

were moved in their bowels, with compassion, for the disconsolate "boomer" and helped him out of his dilemma. After getting over the river and his difficulty, so anxious was he to secure a good spot in Soda on which to squat that, in his haste to become wealthy in land, he whipped up his horses and passed the good Samaritans whose prairie schooners were pulled by slow-going oxen. He got there first, stayed one night, surveyed the outwardly desolate prospect with his eagle eye, hitched up his team and started on his return to the chief city of the Saints, where he still lives, moves, and has a being.

Soda Springs has a ruin. It looks ancient, but it is not. It is a ruin in a double sense, being a landmark of a wrecked financial scheme, as well as a dilapidated structure. It is located a short distance east of the town, and consists of the remains of a round-house. A certain prominent railroad magnate conceived the idea that the district would become one of the most popular watering places on the continent and that a great city would soon be built there. He took steps to secure a personal right to large tracts of land. To fulfil his fanciful anticipations he proceeded to establish railroad shops, a cattle stockade, etc., for the benefit of the company? of course. The company dropped on to the inwardness of the matter, and broke it up. Hence the ruin, which remains to illustrate Burns' phrase about "The best laid schemes of mice and men."

The late Hon. W. H. Hooper had great faith in Soda becoming famous and populous. He and the late General Eldredge were among the foremost to recognize its merits as a health resort. In this idea they are succeeded by the bright and capable Captain John Codman, who is the owner of a cosy villa on the border of the town. He has paid a lengthy visit to Soda each year for a considerable period, and is expected to arrive from the east this season about the beginning of September, accompanied by his handsome and estimable wife.

The facilities of the Soda region as a watering place are not excelled by those of any locality within my knowledge. The climate in summer is surpassingly delightful, the nights, even in the heated term, being refreshingly cool. That country will have a boom one of these times that will send it up to the position it should occupy as one of the best places to which tired and sickly people can resort to recuperate and regain lost health.

(THIRD PAPER)

In company with other visitors I left Soda Springs on the morning of Friday, Aug. 16th, for the Valley of the beautiful Bear Lake, one of the most attractive sheets of fresh water in the western region. On reaching Montpelier the enlargement and general improvement of that town during the last few years were noted. It had, however, an exceedingly dry and dusty look,

which suggested another transformation that must have occurred between now and the long ago, when Mr. McBride passed that way on his westward journey. When he argued before a congressional committee against the fact that the "Mormon" people had done a great work in redeeming the desert by the construction of canals, making of roads through mountain fastnesses, building towns and cities, etc., he treated statements in that regard with derision. He said he had visited this quarter of the continent before the "Mormons" set foot upon the soil. In other words, he got here first. He did not explain, however, why he didn't camp out in the tall grass pending their arrival. He was, so I understand, a little out regarding locality. It was along the old immigrant route, which passes through the upper part of Montpelier, that he rode upon his cyuse and ran the risk of catching cold from getting his mocassins wet by trailing them through the tall and luxuriant dew-soaked vegetation that existed in this region before the advent of the "Mormons." Alas! for the mutations of time. The dew is turned into dust, and grass is plentifully conspicuous by its absence.

By courtesy of President William Budge we were treated to an exhilarating drive over a large portion of the meadow lands, which occupy the greater part if not the entirety of the central strip of the valley. They are level, and productive of an excellent quality of hay. The stretch of bottom land is nearly twenty miles long and averages probably four miles wide. It is as fine meadow or hay land as can be found out of doors in any country under the sun. The farmers, great and small, cut individually all the way from fifty to 400 tons of rich grass from it annually. This resource alone would be sufficient to enable them to live in comparative comfort.

Paris has advanced steadily in progress during the last decade. The old primitive public and private buildings have been supplanted by new and handsome structures. Conspicuous among the more attractive edifices stands the new Stake Tabernacle, an imposing building of goodly proportions and excellent design. It has already been described in the columns of the NEWS, and it is therefore unnecessary to go over the ground again. There is one special feature about it, however, with which no person who enters the building can help being struck at first sight. It is the stand, being the most chaste, exquisite and elegant of any piece of workmanship of the same character in any edifice—outside the Temples—in this entire region. Bloomington exhibits similar evidences of development to those seen in and around Paris, prominent among the marks of progress being a large two-story schoolhouse in course of erection. The three towns named were the only ones visited during a brief but pleasant stay in the valley.

On the afternoon, or rather even-

ing, of Sunday, August 18th, that section was visited by a refreshing storm. The rolling thunder reverberated, the lightning flashed out in gleaming sheets from the murky clouds, which emptied upon the parched earth a tremendous shower of rain. When the tumult ceased nature almost laughed aloud at having its burning thirst so completely quenched.

Bidding adieu to kind friends in Bloomington and Paris, on Monday morning, August 19th, I started out on the home stretch. The distance between Paris and Montpelier—ten miles—was made by team, during the prevalence of a blinding rainstorm. Driver and passenger took refuge in the back part of the vehicle. The soft, slimy condition of the roads caused progress to be slower than it would have been under more favorable circumstances. When Montpelier was sighted the smoke of the locomotive could be seen. The driver, David Budge, aged fourteen, remarked quietly, "The passenger is in." Then, resolutely: "Never mind; we'll get there." Here he showed himself to be "the son of his father." His mind was made up. The object must be accomplished. On we went,

"Through mud and mire,
Despising wind, and rain, and fire."

with the exception of the latter. We dashed up to the station like a miniature tornado, covered with mud and congratulation, at being on time for the train.

In due time Granger was reached and information was obtained of the train wreck near Devil's Gate, Weber Canyon. It was intimated that probably the passengers would be detained here pending the clearing of the track at the scene of the disaster. This caused some swearing, a pastime in which one tall, slim gentleman, who said he was hungry, and certainly had that appearance, particularly engaged. In this capacity he appeared to act as proxy for the more undemonstrative travelers who do their swearing by deputy. Wandering off from the station to pass away the time pending the arrival of the next west bound train, I was accosted by a young man who, in dress, looked the *beau ideal* of a cowboy. There was the broad brimmed sombrero, the Spanish spurs, overalls, jumper and smiling sunburnt but handsome face. Close by was a scrubby looking cayuse, with sloping haunches, surmounted by a saddle to which a rifle was swung. Holding out his hand he said: "You don't know me, but I know you well. I am Joseph A. Young, son of Brigham Young. Don't you recollect me being in a Preceptor class that was taught by John C. Gray? My brother Howard O. and I have been driving a herd of cattle from the San Juan country toward the Teton Basin, Idaho. We have reached this point, but Howard is obliged to return home by train, on account of having a felon on the index finger of his right hand, so I am going on alone. Well, good-bye." After a hearty shake of the hand he sprang