FROM WASH-DISH BASIN, TETON

A Salt Lake Angler Tells of the Unlawful Destruction of Fish in Idaho.

The Writer Runs Across a Dissatisfied Furniture Dealer—Plenty of Fish to Eat—On the Way to Yellowstone.

To the Editor:

Prompted by a desire to inflict further torture upon the readers of your valuable paper, I again come at them with my inimitable prose this time during it on the banks of the Teton River in the wash-dish or basin of that country, a sub section of the main bridge, shortly after noon on Friday the 20th of August, in the year of our Lord 1897.

My last prescription, as you no doubt well remember came from a good-called Cache Creek, the half-way house, to speak, between Rexburg and the place in which this undying monument finds its origin. I told you then that we were off for the Teton, and that saying, however questionable a source from which it came, was as true a one as ever mortal man dare utter. Here we are on the Teton and so far it seems, to stay, as fish are found here in abundance, the very fact that my correspondent has been not angling from early morn without returning up to the present writing, being the proof thereof. I take it that the spot that I now lie on is the creek with a vengeance. Some of thousand in abundance have been lying on the banks for several days, no doubt—a circumstance which points strongly to the unlawful use of giant powder, thus culling in the depopulation of the creek and making it doubly hard for the honest fish breakers to catch even sufficient fish to make up a fair car load. In spite of it all, however, my companion, the chiselers of myself, are doing exceptionally well and up to this stage of the game, numbers in trout have been had for the mere catching, and since our arrival here yesterday, we have had fish for breakfast, fish for lunch, fish for dinner, fish for tea, and fish for supper.

While washing up the breakfast dishes a few short moments ago, I met a pleasant chat with a middle-aged camper, a gentleman who up to a week before the Jubilee, was a dealer in small furniture somewhere near street in Salt Lake City. He had not that he was forced to retire from business but came there near his money in it, and that in two or three weeks or after he had given Yellowstone a visit he intended to return to the city, settle up his accounts and be himself, settled—for she is with him—in deep congenial climes, presumably, judging from his conversation, in California. The gentleman in question was for the ten years, a prominent business man of Great Falls, Mont., where he seems to have met with fair success. A desire to do better, however, brought him to Salt Lake, but it was not long after his arrival there that he found out he had made a mistake and began to long for nothing else but home. Why he should have given up hope so soon before the Jubilee, however, is a mystery to me, as very few showed business men would leave any town in so short a time before such a grand demonstration as the Jubilee proved itself to be.

Mr. Blank, for I forget his proper name, was naturally anxious to learn something of his former haunts and which he learned that I was from Salt Lake, he began to question me concerning a good many things, some of which, I confess, I was not posted on. He asked me how the Jubilee turned out and I told him it was the grandest and most brilliant affair in the history of Utah; that a hundred thousand visitors were gathered in Salt Lake, that the hotels and restaurants did a jollied business, and in fact the celebration was a success far beyond the expectations of the most sanguine. Was I right?

The gentleman then turned his remarks to Salt Lake's municipal affairs. He scored unmercifully the city's politicians in general and office holders in particular. The high taxation was cited as a sufficient cause to frighten off estate investors and moneyed men, and the hair was expressed that political injury would ensue, put a stop to that men with limited means and the interest of the city at heart, might be in view. Here there and live in comfort, devoid of outrageous taxation and almost unbearable political oppression. These conditions, said the gentleman, had given Salt Lake a black eye and so he felt discouraged that it would take some time for it to regain its natural complexion.

Teton Basin is a splendid, health-giving country and a district that is rapidly being filled up with home seekers from Utah and other parts of Western America. Like Idaho in the main, the Basin is an excellent fruit-raising area and for this purpose many are going in and numbers of acres of the fertile soil are fast being converted into beds of waving grain, vegetables and other useful products. The uncultivated tracts are covered with well-fed, well-fed horses, to see a band of which makes one's teeth water—for lack of a better expression—a desire to pick out a good, fat, sleek one for a long journey, or both, as the desire of the longing individual may dictate. Stock is the main issue, however, which, at the request of the owner, would be here stocking the most barren land—an offense, of course, that your humble servant would not make himself guilty of, he being a tenderfoot in real estate speculation, to be sure.

Teton fruit, as a very necessary adjunct in the form of apples, is said to be far superior of its width is about 200 feet at the point and half a large volume of water passes through it, thunders to my nothing of the fish. The river is not a deep one, so as it is it occasionally strays from its near neighbors, its mother, but in watering and irrigating this district it does its part and does it well, and to the great satisfaction of the farmers and stockmen, whose land it traverses and for which it is a blessing. As a stream for annual battle it is unequalled in the season of the year, and only a year hence its placid waters promise the amateur to blunder in—may an amateur be allowed—as a fly-caster in the deep pools intended while en route to this particular point.

Since writing the foregoing paragraphs, my co-partners in the fishing business have arrived on the ground, back loaded down with excellent specimens of the speckled beauties, the number of which, in the aggregate, of 23 fish, would count 700 only not be as pretty as those I have caught, but it can be reflected on as relative, coming as it does from a country where Salt Lake and within want therefore, is absolutely as good as that from home.

I told you in my last article that Pure—Yellowstone—the bears passed by here several days ago, stopped there. Well, I forgot to say that Bishop Wilson of the Kane Ward, Lindsay, and the others whose names I have forgotten, passed by here also, familiar to Salt Lake circles. While in Rexburg the other day I met Bishop Wilson, and he told me that he had with the Kane Ward choir of the white motor chariot. I took occasion to inform him of the previous passage of the bears.

If there was not an almost unprecedented rush to the Park this year it seems to me that there should be, and I think there will be, and some of us, not many, people go to the Park in July, August and September, and there had been during the month of July, the pressure shattered my individual resolution, for, had built up the idea that the Yellowstone was being run, time with greater vengeance than ever.

Speaking of Yellowstone reminds a remark made to me the other day by Peter Wilson, the trapper and guide referred to in my last letter. The gentleman was speaking of the route Yellowstone and added that he had not said to the park was to the beaten trail, which runs through the Teton Basin and Wilson, Wilson stated that on this road the hunting was fine, thus affording the tourists opportunity to bag game, which is the view of the country was great and had a tendency to make the trip more pleasant. The gentleman and his companion, N. E. Brown, are residents of Idaho and said nothing about restrictions on fishing and hunting in the West in a magazine published in New York called Outing, which, by the sometimes I will say that we are feeling as fine as silk with fair chances for the money as some of our number who at present is decidedly home-sick. Our outfit, since we left home, is short of