

sively raised, and nearly all the farmers raise what they want to smoke or chew, as though it were so much cabbage.

About the latter part of October Elder Andrew N. Holdaway, of Provo, and myself, came to labor in this city. We have distributed tracts in a systematic manner, going from house to house. We have made it a point to call upon ministers and offer them the Voice of Warning to read, and so far we find the policy a good one. Our reception has been rather cool, although we get a "warm" one occasionally. However, once in a while we find some honest-hearted person seeking for truth, so we feel that our labors are going to bear good fruit.

This is a beautiful little city and reminds me more of our own Mormon capital than any city I have visited in the South, although it has a population of only 15,000. Situated on the banks of the Ohio river, 160 miles above Cincinnati, and permeated by the Ohio River railroad, and the Chesapeake and Ohio railway, its commercial facilities are very good. The latter named road is one of the best in the United States, and has the finest road bed I ever saw, while the rolling stock is first class. The road is controlled by the Vanderbilts, I am told. I recently took a trip to Richmond, Va., via this route, and I noticed that their passenger coaches are lighted by electricity. Huntington is composed principally of working men, the C. & O. railway shops employing at the present time over seven hundred men. Then there is the Engine Manufacturing company, a large glass factory, saw mills, handle and cork factory, and numerous clothing houses, which give employment to hundreds of people. The streets are one hundred feet wide, and in the business part are paved with a very hard paving brick. Then there is a good system of electric cars, uniformed police, about three fire departments, and an excellent system of free mail delivery. The waterworks and sewer system are first class. The water is taken from the Ohio river.

They are having a big union revival in the opera house here at present, and have an imported evangelist to call them to repentance.

If this article meets the eyes of any of my friends or acquaintances, in the missionary field or elsewhere, I shall be pleased to hear from them. My address is P. O. box 432, Huntington, West Virginia.

The News comes regularly, and is highly appreciated.

Yours for the cause of truth,  
HUGH W. DOUGALL.

### NATURE'S WONDERS.

W. T. Sawyer, whose graphic description of Jackson's park in Western Wyoming was recently published in the Denver News, is receiving many letters from persons desiring to know more of the wonderful region. The peaceful valley in which the Cripple Creek men and their friends have established themselves, presents a highly interesting field for exploration.

The canyon of the Gros Ventre Mountains is one of the wonders of that region. The canyon is a great chasm between walls of granite 5,000 feet high. Mountain streams fed from

the regions of eternal snow, plunge over the walls of the canyon and disappear in its shadowy depths, striking the surface of the stream below as mist. A glacier which the exploring party measured and found to be fifty-nine feet thick, projects from a table-like mesa above timber line, on the side of Mount Sawyer. The glacier moves constantly forward, impelled by an irresistible power from behind, grinding huge rocks to powder in its path and giving forth sounds that re-echo through the vast solitudes like the heavy detonations of cannon. As the blocks of ice break off from the larger mass, on account of their weight, they shoot downward thousands of feet through the air and strike the surface of the lake with a splash and a plunge which throws the water into the wildest commotion. The dropping of these huge masses of ice was a never ceasing source of interest to the party that found itself confronted by so many strange freaks of nature. Sawyer mountain is a vast dome of granite with trachite peaks, extending 1,500 or 2,000 feet above the highest mesa. Two sides of the mountain are so steep that even the hardy pine tree cannot find a place for its roots.

"Tejon" Jackson, after whom the valley is named, was for years a noted character of Wyoming and Idaho. In the safe seclusion of "Jackson's Hole" he found shelter after deeds of robbery and oft times of murder, that were not excused in boldness of execution by any frontier bandit of the early days. Jackson knew every mountain trail leading into the valley and for ten years he successfully robbed stage coaches, terrorized the small mining settlements for 300 miles in all directions and lived like a robber king off his ill-gotten booty. About ten years ago the bandits were scattered and the leader was sent to Wyoming penitentiary. After his departure, the valley was seldom disturbed by the foot of white man until the Colorado party appeared.

Although the party searched the country thoroughly, they failed to locate any unusually rich placers from which a fortune, such as that ascribed to Dorian, could have been collected. Experience showed that with ordinary perseverance a miner could pan out \$4 to \$5 a day from the sands of the river. The experts located several good ledges which gave evidences of containing free milling gold in paying quantities. There is no doubt in the mind of Mr. Sawyer that the valley will show a number of rich mining claims.

At the new settlement a government land office has been established and the settlers have made a number of land entries. Moses Pettigrew, formerly county attorney at Sundance, Wyo., is authorized to act as United States commissioner and recently entered on the duties of his office.

In their explorations the adventurers came across two Mormon Elders who had settled in the southern part of the valley and were prospering wonderfully, although many hundreds of miles from their friends. One of the Mormons pointed out a wheat field which yielded last summer at the rate of sixty-eight bushels to the acre.

It is proposed by the settlers to establish an elk ranch and hold live elk for

sale to the millionaires who visit Yellowstone park. The elk is a guileless animal and walks into a trap without the slightest suspicion. To catch the noble animal, a pen of logs is built two or twelve feet high, the top being left open. At one side of the pen is erected an inclined walk leading upward. Several armfuls of hay are thrown into the pen and the trap is ready for its victim. The elk walk to the top of the incline, jump over into the pen and are henceforth the property of the white man.

This valley is a favorite resort in winter of the buffalo of Yellowstone park, and during the months of January and February hundreds of buffalo may be seen reclining on the sunny slopes or grazing on the dry grass.

### HOME FROM THE EAST.

Wednesday's 1:20 Rio Grande Western train from the East brought home two well-known Utonians, Hon. F. J. Cannon, delegate-elect to Congress from Utah and Judge Colburn, secretary of the Salt Lake Chamber of Commerce.

Mr. Cannon, as has been known for some time, went to New York, after the adjournment of the Trans-Mississippi congress at St. Louis to the interest of the Utah company of which he is a member of the executive committee. He was accompanied to Guthrie by Colonel N. W. Clayton and returned with that gentleman as far as Chicago where he remained over a day or two. In response to the question as to how successful he had been in his negotiations, Mr. Cannon said that while he was not in a position to discuss matters in detail he could say that the prospects for the Utah Company and for the Pioneer Power company at Ogden also seemed bright and promising.

It might be that he could speak more definitely within the next few days. Mr. Cannon continued on directly to his home in Ogden but will be in the capital on business tomorrow.

Judge Colburn said: "Mr. Cannon and myself had the extreme good fortune to meet at Denver the Ute commissioners appointed to treat with the Indians of Eastern Utah, that is we fell in with them at that point and traveled with them to Price where they left the train this morning preparatory to commencing their journey by wagon to Fort Duchesne. They were met at the railroad station by an escort which will conduct them to the reservations forthwith. They are well supplied with blankets, food and cooking utensils, and are thoroughly prepared to do the work assigned them. They are as fine gentlemen as I ever met, being extremely polite and courteous. Besides that they are well qualified to discharge their duties both by reason of education and personal experience in matters such as they will have to deal with. They are all military men and journalists combined. Every one is a major, a colonel or a captain. It is evident that they have a fixed and determined policy marked out for them. To our questions intended to elicit information on that point they were absolutely non-communicative. We invited them to