

"road agents" who held up the R. G. W. train at Thompson's Springs, and which, from the description they gave of the animal, must have been the one the lone horseman was riding, whom they had just parted with.

It may be remarked that Hatch's ranch, where they met the lone robber, is located two miles off the main traveled road, and is the only watering place within an area of many miles, which would indicate that he was well acquainted with the country, as in fact his conversation did also.

When he visited their camp he had but one horse, the one he rode, but Miss Hammond noticed after they had traveled about eighty rods on resuming their journey that the fellow who had left them but a few moments before, was secreted in the brush by the road side with two horses.

The Wilson boys, on learning how near they were to the object of their pursuit, hurried on, and Bro. Hammond thinks it very likely that they would overtake him. It is rather doubtful, however, about the other two being overtaken, as when seen they were within fifteen miles of the Blue Mountains, a noted rendezvous for men of their stripe, and if acquainted there, as they most likely are, they would probably soon obtain assistance and be placed beyond discovery. This was on Friday afternoon and the robbery was committed on Tuesday night.

On reaching Cane Springs our informant encamped for the night, and about 10 o'clock the party of detectives, consisting of Franks, Bush, Sheriff Fowler, of Utah County, a guide from Moab, named Warner, and another whose name they failed to learn, visited their camp and obtained all the information they could about the whereabouts of the robbers and the direction they were pursuing.

It seems the detectives lost one day one the wrong scent after leaving Thompson's Springs; otherwise they might have overhauled them before reaching the Blue Mountains.

Had a telegram been sent from Thompson's Springs to Durango, and men started from there in pursuit, they might have intercepted the robbers where Brother Hammond did. The Blue Mountains, where they were making for, and where the railroad men had reason to think they would make for, from remarks dropped at the time of the robbery, are situated 100 miles south of Thompson Springs and 130 miles west of Durango, the nearest telegraph station on the east, and because of the character of the country as well as its isolation from telegraphic communication, is a favorite retreat for outlaws.

On arriving at Thompson's Springs Brother Hammond learned full particulars of the train robbery and from all he could gather he was convinced that the robbers were only three in number. They rode the horses they had in waiting when the robbery occurred to Court House Springs, a distance of about

twenty miles, and there stole a span of work horses from Mons Peterson, Brother Hammond's son-in-law, and on reaching Moab, fifteen miles further, they stole a horse from O. H. Warner's pasture, leaving one of the Peterson horses in the place of it, besides taking the mare from Wilson Brothers.

The only one of the robbers whom our informant saw to speak to was not more than twenty-three years of age, smooth shaven, hatchet-faced and a cowboy in appearance and manner, but not particularly desperate looking. He only carried side arms when he visited their camp, though he might have had a gun secreted with his extra horse. Brother Hammond is particularly anxious to learn the result of the trailing of the renegades, the more so as they have sought refuge in the region of his home. He remarks that if he was engineering their capture he would engage some of the Indians located on the east of the Blue Mountains to follow them, they being likely to succeed where white men would fail. The prospects at Bluff for raising a crop this year were good up to about two weeks since, when the stream upon which they depend for irrigating suddenly lowered to an unprecedented stage and left the irrigating canal high and dry. Bishop Jens Nielsen, however, mustered all the force he could—five white men and two Indians—and set bravely to work to sink the canal for a distance of about 400 yards, so that the water would again flow into it, and it was hoped that they would succeed in this work in time to save most of the crops.

The residents of San Juan County are by no means disheartened at the prospect of having their land set apart by the Government as an Indian reservation, feeling sure that, notwithstanding the discouraging reports which have been made concerning the matter, they will be fully compensated for all their interests if required to vacate.

The horses, cattle and sheep in that region never did better than during the present season, and are almost universally looking fat and fine. The wool clip of the Bluff City residents was marketed in Durango at sixteen cents per pound—a very good price, considering its quality. The co-operative store in Bluff City is doing a good business and will pay a big dividend this fall.

Monticello, situated 55 miles this side of Moab, at the east base of the Blue Mountains, a thrifty settlement of about fifteen families, is in the midst of a bounteous harvest, small grain having yielded heavily, and the corn and vegetables being in good condition—potatoes, in fact, ripe. That is the choicest place, agriculturally speaking, in the whole county. There are facilities at that place for making reservoirs which would bring under cultivation land of the very finest quality for at least fifteen miles square. One object of Brother Hammond's visit to this city is to place before the Senate committee on irrigation such information concerning this subject as may possibly change the

policy in regard to making San Juan an Indian reservation.

A much better feeling than usual prevails at Moab, which, though included in San Juan Stake, is a part of Emery County. The Saints are still in the minority there, but get along peaceably with their neighbors, who are not so much influenced by the cowboy element as formerly. Bishop Randolph Stewart has returned home from his term in the penitentiary and is taking with a will, ably seconded by his counselor, O. D. Allen, in developing their splendid country. A heavy crop of fruit as well as grain and vegetables has been raised there this year. Brother Hammond describes Little Grand Valley, where Moab is located, as the best watered place in the Territory.

Brother Hammond will remain in this city and vicinity for several weeks.

THE PRINCE OF WALES.

The first time I met the prince to have any conversation with him was at the house of a prominent society lady who gave an entertainment. Mr. Eugene Oudin, the American baritone, and I were invited there to entertain the prince. When the prince came in I noticed his entire lack of formality, and yet his gentlemanly, courteous bearing and dignified manner made one feel that his royal highness was an awfully nice fellow, but caused one to refrain from being familiar with him. It was strange to see how assuming all the rest of the men about him were, how full of stiffness and formality they were. The prince alone was perfectly easy in his manner. The man whom you would naturally think would be formal was just the reverse. After the entertainment we went down to dine.

As I passed on the right of the prince there was a vacant seat beside him, and he kindly said: "Mr. Wilder, be seated." So I sat down beside him. For once in my life I felt very tall; I know everybody will forgive me. I shall never forget how kind he was, and what nice things he said about America. He asked me a great many questions about the Americans, and seemed to be wonderfully well posted on everything happening here.

During the evening I wanted a glass of water—being a temperance man. I called to a waiter to hand me the caraffe. It was right in front of the prince, who himself passed it to me, remarking as he did so: "Mr. Wilder, that is water."

"Yes, your highness, but that is all I take."

He could have turned around and said to me: "See here, you don't often get a chance to drink with a prince," but he was so gentlemanly in his way that he did not at all embarrass me. I wish some Americans could learn manners from him.

Of course I closely observed, on every opportunity, the manner of the prospective king of England. When he appears at a reception every one arises; the prince bows,