

must once have been a spectacle of grandeur and awe, altogether beyond the descriptive power of the imagination of mortal man. The volcano seems to have been possessed of a throat inclined a few degrees out of the vertical and ranging northerly as it approached the sphere of the god of day; for the greater part of the lava and scoria, though everywhere most abundant, is on the north side, where there is a road connecting this place with Market Lake on the Union Pacific.

Having called it a road I will let it remain so; but of all the byways that ever assailed the disposition of moral men to refrain from profanity, this one certainly approaches most nearly to success. It is not a terra incognita, nor could it properly be called terra firma; for, so far from disguising itself in any way, it not only unfolds itself in plain terms at every step but gives one no cause to be deceived as to what is coming, and in places and for stretches is not at all unyielding; in fact, a very light vehicle will sink so far into the mellow soil that a correspondingly light team has a hard time getting it out. It is good for neither man nor beast, and all hands hereabout are longing for the day when it will be girdled with ribs of steel and that familiarity with it which has bred something worse than contempt will gradually have an existence only in the legendary lore of the time and place. Hurry along the glad day!

Penetrating a great portion of this forbidding landscape is one of those monster canals for irrigating purposes which are only met with in the w. and w. West. It taps Snake river and has a not very uneven path down to and beyond Market Lake, where the water overspreads countless acres and makes its beneficent influences felt in crops of grain the like of which have no parallel and I believe never have had one. It is no fancy statement that is made when I say that more than one patch of soil hereabout has yielded as many bushels above a hundred to the acre as some other places can boast of altogether. Fifteen bushels are considered a fair average in most localities; twenty are good and twenty-five very good, and this applies to the country at large. Why, in this part of Idaho at least, one man and perhaps a dozen of them have been rewarded with crops of wheat running up to 100, 110 and even 120 bushels to the acre in places, while forty and forty-five are not at all an uncommon average. Think of this you poverty-stricken and yet able-bodied and capable men who are now hanging on to a mere existence in the cities and large towns of more advanced civilization, and contemplate for a moment at least to what extent you are wasting your precious time and God-given faculties! There are soil and water enough for ten times as many as are here with a hearty welcome in addition, and yet you will let day after day which brings to you no substantial returns pass forever from your control and mingle with the past with nothing added to your store, and no new hope brought forth with the rising of the sun. There are no banks in this part of the country and money is not at all abundant; but everybody that has been here for any

length of time and has any "get up" to him has a living in plain view, and it is not a living for a short time either. This is a substantial country and what is acquired is also substantial—likely to stay. It is beautiful in this way, but not like the line of the opera, too beautiful to last.

The paternal hand of President T. E. Ricks is plainly visible in the splendid foundation for a great community, and the general prosperity everywhere manifest. Locating here eleven years ago, when nature unbroken held sway, a beginning was made, and one of the most prosperous communities of this or any other commonwealth bears witness to the fact that the work was well done. Brother Ricks is a Kentucky Democrat; to many this will seem almost as cumulative a sentence as "boiling hot water" or "cold frozen ice," Kentucky being the land where Democrats vegetate as naturally as sagebrush on the dry but fertile soil of our western plains; but while in earnest for the success of his party and desiring the defeat of the others, he is by no means an offensive partisan. On the contrary, he enjoys and desires the respect and confidence of people of all shades of opinion, and is the friend, and, if desired, safe counselor, of any deserving man whether of his religious or political faith or not. He is decidedly the right man in the right place, whether considered as president of the Bannock Stake of Zion, member of the Democratic county committee, or an all-round citizen; and the general desire is that he may live long and prosper.

The political caldron, so far gently simmering, threatens to break into a violent stage of boiling at once. The county conventions will all be held within two or three weeks, that of the Democrats on the 22nd, and after this not even the rapidly lowering temperature will be able to overcome or even modify the heated political atmosphere. At least every other man is a candidate for something or other and naturally there will be a good many disappointments, most of them over the action of the conventions, followed by a keener sense of dissatisfaction on the part of just two-thirds of the candidates over the decision of the people at the polls, whatever that may happen to be. At this time the Republican candidates before the convention for sheriff number just eighteen, but then it is early in the day and the returns may not all be in. Whether or not any more shall announce themselves, it is well understood that the uncrowned Barkises would make quite a respectable army in point of numbers, going to show that there is much confidence in the success of the Republicans as relates to that office anyway, as only three Democrats have so far declared themselves as wanting to make the race. As previously stated, nothing is more uncertain; the Democrats have of late been on the aggressive and have jostled the tables if not actually turned them, which policy is to be pursued to the close. As it stands it is anybody's fight, and it may be that each of the three parties will have representation in the winning pools. From what I have been able to see and hear in the different parts of the county the chances would seem to

slightly favor the Democrats just now; but the contingent of independent voters is unquestionably large and everything depends on their action, their action in turn depending largely upon the amount of kind of work done by the different organizations. It will be a hot fight for a fact.

It now occurs to me that the limit of my space is exhausted, leaving mention of the gold production on Snake river still a matter of the hereafter. No matter; unlike some other things, it will keep. S. A. K.

### LARGEST SUNDAY SCHOOL.

STOCKPORT, England, Aug. 23, 1894. —On Sunday, August 19, I visited the Stockport Sunday school, said to be the largest not only in England but in the world. Wending my way to the direction pointed out, I soon approached the spot. The first sight of the building impressed my mind that it was a mile of some kind; upon inquiry, however, I elicited the information that it was the noted edifice I was in search of. Being directed to the proper entrance I was soon ushered into the committee room and introduced to W. B. Leigh Esq., the general secretary, who I learned, nearly two years ago, at his father's demise, had succeeded him in that prominent position. This gentleman took pleasure in showing me through the building, and furnished full information concerning the working of the school. We spent two hours together. The building contains four stories and is situated in an elevated position on Wellington street. There are nearly 100 rooms in it. The main room or hall will probably seat over 2,000 people, and is used for jubilees, anniversaries, Sunday evening service (once a month), and for other purposes. For adult male and female classes there are two main and ten class rooms; for first and second classes the same number of rooms. On the first floor there are nine rooms for boys and, on the second floor, ten rooms for girls; three libraries, one tract room (where tracts and a few cheap books are sold), one committee room, one inspector's room, one librarian's room and one for the porter. At present there are fifty-seven classes in the school. The general library contains 2,500 books, the teachers' library 3,000, and the first and second class library 2,900. The latter is composed mostly of magazines. On the walls of the committee room can be seen elegant oil paintings and photo-engravings of distinguished men who have taken a very active part in the school, some of whom were in service for half a century or more. Prominent amongst the oil paintings is Mr. Joseph Mayer, who was connected with the school from 1790 until his death, January 23, 1857.

Attached to the school is a small building erected expressly for an infant department, to which all under five years of age are admitted. About 200 names are enrolled.

The sanitary arrangements are the most complete to be found in any portion of England. During the time school is in session, apparatus is in working order which takes off (by water) every fifteen minutes all impure matter. It is built of glazed