

It is grand up here. There are various kinds of vegetation, among them the mountain cherry; grass and sage in abundance. All seem cheerful since we have left about all of the alkali. We begin to see some game. Mr. Lesh just brought in a jack rabbit and we see a sage hen. We travel in sight of the R.R. now although it is way below us. There is not so much cedar and pine as I expected to see.

There are a great many snow fences along the R.R. track and the telegraph poles look as if they were heavily laden as there are six wires in some places. The railroad looks just the shape of letter "e's" as far as we can see and here is a long snow shed.

It costs a great deal of money to complete everything belonging to this great enterprise. The scenery here is grand. It makes smiling faces.

Stopped in a large canyon for dinner. Met a Medicine man and family of the Shoshone Indians. Their reservation is up in the Wind River country. We near Red River. Are going down a beautiful valley to the river. Very warm this afternoon.

16 - Waiting over for those folks who have the sick boy. Nearly all of the wagons went on early this morning, eager to reach Kelton to cross with a train there which is waiting for more wagons. We may be left to go alone on account of it. There is considerable excitement over the Indian trouble; hope we will get through to Kelton to go with the train and get through safely.

17 - Moving again this Monday morning. We are now in Evanston proper, after passing through the Chinese part of town. The Chinamen look very much like Indians to me. We crossed Bear River where it divides into five streams, all of them bridged. The river is very high on account of the melting snow. There are irrigating ditches all over town, and trees, set along either side of the streets. It is a lively R.R. town. The streets and sidewalks are nice. It is a larger town than Pawnee City. It is too early to see much of business. They have all kinds of fresh fruits and vegetables.

The Chinamen have fine gardens. We see a few hogs and chickens, the first since Julesburg.

They have coal in abundance here; do a large business in the coal line. Have a roundhouse and machine shop.

We left Rocky Mountains at Green River, then begins mountains which we follow till we get to Weber River. We now have plenty of grass.

Mr. Parker and myself went up on a large hill to look at the snow-capped ranges. The reservation of the Utes is among them. No frost last night, the first time for a number of nights. Rather cool this morning at 7 o'clock.

We are in Utah at 11 o'clock. Pass Wasatch, a little R.R. town just on top of the mountain at the entrance of Echo Canyon. We stop for dinner just at the entrance of the canon; the R.R. is away above us.

There is a heavy grade here coming East so they keep engines at Wasatch to help the trains up the grade. While

eating the train passed with 6 emigrant cars that cheered us on our way. The road down this canon is worked as well as a road could be. It is 17 miles down to Weber River where we will camp.

There are splendid springs all down here and fine ranches with good cattle but not even an onion bed of ground tilled as far down as we have traveled. On our right are huge mountains of stone, on the left the mountains are not so abrupt and are covered with grass. Cedar grows on the stony parts. The scenery is grand down this canon.

18 - Camped in the canon last night. It certainly is Echo Canyon. Just after breakfast we drove down to Echo City. There is a narrow gauge railroad running south from here to a coal bank.

Here we strike Weber River. There is a Mormon church here. Here we leave the stupendous mountains of rock. I do not know how long they are.

They are tilling the soil here. We see wheat and potatoes. They have ditches all over town. Here we strike our old, dreaded grasshopper, the first we have seen.

The road down Echo Canyon is splendid but in places, narrow enough to almost frighten one on account of being so high. Sometimes we were away above the railroad on the side of the mountain and could not see the track and some of the time the track was far above us. Now we go down Weber Canyon. Here we are five times higher than are the telegraph poles. We follow the river; it looks beauti-

ful. Here below Echo City is another Mormon town.

They say the grasshoppers are eating their crops..

The Mormons farm down this Weber Canyon.

We pass an Indian lodge; we still see snow. Now we pass a fine garden; cabbage nearly ready to head. After dinner we see the Devil's Slide but it looks to me like a stock chute running right up the mountain half a mile. Here is the highest mountain we have passed to judge from observation.

A Mormon "dined" with us today. We stopped at a Mormon's place to get a drink and they have as fine a garden as can be raised anywhere.

It is now 3 o'clock. We see the first tunnel; it is in Weber Canyon. There is a great deal of young timber down this canon and the Mormons have just walled Weber River for miles to make a good wagon road. We have to cross the R.R. track a great many times though. We are now going over the Devil's Gate; it is 300 ft. above the R.R. The road is dug off round the side of the stony mountain.

We pass Morgan, a Mormon town, making four since we started down Weber Canyon at 9 o'clock this morning. They have nice places, fixed very neatly and have a welcome for all. The people out here, aside from the Mormons, only plant rented ground. They all irrigate. This is a lovely place in and around this town; the small grain and gardens look beautiful.

We went around the 1000 mile tree. It is in too narrow a canon for a wagon road. The boys saw it - walked on the R.R.

- 19 - Camped on the Weber. The boys went fishing; caught a fine mess of speckled trout - our first fish.

Now as we round a mountain, it looks as though we're about a mile off when it is fifteen.

The Weber River Valley is just alive with Mormons from Echo Canyon down. It is like traveling in a town all the way; they beat all for farming but right here is the last house of any kind till we pass what is called the Devil's Gate about a mile ahead.

Now we get all of our family out of the wagons except drivers. It is surely a Gate! Precipices on either side, project into the road instead of receding and the river is not more than three rods wide. (I do not think it nearly that wide) and just in the narrowest place they have dug under for wagons and there is only about a six-inch margin for the play of the wagons in the road. No room for the R.R. at this point so they cut through the mountains cross the river then there is just room for a wagon road on one side and the R.R. on the other, for two miles more and hardly room any place for wagons to pass. The river runs swifter than any I have ever seen.

Two miles below the Gate the Mormons begin to farm again. There is a fine valley here; the river runs almost on top of the ground. It is very high. Later. We drive

into Utah. See lots of peaches growing.

They are cutting the first crop of alfalfa. They grow three crops; patches are in bloom; corn is looking fine. Vegetables of all kinds, plenty of green peas. A little girl gave me the first rose I have seen this year. I shall take it to Washington territory. We are six miles from Ogden. After dinner we drove a half-mile and can see Ogden. We climbed the highest foot hill just before camping that we have seen since we started.

The horses were very tired when we got to the top and when we reached the top we saw splendid farms and fine looking grain. We saw irrigating ditches and seemed to be right on top of a mountain. The hill was so high. We can see Salt Lake from the hill top. Salt Lake Valley looks like a town as far as the eye can reach. The valley seems to be as level as a floor and nearly every Mormon has his house whitewashed.

We are in Ogden. It is a nice place to look at. Several wagons are outside of town waiting for us to come up as there is considerable excitement about the Indians who are fighting on our road to Boise City. I think the Utes are being urged from upper lands by the Mormons and will make an outbreak sooner or later. We have talked with both Mormons and Indians about it. The Mormons look for it they say.

20 - Traveling. Half past six - here we are almost out of Ogden and passing the church.

Now we come to the Central Pacific R.R.

We see the first new potatoes in market at Ogden. This valley is the most thickly settled place I know of. There is a house on nearly every 20 acres. It all looks just like a town, and oh, such nice crops as they do raise. They have all the land fenced through here and the most irrigating ditches one ever did see. Now we come to some land that can't be tilled; it is too salt so it is left out. The ground is white - no vegetation on that which has the most salt about it. Right here is the famous hot or boiling spring. It is so hot we could only dip our hands in and right out again.

Here they are building a narrow gauge R.R. up into Montana. The R.R. here runs within a mile of the lake. There is no natural timber on it that we can see. Clarence and Orlando went to the lake and brought back some brine in a cup. I think it would almost bear an egg - it is so strong. We can look toward Salt Lake City but can see nothing but the lake and mountains - some of them covered with snow.

We passed through Willard City after leaving Ogden this morning and after traveling three hours we are now nearly to Brigham City. It is half past ten and the scholars are out for recess.

After dinner Lesh stayed at Ogden for mail. Came up at noon. Some fifteen teams backed out at Ogden until more teams came.

The Ogden folks told us not to go on. They say the

Indians are dangerous to us but will not harm the Mormons.
It seems strange to me.

- 21 - Camped just west of Corinne. We passed a beautiful river of the lake just after dinner. Now we start on. It is very warm here; we have salt water. The springs are very salty. Just pass one of the largest ones, but it is salty enough to preserve meat; the horses don't drink it.

The ground around the north part of the lake is not cultivated on account of its being hard to irrigate and some of it looks like the Alkali lands we passed but this is salt. Here we leave the valley, go up Commodore Mountain. Cross the R.R. nearly on the summit and have a fine view of a part of the lake.

- 22 - Camped at Cedar Spring. Had good grass. It was the warmest night we've had on the road.

Had a little shower at sunrise; it has cleared off nicely and we are traveling to get to Kelton.

Our teams that were waiting had gone before we arrived. We are sorry. There are a great many cedars on the mountains we are passing this morning.

We come to another salt spring; so salt that we can't drink it. The stock drinks it but it doesn't seem to quench their thirst. I know it doesn't mine.

We got water out of Boor River at Corinne where we crossed on a bridge. That was one day a lively outfitting town for the West, but is dead now.

It is sixty-five miles from there to Kelton and only two places to get drinking water and that tastes much of salt. We got water at a ranch last night that was pretty good. Camped near there. Haven't passed anything today in the shape of a house, only two vacated ranch houses where that last spring was. Not a foot of land in cultivation on our road since three o'clock yesterday. It is too salt. The ground in the basins is white with salt. We see cactus blooms around the lake.

We left nearly all of the Mormons at Brigham City, opposite Corinne. They are thick from Echo City to Brigham. They can't irrigate here and I think that is the cause of their disappearance.

After dinner. Now we are on the lake shore. The smell of the water is offensive to one. Smells some like sulphur, some like burnt powder and a little like a dead carcass. One could imagine it would be offensive.

All of the boys who could leave, went to bathe in the lake. They say there is no danger as one could not sink. To look over the lake it looks as green as the vegetation. It is so very smooth for such a large body of water, just ruffled enough to change the color of the water.

There are salt works here and a railroad track running to the shore, away out here seemingly cut off from every place for there is only one house in four or five hours' travel; it is at the salt works.

Here we stop to water at what is called Salt Well. It is very salt; drove on to another spring that is not quite so salt. Drove on to camp eight miles from Kelton. I would not live in this part of America if it were a gift to me.

- 23 - Stopped over till noon and now are driving up to Kelton for water. We have had salt water from Corinne to Kelton, a distance of 65 or 70 miles. Traveled 8 miles without grass or water; no grass at Kelton. Here we are at Kelton and the ground perfectly white with salt. Not a bit of grass nor a tree of any kind nearer than thirteen or fourteen miles.

This is a barren looking place. It is a freighting town; that is, they supply the freight trains northwest of here.

- 24 - Camped in Kelton last night. Start out now at 9. Had to have some blacksmithing. They charge terribly for work - 88¢ per shoe. Flour, three and a half a bag; onions, five cents per pound; crackers and cabbage dear; butter, 25¢. Good water from the mountains. Eight miles to where they get it; have five miles of pipe. They have an Artesian well of soda water 200 feet deep; it is very good for drinking. Very warm morning. Drove out 10 miles; went into camp for the night. Had a regular washing bee.

Left the R.R. for good at Kelton.

- 25 - Stayed till noon today. Still see snow. Had a fine thunder shower last night.

- 26 - Camped at Clear Creek. On the road early this morning. See mountains in the distance. Sage and cactus near us. The flat cactus with red, pink and yellow blooms. Our babe was very sick all night.

We travel the stage road from Kelton to Boise instead of the freight road. We said "Adieu" to Utah early this morning, did not feel sad at all either, but still have to travel among Mormons to Snake River. Today we have good broad roads but here we approach a canon. We have plenty of water from the mountains as it is warm enough to melt the snow.

- 27 - Camped at Twin Sisters or City of Rocks. This stage station is 6750 feet above sea level. Our babe had a spasm yesterday noon. Is a little better this morning. Several are sick. There is a fine lot of cedar and pine on the mountains here and good water near the top of the ground. We are 25 or 30 miles out in Idaho now and see a great many Ground Hogs.

- 28 - Camped at the foot of the mountain on a nice little spring. Went into camp early on account of the sick. Our babe is better this morning as we start but there is little change in the other two sick ones.

This forenoon we cross the Western part of what is called Marsh basin. There are several ranches that we have already passed. The grass across this valley is scarce, plenty of good water on the sage route. And Mormons continue to settle the valleys.

It is strange that not one of the Mormons has left his ranch during the Indian excitement here.

We just now stopped to get butter. The family was run off by the Indians but are back home now.

The soldiers are after the Indians through here. The Mormons all tell us that there will be a break amongst the Utes. They are the Mormons' friends and a great many of them are Mormons.

Two hundred Utes were baptized at Salt Lake in one day. I am sure they are agitating the Indians. The Mormons told us if we could make the savages believe we were Mormons we would be safe.

If Uncle Sam ever succeeds in subduing the Indians he will have to settle with the Mormons as he comes out for they tell us they will fight if needed; they are much stronger than our train had any idea they were.

We met a man going down to Kelton just now where he and his family fled for safety. He told us all about the two men who were killed up Rock Creek, thirty miles from where we will cross it. We are 20 miles from there now.

This Marsh basis looks to be fully as large as Salt Lake Valley, and looks as if it could be irrigated easily.

There are a number of streams running through it. They all have speckled trout in them. There are but few settlers for such a large scope of land.

The mountains here are covered with evergreens. The

roads are equal to any turnpike. 'Twas very cold all day and night.

- 29 - Cold this morning - traveling now. Quite an excitement over the Indian fight day before yesterday. The soldiers succeeded in putting them to flight. May have trouble with them ourselves on Snake River.

We are now at Rock Creek, 150 or more miles from there. This is where the two men made their homes - the ones who were killed. They were out after cattle 30 miles from here. Sick babe is not much better. We are now seemingly in the center of a large plateau, though one has but little idea of distance in this western country and the mountains are in every direction in the distance. We still see snow.

This plateau or valley, as I should call it, is almost entirely covered with sage except where it is irrigated or a little strip along the streams.

It does not look as though a rabbit could live in it. The sage is over miles of land but we see herds of horses and cattle about. We bought beef last night, that was fat as one could wish. Steak, 7¢ per pound, soup bones, 3¢.

- 30 - Camped on Rock Creek. Had good feed for horses. Baby very sick all night; not much better this morning; has a high fever yet. Several in our train are sick. The boys went across on foot to see Shoshone Falls on Snake River, six miles above Rock Creek Station. The

Falls are 210 feet. They say it is a fine sight. Did not get to camp until after dark.

This makes three days in this valley. I would call it a flat-topped mountain; nothing but sage in sight. We have to go down to the water's edge to find grass - it is so scarce. Then the banks of Rock Creek are from 25 to 100 feet high in almost all places. Only now and then we can lead the horses down. We have to drive 20 miles without grass and 18 without water - only what we have in our kegs.

The ground makes one think of a croquet ground except where the sage stands and that is something like young cedars perhaps 3 or 4 years old.

Sunday. We drove 20 miles today on account of the Indians. We want to cross their territory while the soldiers hold them at bay. After dinner we strike Lewis or Snake River, go down it six miles to the ferry. It is a fine stream, the banks are beautiful.

July 1 - We are now at Snake River Ferry. Started at six - all are better. The citizens see Indians occasionally. They are very wrathful towards the whites. Now begins our danger from here to Boise.

2 - After crossing Snake River see the first real lava rock; still nothing but sage growing. We were left behind two or three hours. Our horses were so tired for want of grass and grain. Got into camp in good season. Camped on Salmon River at the falls. It is a very peculiar

liar fall, the water narrowing to almost the size of a spring branch. Babe a little better. The herd boys saw three Indians this morning. We have a very large train as more families overtook us - some emigrants and freighters. And still we travel on the top of that flat mountain; sixteen miles of a drive to water today.

Now we start after dinner. We saw fourteen or fifteen Indians on the Snake River this forenoon.

- 3 - We camped with the freighters at a stage station on Clover Creek; started out at sunrise this morning to reach a station beyond danger. Climbed King Hill before dinner; took one hour and a half to reach the top. Cross the Indian trail here on top of the hill. Some of the men's teams gave out. Ours went up all right. We came down a canon to King Hill - that ended Marsh Plateau. As we descended the hill we struck another large valley.

Just as we started after dinner, we struck a sand storm - our first.

- 4 - The fourth of July. Our men and boys fired a salute at sunrise this morning, which almost made the lava beds quake. We missed Boise to spend the 4th as grain and grass is so scarce. We are sorry too. We think of former days in Nebraska at this time of year. We are now in the lava beds of Idaho. The mystery is: How did the first teams ever get through. They have the stones picked out of the road now but on either side for miles it is almost like a sidewalk. The stones are so

compact and only a little uneven. In places down the mountain there are streams of lava and places that look just like a walk. We camped on Whiskey Run last night in a splendid place, but we had frost where we camped.

We passed yesterday where the Indians did their murdering.

And still the sage holds out. Some of it is very large, with a little bunch grass growing with it.

The ranch men put up a little box between stations and the mail carriers leave their mail.

Here the Rocky Bar road turns to the right and one out of train leaves us. There are many big black crickets here at Rattle Snake Creek. They are the devastating kind, almost equal to our Nebraska crickets.

5 - Camped near Rattle Snake. The spring at the crossing is a sod spring. There are a great many very peculiar springs as we travel. That Whiskey Run we camped on night before last is a spring branch so a ranchman told Mr. Parker. He said it was a hot enough spring to cook meat. I don't doubt it from my own observation. The weather is cold and cloudy this morning.

We are still in the lava beds. Babe is better. All the rest are well. Scarcely any grass since we left Ogden. Horses getting very tired and thin. I would advise all who come this way to lay in a supply at Ogden to last to Boise. Kelton charges are too high - it being the last R.R. town we touch. We are still on a plateau

and nothing but sage and lava rock or rather igneous. Forty miles yet from Boise. Spent our fourth of July traveling over the Indian Reservation. Do not see an Indian. The soldiers are after them.

Good roads still. Here we cross Canon Creek. An old man and woman live here. They have been to Boise four weeks to get away from the Indians. The crickets ate their garden this year and the grasshoppers last year.

They are very much afraid of Indians. They have a beautiful home among the lava rocks. They could destroy crickets a great deal easier than they could grasshoppers, but they said they have never tried. They sell half-grown chickens at 50¢; butter 50¢. The stage stations for two or three days' travel are all deserted and a great many ranch men have left on account of Indians. We left the lava bed at noon today after 100 miles' traveling through it.

5 - Here the 5th of July we see snow. At 4'oclock we are at Indian Creek store where they sell crackers at 25¢ per pound and other things accordingly and here we get well water, the first we have seen in Idaho; not very good water; still a little alkaline.

6 - Camped at Slater Creek. Pretty good water. Crickets still bad. Weather cool. Leave one of our trains here to visit.

We are out of the sage for awhile. The plateau here looks like Nebraska, just as the grass is starting in the spring but here we can look to the right and the left and see mountains with snow on them. That doesn't look much like Nebraska though. The grass comes up here in March

and now is nearly all ripe and dry. It makes good feed. The grass is getting thicker as we near Boise River. We will reach Boise today if we have had no luck. Now we descend a foothill where we stop for dinner. It is 1/2 or 3/4 of a mile in the valley. We also come into the sage again, but it is very small and looks nice as we pass down the Boise River and valley. There are some fine farms and they are harvesting. Have some of the grain in stacks.

- 7 - Camped last night on Boise River $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles from town. Babe is better. All are improving. Some are visiting here. It is very warm and dry today. Are stopping over.

We put our horses in a pasture at 25¢ a head per day. Grass is so scarce out where there is no irrigating done. But this beats anything for farming where they do irrigate. We get vegetables here from the Chinamen and they are as cheap as in Pawnee and are just as nice as can be raised in California or any other place. We have to pay 50¢ for butter; flour, \$3.25 per hundred. They have many cows but just let them run with the calves.

- 8 - It is a beautiful morning; getting warm.

The citizens through these parts are very much excited over the Indian War which is likely to prove a general war.

Don't know how soon we will start for Walla Walla; will start as soon as it is considered safe and our horses rest a little more.

- 9 - Still in camp at Boise. All better today. Men have

gone to work at \$1.50 per day while the horses recover from their long trip. We are to have the other teams started on this morning. It is not safe now as the Indians are fighting on our road. We hope they will be off the road by the time we are ready to start. Very warm today. Harvesting and threshing are going on here. They charge \$1.50 for crossing a team over the Boise, 25¢ for a man on foot. This is rather a pretty place. Things rather dull on account of the Indian trouble.

- 10 - Are still resting our teams. Weather - warm. It is sprinkling. Rained yesterday also. There is threshing being done here - the old-fashioned way - tramping.

We are camping in the timber on the bank of the Boise. It is a large stream but can be forded. Today we emptied the light wagon and forded it. Took a ride over town, visited the Chinese gardens, bought vegetables and provisions, came back and are now cooking dinner. We paid \$2.50 for flour, 50¢ for butter, 8¢ for beef. There is but little butter making going on in the west. They don't make 5¢ butter as we do in Nebraska, but raise large fat calves. Boise City is a nice town.

- 11 - Are still in camp. Boys are threshing barley. Mr. Parker is now going to the post office to see if our friends have all forgotten us. The Indians were driven back the 9th of this July; that was day before yesterday. They are fighting on our route now; are making for the Columbia River. It is reported but will hardly reach

there as their ships of war are waiting for them now. We had a postal from our sick boy's folks. They are still at Green River. The boy is but little better. We were informed that they were ahead of us but it was a mistake.

12 - We are moving camp to where we get grass free. Here we pay 25¢ per day per head (in the pasture). We are all well this morning. Weather warm. Had an oculist look at my eyes in Boise. He says he can cure them.

13 - Found a good camping place with plenty of grass and water near Boise. The boys are still there at work. It is very warm today in the canon; cooler on the hills. We talk of stopping here awhile. Mr. Parker has gone to look at a ranch today. There is plenty of timber 5 or 6 miles back of Boise. Mr. Parker returned in good season but found nothing to suit him.

I walked or rather climbed the mountain until I could overlook Boise City and the Valley. It is grand.

The Indian excitement still prevails.

14 - Sunday. Still in camp. Very warm. There are 14 wagons camped, waiting for safe traveling to Walla Walla.

Had word from Jakima City. All are well.

15 - Will go up higher in the mountains. Found a splendid valley to stay in. Indians still fighting in Blue Mountains. One stage driver missing, one station burned.

16 All the men who were in camp have gone to Boise today to get mail and to get the horses shod so as to be

ready to start as soon as the danger is over.

Were disappointed did not even get a post card.

The Indians and soldiers are still fighting. The Umatillas captured for the whites a day or two ago; three hundred horses and brought with twenty-two scalps.

17 - Are still in camp waiting until danger is over. All well. This is a fine camp. Today is wash day. Mr. Parker has gone out to hunt deer. Theh are plentiful back in the mountains. Five more teams joined us in camp, bound for Washington territory.

18 - Still in the same place. More emigrants coming to camp with us. Weather fine. Health good. All waiting for the way to be cleared before starting on. This is our little girl's birthday. She is three years old. Had a nice little party. Got a new dress.

Still bringing in Indian prisoners.

19 - In camp. Today very warm. Emigrants still coming through Boise City. We will have plenty of company to Walla Walla. Two of our boys came home from where they were working this evening. Brought mail from Nebraska.

20 - A fine morning. Will go to Boise today.

Later. Are on our road to Boise. Can see snow. Met our folks who had the sick boy at Green River. They buried him at King Hill about eighty miles back. It is very sad indeed. Returned from Boise at dark and found our number had increased by twen or twelve wagons. Got no mail.