

THE SHOSHONE FALLS.

At 8 o'clock a.m. on the morning of the 4th inst., the stage stopped at the hotel door at Shoshone, a town on the O. S. L. division of the U. P. system, and in a few moments we were driving over the wide scope of prairie country intervening between the railroad station and the celebrated Falls, twenty-five miles distant. Nothing of especial interest attracted our attention until we came within a few hundred yards of the river. Looking out from the crevice in the level land over which we were traveling, the black lava rock stood out in bold relief, exhibiting the opposite side of the gorge or canyon down which the river runs.

Just now we are at the opening on this side and commence a descent, passing through a gate, which, when shut, encloses a large ranch, the remainder of the enclosure being the cliffs up and down the river. We now follow a narrow dugway down and between the cliffs, now turn to the left, then over a level tract, then curving to the right; before we are aware we are on a high dugway about half way down the side of a great precipice. Looking up we see the towering pile of black lava and just peeping over the road edge on the other side, we see the road two hundred feet below. Drawing a line with our eye across the gorge from the point on the level where we commenced our descent to the opposite bank, is four thousand four hundred feet, and from this line to the water in the river below the distance is one thousand feet.

Just as we reach the canyon below, not yet in the main gorge where the river flows, we come to Blue Lakes, one of the prettiest sights we see in many miles' travel. Bubbling out from beneath the rocks at the base of the lava cliff is the water of Lost River, a stream which sinks fully seventy-five miles distant on the desert. This clear water forms two lakes, one connected with the other by a bubbling brook or stream tumbling over the rocks as it does making the outlet or one and the feeder of the other. The influence of the rocks, and the sand-like formation of ground insect shells at the bottom, cause the lake to exhibit a most beautiful bluish hue. Sinking again the water rises in other beautiful springs near the river's bank and below as it follows down the river's course it forms other spring ponds and lakes, which, like those above, abound in all kind of fish.

In 1882, Mr. Perrine, a gentleman from Michigan, discovered this lovely vale among the springs and rocks, and finding fruit trees would do well, has continued to develop an orchard, and today has 5,000 fruit trees in flourishing condition. He has stocked his lakes and ponds with choice fish, the bass, the sun perch, the pike and the mountain trout, while the salmon trout, the salmon and the sturgeon abound in the river below. The salmon trout, a fresh water fish, has frequently brought the scales down to 13 lbs, while 6 lbs is the nice little average, and only the morning of our visit a sturgeon was dragged out of the river only seven feet long.

Following the road on which we

came in to this vale or oases in the desert, all are soon on the level, and after traveling five miles up the river are soon at Shoshone Falls. Leaving the level country, again we descend a winding dugway and are soon at the water's edge above the falls. The ferry boat is in readiness, and we are soon floating across the great river. A strong cable extends from cliff to cliff on which run two carriages conveying the safety ropes, to prevent the boat from going down the river and over the falls, for they are only a stone's throw below. The boat is propelled by a small cable, the ends of which are permanently attached to the two shores, and the center passes around a large spool, which is turned with a crank. Arising from the falls comes the spray, which floats with the breeze above the breakers, floating over like a rain cloud.

Only a short distance below us we can see the water hurrying down the first steps, the shoots and riffles, and then lost from sight as it tumbles over the precipice 210 feet below. Well out in the river, and only a few feet from the edge of the falls, is a lone rock towering about thirty feet above the water and immediately on top is an eagle's nest built of sticks. Several generations of this great American bird have been hatched and fed from their home on the top of this solitary monument.

The cliffs of rocks down which we come are rather abrupt, descending to the water's edge, while on the other side where our boat is now landing, there is a little vale of sufficient size to accommodate a hotel and surrounding grounds.

Leaving our team at the traveler's home, we pass through a yard gate at the north, and by aid of a hand rail descend to a point of rocks projecting well out into the river, commanding an excellent view of the falls. Here we stand, and but for the facts which are made real to us by the perilous position we are placed in, one might think himself having a lovely dream, the sight is so lovely. Hurrying down the riffles and small falls intervening between the still, deep waters across which but a few moments since the boat crossed, and the mighty precipice over which the waters were tumbling, the hurrying waters come rolling, and long before they are hurled down the precipitous gorge, they are reduced to a stream of seemingly tumbling cotton or rolling, loose, flaky snow being hurled down the mountain side, not hesitating for a fresh start, but onward dashing, over it goes, and down, down the foaming torrent tumbles, now rolling, now splashing, then throwing out its snow-white spray; about the center, it forms a "bridal veil," and while one stands and watches that tumbling, rolling, splashing mass, he is completely lost in the contemplation of the grand sight before him.

Further over are some abrupt and smaller falls, while near by, almost under our footing, is a slanting shoot, down which the water seemingly rolls in its mad rush to get to the bottom. As the water, along the falls over 1,000 feet across, and 210 feet high, strikes that of its former self in the river below, the roar is deafening and the sight grand. The bubbling, broken

fragments are hurled in the air, which, arising to the river bank, is caught up by the breeze and carried away among the clouds.

Passing by the natural bridge and descending several hundred feet below on ladders, then clinging to a rope sliding down the steep descent, we are soon at the river's side immediately below the falls, and in a position commanding a most excellent view. As the setting sun shining in the western horizon sheds its brilliant rays on the dancing waters, a beautiful rainbow spans the river, and looks down from its central curve, dazzling the eyes with its radiance.

ANDREW KIMBALL.

May 8th, 1896.

CONFERENCE IN LONDON.

36 PENTON ST., Islington, London,
April 11, 1896.

The Saints of the London conference, with their friends, had a very enjoyable time at the conference held in the Clerkenwell town hall, Sunday, April 5th. The meetings were well attended and the Spirit of God was enjoyed by present. President Anthon H. Lund of the European mission was with us, also a number of visiting brethren from other conferences of the British mission. During the interval between afternoon and evening services, tea was kindly provided for all who wished it at our hall in Penton street. On the morning of April 6th, the sixty-sixth anniversary of our Church organization, we assembled in our hall in the capacity of a Priesthood meeting where the Elders gave in the reports of their labors since last conference. They all expressed themselves as feeling well in the work of the ministry, and are determined to do what they can for the spreading of truth and righteousness. We all, however, experience more or less difficulty in getting acquainted with the people in our various districts, especially where there is not a branch of the Church. This difficulty might be greatly reduced if the Saints at home who have relatives or friends here would kindly furnish the Elders with the addresses of them, or send them to the president of the mission, who would forward them to the Elders laboring in or near that locality. A striking example of how our acquaintance could be extended in a short time came under my personal observation. Some few weeks ago a letter was forwarded me from Liverpool, asking me to try and find out some relatives of a brother in Nephi, from whom he had not heard for a considerable time. I was successful in finding them and was very kindly received, spending all the afternoon and evening with them, and upon taking my leave I was invited to come again on the morrow, which I accordingly did. I was then taken to visit another relative and friend of theirs, where I was introduced, and where I was given an opportunity of explaining the first principles of the Gospel, until late in the evening. Here again I was cordially invited to come and spend an evening or two, whenever I could, and bring some of our books along, as the lady of the house told me that she was searching for the truth and she thought that we had it. Through that letter that