

finally fired a shot through it. A member of the Chester family, a young fellow about twenty, was sitting in the room into which the bullet was propelled. The missile barely missed his leg. The youth thought the joke had been carried far enough, and that it was time for Chester to "charge." He rushed out, took the weapon away from Crawford and with it beat the peace disturber over the head. Chester was rested forthwith and taken before Mr. Green, justice of the peace. At the request of the defendant the case was continued to afford time to procure counsel and witnesses. What the outcome was deponent knoweth not. Mr. Crawford, on the day following, was carrying his head around in a sling, or something that looked like one.

What is known as Lower Town is situated about a mile below Soda proper, and is inhabited by the remnants of the Morrisites, who were the earliest settlers of this section. Friend Gibbs and myself paid the place a visit. It is conspicuous for its desolate appearance. Not a tree or shrub, and scarcely a spear of grass, is to be seen. Everything looked dry and dusty. No particular order has been observed in laying out the lots, and the buildings are mostly log cabins, these constituents giving the place a scrambled aspect. Our first visit was in the evening, and as we walked along the principal and almost only street, urchins were observed peering at us around the corners of the houses. We were informed that the people generally of this settlement were well off, being the owners of a good many cattle upon the hills. The main object of the visit was to call upon Mr. Bowman, a venerable and kindly old gentleman who has resided in the settlement from its inception. We found his place and were informed by a well-bred and intelligent matron who was keeping house for him that he was in the corral engaged in milking. We proceeded to the spot indicated and found him taking the lacteal fluid from a cow of gigantic proportions, which caused his figure to appear somewhat dwarfed. He received us kindly, but the interview was interrupted by the advent of an active red-headed agent of a lady engaged in delivering lectures under the auspices of the W. C. T. U. We had observed this indefatigable individual the day previous tacking up posters on the upper town store fronts. He was out on this particular evening with a double-seated conveyance, gathering up an audience for the lecturer. He had invited the populace generally in the usual way, but was suspicious that they would not appear at the "feast of reason" prepared for their benefit; hence he was scouring the country gathering up the halt, the blind and the aged, after the order of the scriptural parable of our Lord. Mr. Bowman was among those to whom this courtesy was extended. This cut short the visit, but he gave us a cordial invitation to call again, which we did. In the meantime Brother Gibbs had

engaged the housekeeper in conversation, in the course of which he informed her, in his direct way, that if she was not a Latter-day Saint he thought she ought to be, as she had a real honest face.

Next time we called upon Mr. Bowman we found him engaged in building the centre front wall of his house which, having an insufficient foundation, had tumbled down. He left his work at once and engaged in conversation. He is one of the original Morrisites, and a pioneer of the Soda region. His face is large and kindly, and he has full, light-colored eyes. The countenance has an expression indicating a mild form of stubbornness or self-will. His figure is somewhat short, and in youth would be considered compactly built. In answer to questions he made a statement in substance as follows:

"I am 73½ years old, and a native of Manchester. I used to labor as an Elder in the part of England contiguous to that city with the late James D. Ross. I never was fully in accord with Joseph Morris. I have united with the Josephites, but do not see as they do. The brethren understand that I differ from them. In fact I don't know of any organization that I am in full accord with. The truth as it is in the scriptures is my guide. I take it where I find it. That must be our foundation. If we build on any other the structure will fall as has the front wall of my house. I would not have built such a house. I took it as payment of a debt a man owed me. He used wood instead of stone for a foundation and here is the result. So if we use anything but truth, down will go the wall. I do not believe in carnal weapons, and would never use them. It is against my principles. We came up here early in the sixties, and located near where a section of Gen. P. E. Connor's troops were stationed to protect the traveled road from the Indians, who used to burn wagons and kill travelers. I have seen many people who were wounded by the Indians. We used to furnish the soldiers some of their supplies. General Connor wanted me and two others to be soldiers with his command, and act with them, and he would pay us. We declined to do anything further than fight should the Indians make a raid on the settlements." [This hardly agreed with his theory about the use of carnal weapons.]

Mr. Bowman exhibited while talking a singular eccentricity. When interrogated he would throw his head back and his chin outward, close his eyes, thus shutting out external objects from his sight while collating in his mind the materials needful to constitute his answer. He has a good repute in the neighborhood, being kindly disposed and ever ready to extend a helping hand to those who solicit or need it. When we bade him adieu he gave us a hearty invitation to call again.

On Tuesday, the 13th, Apostle F. M. Lyman arrived at the Lau establishment, having just come over

from attending the Bear Lake Stake Conference, in session during the two preceding days. A meeting was held on the evening of his arrival in the Soda Springs meeting house. He addressed the congregation upon the every day duties of the Latter-day Saints, making them so clear that to mistake his meaning was impossible. In connection with words of comfort he administered some telling home-thrusts to such as needed them, dividing to every man his portion. He was followed in appropriate remarks by Elders Solomon H. Hale, George F. Gibbs and others.

The evening following Apostle Franklin D. Richards reached the same quarters, having come up from the heat and dust of Salt Lake with the Bear Lake excursion party. Quite a number of others of the company stopped over at Soda to enjoy the cool breezes that prevail and test the virtues of natural soda water.

This communication is already long drawn out and I am not yet half through. I hope this hint regarding another dose of Soda will not have the effect of disgusting the reader.

[SECOND PAPER.]

The Soda Springs region is in some particulars one of the most wonderful sections of this continent. It abounds in singular natural phenomena. Those outside the town are much more striking than those within its bounds. Among the curiosities are what are known as Steamboat Springs, situated two or three miles southeast of the settlement and on the banks of Bear River. The name was suggested by a hissing, snorting stream of spray which issues from a cavity in a solid limestone formation. The sound made by the water forced from below by a strong current of gas is somewhat similar to the noise of escaping steam. An old resident states that the force of the current had considerably diminished of late years, and the height to which the stream is thrown is thus curtailed. All around the steamboat flow are small bubbling springs.

The visiting party tried an experiment with a view to increasing the power and height of the hissing stream, which constitutes the chief attraction. Flat rocks and other obstructions were placed over the other openings, thus sending a stronger current of gas into the main aperture. The effect was magical. Previous to this being done the water rose merely to a height of about eighteen inches above the surface of the rock. Now it was thrown nearly four feet into the air, making a natural fountain of great beauty. Instead of an ordinary spray, the water, as it arose from the cavity, formed into large globules about the size of ordinary marbles. As this mass of liquid was thrown into the air it sparkled in the sunlight, producing an enchanting effect.

Visitors do not drink the steamboat spring water, for the reason that its temperature is probably