

crack range there is an elevation that will compare with the Little Mountain out in Immigration canyon, and that it is well known that there is scarcely a day in the year when that part of the road cannot be traveled with heavily loaded teams with ease except it be some alkali flats at certain seasons, while on the eastern route we had the "Big and Little mountains, the Yellow creek and Bear river ranges the backbone of the continent to pass over, not to mention a score or more of elevations difficult of ascent, and in this distance we had fifteen streams to cross some of them, Echo for instance, thirteen times, all of them turbulent in springtime and many of them raging rivers, and with the exception of one that was ferried and three or four riders came to them he plunged in and landed on the opposite bank wherever the current took him, and in the first eighty miles east of this city with Parleys, Echo and East canyon there is over fifty miles of mountain gorge which was filled with almost impassable snow and which we had to keep staked to maintain a trail over it.

The central portion of the western route was more subject to Indian raids than was this end of the eastern road and I so stated in my correspondence but those that are familiar with the country and those that have been employed on both roads will agree with me when I state that the obstacles encountered between here and Faust's station west were as a canter in Hyde Park or Fontainebleau compared with the difficulties overcome between here and Echo east, and with me those experiences are only memories of the long ago, as on the east the agencies of civilization and commerce have changed the conditions then existing, and that dark and bloody ground out west immortalized in annals extant and the scene of many a sanguinary shuttle scalping expedition is now utilized by that much persecuted class of citizens engaged in the peaceful occupation of propagating that innocent and useful animal, the sheep. And where naught was heard but the orgies of the savages as they gloated in demoniacal exultation over the successful consummation of their fiendish hair-raising excursion the circumambient air is now resonant with the baa of the victim of the shears as his wool is lifted from his epidermis, and where the fiendish leather head and willy "Crooked Foot" with a savage yell leaped from their lurking ambushes and tomahawked the hapless pony rider with a saucer, may now be seen the enterprising and sanguine prospector bound for Deep Creek or bust, and I quit the subject with an affectionate good by, while the hero of all this overland romance may continue to persuade us that a chestnut is a horse.

W. P. APPLEBY.

August 14, 1897.

PHILADELPHIA LETTER.

Philadelphia, Penn.,

August 20, 1897.

Sound and safe so far is the report your correspondent can make at this date. I am aware that it is not an exceptional one; hundreds every day travel thousands of miles in safety; it is, nevertheless, personally speaking, a satisfactory report, since trains sometimes are caught in a condition of general debility that is most disconcerting to the occupants.

After this brief remark about myself I may be permitted to reflect a few of my impressions along the road. In Ogden I had the pleasure of meeting on the train Brother Seymour B. Young, who went to Morgan to attend a conference. The time was most profitably spent in conversation concerning the principles of the Gospel. Time passed quickly, and it was with

regret that I bid Brother Young good-bye to continue my journey practically alone.

At Omaha, where by the way, I changed from the Union Pacific to the Burlington line, I stayed five hours and paid my respect to a couple of newspaper offices where I was very friendly received. People that I conversed with had all heard about Utah's glorious Jubilee and seemed to take much interest in Utah affairs. There were many opportunities of speaking a good word for Utah and they were not entirely neglected.

In Chicago I met some of the brethren engaged in missionary work there. They all spoke in high terms of Brother Kelsh, who presides over the mission, as well as of one another, and it was evident that harmony, love and faith inspire the brethren. The branch in Chicago is growing and there are quite a few good Saints. One of these, Sister Gibbs, I may be permitted to mention. She seems to take deep interest in the work and to be willing to devote her talents to its promotion. I have noticed that in the New Testament some of the sisters are prominently mentioned as pillars of the early churches, and I have also noticed that many sisters among Latter-day Saints have a similar mission.

I say the work in Chicago is growing. Just think of a city with about two million inhabitants and one missionary to each two hundred thousand souls! How can their testimony be placed before that great multitude? How can they be heard among the general confusion? There are honest souls among those millions, but think of the work of finding them among so many.

In the comfortable cars of the Pennsylvania railroad system I was carried to Philadelphia. My impression of this city of brotherly love is very favorable. Its streets are narrow but clean and tidy. Business seems lively on every hand. A good many believe that prosperity has come to stay and refer to the high price of wheat as an evidence. Others take a less sanguine view.

I enclose a newspaper clipping about Noah's ark, which may be of interest, although not entirely new. It reads as follows:

"Unbelievers say that the ark of which we read in the Bible was not of sufficient capacity to hold the animals that the Bible speaks of and the provisions necessary to their sustenance. Bishop Horne, in his introduction to the Study of the Bible, answers this objection in this satisfactory way: The ark was three hundred cubits in length, fifty cubits in width and thirty cubits in height, with three stories of floors, which would be equal to forty-two thousand, four hundred and thirteen tons burthen. A first class man-of-war is about twenty-two hundred tons burthen, and the ark, therefore, had the capacity of eighteen such ships, and would carry twenty thousand men, with six months' provisions, besides the weight of eighteen hundred cannon and all military stores. Can we doubt of its capacity to carry eight persons, two hundreds and fifty pairs of animals, fowls, etc., for one year?"

Theater-goers in Salt Lake City may be interested to learn that Edmund Hayes and Emily Lytton are filling an engagement at the Bijou, where at present high class vaudeville is given. Their party is a funny travesty on Ingomar.

J. M. S.

UP IN BEAR LAKE VALLEY.

Fish Haven, Bear Lake Co., Idaho.

August 20th, 1897.

On Wednesday, the 11th, we left Hyrum for Bear Lake valley and got as

far as the Hardware, the head of Blacksmith Fork canyon. At 5 a. m. the next morning we started for Round Valley or Meadowville, through a dreary country.

Fruit peddlers are as thick as hail on these roads, and when they get among these people, many of whose children never saw an apple grow on a tree—they become as heartless as a lightning rod agent, and when the good wife, with the children around with mouths watering, asks the price of the fruit, the peddler puts the price high—very high.

Round Valley and Meadowville have a good grain crop, but they don't know the night Jack Frost will kill it.

Very few people live here and the roads need a supervisor.

Lake Town comes next—a neat town with many good and substantial buildings. Here is a co-op store, the presiding genius of which is the irrepressible Jos. Irwin. A large business is done. Mr. Irwin has all manner of comical signs, warning the people against the credit system and the dangers of running into debt.

Lake Town has no fruit trees of any kind, and very few of any sort in the streets. Water is very scarce—one hour for every acre every fifteen days; and the stream then is under the limited liability act. Raspberries are grown by a few people. But the greatest calamity—or what any night may be one—is that every night at about 5 p. m. the water master goes about a mile or two up the canyon and shuts the water off from the town, and the place is high and dry till about 8 a. m. the next day. Should a fire start during the night no one could tell the results.

Saturday we traveled through a long dreary canyon, to William S. Muir's dairy and ranch. There is to be seen a beautiful oasis in the desert.

On Sunday morning, drove to Randolph and attended Sunday school and church.

The people are busy all over Bear River, putting up many thousands of tons of hay.

Randolph has some very good brick buildings, including the court house and two-story school house. Mr. Samuel Brough is making a large quantity of excellent brick, and more buildings are being and will be erected. The lots are naked as far as fruit trees are concerned, but every good wife does what she can in raising lovely flowers.

I was rather amused on reading the following sign on a store door in the middle of August, and it was intended as a starter: "Young potatoes for sale."

Randolph should have a city charter, being the county seat of Rich county; and Lake Town should have a town government, until a better system could be had.

Monday we had to come back to Lake Town, and on Tuesday traveled to Garden City. This is the first place I heard people complain of being poor. They have some splendid gardens, a few orchards, and an abundance of small fruits.

In the afternoon we came to Fish Haven and saw a beautiful sunset on the lake; and as the sun came over the mountains this morning and spread his beautiful beams over the lake 10x20 miles, it was grander than I have language to describe. In Fish Haven are beautiful orchards; all the fruits that do well in Cache valley flourish here, and the gardens are splendid.

The teachers of Bear Lake county are holding a three weeks' session of their summer school; it ends Friday.

The grain of Bear Lake, which is mostly oats, looks well, and all the people ask is, that frost keep off a little longer, and the wheat, though light, will range from 30 to 40 bushels