

HUNTING THE PICTURESQUE.

Nine hours from Salt Lake City via the Utah and Northern brings you to Market Lake, the meanest place on earth for mosquitoes. Lucky are you if you are provided with netting to protect yourself from the pests, the smallest and most persistent bores that ever affected humanity. Get away from this point in the night if you can, or very early in the morning. A rough and tumble hotel will take care of you for the night if you have to stay and do not want anything to eat. It is, however, mosquito proof, which is worth the trifling charge for a good bed. Market Lake station is a short distance from Idaho Falls, and is located on Snake River. It may yet be a place of importance if the mosquitoes permit.

The traveler who has not visited the north country for the last few years will be amazed at the immense strides in the opening and settling of the country along the line of the railroad. Miles and miles of gigantic ditches are constructed to irrigate the land bordering Snake river. Ere long the one barren stretch known as the Snake river valley will teem with hundreds of towns and villages; irrigation is doing its mighty work, and the source in this region will never fail, for Snake river is one of the largest, deepest, and most tortuous of our western rivers and draws its supply from an immense water shed, from lofty peaks, chilling glaciers and snowy reserves of unknown depth, in mountain chasms as yet unexplored by man.

The distance from Market Lake to Rexburg is twenty-two miles, part of the way over lava beds and deep sand. On the way you cross Snake river on a very well constructed bridge. Grass abounds everywhere, and where ever the hand of man has turned in the water, fine crops of heavy grain are seen. It is six miles from the bridge to Rexburg and the whole country on each side of the road is under cultivation. Ditch digging has been reduced to a science, but the immense amount of work necessary to construct them shows the labor of the pioneer to be no child's play. A long, weary wait, awaits the man willing to open up a new country. A good deal of self denial must be practiced; hard work and hard fare are the stepping stones to the royal independence of a pioneer farmer.

Rexburg is a scattering town with a post office and four or five stores, and is the centre of an immense farming region along the banks of Snake river. I should judge the elevation to be a little over 6000 feet. Tomatoes ripen, and other tender plants do well. The soil is very rich, and the vegetable growth looks strong and luxuriant.

A splendid grist and saw mill is also seen, which attests the fact that the future of Rexburg is metropolitan. The next thing in order should be a woolen mill, then a foundry and machine shop and so on. The one solitary saloon is enough; no one wishes an increase of liquid death dispensaries.

What is now known as the Bannock Stake consists of thirty-two settlements. In 1882 the assessed value of property now covered with these settlements was \$10,000; last year it was

\$1,225,000. The principal settlers are "Mormons," although there are many non-"Mormons" in the different villages. In 1882 about 6000 bushels of grain were raised; this year's estimate puts it at 750,000. These facts show the region to be well suited for the sustenance of life, although timber is a long way off, and the winters are cold and long. The hills surrounding the valleys are covered with fine bunch grass, making a splendid range for stock.

From Rexburg over rolling hills covered with fine grass, crossing Moody and Canyon creeks, the road to the bridge in the Teton Basin is 32 miles. The grand old Teton peaks in the range loom up at times in their solitary grandeur. The road is excellent for a natural one. The views to the north are grand and commanding. A way to the northeast is the Yellowstone Park, while in the valley is the north fork of Snake river. At Canyon creek the settlers have been constructing a canal for the last five years to bring out the creek waters for watering the beaches around Teton city.

Herds of antelope used to roam these hills, but they are no more to be seen; a solitary badger was all that was visible on the entire stretch of the road when I crossed it. Everybody visiting these parts has notions of hunting and fishing; very many will be disappointed. The game get out of sight and are only to be found in the unfrequented parts; the same with fish. Both Indians and white men do the work of clearing out the streams, so that fishing becomes tedious unless you go a long way. It is a grand view when you get an unobstructed one of the Teton basin. I had pictured in my mind a narrow valley with mountains on each side, of the most romantic character; but, like many other mental visions, it was all brushed away when I saw the real basin.

To the east (most of it in Wyoming) is the Teton range, with the four noted peaks that suggested to the Frenchman a name for them. South is the Pallisade range of mountains. On the west is a lower one bearing the comparison of our west mountains with the higher Wasatch peaks. The north end is open like unto Cache Valley. The length is about 35 miles, with varying width of from 12 to 18 miles. Long streaks of timber show the location of different creeks that pour their waters into the Teton river—which becomes in midsummer a large one. This river at the south receives the streams from Game, Moose and Trail Creeks, all of them large streams. Not a vestige of salaratus land is to be seen. Grass abounds as well as immense bodies of timber in the mountains near by.

There are about 100 families now in the basin, most of them Mormons, and plenty of room for more. Many faces familiar to Salt Lake are to be seen, but there is no rust on them. Boys who did not know of what kind of material they were have built log homes and corrals; they are fencing in their claims, hauling timber, and are now finding out what they are able to do. Wherever the land is cultivated everything does well. Vegetables grow fine and large, but I saw the potatoes nipped with frost on the morning of July 22nd; not much damage, how-

ever, was done, although in localities near the mouth of canyons they were not touched. Corn was thirty inches high, which was a fine showing for an elevation of 6000 feet—the highest point in the basin under cultivation is 6800 feet above sea level. The highest marking of the thermometer recorded was ninety degrees in July, and the lowest thirty-one below zero on the 10th of last January. For these facts I am indebted to Mr. Gideon Murphy, who kept observation by spirit thermometer.

The leading men of the State seem disposed to treat the "Mormon" people with fairness—why should they not do so? In my opinion they are the backbone of the State. Wherever they settle improvements are manifest. They go to stay, and stay to work, to found homes, build up communities and develop the resources of the country agriculturally. Large bodies of bituminous coal are said to exist in the mountains adjacent to the valley; in fact, nature seems to have fixed up this basin for a large population, and it will not be very long before the people will fill it up. Feed is everywhere abundant. There are no barren places in sight. With proper arrangements for winter feeding this promises to be one of the finest places for stock raising in the West.

As a matter of course it is a long way from a market. There is nothing you can sell on the grounds but live stock, and a poor market for that at present. There is no money in circulation, because there is none paid out. The man who intends to settle there must go provided with necessities for at least one season, must also have a team, otherwise he will be put to great disadvantage.

It is the story over again of the settling up of Cache Valley and other elevated points. The ambitious young man must have determination and endurance and be willing to turn his hand to any kind of work; he will be sure to succeed in the long run.

I witnessed the celebration of the 24th in a large bowery. I heard as fine music, I saw as fine a body of people as I desire to; they had turned their backs upon city life and were making new homes in this lovely valley, and all felt happy over it.

So much for the granger side of my story; the rest pertains to the scenic, and to another part of the great interior West, little known. I started for the Jackson Lake country and found here in the Teton basin that it was some sixty miles further to the eastward, into a country without a wagon road, over a range of mountains hard to climb. Securing the services of Mr. Gid. Murphy I started. He had been over the part I desired to visit. Our road followed Trail creek to the summit, 8,500 feet, one of the very worst roads possible to get over with a wagon. The last pull near the summit was 1200 feet in three quarters of a mile. Millions of horse flies abound, also grand bodies of fine timber. Game is plentiful up the canyon away from the road. Once at the summit the view reaches away to a great distance to the east. Mt. Bonneville and Jackson's Hole as well as the South fork of Snake river are spread out panoramically, almost at your feet. From the summit down to Fish Creek