

were for hours pouring into the open squares. The quay, Lejonbacken, and Slottbacken were soon filled with people, and from windows, roofs, boats and ships others were watching the big event. The gigantic German man-of-war was one of the most conspicuous objects of attraction in the harbor. From masts and rigging and hull hundreds of electric lights were illuminating the night, and numerous other men-of-war were equally well lighted up.

Precisely at 9 a. m. the pyrotechnic display commenced with the explosion of 21 bombs. This was followed by a veritable rain of fiery sparks from skyrockets, Roman candles, and other contrivances. From the vast multitudes the applause sounds like the rolling thunder or the noise of a cataract. The electric searchlight from one of the cruisers is now being thrown on the eastern wing of the palace, and there, on the flat roof and leaning against the breastwork, the king, surrounded by his attendants, is seen. He is greeting the people and they respond with shouts of joy.

One of the great events of the third day, Sunday, Sept. 19, was the illumination of the capital and the progress of the royal cortege through the principal thoroughfares. A splendid sight was that which met the king and his guests as they emerged from the palace and drove down Lejonbacken. It was like a sea of radiant light from arches, from stars, from crowned monograms, from torches and lampposts and windows. Light everywhere. The cortege was led by a carriage containing the king and queen and the two oldest sons of the crown prince. After them came the Danish crown princess, a Russian princess, Princess Thyra of Denmark and Prince Rupert of Bavaria. After them came the other royal guests and high dignitaries. The streets were lined with spectators in seemingly endless rows, and everywhere were heard the jubilant shouts of the multitudes.

Monday the royal couple received various deputations and ended the day with a great banquet. On Tuesday more deputations and congratulations. This day closed with a jubilee performance at the royal opera house, to which every ticket was sold out two weeks ahead of time.

On Wednesday, Sept. 22, his majesty granted a special audience to your correspondent at 11:45 a. m., and then received the students of Upsala and Lund universities. A grand ball and supper closed the proceedings of the day.

On Thursday, the last day of the jubilee week, the king went to the exposition and distributed the prizes. In the evening a torchlight procession was the great attraction to the multitudes.

Decorations, illuminations, etc., during the week must have cost something like 500,000 kronor—a respectable sum for a place like the capital of the Swedish kingdom.

J. M. SJODAHL.

TRIP TO SALMON CITY, IDAHO.

To reach the city named above, take the Oregon Short Line, Butte division, get off at Red Rock, 338 miles from Salt Lake City. It is not much of a place as to size, but it is the shipping point for places reached only by the old-time conveyances—mule teams and stage coaches, that our Semi-Centennial Jubilee has been reviving and bringing to notice. While I was there a train load of cattle was being made up. The poor brutes were punched and prodded to fill up the cars. Huge wagons heavily laden in pairs, and other conveyances of the old-time pattern, were rolling out.

Next in order was the daily stage line—elegant four-horse coaches. We have exchanged the conductor with his punch for the one with the whip, and proud indeed is the passenger who claims the seat near the driver—the post of honor and the one most sought after.

Salmon City is seventy miles away, yet is within speaking distance. A telephone line costing \$4,000 has been built connecting that distant point with the rest of the world. The road thither, part of the way, is over an undulating country. Cattle ranches are seen on the river bottoms, distant mountains fringe them, the road is a good one, the stage time about six miles an hour. You do not leave Red Rock until nearly noon and reach Midway toward evening, where a comfortable station awaits you, and you stay for the night. Midway enjoys an elevation of 6,800 feet. Early next morning the climb to the summit of the mountain begins.

The summit once reached (elevation 7,500 feet), you are on the great dividing line of the continent. A few miles north, near Horse Prairie, is the tiny streamlet that may be called the birthplace of the mighty Missouri, whose waters finally reach the gulf of Mexico. To the west begins another creek that runs into Lemhi river. This one soon gets into Salmon river; and on towards the setting sun the Salmon and Snake rivers combine to make the great Columbia river.

The road over this mountain is a safe one. The descent is made by one of the wheels being encased in an iron boot. In winter sleighs are used. The drivers are careful men—very few accidents occur—the most timid need not be afraid of taking chances with them. Down, down we go. The distant Salmon river mountains loom up in the west, a ribbon-like line is seen away in the distance, we are told it is our road, and sure enough it is. We reach Sutherland's and find we have dropped down 1,700 feet in two or three miles.

It is fun to hear stage men talk horse. Each one has his name; each horse possesses an individuality, peculiar to himself. They enjoy pet names—Jerry, Jeff, Dan, Bruiser, and so forth. But one thing I am proud to say is that no more humane drivers can be found than good stage drivers. Sel-dom or never have I seen them whip their horses. In blinding snowstorms and pelting rains, the stage driver has to forge ahead and take such chances that few envy him.

Railroad men also have their talks, but in other channels. Among the bravest men of the present day are railroad engineers running fast trains. They can tell all the merits and demerits of their "kettles" as they call them, as do our stage drivers the faults and failings of their equine pets. Some of the greybeards remember the swagger of the old time overland stage drivers who used to strut around with a silver race horse on their watch chains. When they reached a stopping place, they put on more airs than the captain of an ocean greyhound. But their race is nearly run. One of these days electricity and compressed air will replace them all; fire wagons will be a thing of the past.

You leave Montana on the divide and enter Idaho. The road to Lemhi river is through a long canyon. Here and there are boxes on posts into which our drivers put packages. They are for some lonely prospector, settler, or miner, leading lives of hermits in the search for golden treasures.

The last change of horses in the Lemhi valley is near Sharkey's and on his farm the famous old fort built by the Mormons in 1855 is seen. It looks like the old dirt wall now seen on the bench north of Salt Lake City. Shocks

of grain now fill the center of it. It is close to the stage road, on the left hand side going towards Salmon City.

There is a long story connected with these dirt walls. The blood of the brave Pioneers stains them. The bones of noble men who sought to carry the olive branch of peace and help to the Indians lie near them. Thus it is that the early Pioneers in many cases who sought to benefit the Indian tribes were made to suffer for their magnanimity.

It was in the spring conference, 1855, that a number of missionaries under the direction of Thomas S. Smith of Farmington, numbering 28 in all, were called to go and make a settlement in this unknown region, and on the 15th of June the fort was located. A settlement was started, crops were raised, and great progress was made in reclaiming the country. But the grasshoppers visited them in 1856 and destroyed their crops. President Brigham Young, and a large escort, visited the valley in 1857. In February, 1858, the Indians attacked the settlers, killing George McBride and James Miller, and wounding the president of the colony, Thomas S. Smith, also Fountain Welch, L. W. Shurtliff, Andrew Robinson and Andrew Ogilvey. The fort was finally abandoned March 8, 1858.

In 1866 the mining excitement brought in the ubiquitous prospector, and Salmon City was founded. It is located near the junction of the Lemhi and Salmon rivers. The distance is twenty miles from the fort to the city. The road runs on the west side of the valley. The mountains are lofty and well timbered, and the soil is fertile and produces good crops. The elevation of Salmon City is 100 feet lower than Salt Lake City. Beautiful crops of grain give a golden tinge of plenty to the farms.

Idaho is a well watered state. Plenty of water fills the soul of the irrigator with joy. Some fresh farms are seen near the location of the fort, but as the elevation is 5,000 feet, fruit is not a certain crop. Gold mining is the industry that gives life to the country.

The fluctuations in the price of silver do not worry the Salmonians. Nearly every one you meet in this fishy city looks to be well fixed. No signs of poverty are in sight. There are some fine stores and neat residences, and the usual number of shanties that go to make up a mining town. The location is an admirable one. The climate, with the exception of a few extreme cold snaps, is very pleasant. If you have any money to "blow in" for mining purposes, you will be made welcome. If you are after land to settle upon, do not go there. It is all taken up.

There are some good mines near by. The Monolith—of which Junius F. Wells is president and superintendent, is located forty-five miles down the river. Supplies are floated to it on rafts and boats. The sides of the river below are precipitous. Getting out gold bars in such a place is no kindergarten work. Still I saw some of them that ran up into the thousands. Floating goods is a risky job on the Salmon river—almost as difficult as floating the bonds of a railroad scheme. But where is it that men will not go, to get out the king of metals?

I was proud to see one of our foremost Utah boys making a success in a vocation requiring so much tact and energy, in such an unlooked for location.

It will be a long time before the iron horse gets into the Salmon river valley, but one of these days there will be a big population there.

C. R. SAVAGE.