

able and state that we may entertain "angels unawares." We are not angels (nor devils either) but the pleasure such entertainers gave make ministering angels of these. That evening we traveled on to St. Anthony, the county seat of Fremont, and still on twelve miles further where in searching a ranch to stop at. Quite unawares to us we found ourselves at the home of a Brother Kerr, who gave us the warmest welcome, getting up from his bed to see that we were all right. We soon were over a pan of fine milk fresh butter and nice bread. Sister Kerr is a daughter of Apostle Merrill, and inherits her father's kind disposition. After this unexpected pleasure, and a good breakfast, we again journeyed on.

August 11th. We are now entering the beautiful timber which will surround us until our return, through the whole park region this is I believe generally called "Highland park," and it is well named. We have left the Snake river to the south of us. The great old Teton peak looming up in the sky still south of it. Now we pass through an open grass glade but always surrounded by the fresh dark-green pines. Forging the Snake river further on three different times we at last come to about the same spot as you will remember we crossed it years ago. Calm and unruffled it glides, almost without a ripple or a sound between its grassy banks, the tall pines mirrored in its peaceful bosom; the whole makes the most beautiful and peaceful picture I ever beheld. From now on our journey brings you constantly to mind, as we again pass the same old places. We camp tonight at Henry's lake. Do you remember touch of mountain fever I had when we were last here? They have a nice organ here, a Mr. Garner and family now owning the place. Some Butte musicians were also camped here, so we had a jolly night with violin, guitar, organ and vocal music. The Butte gentlemen (if the young lady of the house told it right) declared "Will" a finer basso than any in Butte. Away we go.

August 12th. Over the mountain and up the Madison river into the park reserve. A few miles further they take our arms and leave us to the mercy of bears and other wild animals, pets of the government, who must not be touched, if they attack us we must simply beg them to deal gently with us and give a bear hug for hug. The road we took over the mountain into Firehole Basin is now discarded and a fine new road takes us up through the canyon along the Madison, we came out just north of where we descended the steep hill. A fine hotel is built over near the fountain geyser, and the old one is deserted. The steam ascends as when you were with me, and the gysers spout loud and furious as ever. Failing to get a place at the hotel stables for our horses, we go back a couple of miles and camp out alone at Nes Perces creek. Here we left our tent while we went to supper.

August 13th. To see "Old Faithful," who performs regularly still, every sixty-five minutes. We did not see so many geysers in action as when you were here, not more than six in all the park this time, as we did not happen to be present at this time. The road now passes on by "Old Faithful" up a canyon and over the divide into the south end of Yellowstone lake. This makes a fine trip, from some of the heights we get fine views of Shoshone lake and Yellowstone lake, the roads are genuine boulevards, kept fit for the nation's park. So our trip from the upper basin August 14th to West Thumb Bay was a delightful treat, by running streams, pine-clad mountains and valleys, now overloading

miles of forest, now hedged in by walls of canyons, now getting glimpses of lakes or streams in the far distance above and below us. Once in a while seeing steam ascending, or streaks of the many colored refuse of geysers, that nearly always remind one that he is in the park.

I have spared you most particulars of our evening camping incidents, but I will here relate one.

It was near evening when we descended the hill to Thumb bay and reached the beautiful lake that had charmed us for some time as we caught glimpses through the trees of water far beneath us. So after registering with Uncle Sam's defenders, we had to search the woods for a camping place. After much hunting we found a little glade with fair grass and little water, plenty of trees surrounding. About a hundred rods back of the Luondl station we had just received the startling news that a party had been held up by two robbers a few miles north a few hours before, and all the soldiers of the park were up in arms to catch them, dead or alive. We had not more than got settled and squatted down to our supper near our camp fire when a couple of gents came up to have a pleasant chat. Their first greeting was:

"Well, boys, you have camped right on the bear trail. Several come bown this way every night to the dump behind our eating house; they won't likely hurt you but may scare your horses so they will get away. Just make lots of noise with tins or something of that sort and you can scare them away."

With this bit of pleasant information, which we pretended to take with indifference, the bear matter was dropped, and the robbery question taken up. Suddenly the gleam of fire arms flashed in our campfire light, and in a second three boys in blue stepped up to our little circle. (The tragic impression for a moment made me feel as if I might be under arrest and court-martialed and shot in a few moments.) On closer inspection they looked very harmless, their guns and ammunition excepted, though we listened to some "heap big" talk of shooting the holdups at sight, etc. The whole talk gradually sizzled down to an urgent request that if the desperadoes swooped down upon us during the night with the fiendish intent of stealing our horses, or purloining some of our newly made soda fried doughnuts, that one of us would silently steal down to camp to inform them while the other argued the point with the recreants. We were then left, two lonely waifs, far from home, with our campfire embers dying away with our courage, silently we stole into our cheerless tent with our fancy tossing us from the embrace of a great black bear to the arms of a blacker desperado. And our horses, our chief pride and our only hope of escape from this fearful place. I fancied one in the clutches of bruin, while the fearful man with the mosquito-bar mask sat stride of the other, with these thoughts racking my brain, while tucking away the two or three greenbacks, I had, under leather lining of my cowboy hat, Willie storing away by his side his arms of warfare, one tin plate, one tin pan—for musical effects—and one hatchet—to be used only if the former proved impotent. With calm desperation I undressed, keeping my socks on to protect my feet. After much musing I fell asleep when suddenly I heard the buckboard rattling as if a geyser had turned loose under it, accompanied with tremendous tramping of horses. I really did not stop to wake but with one bound, and—Will says—an unearthly yell of "Get out o' there!" rushed towards the buckboard and the horse nearest it, crying "Whoa, Net," sooth-

ingly to the mare, but peering under wagon about the same fashion as I have seen the villain do on the stage in plays. Will was soon at my side, and a fruitless search was made for bear or robber. Crestfallen we stole into our tent, but thoroughly awakened nevertheless. Our heads were scarcely on our pillows when a second, and far more violent edition of the first mysterious noise broke forth. Boxes, frying pans and plates were hurled in all directions, firebrands mingling with them. Will was thoroughly aroused to the sense of his duty, and began vigorously striking the plate and pan together. I wonder we did not think of singing, but we did not. I led cautiously out, this time Will following in Chinese tragedy fashion, earnestly beating the tins and grasping the deadly hatchet, exclaiming: "They are bears, sure." The board had been swung clear around the tongue, having in its course swept everything before it. The mare stood trembling at the door of the tent. A ben. brake handle revealed the fact that "Net" had been the culprit, reaching for oats. She had caught in the brake handle and, with hobbles on, had jumped violently, turning the whole rig and ourselves topsy turvey in her mad attempt at release. Whether this raised sufficed to scare away the bears or not we had peace the rest of the night and saw not a single bear on the whole trip save the ones tied up at the hotels. "To be con—" from your old friend.

EVAN STEPHENS.

## SAN LUIS STAKE

Sanford Colo., Aug. 24, 1897.

The quarterly conference of the San Luis Stake of Zion convened in Sanford, Aug. 14th and 15th. Elder John W. Taylor of the general authorities was with us, also the following named Elders of the Colorado mission: H. S. Ensign, H. A. White, Fred Graham, W. C. Clive, J. H. Grant, Chas. Mann and David Mann, all from Utah. Prof. Geo. H. Brimhall of the Brigham Young Academy was also here. There was also a full turnout of the local Priesthood and Saints, besides many not of our faith. A time of great rejoicing was had by all who attended.

The first principles of the Gospel were given as texts for the Elders to speak upon and the Spirit of the Lord rested upon the speakers. The fact was portrayed before the people that the Elders had been alive to their duties as ministers of the Gospel of Jesus Christ to the unbeliever.

The following brethren spoke on the subjects named: Elder Graham, faith; Elder Charles Mann, repentance; Elder Grant, baptism; Elder Gibson (a local Elder), the Holy Ghost; Elder White, scattering of Israel; Elder D. Mann, the restoration; Elder S. A. Smith, the divinity of the Book of Mormon; Elder Huffaker the personality of God. The last two named brethren are local Elders.

Elder Taylor and Brimhall broadened out on the subjects named, and in connection with all who spoke bore strong testimony to the truth of the work of the Lord.

A missionary work had been taken up among those not of our faith living in Manassa and Sanford, and as a result of these labors forty-two converts and three rebaptisms were made on Monday the 16th of August. This baptism was witnessed by about 800 people. It was a feast of fat things for the Saints in this Stake, and repentance has taken hold of the people and a better feeling exists with the Saints than has been known for some time past. Prosperity was promised the Saints if they would live in peace and keep the commandments of God.