

we traveled seven miles over a rough country, including a divide which travelers have chosen to nickname "Nigger Heaven"—a steep, rocky ridge with rocky slopes, crossed by a rocky dugway. It has no resemblance whatever with what is locally known as "Nigger Heaven" in the Salt Lake Theatre. After crossing this ridge we found ourselves on the bank of the Du Chesne, where we camped for the night, finding plenty of good feed for animals, and also plenty of water, wood and mosquitoes—the latter I shall never forget. Ordinary mosquitoes generally rest after dark, and thus also allow travelers to rest; but that particular species of mosquitoes who live on the Du Chesne seemed only to renew their exertions to get a square meal, after we had made our beds in the beautiful grass. And instead of getting a good night's rest, as we fondly had expected in so lovely a place as this was—a striking contrast to the surrounding "bad lands"—we found ourselves slowly but surely being eaten alive by these unmannerly pests. Finding that we could not sleep in the edge of the willows near the bank of the stream where we had encamped, we all got up, one after another, "took our beds and walked" out into the open meadow; but, alas, the mosquitoes did the same, and out there where the moon shone brightly down upon all, the increased light seemed only to increase the appetite of our tormentors, and we either had to leave ourselves to their mercy or fight for our precious blood which was slowly leaving our own veins and passing into the combinations of the insects. Some of my traveling companions partly submitted for the sake of a little sleep, and the consequence was that when daylight came they could not see out of their eyes, the swelling of the eyelids in consequence of mosquito bites having closed up their vision.

Being somewhat combative by nature, I chose to fight and for this purpose walked about the most of the night, realizing, as I always have done, that my corpulence was nothing to brag on and that I positively had neither flesh nor blood to spare for hungry insects; and when daylight at length arrived from beyond the "bad lands" on the eastern horizon, I was the first in camp to announce that fact, and recommended that all hands arise to prepare for another day's journey, and leave Mosquitoland behind.

Consequently, bright and early, on Saturday, the 8th, we broke up our encampment on the Du Chesne, crossed on a very dilapidated bridge, ascended a steep hill, crossed a sage brush bench, descended "Blue Hill" (a very steep and, in wet weather, slippery point,) and finally reached Lake's Fork, fifteen miles from our encampment on the Du Chesne, when we halted for dinner near an Indian lodge. Again our captain tried his luck at fishing, but to no purpose. Perhaps our Lamanite friend who wanted to sell us half a dozen very small trout for \$2 in hard coin, had caught the last fish in the creek. As he refused fifty cents for the lot we again had to content ourselves with an ordinary dinner of Chicago cured bacon and fresh bread, just cooked by one of the ladies of the company.

The crossing of Lake's Fork on huge

boulders instead of a bridge tried our horses and wagon timber to the utmost. I came out with my buggy twisted out of shape, and with one of two irons broke, but finding that the wheels would still revolve we continued the journey twenty three miles further, (down Lake's Fork, up the Du Chesne river and across the desert to Fort Du Chesne, which is situated on the Uintah River. There I and my part of the company, who had gone ahead of the rest stopped for the night, with a family belonging to the Church, who were very kind to us, and on account of a storm which was threatening, they would not permit us to sleep in our blankets out-doors, but invited us into an unoccupied log dwelling, where we expected to get a good night's sleep, to make up for the previous night that had been such an eventful one to us because of the mosquitoes, but, oh, how we were again disappointed. Bed-bugs—yes, that is the common name for them—but in this instance they by no means confined themselves to the bed, for they issued forth in almost countless numbers from every crack in the floor and in the logs of the house, the particular spot in the room where we had laid down being the centre of attraction. The mosquitoes, the night previous had announced their approach by their well known "whistling," but the bed bugs marched right on in profound silence without warning whatever, and commenced any their meal in dead earnest before the sleeper could have an opportunity of making a move to defend himself. Sleepy and tired as we were, it was impossible to sleep in such a nest; the contest was uneven; thousands against three; the majority gained the victory, and kept the battle field; and at midnight we arose from a sleepless bed and started out on the thirty-mile desert which intervenes between Fort Du Chesne and the Ashley valley at 1 o'clock a.m. August 7th. But after travelling along several hours in the darkness, over a sandy and rough road, sleep and weariness overcame us to such an extent that we found it unavoidable to stop and lie down on the sand scales and sand burs for a nap, and thus we slept till the dawn of day, when we traveled on. Creeping along with a tired animal, mile after mile, we at length reached the "last ridge," from the top of which a beautiful landscape opened to view, in the shape of an extensive valley abounding with well cultivated fields and orchards and dotted with pretty white farm houses, etc. The contrast between the bad lands, over which we had just come, and this valley could not possibly be greater. And this was Ashley, the Uintah Stake of Zion. An hour later, when we met the genial and cordial welcome of President Samuel R. Bennion, we were fast forgetting the experience of the one hundred and fifty-mile desert travel which we had just completed.

ANDREW JENSON.

ASHLEY WARD, Uintah county, Utah,
August 16, 1892.

A PROPOSED amendment to the garbage ordinance, including a scale of prices for hauling, will be a sensible addition to it.

MR. SEARS, SR., EXONERATED.

The board of directors of the Chamber of Commerce held a special meeting last night for the purpose of making a thorough investigation of the alleged conspiracy to betray the chamber to the railway companies.

President John W. Dounellan occupied the chair, while a short-hand reporter reduced all questions and answers to writing.

S. W. SEARS, JR.

admitted his connection with the whole affair, but gave his reasons as being other than financial. He had known E. E. Edwards for several years, yet he knew but little about him. He had first met him in San Francisco. Edwards had succeeded in getting complete control over the witness by reason of obtaining damaging information against his private life. In San Francisco Edwards was known as handsome Jack Ellsworth, and was supposed to be in the employ of the Southern Pacific. He always wore a black suit and silk hat, and is about twenty-five years old. Some three years had passed since witness had seen him, when very unexpectedly he walked in the secretary's office on the 20th of July last and announced that Mr. Eccles of the Union Pacific had made a proposition to him looking to the securing of certain papers of great value in the contest pending here concerning freight rates. Holding as he did this unexplained power over witness he frightened him into the scheme.

Many questions were asked young Sears and among others this one:

"Was any money paid you?"

"No, but I understood from Edwards that Mr. Eccles had offered to pay \$2,500 for certain documents."

At this juncture the witness was told that, while not under oath and his statements purely voluntary, yet he was in no wise bound to state anything that would criminate himself. It seems that early in the morning Mr. Simon, of the transportation committee, under the press of the excitement, made some threats that might cause the young man to hesitate in making a clean breast. However, Mr. Simon withdrew all such remarks and the examination proceeded.

"Where is Edwards?" he was asked.

"I don't know, unless he is in Chicago. He told me to let him hear from me there. I last saw him in Denver."

"Where the papers ever given to Edwards? If so, by whom?"

"Not unless he took copies of them. He had access to these rooms and knew what papers he required. The originals are all here and have never been taken away to my knowledge."

"Do you know of your father having any knowledge of this transaction?"

"Nothing further than this: Edwards told me he had met my father one day in the office and told him about it. But I never talked with him about it, and do not now believe that he had any knowledge of the deal."

"What about that eighteen-page speech and other papers you were to deliver, etc.?"

"I was not to deliver anything. Such papers as were wanted were to be left in a drawer here, and some representative of the railroad would