

## CHICAGO TO PALMYRA.

Everybody knows that Chicago is one of the big cities of America. Almost every nation on earth has a representative in its motley population. It was once thought that the Columbian Fair would have left the city very dull and flat, in a business sense, but such are the vast resources contributing to its growth that the great event is almost forgotten.

Remembering the great Fair, I took a stroll around the grounds of Jackson Park. Nearly all the buildings have been burned down. There are still standing the Convent of Rahida, now used as a health resort for small children. The Art Building, containing a vast collection of exhibits either purchased or donated, is now called the Field Columbian Building for the reason that Marshall Field invested \$1,000,000 and donated it to the city. The collection as it now stands is admirably arranged and is without doubt as instructive an object lesson in the progress of locomotion as can be found.

combined all the attractive features of the Transportation Building of the Columbian Fair. In a lough are also to be seen the imitation caravels, too similes of the originals of which Columbus was the commodore. They look neglected and forlorn and are in the funeral procession of the other attractions. The Viking boat is preserved also; as well as the German building near the lake shore. Those who saw the grand exhibition in its glory will feel a sense of sadness that the splendid vision of man's ingenuity has disappeared.

It is no wonder that country folk rush to the big cities, for when we stroll around the splendid parks, of which there are nearly twenty in and around Chicago, thousands of persons can be seen lounging in them. Lincoln park has a splendid menagerie—and perfect roads for bicyclists; also a water way for boat racing. Then again, there are flower beds of enchanting beauty and nowhere can you see "keep off the grass." Everybody seems really to enjoy these breathing spots, and none more so than the poor—and no one seems to violate the sanctity of these fine attractions. It is no way surprising that such places are crowded on Sunday and the churches empty—for they seem to believe with Bryant that "the groves were God's first temples." This seems to be the poor man's church, if we may judge by the audience.

Chicago has one street 20 miles long; the city is spreading all over the country around. What size it will be when it is a hundred years old none of us can tell. There are numbers now living who remember the old fort that stood on the spot where Chicago now stands in 1832.

By way of diversity I traveled over the Michigan central through the prolific state of Michigan; it is one of the high-class roads of the United States. At one station an attendant passed through the cars handing out bouquets of flowers to each lady passenger. They also have a system of dining cars that presents new features. Elegant lunches are served at thirty-five, fifty and seventy-five cents each. On each side of the road the apple

crop is enormous; the estimated supply amounts to 60,000,000 bushels, two to three million bushels of which are exported.

One part of the road runs through the domain of our old friend Queen Victoria; apples and white beans are the most prominent attractions until we reach the world-renowned Niagara Falls—the crowning object of natural beauty in the eastern part of North America. Every traveler that can should stop off there as long as possible. It is no longer the dead-fall it used to be. Both Canada and the United States have made the surroundings beautiful, and the attractions are under the control of the state of New York on one side, and of the Dominion of Canada on the other.

Next to the falls, whose praises have been sung by everyone, the utilization of the great water supply is an object of wonder. Dozens of factories are being constructed, the source of power, to a great extent, being supplied by the Cataract and Niagara Falls Power company. Already they have four dynamos in operation of 5,000 horse power each, and room for six more. The noise of the falls has been distinctly heard by telephone in New York. An electric road runs to Buffalo; miles at Tonawanda, 11 miles away, are also operated. All the factories at Niagara Falls, great paper mills, aluminum works, street lighting and electric roads are run from this limitless source of energy. It is calculated that the falls can be utilized to the extent of 1,000,000 horse power, and supply all the surrounding country; and this is only a beginning.

A whole chapter could be written upon Niagara; but my readers may tire of the effort to tell them of such a wonder 2,000 miles away, when our own Niagara near by has never yet been touched, and hardly seen. I refer to the Shoshone and Twin Falls on Snake river. If the people have a Niagara in the east, we have one in the west. But Niagara is a mighty fall. It drains 15,000 square miles; it is 184 feet high, it is the outlet of the interior lakes, on whose bosom an immense shipping floats, whose waters line the Canadian and American shores for thousands of miles and the commerce of an interior continent greater than the coast line of the Atlantic is trapezoidal.

From a pictorial standpoint the falls and surroundings are perfect, they are overpowering and fascinating beyond all description. Twenty-two railroads run to them, all freighted with admiring thousands of sight-seers who never seem to tire of its attractions.

It is a favorite resort for newly married couples, who fairly swarm at all the points of vantage on both sides of the river. Two suspension bridges now span the chasm below the falls; also the cantilever bridge built by the Michigan Central railroad. The cost is very trifling for a short stay. You can find hotels at any price, and the distances are not long, if you wish to see the various points of interest on foot.

I had long desired to visit the Hill Cumorah, near Palmyra and took the New York Central railroad to reach it. It is twenty-two miles south of Rochester in the midst of a well settled and highly cultivated country, with old-

fashioned comfortable farm houses dotting the landscape. Leaving the station you take winding a road amidst trees and foliage towards the noted place; one feature that distinguishes these old places is the great number of grey beards you meet—greater than is found in a western town. Comfortable looking couples in their teams are returning home from marketing and there are all the features of country life. Apples are in sight everywhere. This is an exceptionally good year for them. Trudging along, the "raging canal" is soon seen; two or three canal boats are being rushed through the water at two miles per hour, the driver pushing the horse power with all his might. A tumble-down old brick building is seen on the left, and an old wharf near by. There is an aged look to some of the houses, both picturesque and interesting.

Near the canal we espied the Exchange Hotel, once a pretentious building, now somewhat out of shape, but comfortable within. We registered and found good quarters and a pleasant host to entertain us. I told him I had come to see the Hill Cumorah. "Where's that?" said he. I hinted that it was the place sometimes called "Mormon hill"—that I had been told there were some old gentlemen who remembered having seen some slabs of rock near the spot where the Book of Mormon plates were found. He knew nothing of any such thing, for he was born since the event occurred. "but," said he, "there's an old gent near by the name of John Ford, who knew everything about the hill and Joseph Smith, too."

Mr. Ford was interviewed; an old timer of 82 years. He gave the Prophet a hard name—said he used to play with him; that he was the tough of the village, as he was connected with some fellows who dug for hidden treasure. Ford never took the trouble to look at the hill—didn't believe anything about it.

"But my friend," said I, "there are a half a million people who have received the message that Joseph Smith brought who testify to its truth."

"Well, they are more easily gulled than I was," was his reply; "never heard of any rooks on the hill, and didn't believe there ever were any."

He was soon joined by another veteran, not quite so old, but just as bitter in his statements. It were useless that I should say that Christ had just as many hard things said about him by the Jews. They had made up their mind the "hill" thing was a humbug and never gave it a thought.

As it is nearly seventy years since the spot was revealed to Joseph Smith, September 22, 1827, it will be hard work to find many living who remember seeing particular signs of anything unusual on the hill. I was told that Tim Sanders knew a good deal; so a visit to Mr. Sanders was proposed.

The way to the hill is known as the Canandaigua road. It passes right through the town. A church stands on each corner of the streets as you turn to reach the desired haven. The same features of quaint homes are here as on the approach to Palmyra. Our host says that he sold 1,000 bushels of apples for \$75—seven and a half cents per bushel—the buyer pick-