

the night after the election, but for the sermon that compared men wild with liquor and hoarse with hideous yelling to Abraham and Moses, and the spirit of intoxication to the divine influence that makes men humble and obedient and promotes harmony and peace. We pity the being that uttered the blasphemy, and believe it will occasion disgust even in the souls of many who participated in the "pandemonium."

THE ORATORY.

The New York *Sun* of the 18th inst. has the following in relation to the gush and froth which some folks here have the poor taste to call oratory:

"We fear that the Gentle Chairman who lately beat the Mormon influence in Salt Lake City, Judge title of 'oratorically,' the Ingersoll O. W. Powers, can't hold on to his of the West," bestowed by the *Denver Republican*, if his style is truly found in his speech accepting a souvenir to commemorate his achievement. He began:

"If heartbeats could be coined into words, if gratitude were like a flower that bloomed upon the tongue, if friendship could be expressed by human speech, then I might hope to say something that would express the deep sense of obligation that I feel in accepting this token of esteem from the Liberals of Salt Lake."

That was all right enough, but the most uncontrollable wings that ever flew away with the imagination of Robert Ingersoll never would have landed him here:

"The diamond which adorns one side for thousands of years gathered into its heart the warm rays of the sun."

If that diamond was old enough to be real it probably, at the most, didn't see the sun until the present century. Unless a better man than Judge Powers can be shown, there is still no "Ingersoll of the West."

IN THE NORTH.

Accompanied by a friend I arrived at the notable town of Soda Springs, Idaho, on Sunday, July 11th. It is a pretty village, containing a greater number of large and handsome buildings in proportion to its size than any other place of similar dimensions in this region; but all health resorts are notable in that respect. Most of the more imposing structures are hotels, towering above all other buildings of that class being the Idanha, owned by the Union Pacific Railway Company. Owing to the scarcity of visitors this season that capacious house of entertainment has this year been practically vacant, and indeed, so far as health-seekers are concerned, Soda has much the appearance of a "deserted village." This smile is strengthened by the appearance of the streets, which have a verdant look, as they are partially covered with fresh growing grass.

My companion and myself were soon after arrival ensconced at the house of Bishop Daniel Lau, who keeps a place of entertainment. It is not, however, strictly speaking, a hotel, as it is conducted by Mrs. Lau, assisted by her amiable and industrious daughters. Their treatment of strangers within their gates dispels from the guests all idea of hotel life, the establishment having the real sentiment and atmosphere of home. Among those who had preceded us and driven their stakes for a season was Dr. Fred Clawson, who, had come up from the city on horseback, and was consequently enabled to scour the country on his animal, while less fortunate or less thoughtful ones were under the necessity of taking exercise and going sight-seeing afoot, with the alternative of paying the heavy prices for livery accommodation which prevail here. There were also at the Lau House, Mrs. Eva Davis and her daughter Allie, and Miss May Wells.

This is indeed a curious country, and the springs constitute its most singular as well as inviting feature. Only think of a person being able to go but a few rods from his stopping place, sit upon the ground—or stand up if he chooses, this being a free country, with occasional decided variations from the rule—and drink clear, sparkling soda-water, gushing and bubbling out of the earth! Besides soda the water is strongly impregnated with iron, which settles along the course of the outflowing current in the form of a sediment similar in color to iron rust. This material would make an excellent sienna paint.

The effect of the water varies upon different persons. Some relish its flavor from the first, others dislike it on the start but take to it after a longer and closer acquaintance. The residents caution new-comers to be careful and use the water but sparingly to begin with, as early excess is apt to create an internal commotion that leads to disaster. A friend of mine is duly impressed, by personal experience, with this fact. The water is quite active. It gives some people a balloonie sensation—they become puffed up in their feelings, as it were. It created nausea in one man, who was informed that that was a good sign, being the initiatory effect to future benefit. This unfortunate person was not relieved by this information, saying, "Well, I can only remain long enough to make myself sick, an object which I could readily have attained at home, but cannot spend sufficient time here to enable me to recover." Ludvig Suhrke, one of the oldest residents of Soda, states that the water is an infallible cure for rheumatism. "If the case is not too far gone," said he, "the patient will soon recover, but if he is beyond the point of relief, death will ensue inside of four days." If this be so the soda treatment for this malady is decidedly heroic.

There are three prominent springs inside the town, each of which has its devotees. There is but little difference in the flavor, temperature and sparkle of the water, however, the ingredients being the same and

the proportions not greatly dissimilar. Perhaps the one located at the rear of the Williams Hotel is the favorite, but towards all of them the health-seekers can be seen gravitating, cups in hand, to comply with the rule of the place, which demands that each person shall daily swallow from one to three gallons of the effervescent liquid. This can be observed particularly in the morning as people wander forth to indulge in their early eye-opener.

The Octagon spring is situated a few rods from and in the rear of the Idanha Hotel, and is so named on account of a wooden canopy erected over it by the late Captain W. H. Hooper. On the posts of this structure visitors are in the habit of carving or writing their signatures and the date of their visit. Numbers of these unartistic scrawls indicate that many of those who have frequented the resort are not conspicuous for good penmanship. But there is perhaps a fitness in this feature combined with the canopy, which is a land mark of the enterprising gentleman who built it. He was somewhat noted as a penman of the Horace Greely type. The Captain was a lightning manipulator of the quill, but after the result of the operation became cold he himself was occasionally puzzled in attempting to decipher it.

Lane Spring is so named because of its being located in an ordinary thoroughfare. The water is excellent, but it is mainly patronized by passers by. It has a tale attached to it. Several years since a man had been indulging in stronger stuff than the waters of the spring afforded. Whether or not he had been suddenly seized with a temperance sentiment and concluded to sober up on soda water will never be known, as he was found early in the morning lying on the ground with his head projecting over the edge of the opening from which the water gurgled forth, stone dead. He had inhaled a superfluity of carbonic acid gas arising from the water.

Soda is a quiet and orderly town, conditions to the contrary being exceptional. A couple of exceptions occurred upon the peaceful Sabbath evening on which we entered the town. The night was clear and beautiful. On what is facetiously called "whisky street," a man who had been imbibing freely of strong drink lay on his back gazing up at the silvery moon and stars and interrogating them as to the cause of their looking down on him so complacently, interlarding his questions with profane and abusive interpolations. In another part of town a scene of another description, originating from the same cause—drink—was in progress. A man named Crawford, a citizen who has been in the past more or less prominent in public affairs, had fired himself with bad whisky. He quarrelled with his wife and the latter fled. He imagined she was secreted in the home of a neighbor, named Chester. He proceeded to that gentleman's premises, pistol in hand. He rapped furiously upon the door with his shooter, and