

GEORGE FARRIES

LETTER FROM THE WEST

SOME OF THE THINGS SEEN BY REV. M. S. RIDDLE WHILE FLYING OVER THE COUNTRY.

Lovelock, Nevada, July 3.

Editor Gazette—Leaving Courtenay on the evening of June 26 we entered a Pullman sleeper and asking one of the African race what a berth to St. Paul would cost he replied \$3.50. We objected to being the objects of graft so soon and told him the price was only \$2. He replied, "Oh, de price has advanced." It had in his case, but he finally came down to \$2.50. This shows that even the colored people have learned the art of grafting, which is so prevalent in the land. We paid the price and was soon in the land of dreams. We reached St. Paul at about ten o'clock the next morning. We had to lay over in this beautiful city until 7:30 in the evening. We visited over the city and called at the office of the Hackney Land Co. in the Pioneer Press building and found them to be very nice gentlemen indeed. It is a pleasure to do business with such men. In the evening at the Union depot we noticed a poor fellow in the waiting room on a couch who seemed to be helpless. On inquiry we found that he was seriously hurt in a cyclone near Williston, N. D. and was on his way to Chicago. At 7:30 we entered a Pullman on the Northwestern and was soon going at the rate of 50 miles an hour toward Omaha. It being exceedingly hot, we had a bad night and longed for the light of day. We reached Omaha Thursday morning at 7. The name Omaha is derived from a tribe of Indians who once possessed this country. It is a great city of 135,000. It has grown from 4,000, in 1865, to its present population. South Omaha, which is really a part of the city, also has a population of 26,000 and is the third greatest live stock market and meat packing center in the United States.

We left Omaha on the Los Angeles Limited, Thursday at 11:30 over the Union Pacific. We saw another affect of a cyclone in the Union depot at Omaha. About eight dagoes were off by themselves and they were a sight. Their bodies, especially faces, were cut and bruised so that one could scarcely tell whether they were black or red. So frightfully looking were they that our better half wanted to know if they were not lepers, but they had been in a cyclone the day before at North Platte which swooped down upon them like an eagle upon some helpless birds.

After leaving Omaha we seemed to fly across the state, passing through the smaller towns at such a speed that we could scarcely tell what they were like. The first stop was at Fremont, 46 miles from Omaha, a city of 10,000.

The next stop was at Columbus, the county seat of Platte county. The next large town is Grand Island, a city of 8,000. It is a beautiful little city. It has two daily and seven weekly newspapers. The American Beet Sugar Co. is located here. The output of this factory last year was seven million pounds of granulated sugar. The next stop was at Kearney, with a population of 8,000. Our next stop is 291 miles from Omaha, North Platte, the county seat of Lincoln county. It has a population of 4,000.

Before dark we reach Julesburg, Colo., 372 miles from Omaha. One can see what fast time we make when he remembers we left Omaha about noon.

Soon after leaving Julesburg we retired and knew nothing of the country we passed over. Friday morning on looking out of our windows the first sight which greeted our eyes were the snow capped mountains rising in grandeur towards the sky, but we soon realized that we were passing through the "Great American Desert." The town of Rawlins, Wyo., is the first town we approached after the night's sleep. It is a town of about 3,000 and is 690 miles from Omaha. It is a division point of the Union Pacific.

Thirty-one miles from Rawlins we pass over the Continental Divide, elevation 7,104 feet above sea level. Eighty miles beyond we come to the town of Rock Springs, with a population of 5,000. This is the greatest coal mining town in the west.

Twenty-four miles beyond we come to the historic Green River where the immigrants of the forties were gladdened because they found plenty of refreshing water. The Green River rises near Fremont Peak, 200 miles north, and 150 miles south it unites with the Grand and becomes the Colorado river.

The next town of any size is Evanston, with a population of about 3,000. It is just half way between the Missouri river and the Pacific ocean—Omaha and San Francisco.

We soon came to Echo Canon in Utah. The scenery in this canon is beyond description. Castle Rock, Giant's Tea Pot and Hanging Rock and Pulpit Rock, where Brigham Young from it preached his first sermon in Utah, are the wonderful things to be seen as one passes through Echo Canon. We had no desire to be near the devil but we had to pass through his gate, but thank Heaven it did not land us in his abode. "Devil's Gate" is a passage riven through the mountain. The Weber river comes roaring through the open space, bringing with it a wind that never ceases. The train does not pass through the gate, but crosses a trestle bridge directly in front, and thus we see the place better than if the train went through.

At noon Friday we reached Ogden. It is 993 miles from Omaha. It has a population of 23,000 and is a beautiful place. It has private residences that would be an ornament to New York City. We rested in this Mormon city until Saturday morning. At 6:30 we took the Southern Pacific train for Lovelock, Nevada. A new line, known as the Ogden-Lucien "cut-off" was made three years ago at a tremendous cost. This cut-off is 102 miles in length, 72 miles on land and 30 miles on trestle work and fill-ins over the waters of Great Salt Lake. One hundred and eleven miles from Ogden we come to a small granite monument, supported by a heap of stones. This marks the Nevada state line, and passing it we enter the famous silver state. We pass through a desert for 100 miles until we come to the town of Elko, where we lived six years ago. This to us is the most sacred place in all the west, for here ten years ago we laid to rest a bright and happy boy. We will visit the spot and drop tears on the grave and bowing beside the sacred place, will renew our vows made when we stood by the open grave many years ago—vows made to Him to whom we had committed the soul of our darling boy.

Pardon this long letter.

We hope in our next letter to tell something of San Francisco. Best wishes to all the people of Courtenay. May God bless and keep them till we meet again.

Sincerely yours,
Merchant S. Riddle.

Notice to the Public

Notice is hereby given that I have given my son, Joe A. Brown, his time, and I will not be responsible for any bills contracted by him.