a continuous sunshine. I doubt not there are many other places in the Rockies just as fine; but Colorado Springs is the Saratoga of the west, and a name and reputation go a long way.

But on we go, climbing the mountains, with the scenery impressive and grand beyond description. The rocky depths, the towering heights, stretch far up towards the sky—as we pass along we go through many little hamlets and towns nestling in among the canyons of the mountains. From Colorado into Utah Territory, which we find so rich in its attractions and resources; the mountain and river systems are just grand; the elevated regions not only store the moisture to fertilize the adjacent low lands, but they contain the mines of gold and silver, lead and coal and other metals and minerals. God has done great things for Utah—in great natural resources, in the balm of its health-giving and invigorating climate, the wonders of its mountains, the sylvan beauties of its valleys; and notwithstanding the necessity of irrigation, crops of all kinds are plenty. A strong and fertile soil, an unclouded sky, a clear atmosphere, an equable climate, the cereals, fruits and vegetables, are of a very superior quality.

Spending a week with my brother, John C. Witbeck, and his family at Manti City, a week I shall never forget—such warm hearts, such kind welcomes as I met with on every hand—leaves a warm, warm memory which time cannot efface. Being a teacher myself, I was only too glad to accept an invitation to visit the public school at Manti, with Prof. A. C. Nelson at the head of it. Both in methods of teaching and plan of work this school is equal to any of its kind in any place, east or west. The building, a new one, is fine, well planned to do a good work in. I can easily comprehend how proud (and justly so, too) the people of Utah must be of their schools and school buildings. Go back in imagination forty years! Think of how these people in the "valleys of the mountains" have labored, early and late, oftentimes cold and hungry, willing to endure isolation and privation, to be ostracized, only with this one thought in view—to make "the desert blossom like the rose"—to build homes, to rear their families, to serve God. Honor, all honor, I say to the sincere in heart, and the honest in purpose!

From Manti we go to Sterling by carriage. Here we found dear friends expecting us, and a bountiful dinner awaiting us. So on to Gunnison, where a pleasant visit and a good night's rest found us refreshed for a drive through the crisp morning air to the sheep pens where "our boys" were looking after the sheep interests. From here to Juab, where again we found friends looking for our arrival; and after spending a night with them, we start for Nephi, where kindred (near and dear) were also awaiting our coming. We leave them reluctantly after a day in their pleasant homes and this time we take the "iron horse" instead of the carriage for Salt Lake City.

This city was not a disappointment, even in cheerless November, for it is most beautifully situated. It does indeed possess elements of beauty in such

variety and of such superior character as are found in few cities; and there clusters about this city matters of historic interest, which are peculiar to herself, and will long continue to be a source of interest to all classes of people. But I must hasten on—I can only speak of a few points in the city. It was my privilege to spend a Sunday there and to hear the Hon. George Q. Cannon speak in the great Tabernacle (which stands so unique in construction with its acoustic properties unequalled and its roof probably the largest span of unsupported wooden roof in the world); with its great organ containing 3000 pipes, and the scores and scores of singers that are gathered there, and there too in the dim light of the afternoon, I listened to the finest anthem I have ever heard sung. The Temple is a beautiful structure of Utah granite, while to the left the Assembly Hall, a building 120 feet long, and its central spire 126 feet in height. But is it not a pity that these really beautiful buildings should be surrounded by a high wall, which almost hides them from the sight of those who walk along the streets? My visit to the city postoffice was a very pleasant one—so perfect and complete are its details and appointments. No wonder Postmaster General Wadsworth during his visit there said it is one of the finest and best regulated offices in the United States. Mr. Nash, the city postmaster, is the right man in the right place. My brief call in the Tribune office, the DESERET NEWS, the Woman's Exponent, were all very pleasant; and last but not least, my introduction and a few minutes conversation with Governor West, whom President Cleveland, with more than his usual good sense, has returned to Utah for this his second term.

But time flies, and in the grey early morning of another day I bid adieu to the city with its beautiful Jordan valley, its Great Salt Lake—and take the Union Pacific road for my far-off home. My pen is too weak, I cannot describe my journey from Salt Lake City to Ogden, with the Lake in sight on the west, and the glorious Wasatch range, rising in majesty and grandeur to the east. I change cars at Ogden from which point on, the scenery is grand. Vast masses of perpendicular rocks, tinted richly with all hues of brown and purple, red and pink, with now and then a sprinkling of gray, lift up their mighty walls; it seemed to me that the rocks were old castles and fortifications or solid masses of masonry—while the bent, upheaved, and twisted ones only added greatly to their beauty.

As we pass on through Wyoming and Nebraska—with lunch time at Green River and Julesburg—the scenery changes into quiet valleys and fertile farms, and very early in the morning of the fifth day the land grows familiar and nearer our own home. And while our trip has been one of much pleasure and marked on every hand with kindness (true politeness) yet in the language of the poet we feel to exclaim—

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
Be it ever so humble
There is no place like home.

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