

mation that it cost a hundred thousand dollars, that the building held eleven thousand people, poor souls, the service lasted three hours, but Jaimeson gave no opportunity for divulgence. The same accidental meeting occurred before the Temple, which required the historic forty years in building and whose magnificent portals no Gentile may pass. At the "Bee Hive Houses," the homes of Brigham Young's multifarious wives, they met, and at Brigham's grave; but the same reticence always closed those lips.

Thus the week was passing and Perkins was in despair. Indeed he would never have been successful, but for an accident which gave him opportunity to take the initiative in the matter of acquaintance and the rest, for Perkins, was easy.

On the fourth day of his conquest, Perkins was strolling listlessly about the hotel corridors, waiting "to see which way the wind blew," when Mr. and Mrs. Jaimeson came down and entered a carriage. Perkins overheard the direction to the driver, "Salt Lake and Los Angeles station."

"To the Lake," thought Perkins, and, jumping into a cab, he hurried down another street, and was quietly waiting for the train to pull out when Mr. and Mrs. Jaimeson got on.

Salt Lake is sixteen miles distant from the city, but hundreds from the town visit the beaches daily. Of these Garfield Beach is the older and better known, but Saltair, built more recently, and at an immense cost, is the finer,—in fact, is one of the finest bathing establishments in the world. The Saltair bathhouses and pavilion are built on pile foundations, far out in the lake, and connected with the shore by trestle, over which run the passenger trains of the Salt Lake and Los Angeles Railway.

Without waiting to see what became of the Jaimesons, Perkins hustled into a bathing suit as soon as the train reached the pavilion, and he was soon floating on the clear water of the lake.

Some of the characteristics of Great Salt Lake strike the tourist as being decidedly peculiar. One accustomed to the boisterous surf bathing of the ocean wonders at the absence of diving and splashing, but seldom will anything short of an experimental lesson teach one why it is so. The bathers move about quietly in the water, in fact, one may take a nap with comfort and safety, so great is its buoyancy. The depth at Saltair is made to vary from three to seven feet, to suit all tastes. Perkins at once proceeded to verify the reputation of the lake. He sat down in the water, and gazed in wonder at his protruding feet and shoulders. Then