

giving life to a region that looks sterile; but gentle reader, that kind of settlers never fail, unless the surface soil is only three inches deep.

ON, ON TO GREEN RIVER;  
track nearly straight—mountains in the distance—gullies—queer shaped rocks—grassless plains baked by the torrid sun—a few trees along the river bottom. We seem to fly over the desolation—little stations with pretty name;—washes, where the cloud bursts play havoc with the roads in summer times a flood one minute, a drought the next. Green River is reached—stop off here over night and go on the next day. Splendid hotel—kept by a master hand with a helpmate that leaves nothing undone to make her guests comfortable.

Scene 6:—Green River passed—a faithful copy of the scenery on the west bank is reproduced on the east as far as Grand Junction. You are now in Colorado—and are now out of the limits where the United States has exclusive jurisdiction. The elevation is about the same as that of Salt Lake City. The region promises well for the agriculturist. It is located on the Grand River, near the mouth of the Gunnison.

Everything  
IN THE LINE OF FRUITS  
and vegetables that can be raised in Utah and Salt Lake Valleys can be raised here—at least the real estate agents say so, and that ought to be satisfactory.

Scene 7:—The road follows the Gunnison River—alkali soil—lucern patches—land under cultivation—farm houses—small towns. Montrose—the largest branch road from here to Ouray and Telluride—mountains in the distance, snow capped and imposing—steep climb to Cerro Summit, often covered with clouds—a very winding track, hard work to climb—beautiful road, bed, safe and well ballasted. Down, down, to Cimarron, on the river of same name. Fine place to stay off a few days. Best hunting and fishing on the road—plenty of hill climbing—road passes through very steep and rocky dingles, to its junction with the Gunnison. Fine rambles on foot—hotel here—good place to stay—have tried it, and paid my bill. This is a "D. H." notice.

Scene 8:—Black Cañon of the Gunnison—indescribable by night, almost so by day—must be seen to be appreciated—as the showman says.

One hardly knows which to admire most; the energy and pluck of the builders of a railroad through such a place, or the scenery itself. I have been in it when

FALLING ROCKS  
on every hand made it uncomfortable for pedestrians; and at another time when the surging river overflowed the track, but the train always got through. I hear of halfbreed escapes by those who had to be suspended in air while the rocks were being blasted to make a road bed, and of perilous escapes from drowning by those who had to keep the track from being washed away by floods. Safe bridges of costly build now span the river. The road is watched by day and night. Accidents in such a locality would be bad advertisements, but the more dangerous the harbors, the more skilled the pilots. Talk about sailors on the broad ocean, breasting the dangers of the deep; this is but a circumstance to the risks taken by the engineer and fireman of a train who, in the face of a howling storm, plunge into the deep recesses in the dark howling night in a cañon like the one under consideration. I regard such men as the embodiment of pluck; they go with their lives in their hands every time they start out.

DETAILS  
of height of rocks, are often incorrect. The Black Cañon is high enough for scenic purposes. Curran's Needle is a pointed rock about 1000 feet high. One thousand dollars is offered to the man who will put the American flag on the summit. I shall not get that money. Rocks, rivers and trees line our track to Gunnison, a city 8000 feet above sea level, full of bright prospects and empty houses. I do not wonder that people want to leave it and come to Salt Lake. It has the reputation of being the coldest city in Colorado. The tourist would do well to stay over night in the elegant hotel so as to go over the Marshall pass by daylight.

Scene 9:—Our route follows the Teurich River, as we climb towards the pass. The objects of interest are few and far between, but the climb is steady and never seems to grow less. Tortuous, twisting, winding, are terms that can be applied to the ascent from the west; but the road bed is of the best. The mountains have been heavily dug away so as to render the track safe from land and snow slides. Snow sheds are erected near the summit, which has an elevation of 10,857 feet above sea level.

THE AIR IS LIGHT  
for weak lungs; foot racing will never be popular here. In company with my traveling companion, N. A. Empey, I stopped off near the summit for the night. Everybody had gone to bed in the section, but urged by the conductor, we knocked at the door and found a pleasant welcome from the hostess—with apologies for not being well prepared. We were made very comfortable, enjoyed the sunrise effect in the morning, and watched the cloud formations as they were evolved by the rising sun. This is the place for sudden storms, high winds and weather phenomena. The forests of pines have been burnt, which robs the mountains of their beauty. Mount

Ouray looms up on the east of the pass and the Sangre de Cristo range, covered with snow, is seen away to the southwest. East of the pass other ranges outline the horizon. Down, down we go, the pilot engine in front,

WHIRLING AROUND  
rocky prominences, diving into valleys, and zigzagging from point to point until Salida is reached, on the Arkansas River. Dinner here—good place to stop at—junction of the Leadville line—quite a town—pretty location—land looks poor—hills well wooded.

The road follows the left bank of the Arkansas River. It has a rocky bed and cliffs on each side. The tree cactus found in southern Utah grows luxuriantly here. The general appearance of the soil is unfavorable to successful cultivation of large crops.

At Parkdale we take the observation car for the crowning object of wonder so well advertised by the D. & R. G.—the Grand Cañon of the Arkansas. The cars are crowded full of expectant sightseers from all parts of the globe. The speed of the train seems greater than ever. We are plunging into the gloomy recesses of towering walls of porphyry, that grow higher and higher as we are rushing along.

THE ROAD BED  
is close to the river. The wall rocks are almost within reach on the left side. The river is roaring its best, trying to rhyme with the hissing steam valve of the engine. Presently we reach the hanging bridge—we are at the Royal Gorge. The columnar rocks are said to be nearly 3000 feet high, and almost perpendicular. If I could have my way the train would stop here a few minutes, so that travelers could get the impressions of grandeur that fill the mind in such recesses of gigantic natural carving of the mighty rocks. No railroad in America can boast of another such a scene as can be enjoyed in this wonderful cañon.

The writer will be pardoned for naming a fact in connection with the present name of this place, The Royal Gorge. As early as 1871, he visited Cañon City, the terminus of the D. & R. G., and, ascending the mountain with a mule team to the edge of the precipice, being alone and awe stricken, he involuntarily exclaimed, "This is indeed a Royal Gorge." Having secured views from the edges of the cliffs, copies were sent on sale to Cañon City, and

THE NAME  
that now clings to it was given to the photo—this was before the enterprise of the railroad company made the road through the cañon.

When you leave the mountains the broad plains appear, the first objects being the Colorado State Prison, and Cañon City. A run of forty miles past groves of cottonwoods, oil wells and cultivated fields bring you to Pueblo. From here you can go south, east, or north, as numerous railroads converge here. A few houses yet remain of the former inhabitants of the place, the Mexicans, are seen, but like the buffalo and Indians, all are fast disappearing before that mighty host of conglomerate humanity that are crowding in and filling up the available and habitable spots all over the west.

We leave the Arkansas River and commence climbing north. The Rocky Mountains are on the left, the limitless plains on our right. The land and cattle both look poor; in places patches of lucern relieve the dull look of the dried up vegetation, reminding one of the couplet

East or west,  
Home is best.

Very little of interest to strangers except the distant view of Pike's Peak is seen until Colorado Springs is reached. A few days should be spent here. Cheyenne Cañon, Manitou, The Garden of the Gods, Glen Eyrie and Monument Park, are delightful spots to visit, while Pike's Peak crowns all the objects with its overpowering grandeur.

I will not attempt descriptions of towns. Bricks and mortar are alike everywhere. Suffice it to say that this is an exceptional place, being free from whisky saloons and beer shops. Possibly old toppers may be frightened off, but the death rate is less here than other places, so they can come with impunity, and get away with less risk. Notwithstanding the

SELF DENIAL

the inhabitants are required to practice they all look well and happy. The streets are clean and free from rocks; shade trees line the sidewalks. Quiet comfortable homes are spread out somewhat after the style of Salt Lake City. The squares left for breathing spots are neatly laid out. My companion and self thought it would do our city fathers good to bring them down here and let them take notes, so that our squares may be converted into resting places and made pleasant to the eye, instead of being rookeries for the amusement of children. I am a taxpayer and have a right to suggest. If I remember rightly, Ogden has gone ahead of the metropolis, Lester Park being what it ought to be, and ahead of our city.

Mr. Editor, please do not cut this out. It has

GROWN FASHIONABLE

to peck at our city officials, and I do not want to be behind in any good work.

There is very little of unusual interest on the road from Colorado Springs to Denver. Palm Lake is a beautiful sheet of water. The most attractive and honest lunch room on the road is located here. The approach to Denver is soon realized by seeing huge workshops, factories, foundries, railroad

shops and other evidences of enterprise on every hand. Newspaper men claim a population of 90,000 people. Evidences of vim and go-aheadiveness are apparent on all sides. The real estate racket is worked to perfection here. A location is fixed upon, a pretty name given to it, a few good houses are built, a street car line run to it; it is chopped up into lots; everybody is invited to buy. Great promises of future value are attached to every lot, and investors are invited to come and see the grand opportunities. They are coaxed, invited, treated, brought on free, herded, feted, and then they

CATCH ON

and go home to their eastern friends prospective millionaires.

We are too slow in Zion. We are not progressive. This new industry of booming is in able hands in Denver, and they work it right. Possibly I may be talking too fast, and have failed to see the alkali flats over Jordan, and north of the city, represented on paper as the Garden of Eden of the west. If so, this is the Alpha of our booming enterprise.

To me Denver looks like Chicago. It is the most cosmopolitan city in the west. Everybody likes it, the people are hospitable, and all are alive. Mammoth hotels, colossal stores, well laid out streets, and all that goes to make up a live city. Every newspaper gives the city a good name. The future existence of Denver depends upon the maintenance of the processes now in vogue. There is one very serious drawback, and that is the absence of good agricultural land in and around Denver. There are

SOME GOOD SPOTS,

but our valleys always come out ahead by comparison with any part of northern Colorado.

No one can write up Denver in a brief newspaper article. It will pay any person to visit this city, whose founder still lives, this marvel of the plains. A creation of yesterday. The largest city of its age in America. A few days can be pleasantly spent, and without much cost.

Leaving Denver via the U. P., Grey's and Long's Peaks are seen on our left; the country is smooth and open. We pass Greeley and Evans, two towns on the South Platte. This is the locality modeled after our system of irrigation in Utah, and it looks like a thrifty well-to-do farming country. They boast that their potatoes are nearly equal to ours, but I doubt if the soil is as rich.

Cheyenne, called the Magic City of the Plains, has a fine depot building. It is full of ambitious and enterprising men. A railroad from here runs out toward Fort Laramie, well remembered by old settlers, and on to Douglas on the C. & N. M. Railroad, running parallel with the North Platte River—north of the old emigrant road.

The climb to Sherman on the mountain top could be realized better if a bluff was near that reached to the level of the sea. It would be a steep wall, nearly

ONE AND A HALF MILES IN HEIGHT.

It is the main artery of the continent, the iron bands over the continental ridge. At one time it was a wonder, but it has been outdone by the D. & R. G. as to elevation. It is a good place to stop at for a day or so. Trout fishing is good in Dale Creek. The queer shaped rocks to the north are always interesting. The Ames monument crowns the highest point, while Dale Creek bridge is the highest one on the transcontinental line.

There is an immense business done on the U. P. A stop in Sherman reveals the fact that one continuous stream of commerce is passing it night and day, going east and west. Their freight engines at this point are simply Leviathans, big, snorting monsters, spouting fire and steam, through clouds and storms that hold undisputed sway in this elevation.

Among the cities that grow on the line of the Union Pacific, Laramie takes the front rank. Factories and manufacturing interests are receiving a big share of attention. The citizens seem determined to have a metropolis if hard work will do it.

At other points excepting Rock Springs and Evanston

LITTLE PROGRESS

can be observed. But the West is filling up north and south, and a few years more will see a large population in the valleys of Wyoming that are now considered unavailable. The vast coal deposits of Bitter Creek valley are veritable gold mines to the railroad and a comfort to the residents of the treeless plains of Nebraska. The quantity of black diamonds hauled East is simply immense.

Down Echo Cañon, and on to Ogden brings us back again to our lovely valley. And in conclusion I bear my testimony that the whole trip of about 1400 miles does not reveal a scene of natural loveliness that can compare with the pictures, formed on the eastern borders of our inland sea.

C. R. SAVAGE.

Wichita, Kas., May 26.—W. H. Copeland, a prominent young attorney, attempted suicide this afternoon, cutting five gashes in his throat, and is dying. He came to Wichita about three months ago from Washington, D. C., where he had for some time been employed in the Treasury Department as a clerk. Despondency from the loss of his position, as well as sickness, no doubt led to the rash act.

## Crops at Plain City.

Charles Neal, Esq., of Plain City, Weber County, reports crops of lucern, grain and potatoes looking very well in that vicinity. Of the fruit crop, apples, pears and plums—the indications are favorable for a very heavy yield. Peaches were mostly destroyed by late frosts. Raspberries will be about half a crop. The estimated shortage on strawberries in Plain City and vicinity is 25,000 quarts compared with last year. Other small fruits will be heavy. This is a large fruit section. The first crop of lucern is now being cut.

## Pleasant Grove Points.

A bouncing baby girl of 10½ pounds was born to Mr. and Mrs. Douglas M. Todd of Pleasant Grove Saturday morning. All doing well, and Grandma Driggs correspondingly happy.

Pleasant Grove is abundantly blessed with fruits this season, and large multitudes of luscious strawberries are already in the market.

The Wardley vineyard is thought to yield about 25 tons of grapes this year.

The town is prosperous generally, notwithstanding water rights are curtailed this summer.

May 28.

BUCKEYE, JR.

## Two Accidents!

A 12-year old son of Arthur Porter, of Willard, met with a serious accident yesterday while riding a horse from the field; the boy was thrown from the back of the horse and caught his foot in the harness; he was dragged some distance and very badly bruised. The horse trotted on the little finger of the right hand, tearing the flesh off completely and necessitating amputation of the member at the second joint. He was otherwise badly bruised and cut. He was brought to Ogden in a buggy, and Dr. J. X. Allen amputated the little finger and dressed his wounds, making him as easy as possible. Mr. Porter returned home with the boy last evening.

Last evening, Edgar M. Hadley, a son of Prof. Thomas Hadley of this city, was playing with a barn door when he got the forefinger of the right hand caught in the door, tearing the flesh and the nail off. Mr. Hadley picked up the nail with the flesh attached and took it with the boy to Dr. J. X. Allen, who wrapped the severed portion in its place, and bound it with plaster. The Dr. feels sanguine that it will grow there again, though separated for fully half an hour.—Ogden Standard, May 30, 1888.

## Concerning Utah Lake.

The following communication was written by Israel Evans, Esq., of Lehi:

Editor Deseret News:

I see in a communication signed "Millpond" an assertion that the water of Utah Lake has been appropriated. There is a bar at the head of Jordan River about 300 or 400 yards wide, which, if dredged, with two or three other places in Jordan, or by laying a pipe or main low enough at the head of the river, would draw from the lake in addition to what now comes, an amount of water equal in bulk to 25 miles long and 8 miles wide—area 200 square miles—two or more feet deep, which would fill a reservoir of 10 square miles 49 feet deep. This vast amount of water is yet unappropriated, or used, and can be drawn off during the dry months of the year; and, by proper management at the dam near the point of the mountain, could be replaced during the winter with water which would otherwise run to waste every year. This amount of water in addition to what the lake now furnishes, would certainly create a supply sufficient for the wants of Salt Lake County and City for ages to come. All this work can be done under the compromise point or level established by the High Council at Provo a few years ago.

## Northern Notes.

Scott & Leonard, from Wyoming, purchased about 500 head of yearlings last week, and drove them through Emigration Cañon.

Ike Tunks was arrested May 17th on the charge of seduction, on the complaint of John Meyer, of Ovid, the father of the injured girl. Tunks is a married man.

Bishop Wm. West was arrested at Paris, May 21st, on the charge of unlawful cohabitation and bound over to appear before the U. S. Court at Blackfoot next month.

Politics is all the rage at present. Last week meetings were held in every voting precinct, and stirring speeches delivered on the political situation. A thorough organization was also effected in nearly every settlement in the interests of the Independent party.

An accident occurred near Nuphar, on the O. S. L. last week, by which a young man named Tuples, from Garden City, lost his team, harness and wagon. It seems Tuples had just bought a new wagon, and was hauling out a load of potatoes to help pay for it. In crossing the railroad track one of the horses backed and a train came suddenly around the curve, leaving the driver scarcely time to get out of the way, when it struck the front part of the wagon, breaking it to splinters, killed both horses and tore the harness to shreds.—Southern Idaho Independent, May 25.


## The Labelle Tragedy.

The Eagle Rock Register gives the following additional particulars of the double murder and suicide, committed by George Perkins, at Labelle, Idaho, on Wednesday, May 23, of which brief mention has been made:

Several years ago Perkins took up a homestead in Utah, and before proving up on it abandoned it and came to this part of the country, where he took up another one. After a year or two he began to think he might get found out, and wrote to a brother-in-law, his wife's brother, named Chas. Talbot who was then living near Cottonwood Cañon, Utah, asking him to come up and pre-empt the land and he would put in all the improvements and they would divide it. Talbot came up a few months ago, and from that time everything has seemed to go wrong. Several weeks ago Perkins and his wife parted but he was in the habit of visiting the place frequently and about as often having a quarrel. Talbot and his family, consisting of a wife and five children were living on the place, and Perkins was there a portion of the time, sometimes stopping at a cabin about a mile away. On Sunday night Perkins came and was talking to Mrs. Talbot; he showed her a revolver, saying he was going to kill all of them; she remonstrated with him, asking if he would kill her. "Yes, then all the trouble would be over." She finally got the revolver away from him and he went away. On Wednesday he borrowed a shot gun of a Mrs. Scott, saying he was going to kill a couple of geese and would give her one. When he arrived at the house the family were eating supper; Talbot looked up and said, "Hello George, have some supper?" He answered, "No," and raising the gun said, "Look out," and fired. The shot struck Talbot in the forehead, killing him instantly. As the murderer raised the gun, Mrs. Perkins jumped past him through the house. As soon as he fired the shot at Talbot he ran after her nearly overtaking her and fired, the charge striking her in the back. Mrs. Talbot and two or three of her children were running down the road by this time screaming murder. He then went to where his wife lay dead and, sitting down beside her, he crossed his feet, placed the muzzle of the gun over his heart and reaching with his left hand pushed the trigger, and fell over on his back dead.

Among his effects was found a will dated May 22, the day before, stating what he intended to do, and leaving all his effects to his sister in Salt Lake City. His entire effects, however, will no more than pay his debts.

## ESTRAY NOTICE.

I HAVE IN MY POSSESSION:  
One red and white line-backed HEIFER, brand on the left hip resembling  no ear mark.  
If not claimed and taken away within ten days, will be sold at public auction to the highest cash bidder, at Charleston estray pound, at 2 o'clock p.m., June 6th.  
PHILIP EDWARDS,  
Precinct Poundkeeper.  
Charleston, Wasatch Co., May 28, 1888.

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Farmers can do odd jobs, saving time and money. Anvils, Vises, &c., &c.

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