

about 60 degrees Fahr., and there are few people, if any, who prefer to take their soda warm. For bathing purposes it would doubtless, however, be delightful, and beneficial to health. The utilization of this spring for the latter purpose struck Ludvig Suhrke in an early day, and he erected a wooden house over the hissing current, so that under its cover the bather might luxuriate by reclining while the warm, grateful stream flowed over him. There has always been an active objection among the settlers to any person devoting any of the springs to private uses. This feeling soon developed in regard to that wooden house over the Steamboat stream. One fine morning its builder discovered that during the night some of the boys had appeared upon the scene. The result of their visit was that the structure was found reposing in the bed of Bear River. Ludvig took this as a mild suggestion that his intention to establish a bathing resort at Steamboat Springs was not in harmony with the popular sentiment of Soda. He informed me, however, that he resolved to try again, and up went another building. The sequel was the same; during the night it was transferred to Bear River. This time its proprietor concluded that this second proceeding amounted to putting his enterprise into cold water, so he stopped operations.

The late Captain Hooper was seized with a similar idea and was the next to attempt the utilization of these beautiful springs for bathing purposes. This theory, as in the former case, materialized in the shape of a building covering the ground on which the streams are situated. The popular sentiment on the subject was no respecter of persons. Soon afterwards the builder of the structure discovered the springs right where they were. Not so with the house. It had been thrown over the banks of the Bear. This was the last attempt to place a bath-house over this beautiful phenomenon of nature.

The waters of the Hooper Spring, about three miles north of the town, are the most pleasant to the palate of any of the others, being probably most heavily charged with carbonic acid gas, while soda and iron are held in solution in agreeable proportion. The water sparkles beautifully, and is refreshingly cold. A draft of it is delightful on a hot summer day, and the visitor during the heated season naturally lingers near it. Campers are generally to be found adjacent to it, the white tents, covered wagons and equipages in general giving an additional interest to the scene. A very sad incident of the past is associated with this spring. About ten years ago a bright little child of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Williams, formerly of this city but now of Soda, fell into the water and before it could be rescued was drowned. The little one was but a short time in the water, but it is believed that the gas with which the latter is charged hastened the fatal result.

A few feet from the clear

and beautiful Hooper is a black, stagnant, filthy pool, which, like the witches' cauldron in "Macbeth," boils and bubbles. It is known as Poison Spring, so designated because if a person were to stoop over it a sufficient length of time and breathe the gas it exhudes the effect would be fatal. Birds which venture too close to its surface are doomed. They become powerless, drop into the mass and expire. A smaller spring in the vicinity smells strongly of ammonia.

A few miles further northward, near the headwaters of Soda Creek, is the Mammoth, said to be the largest spring in the world. While there is but one extensive pool, a large number of springs contribute to the general volume, rushing up from their subterranean depths. Some of these streams are singularly beautiful; from away down in the depths of the pool are seen rushing to its surface lovely columns of water, the gas with which they are heavily charged giving them an enchanting whiteness. Some of the cavities in the basin are said to be over twelve feet deep. This we had no means at hand of testing and were therefore left to take for granted the statements on this point of persons professing to know.

A few miles still further to the north, slightly bearing to the east, are the wonderful Formation Springs. They are situated on elevated ground. This greater altitude over their surroundings has evidently been produced by the deposit from the water, which has in it as much lime as it can hold in solution. The result is that a large area is covered with a lime crust, shaped into crested wave formations by the action of the water as it deposits its mineral ingredients in layers with raised outward edges, thus damming itself and then overflowing the ridges only to manufacture others beyond. The effect is very interesting, the lime surface being white, covered here and there with fresh green moss, while dwarfish trees and shrubs come up through the stony crust. These growths obtain their nourishment from the soil beneath the hard pavement like surface, the roots shooting down into the earth. The whiteness of the lime-coating, combined with the verdant shrubbery, conveyed the impression to the eye that winter and summer had concluded to meet, to wed and live together.

A large cave, evidently made by the action of the water forming a crust over a deep gulch, is a curious feature. It is entered by means of a hole, by which but one person can descend at a time to the dark depths of the cavern. The little party I accompanied entered it, but we were placed at a disadvantage, as the cave—except at the point of ingress and at another place where a small aperture lets in a little light—is enveloped in perpetual darkness. We had omitted to bring either candles or pitch-pine. The difficulty was partially overcome, however, by the utilitarian ideas of Brother Gibbs, who found some pieces of shingle. These he split up

into long splints and lighted. With these in hand we traversed the cave and were enabled partially to inspect its curious features and admire the stalactite formations which constitute its roof and sides. It was not convenient to measure, by pacing, the length of the cavern, because of the danger of raising unnatural bumps on the cranium by too sudden and forcible contact with numerous projections from the ceiling. It was traced on the surface, however, and stepped by one of the party, who put its approximate length down at 200 feet. Even the atmosphere of the interior is loaded with lime, the odor of which at once strikes upon the olfactories of visitors.

There is one more prominent spring in close proximity to the town, its location being about two miles north by west of it. It is known as Ninety per cent, so called because of that being claimed to be the proportion of soda over other ingredients it contains. The water, owing to this predominance, has not such an agreeable taste as that of the other springs. It is asserted, however, that for the same reason it affords great benefit to patients affected with biliary ailments. It is here where the bottling works of the Natural Mineral Water Company are situated. Among the chief parties interested in the enterprise are Dr. Allen Fowler, of Salt Lake City, president; A. W. Clark, of Butte, vice-president, and W. S. McCornick, treasurer. The Union Pacific Railway Company are also large stockholders.

We were shown over the premises by Mr. C. N. Aurparth, who is overseer of the works. The bottling is conducted rapidly and systematically. The demand for the product is extensive, but operations are curtailed at present owing to a difficulty of procuring the needed number of bottles. There are three tables, with the necessary apparatus, each with a daily capacity of 3,000 bottles, making an aggregate of 9,000. Owing to the obstacle already referred to, however, only one of the tables is operated; hence the establishment is only producing to the extent of one-third its actual capacity. The company have given to the water the musical Indian name of Idanha.

In the first paper it was stated that Ludvig Suhrke was one of the first settlers of Soda, having gone there early in the seventies. Its fame caused some people to be seized with an Oklahoma sentiment. The gentleman named related an incident in point:

M—, a Salt Lake City harness-maker, had an eye to a home in the north, and set out for the soda region with a wagon and horse team. All went well till he reached Bear River. In attempting to ford that stream the tongue of his wagon broke, leaving him in a bad predicament in the middle of the current. He gave himself over to despair, and standing in the water he "lifted up his voice and wept," bewailing his bad fortune. Some persons, who had already crossed the river—Suhrke amongst them—