

circled to obtain—are only seen for this time only—and so on and so forth. At night the electric lights are turned on. Each building bordering the lagoon has its outlines illuminated—jets of incandescent lights in clusters—all give a magical effect to the scene. The services of the best bands in the country discourse delightful music. For a few cents you can sail around the lagoon in an elegant steamer shaped like a swan, or if you prefer can take a Venetian gondola. Nothing stronger than beer or wine is sold on the grounds. The cost of refreshments is cheap, compared with the Columbia Fair. Rooms can be obtained on the outside of the grounds at low rates—the same can be said of Omaha. Those who see this western wonder before it closes will not come away disappointed.

C. R. SAVAGE.

### TRIP THROUGH WYOMING.

Salt Lake City, Utah,  
Oct. 4, 1898.

Leaving Lone Tree, Wyo., I continued my journey in company with Jean Daniels as far as Fort Bridger. I was happily surprised to find so good a farming country here and wondered why President Young and the Pioneers did not stop in some of the now rich districts of Wyoming over which they crossed in reaching the valley of Great Salt Lake, but can only acknowledge the hand of the Lord in the same. Next morning I left the old fort and traveled the old emigrant road to Evanston, or at least part of the way. Soon after leaving the fort I came upon two unknown graves (landmarks of the suffering people who trod that same trail fifty years ago). I paused at the side to ponder and the cogitations of my mind reverted to many incidents narrated by my mother, who drove a four horse team from the Missouri river to Salt Lake City, and had passed over the spot upon which my team was now standing, possibly the redskins lurking in the brush near by, or the majestic buffalo, now nearly extinct, grazing peacefully on the adjoining hills, as I found many of the skulls lying by the wayside.

Time will not permit me to enlarge upon the reflections of my mind, but if I can bring to the minds of the young of Zion, and to others of foreign lands, a sense of the trouble and privations which led to the settlement of this land and to a realization of the fact that only the goodness of a just and mighty Father could have conquered the elements and produced the vast change wrought in so few years. I will have accomplished at least a little good.

Evanston is a town of some one thousand inhabitants, built on the Union Pacific Railroad, on Bear River, in Wyoming, and contains the state insane asylum, the round-house of the railroad and some other business places of note. The population is very mixed in religious belief, yet somewhat of a majority are Latter-day Saints. The town is built along the railroad track, and is therefore not in accord with the points of the compass, and many people are completely "turned round" while there.

Leaving here I went and visited the old oil well in the vicinity of Hilliard. At this place and for miles along the Union Pacific line, I saw the greatest grazing country it was ever my lot to look upon. Years ago it was the home of millions of head of cattle, but now is replaced with sheep, and, judging from the enormous train loads just being shipped to eastern markets, the time of sheep is now on.

From Hilliard I crossed the pass at Aspen, and enjoyed the sight of that high elevation. Traveling by way of

Piedmont, Carter station and across the Little Muddy country, I came upon Diamondville and Kemmerrer, new mining camps on the Oregon Short Line, and being in competition between the two great mining kings, Daly and Qualey, was indeed booming. I could find no place in Diamondville to stop over night for either love or money, but in Kemmerrer I finally succeeded, through the interposition of friends. But in all my travels I have never yet seen any place to compare, in the amount of wickedness going on, to these two or rather three towns.

From here I journeyed to Fountenelle, La Barge, and Big Piney. At the latter place the postoffice was recently robbed, by three unmasked men, who traded out \$100 in goods at the store and then deliberately pulled their pistols and ordered "hands up." The demand being complied with, one of the bandits went through the pockets of Mr. Budd, the postmaster, and took his watch, which cost \$165, then through the postoffice and store, money boxes, getting some \$280 in cash. After the search, through the entreaties of Mr. Budd, his watch was returned. A posse consisting of Sheriff Ward and several others followed the bandits and succeeded in coming up with them upon the head of Wind river in the Wind river mountain. The robbers were ambushed behind a barricade of logs and succeeded in wounding one of the sheriff's party by shooting him through the first two fingers of the left hand and the wrist of the right, and a ball grazing the head of Sheriff Ward.

From Big Piney I crossed the Lander trail, built by our government for the accommodation of gold-seekers in early days, and, not having had any work done on it for twenty-five years, 'tis needless to say it is almost impassible.

I enjoyed the hospitality of the good people of Star Valley for a week, and then crossing over to Montpelier, Ida., and from there beat a hasty retreat for warmer climes, ere the snowstorm which had been predicted, and which caught me between Logan and Ogden, came. I arrived here on the eve of the second, where I shall stop to attend conference.

Respectfully, R. L. W.

### INDIANS AND DIXIE WINE.

Parowan, Utah, Sept. 29, 1898.—Yesterday closed quite a busy season in Justice McGregor's court, the cause of which is as follows:

On the evening of the 26th inst. at Edwards' homestead near Paragoonah, some Indians who had come into the possession of some Dixie wine, engaged in a drunken brawl and caused considerable disturbance in that vicinity, frightening Mrs. Edwards and family to quite an extent and when James N. Holyoak a young man who was in the neighborhood went to try and stop the row, two of the young "bucks" went after him with their knives with a "me killa you" and he not being armed, went into the Edwards house and the Indians after him, and they not being able to get through the door, broke one of the windows and made their way in. Holyoak did not remain in the house but set out for town to get some help and soon returned to the scene. As a consequence, the young bucks were arrested, and the Paragoonah justice not being at home they were brought to Parowan to give an account of their doings. Next morning when they became sobered up, they began to realize what they had been guilty of and of course plead that they might not be dealt severely with.

They agreed to identify the parties who let them have the wine and in charge of the constable they went to Paragoonah and in

about three hours they returned bringing with them the two young men whom they alleged gave them the wine. Thereupon the Indians were given a good talking to by the justice and allowed to go on their good behavior by paying for the damage done to Mr. Edwards' house, and the boys, James Jones and Albert D. Robb in preliminary hearing, waived examination and were bound over to await the action of the district court.

Later developments disclosed the fact that the party who sold the wine to the two young men had left Parowan that day on his way home to Toquerville and he was accordingly sent for by dispatch to Cedar City where he was arrested and brought to Parowan. Upon arriving here Mr. Forsyth entered a plea of guilty and was fined \$20, which he promptly paid and again set out for his sunny southern home.

This should be a lesson not only to our "Dixie" friends but more especially to the seriousness of the too often occurrence of allowing Indians to get intoxicated by perhaps "unthoughtfulness," as it may be in this case, when there is danger of serious acts being perpetrated by our "Indian friends" when in fact the cursed firewater is that which impels them to commit such rash acts.

ALFRED M. DURHAM.

### MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT CONFERENCE

The Mutual Improvement conference of Millard Stake of Zion held on the 17th and 18th at Holden was satisfactory and pleasant. Most of the wards from the long distances were well represented by bright, intelligent young people of both sexes, and very satisfactory reports were made of the condition of their work.

Elihu Junius F. Wells was with us on Saturday evening and Sunday, and gave the organization additional aids, and such counsel and advice as make the prospect of the winter's work look very encouraging. We also had the honor of a visit from the veteran worker, Sister Mary Freeze and also Sister McCune; their visit has given much encouragement to the young ladies, and their kind and motherly instructions will not be forgotten.

We hope these ladies will not be discouraged as rough riders, by their experience from Juab to Holden. The writer being on the road at the time can testify that they came up "through a cloud" of dust.

Sister McCune told of her voyage and incidentally referred to her girlhood. Her unassuming cheerfulness, her faith in, and reverence for, the holy Priesthood, engrafted her upon the hearts of both young and old.

We boys and girls, young and old, hope for other visits to enjoy their presence and their counsels.

A BIRD.

John Shaw, sentenced in 1897 to seven years imprisonment for assault with attempt to commit murder, was pardoned Monday by Governor Richards of Wyoming.

John Stanley, mayor of Skagway, Alaska, who is now in San Francisco purchasing apparatus for a fire department, says: "The Pacific and Arctic railroad now being built from Skagway to Selkirk is well under way. Rails have been laid to Whites Pass, and up to that point the road is in full working order. Over thirty-five tons of freight are shipped daily over this spur. Seven hundred men are working on the road. Last month the pay roll was \$129,000. From Whites Pass to Lake Bennett, a distance of thirty miles, freight is transferred by sledges. Laborers on the railroad receive 35 cents an hour.