

AS SEEN BY AN EXCURSIONIST.

REXBURG, Ida., Aug. 16, 1897.

Thinking that perhaps a few lines from this part of the world's broad domain would not be amiss to the many readers of your valuable paper, I take my pencil (not pen) in hand to subscribe a few items, which I hope—beg pardon, Mr. Editor, I did not intend to worry you with those back-negged introductory phrases, so often blue-pencilled by yourself and colleagues, but as I have rather inadvertently written them and have not an eraser at hand, I ask for your indulgence and kindly request that you "let 'er go," despite a violation of your rule to the contrary.

I was one of the 300 excursionists who left Salt Lake on Saturday evening, northward bound, over the Oregon Short Line, to seek a haven of rest and recreation amid the craggy peaks and grassy dells of fair Idaho. Our course, as you no doubt well know, lay by way of Ogden, Brigham City, Cache Junction, Camerón, Oxford, Pocatello, Blackfoot, Idaho Falls, Market Lake and a dozen or more intervening hamlets and villages. At Ogden the Salt Lake contingent was augmented somewhat by the addition of probably fifty or more hungry pleasure-seekers—hungry for pleasure, not otherwise—while several of the capital's gay and hilarious youths, took in the Union depot and all proper appurtenances thereunto belonging, not excepting the soda water stand, where an ordinary five-cent drink is dished out for a dime, as a special inducement, perhaps, to those bent on a strict compliance with the temperance ordinance.

With one eye closed and the other far from open, the party reached Brigham City in due season. Ah, Brigham, how long have I yearned for a summer outing in thy shady nooks and over-burdened orchards, but I could not! Your prestige forals that is lovely, exhilarating and divinely oft times driven me to initiation, but all in vain. Yet withal I have been privileged to gaze upon you and to taste of your good things, even though it were in blindness and at an hour when all good people should have been at rest. Brigham by moonlight, presents a scene of divine loveliness, but candor prompts me to remark that her people are too whole-souled, too liberal and by far too accommodating. Just this, nearly twelve o'clock and her urchins at the station with laced baskets of fruit ready to dispense to the hungry crowd on pleasure bent. Peaches were distributed in abundance, a dime a dozen, luscious, juicy and sweet, while grapes—well perhaps there are some things which remain better untold.

Speeding away we were soon at Cache Junction, the locomotive gateway to Logan and the many quiet, though pleasant, rural retreats of that much blessed locality. Here not a few of the excursionists heeded the conductor's "change cars," as their destination lay off in the vicinity of the points lastly referred to, while those remaining enjoyed the sensation of a ride through the great tunnel at the Bear river narrows. Cannon, a little station near the Utah-Idaho boundary was a stopping place, but

not a great many of the pleasure-seekers paid homage to it, as most of them had gone to the land of dreams, where whistle toots and "all aboard" have found no place, and where, aboard an elegant chair-car, the microbes become entangled, the foot joins in the lullaby and cold chills run down one's back. At Pocatello the passengers changed cars, and after an hour's wait, during which time a Salt Lake quartet filled the air with harmonious melodies and the hungry and thirsty ate and drank to their heart's content, the train again pulled out on a slow, careful gait to the Blackfoot, where two or three passengers said "au revoir" and left to visit relatives and friends.

Idaho Falls was the next important stopping place and several of the party dropped off here, to spend their holidays in what appears to be a lively and prosperous little town. Then we go on to Market Lake, your correspondent's destination by rail, as well as that of the greater part of the contingent. This station was reached between 6 and 7 a. m., and soon all were scattering to their respective conveyances which awaited them as a means of transportation to Rexburg, Teton Basin and Yellowstone Park.

The former city lies a distance of twenty-two miles from Market Lake, the road a comparatively good one, but sadly in need of the sprinkling cart. Laying all premature prejudices aside and speaking as behoves one who professes veracity, the trip by wagon is a splendid one, running as it does over a rich agricultural table-land plentifully watered and carefully attended to by the thrifty husbandman. The many forks of the Snake and its tributaries in their meanderings present a picture beautiful to look upon; while stretching out as far as the eye can see, to all points of the compass, is one vast garden of luxuriant and thrifty vegetation. Between Market Lake and Rexburg the town of Menan intervenes—a promising locality with perhaps a half-thousand population—while at Rexburg, the visitor feels happy and joyous—happy because of a short lay-over, and joyous that he finds himself among a class of people, hospitable in the extreme and ever ready and willing to bid him welcome and partake of their bounteous store.

Rexburg is divided into two wards, the first presided over by Thomas E. Ricks, Jr., the second having as its bishop, a former Salt Lake and son of a Utah Pioneer, Timothy J. Winter. Rexburg on all sides presents a picture of comfort and happiness. Like the balance of the locality its richness lies in its agricultural resources, its advantages for cattle raising and the fact that there is plenty of room to grow and a splendid foundation, already laid, for what will yet be one of the strongest and most prosperous communities in the inter-mountain states. The country offers every inducement to the home-seeker, and its social conditions are such as to stimulate and encourage the growth of morality, therefore making it an ideal place for the raising of families. The people up here own their own homes, eat their own vegetables, milk their own cows, catch their own fish and mind their own business. They are loving and agreeable and always

conduct themselves as becometh Latter-day Saints, which the great majority of them are. Bannock Stake, presided over by Elder Thomas E. Ricks Sr., is in a healthy condition and its ecclesiastical officers and officers are all in good shape, a condition that can be truly attributed to their obedience and adherence to the laws, ordinances and requirements of the Gospel.

As stated before, a big share of the Salt Lake excursionists came through this way en route to the Teton Basin and Yellowstone Park. The country is at its best at the present time and Salt Lakeers are out this way in abundance. Ex-Marshal Brigham, Ed Sheets and others went through to the Park yesterday while your correspondent expects to leave for the Basin in a day or two. Then, look out for fish stories! A. B. JR.

OGDEN BOY SHOT.

OGDEN, Utah, Aug. 21.—As the result of an accidental discharge of a 22 caliber revolver in the hands of Joe Kuhn, a 12-year-old boy, Wm. R. Stevenson, a lad 16 years old, lies at his parents' residence on Orchard avenue, with a bullet wound over his left eye, near the temple. Although Dr. Rich, the physician summoned, was probed for the bullet, it cannot be located. The course of the bullet was first to the front, ranging toward the nose. The skull is badly fractured and brain matter is oozing out of the wound. The right eye is partially closed. The physician believes the bullet is lodged in the brain.

The two boys reside in houses adjoining, on Orchard avenue. The revolver is an old rusty weapon that has been in the Stevenson house for years. The lads were going on an outing today, and evidently intended taking it with them. They were examining it in the barn.

The Kuhn boy claims that he snapped the trigger, not knowing it was loaded. There was a loud report and Stevenson fell back screaming. The report alarmed the entire neighborhood, and soon a throng of excited neighbors crowded the Stevenson residence. No time was lost in summoning a physician, and he did everything in his power for the wounded boy. Although the lad is resting as easily as can be expected at present, the doctor does not expect him to recover.

The unfortunate boy is a son of Thomas Stevenson, a Southern Pacific brakeman, and Kuhn is son of Abe Kuhn, a traveling man for Kuhn & Co., men's furishers.

NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y., Aug. 22.—Frank Webster of Buffalo, Warren Buan, 21 years old, of Chicago, and Charles Giesher, 29 years of age, of Chicago, who have been camping on the banks of the Niagara river for the past week with several companions, today hired a small boat at LaSalle and started to row across the Niagara river to the Canadian shore.

Their boat became upset and the men were seen struggling in the water. Before assistance could reach them, all were carried over the falls on the Canadian side. The bodies were not recovered.