

UTAH CHAPTER IN LIFE OF "FIGHTING BOB" EVANS.

How the Distinguished Commander of Sea Forces Prepared Himself for His Forty Years of Naval Experiences—Appointment by Hon. Wm. H. Hooper—First Impressions of Salt Lake City—His Introduction to Brigham Young, Whom He Found to be a Rugged and Kindly Character—Some Amusing as Well as Thrilling Adventures With Indians and Some Surprising Shots.

The Deseret News is in receipt of an advance copy of "Fighting Bob" Evans's new book, "A Sailor's Log." A hasty glance over it... "A Wonderful Record of a Varied Service," covering a period of more than forty years of naval life. As to a review of the volume, however, that will not be made here...

WHISKY THROUGH A STRAW. "After we had passed the dangerous place we came upon an emigrant who had a barrel of whisky in the tail of his wagon. There was no spigot in it and he refused to put one in, but after a long wordy contest he agreed that we would bore a gimlet hole in the barrel, each man should select a straw, and for two bits he could suck all the whisky he wanted without drawing a breath. They selected straws very carefully and I remember how each man held on until he was blue in the face before admitting that his drink was done.

KILLING HIS FIRST ELK. "On entering South Pass, we camped at the Pacific Springs and made ourselves comfortable as there was no longer fear with the Indians, and our animals needed rest and grass. The spring covered a space of 40000 feet, and the water bubbled up cold and clear as crystal and ran towards the Pacific—hence its name. A few doves or wild pigeons were feeding about the camp. The guide told me that I could not kill one with my rifle, and this led to my killing my first elk. I was anxious to win the bet, and was following the bird as it flew about on the trees to make sure of a fair shot. The same way I wandered off from the trail into the thick cover on the side of the pass, and was about to fire at the pigeon, when I heard the breaking of twigs near me, but above me, on the mountains. My first elk was Indian and standing nearly still in my tracks. I took a quiet look. Within thirty yards of me was a magnificent animal looking straight at me. His head and antlers only showing through the thick cover. I raised the gun to my shoulder very quietly, and, taking good aim at a spot between his eyes, fired. He made a great bound down the side of the mountain in my direction, and at the same moment I started for camp as fast as my legs could carry me, and did not stop until I got there. Bromley asked me if I had killed the bird, to which I replied that I had not, but I believed that I had killed the father of all deer. Up to that time I had never seen an elk. When we reached the spot we found a beautiful specimen, with grand antlers, with a bullet fairly through his brain. I had killed him stone dead, and he had still almost to where I stood when I fired. The bet was called off, and removing the head we skinned the game and the entire party had all the meat they wanted for several days.

MORMONS AND SALT LAKE. "After leaving South Pass we fell in with a "Mormon" train, consisting mostly of women from Wales, bound for Salt Lake City. These people, who seemed a decent lot, had few large wagons, but appeared to depend for transportation on a species of hand carts, which contained their belongings and were pushed along by the women. A few wagons carried the provisions, and these were looked after by the dozen or so men of the party.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS. "My first impressions of the city and Salt Lake valley, with the Great Salt Lake lying blue in the distance, were very pleasing, and a closer inspection did not change them. The city was beautifully laid out, and the houses were generally of elegant and moderate cost. The water from a rushing mountain stream had been introduced, and, besides answering for household purposes, it ran through the gutters on both sides of the principal streets, thus insuring cleanliness and good sewerage. Many of the houses had gardens about them filled with vegetables, and the most delicious small fruits. The residences of Brigham Young—he had two—were beautifully constructed and surrounded by elaborate flower gardens which were kept in the most perfect order.

excursions to Camp Floyd, or Salt Lake or other attractive places. Frequently I went to the country for a day's shooting, and as game of all kinds was plentiful I made very good days. One day, when I had wandered rather too far into the thick woods on the side of the mountain I had an ex-

with my Colt's rifle and then we had a spirited race for the mountains. Only in this case I was the pursuer, and I surely put him to his best speed to escape. I was more careful after that how I shot at things until I could make out what they were.

five pounds of brown sugar, and watched with interest while he sat on the pavement and ate the whole of it.

TO REPRESENT UTAH. "As I was to represent Utah in the navy, I felt it my duty to call on Mr. Young, and at the same time I hesitated to do so, because a pony-express horse, which I had borrowed for a ride on the Fourth of July, had run away with me, and before I could stop him had seriously damaged some beautiful flower beds in Mr. Young's yard. However, I did call, and found the Mormon leader a rugged, hard-looking man, but withal kindly in his manner and good enough to wish me success in the profession I had selected. Without entering into the question of how far he was right in what he had done and was then doing—questions now forever settled by the laws of the land—we must admit that Mr. Young was a man of wonderful ability and a natural leader of men. Otherwise he could never have led his people through the tremendous difficulties they encountered, and then made of the desert a flowering garden.

THE CALL OF THE SEA. "When I had been sufficiently long in Utah to claim residence I began preparations for my return journey. The call of the sea was strong upon me, and I could not resist it even had I wished to do so, which I certainly did not. The sea and the ships were con-

stantly in my mind, and I was anxious to begin. I secured a seat on the overland coach and left for the East about the middle of July, 1869.

SMALL FOR HIS AGE. "We had a pleasant trip, all things considered, riding on the day time, but not so pleasant at night. I was small for my age, and soon found a way of stowing myself so I could sleep with a fair amount of comfort. But when it rained, which it often did at night, I was most uncomfortable. The choice was between getting wet or being smothered under blankets—and I generally got wet. The coach stations were reasonably close to each other, and we made good speed all the way. As soon as we arrived at one of these stations all hands went for food—generally very poor—and when that was finished, sick, wild, kicking, bucking mules were hitched up, and away we went at full run. The drivers were experts in their lines, and the mules usually ran four or five miles before they were pulled down to their regular paces. After that, soon to the unfortunate mule that tried to shirk his fair share of the work!

HEAVY HAIL STORMS. "The party was well armed and thoroughly able to stand off any small band of Indians; but the red men as a rule seemed to fancy the emigrants rather than the coaches, and we escaped without serious molestation. During the time we were on the South Plate we had one or two very serious hailstorms, which for a time threatened to destroy the whole outfit. When they struck us, usually accompanied by a hard gale of wind, mules backed up under the lee of the coach, and no amount of beating would induce them to move until the storm had passed, then they would go on as cheerfully as before, the driver launching at them such a volley of oaths and abuse as could come only from the driver of an overland coach. No other human being could match the storm passengers during these storms found shelter as they could, either in or under the coach, or among the mules. At times the hail covered the prairies as far as one could see to a depth of two or three inches. Some of

the hailstones were large enough to disable a man if they struck him on the head.

"While we were resting at Mayaville, Kansas, we experienced a wind-storm which lingers in my mind, although I have since seen storms of about all kinds and sizes. It came up very suddenly and we at first took refuge in a long narrow frame building used as a storehouse. The wind struck this house and soon lifted one end a foot or so from the ground. We then retreated behind a stone wall, but the stones began to fly from the top, and we considered to follow the example of the natives and go out on the open prairie, lie down flat on our faces, head to wind, and hold on to the grass as best we could. In this position each one soon had a considerable shal about him. There were several emigrants' trains and a band of Indians camped on the prairie and these were soon off before the wind as fast as they could go. The prairie schooners, as the wagons were called, would run some distance before the wind, and as they got cramped one way or the other, would capsize and spill out women and children and whatever else happened to be in them. The last we saw of the Indians, as they disappeared in clouds of sand and gravel the men were riding their ponies shouting and yelling and the squaws doing what they could to save their belongings. A few days after this we crossed the Missouri river, and I found myself again in civilization, and I was soon on a train bound for Washington, where I arrived late in August.

ENTERS ANNAPOLIS. "On September 15th I went to Annapolis, passed my examination, and, after a few days leave, I reported September 20th on board the frigate Constitution as an acting midshipman.

FORTY YEARS OF NAVAL LIFE. "I have so far picked the oakum, now let me spin my yarn of forty years of naval life.

The author then proceeds in easy style to "spin" his yarn which shows that he has had a wonderful experience upon the sea in almost every part of the globe. It is a story, far above the average, and should find many readers in Utah.

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PRESIDENT AND MRS. MCKINLEY.



President McKinley won for himself a warm spot in the hearts of the chivalrous southerners by the touching devotion he has at all times evinced towards his delicate wife, during their big trip through the South. No matter how important his engagements the President has at all times been ready to cancel them in order to be at his wife's side. Only recently Mrs. McKinley, in an interview lovingly maintained that there is not a more devoted husband in the world than the President.

One-Rail Electric Road That Makes Two Miles a Minute

One of the oldest spectacles in the transportation business is the sight of an electric car running two miles or more a minute on a one-rail track. Even if it appeared feasible, on a casual examination one would say that it was about the most dangerous form of traveling that could be devised. But the truth is the exact reverse, judging by the records of the three mono-rail roads which are in existence. There is one in Ireland, another in France and a third in Belgium, and it is proposed now to build one in England to run between Manchester and Liverpool, thirty-four and a half miles, with a distance of 10 miles between the terminals. It is said by the projectors of the scheme, can be covered in eighteen minutes.

The line in Ireland, from Listowel to Ballybunion, ten miles, has been running thirteen years, and the company proudly points to the fact that in that time there has not been a single accident on the road. The cars and the engine are suspended from a single steel rail, which rises about three feet from the ground. The center of gravity of the cars is below the rail, which takes away the possibility of the trains yawning the track.

An odd arrangement of the "points," as railroad switches are called in Great Britain, is seen at the terminal of the line, where a section of the rail turns on a pivot, connecting with any one of several tracks.

The use of electric power permits the employment of a novel kind of block, in a line of any considerable length these blocks would be say, four miles long. When a train is on one block the current would be supplied to that block and the block behind it would have no current, so that there could be no possibility of rear-end collisions. Thus, no two trains going in the same direction could get within four miles of each other.

Dave Gowan's Two-Story Farm.

The world's wonderland is located within the boundaries of our own country, but unless you are especially built for rough riding you had better not undertake to see it, for the journey to it and through it is difficult beyond the thought.

It lies in the State of Arizona, says the Record-Herald. Railways are of small help in reaching it, and of the other roads there are practically none, though, as a matter of courtesy, there are a few so-called post roads, over which the mails are carried at regular intervals. Most of these roads are just trails, not fit for a wheeled vehicle of any sort. Mails, merchandise, building material, mining machinery, produce and people have to go on horse or donkey back, mostly the latter.

Leaving the railway at Prescott one of these roads goes east towards Camp Verde, in Yavapai County; up hill and down dale, across a country so broken that it does not seem that earth could have a rougher face. After leaving Camp Verde, thirty-five miles from Prescott, we head off in a southerly easterly course for a little Mormon village called Pine. From Pine to Dave Gowan's farm is five miles, no road at all. The trail winds around, between and over rocks that would appal any creature but a donkey or a bird. Bowlders, granite, big and little, as big as a city block, plenty of them, rounded and regular, lie in heaps and singly, covering the earth like chaos confounded. That's the kind of a road one must travel to see one of the wonders of this strange and curious country.

At last, without the least intimation that we are coming to anything unusual, our donkeys halt with their noses over the brink of a precipice, and we look down into the valley, the walls of which are almost perpendicular, 1500 feet down, and at the bottom we see a hundred and sixty acre farm, with tiny but complete house and barn, fields of grain-alfalfa and corn, as pretty a farm as the sun shines on, and as curious a farm as the sun shines on. It is a two-story farm—a fact, not a joke.

MAJOR GENERAL ROE.



There is the latest picture of Major General Roe in supreme command of the New York state troops called out to restrain the striking car hands of Albany, N. Y.

TO BE CHIEF N. Y. POLICE.



Here is Inspector R. H. Cross, who is spoken of as the likely successor of William S. Devery, as chief of New York's famous police force.