

change, and such is the sense of freedom one feels, that we cannot resist a moonlight walk, before curling up on the uncomfortable car seats to take a nap. Day dawns finally, and all the

GLORIES OF SKY

and landscape are accordingly enhanced. While the train is getting ready to start, we take a stroll to survey the City of Alamosa. One glance takes it all in. There is nothing "Mormon" about it. It resembles all other Gentile railroad towns. To the right, a smoky round house; to the left, a saloon, a billiard hall, a drug shop, a store. These form a nucleus. Tenement houses—places to linger in—now crowd as closely around this nucleus, tapering off in size as they radiate from the center. Then appear here and there a few lumber and adobe shanties like straggling satellites revolving at lonely distances. A signboard notifies the enquiring tourist that he is now on State Avenue—a happy bit of information! Three minutes walk up the avenue brings us to where the rabbits still court, marry and raise prolific families in undisturbed felicity. State Avenue! We smile inwardly—and

OUTWARDLY TOO.

We cannot help but contrast the birth and development of a "Mormon" and a "Gentile" town. In the case of the former, a sturdy colony of honest farmers, with hard hands and rugged virtues, appear in covered wagons, "quat" down in the sagebrush, and build their first rude log or adobe huts according to that splendid Gospel rule of architecture: "Give us room that we may dwell." A year elapses and the outlines of a town faintly come into view. The cow-herd and the farmer's wagon have marked the streets. Fences and straw-stacks are prominent features. Shade trees bend to the wind along the sidewalks, and green patches surrounding the houses mark embryo gardens and orchards. Ten years later a picture of uniform comfort and prosperity spreads out before the eye of the visitor. The small log huts are hidden behind commodious and pleasant-looking dwellings of brick, lumber or stone. The air is laden with the fragrance of

BLOOMING ORCHARDS.

That peace and contentment which can only come from the possession of a home seems to pervade the community. None are very rich, none very poor, all seem to be prosperous; all have to work, for it is a part of their religion that there shall be no drones. Such is the history of a "Mormon" settlement.

Not so with the Gentile town. Here driving parks, squares, college grounds, theatres, public buildings, avenues and boulevards are constructed first—on paper. The actual growth of the town is as we have outlined, and at the end of a decade the extremes of riches and poverty meet. Nor is this strange when we consider that the underlying principle of its growth is speculation. A few men get control of all the real estate, put up houses to rent, or sell their neighbors lots with twenty or thirty feet front at fabulous prices. In the course of a few years, palatial mansions are built, and fine carriages, gold-headed canes, and hot-house politicians ornament the city. Then comes along some howling Bennett or Baskin, who, seeing only the glittering side, bewails in moaning accents the "priestly domination" that keeps "Mormon" towns from a like prosperity (?) and forthwith turns loose with tongue and pen to "Americanize" (?) the "Mormons." How like the braying of a donkey—all sound—is such talk in the face of the fact that for every prince in such towns or cities there are a

THOUSAND BEGGARS!

But to return to our subject. As the train speeds southward to the "Mormon" part of the valley, all eyes are open, feasting on the new and delightfully strange scenery.

"How far do you think it is to that mountain?" asks an old settler, pointing to San Antonio, which rises majestically alone, several thousand feet above the plateau, in the southern end of the valley.

"Oh, about fifteen miles, I judge," says one.

"Fifteen miles! why 'tain't more than ten, if I'm any judge," puts in another.

"I don't believe it's that far," ventures a third.

The old settler smiles complacently, until the disputants become anxious to know who is right, when he quietly informs them that it is over seventy-five miles. "Then you ought to have seen 'em stare." He then proceeds to relate a number of amusing anecdotes bearing on the subject, one of which will bear repeating here.

It seems that an old English gentleman of a benevolent turn of mind, chanced to stop off at one of the stations in the valley, and while walking to and fro

ADMIRING THE LANDSCAPE

accosted a young bootblack, thrust "Say, Bubby, will you tell me how far it is to that mountain?"

"Sixteen miles, sir," answered the boy promptly, which was true.

A look of pain came over the old gentleman's face, and he was heard to mutter as he turned away: "It beats all, it beats all. They learn to lie as young here as they do in our country."

Peculiar though it may seem, it is

nevertheless a fact, that distances are so deceptive that it is doubtful if any one ever yet guessed even approximately how far it was to any given point, on first entering the valley. The explanation of this phenomenon is to be found in two facts: (1) The plateau is so level that very little of the intervening ground to any prominent point is visible, thus making the object appear to rise from ground much nearer than it really does; (2) The plateau being 7,500 feet above sea level, the air is so perfectly clear that perspective is to a certain extent lost. No blue mist envelops any object. The configuration of a mountain fifty miles away is almost as distinct as that of one ten miles distant. It is claimed by scientists that without an atmosphere there would be absolutely no perspective; it follows therefore that the rarer the atmosphere, the less marked will be the perspective, which seems to be true of San Luis Valley.

If my readers are now prepared to take a look at the country in its entirety, we will ascend quite an eminence south of Maussa, the principal Latter-day Saint settlement in the valley. We look first to the east; against the blue sky is traced, in a zig zag out line, the crest of a massive range of mountains, clad in snow almost from base to summit. Why the Mexicans should have called their Sangre de Christo (blood of Christ), we are unable to conjecture. They form the eastern fortress of the valley, and curve in an easterly direction. Two hundred miles north and one hundred miles south they are

DISTINCTLY VISIBLE.

The only apparent gateway from the east is at Veta Pass, in about the center of the curve. Immediately on the north, like a massive gatepost, rises Mont Blanco (White mountain) 14,000 feet high. This without doubt is the watch tower of the highest habitable plateau of North America. This range of mountains is not unlike the Wahsatch in some respects. It rises very abruptly to half its height, and then recedes into many a fold of rich drapery, as hill overlaps hill. These mountains are mostly covered by timber, which is evidently difficult of access, though not necessarily more so than in our own mountains. We now turn to the west. Here also we see a continuous range of mountains—the Saquache—but presenting quite a different aspect to the eastern range. They are not dressed so continuously in a mantle of white, neither are they so high. The eastern ascent, too, is so gradual that, judging from our standpoint, a team can draw a wagon anywhere, nor would a lock or chain hardly be necessary. Here for miles and miles up the slanting sides of the mountain, grow heavy forests of pine, fir and spruce—a veritable

SAWYER'S PARADISE.

Some of the trees grow over three feet in diameter, and are so easy of access that, be the wagon strong enough, a single team can haul to town (twelve miles), from 1,000 to 1,800 feet. Lumber now sells here for about \$12 per thousand.

The Saugre de Christo and Saquache ranges join with a sharp angle, in the north, and gradually diverge toward the south. The southern part of the valley is open, or broken only by rolling hills.

Having described its borders, we are now prepared to look at the valley itself. It is 200 miles long and about 60 miles wide at its widest point. The southern half is exactly divided by a small range of mountains like the Oquirrh, running south and north. The eastern half thus made is drained by the Rio Grande proper, the western, by a number of its tributaries, the chief of which is the conejos. As our people live exclusively in this western half, we shall devote our time especially to that. But before leaving our point of observation, we may as well see how things look. We notice.

THREE CLASSES

of land, the bottoms along the streams—thousands of acres—covered by wild hay, with gnarled quaking asp interspersed; vast tracts of level farming land, covered by rabbit-brush and extensive mesas, having a mottled appearance, caused by small mounds, and covered with grama grass, an excellent pasturage for animals all the year around.

A great many streams, all that we are interested in, flow from the western range. The chief of these is the Rio Grande del Norte (the great river of the north) which enter about midway of the valley. Two canals belonging to the stock company before named, tap this river at its mouth, one skirting the western range north for fifty miles, the other running south-east, half that distance, to the northern point of the small range of mountains dividing the valley.

It is a matter of congratulation that our people are safely located outside the land enclosed by these two anacondas, for unless human nature changes, it is safe to predict that they will squeeze to death and swallow up everything growing within their folds.

THE CONEJOS RIVER.

from which the people get their water, rises also in the western range, a few miles south of our point of observation. Five miles below its mouth, it divides itself into two streams, the one running north and the other south of the clump of hills on which we stand. These streams then join again below, making a somewhat elevated island in the centre

of the valley. It is this northern branch which holds about as much water as Provo River, that the canals of our people tap. They have as yet by no means taxed the capacity of the stream. In fact, those acquainted with the circumstances declare that our people hold the key to land and water that will readily support 100,000 people. Before leaving our eminence, it may be well to take note of the improvements made by man. Now for the first time the fact impresses us that the valley is almost naked. The settlements are mere nuclei at magnificent distances from each other. Fifty miles to the northwest is located Del Norte, at the mouth of the Rio Grande. Farther down this stream in the centre of the valley, is Alamosa. From this point the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad divides the valley by a straight line to its southern extremity. Thirty miles south of Alamosa, and that way to the western range nestles the little town of

LA JARA

on a stream of the same name. South and west of us, on the southern branch of the Conejos, are quite a number of Mexican ranches and pueblos. Finally, immediately in front of us on the north, and within a radius of fifteen miles, are to be seen the most progressive of all the towns in the valley, the "Mormon" settlements.

Below us and three miles to the north lies, in all the spaciousness of Gospel design, the young town of Maussa, with its fine steam grist mill and its hundred neat lumber houses, surrounded by patches of green lucern. Four miles further north is Ephraim, and about five miles northwest of this place is Richfield, within one mile of La Jara station. These towns were unfortunately located on very low ground so that it has become necessary to abandon them. They will accordingly both be merged into the new town of Sanford, now located on a bench between the two, a most magnificent town site. All around these locations are seen the usual improvements of farming and meadow land, while on the adjacent mesas roam herds of cattle and horses. But I can't tell it all at once, so am constrained to write another letter, in which I shall give some facts and figures that will be interesting to those who contemplate pulling up stakes and seeking elsewhere for homes and farms. N. L. N.

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CHARLES AUER, Salt Lake City, Utah, April 6th, 1887. alt w30d

LEGAL NOTICE.

In the Probate Court, in and for Iron County, Utah Territory.

EMMA S. BESS, Plaintiff, vs. WILLIAM H. BESS, Defendant.

The people of the Territory of Utah, send greeting to William H. Bess, defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED TO appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff, in the Probate Court, of the County of Iron, Utah Territory, to answer the complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of summons, if served within this county, or if served out of this county, but in this Second Judicial District, within twenty days, otherwise within forty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree from this court, dissolving the marriage contract existing between said plaintiff and you, on the ground of willful desertion of plaintiff, and willful neglect to provide for herself and three children for several years past. That said defendant is an habitual drunkard, and at times very abusive, and plaintiff prays for the care and custody of the minor children; also for general relief as will more fully appear in the petition on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear, and answer the said petition or complaint as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to this court for the relief prayed for.

Witness the Hon. William C. McGregor, Judge, and the seal of the Probate Court, of Iron County, Territory of Utah, this twenty-fourth day of February, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and eighty-seven. WILLIAM DAVENPORT, Clerk of the Probate Court, of said county. w1w

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