

distant mountain crags; where the peaceful inhabitants sleep in the balmy open air beneath the fig or the orange tree or under the blue curtains of a starry sky all the year round; where delicious fruits ripen in every month of the calendar excepting two; where the poor are fed with the nectar of life as well as the rich, and bask in the balmy air of eventide surrounded with all the luxury that a lavish and wealthy nature can bestow. Here may be grown the pomegranate, the lemon, quince, pear, peach, apple, prune, date, fig, apricot, olive, orange, almond and grape. Here are all the hardy fruits, vegetables and cereals of the north, growing side by side with the daintiest fruits of the south in one prodigious, never-ending crop. There is no land within the compass of the round globe whose soil is more richly endowed with both the tender delicacies and with the hardy products of nature, and the meager assortment of gifts bestowed upon the soil of northern Utah makes so vivid a contrast that we pause and wonder why everybody does not live in Arizona.

Here, too, the songs of the most gifted birds are floating upon the soft and resonant air from morn till night. There could not be a sweeter hour than is sometimes experienced in this favored land when one is roused from sleep in the open air by the tinkling sounds of earliest morning to drink in with dreamy ear the music of a very host of notable birds whose hallowed throats fill earth and air with rarest melody. We hear the distant whippoorwill's lament answered by the cuckoo's sad and far-away lay, and again the plaintive notes of the turtle-dove and the doleful sounds of the moping owl; and all these low and melancholy notes of the gamut as they fall upon the attentive ear are sweetly blended with the merry warbling voice of the thrush and oriole. And the meadow-lark breaks forth with never-changing round of leaping, dancing notes. The wild canary, too, with all his little soul sounds the sweet anthem of his morning praise, all unconscious that it is the hour for birds of mightier voice to rouse the sleeping world. Then comes the iron-throated black-bird with his clarion trumpet of morn. But the grandest songster of all the feathered tribe is the kingly mocking-bird. Upon the leafy summit of the loftiest tree he sits glorified in the blaze of the morning light and with silvery tongue carols all that's heard below, sweet or harsh, soft or loud. He is above all, because he sings the songs of all. He is the impersonation of each and the unification of the singing host. He is the matchless songster, the peerless mocking-bird!

For three or four months in the year the weather is very warm and in the heat of the day one perspires freely even in the shade. This, however, is not disagreeable, but on the contrary seems to afford relief from the heat. Neither does copious perspiration deplete the system, but is rather a natural consequence of fruit-eating, and in the most oppressive weather one grows fat on a watermelon diet. Sun-strokes are unknown. The United States signal reports covering ten years, from 1877 to 1887, record 22.5 above zero as the lowest temperature and 115

as the highest, the average summer temperature being 89.3. Salt River valley is but 1050 feet above sea level, is ranked as a semi-tropical country, and is included within the isothermal lines of the equator. Rainfalls in the summer are scarce, but through the winter are moderate and regular. Cyclones are also unknown. Wind often blows hard enough, however, to fill the air with the desert sands, and sand clouds are thus carried across the cultivated districts.

The climate is said to be unsurpassed for the cure of lung and throat diseases. Southern California to the west and Colorado to the east have both stood high as asylums for the consumptive; but while California is mild it is not dry, and, vice versa, while Colorado is dry it is not mild. Here, however, in Salt River valley of Arizona is a climate both mild and dry, making it a natural sanitarium for the diseased lung or throat.

That portion of this superb valley which is tributary to Phoenix is about fifty miles long and fifteen miles wide, and is covered with a system of canals some two to three hundred miles in length and supplied with water from the Salt River. This splendid river, coming into the valley from the east and supplemented with the waters of the Verde and many other smaller streams, which drain a territory of not less than 15,000 square miles, furnishes much more water than is now used for irrigation purposes.

Projects are now under consideration for the building a large reservoir a few miles up the stream at a place called Tonto Basin, where an immense lake can be formed at comparative moderate price. This basin would hold enough of the flood waters to irrigate many thousands of acres not now supplied. This splendid reservoir site has, in common with all others of the territory, been reserved from private entry and ownership by the general government and may be improved as a reservoir by anyone who may see fit to invest his capital. Several surveying parties are now on the ground and there is little doubt that the enterprise will be carried out in the near future. Arizona cannot afford to have the construction of this important reservoir delayed. When it is accomplished it will afford a grand opportunity for home seekers and will doubtless give to Arizona a genuine Oklahoma stampede.

The cost of irrigation water is \$1.25 per acre per annum if obtained from the companies now controlling the canals. In the immediate vicinity of Mesa the farmers own the water and repair the canals at an annual cost per acre of about fifty cents. The valley could not lay better for irrigation purposes, having a perfect slope of seven to eight feet per mile in both southerly and westerly directions. Stock raising perhaps engages the chief attention of the farmers. Alfalfa is the leading crop. The yield is eight to ten tons per acre, the market for which ranges from \$8 to \$12 per ton. The most profitable varieties of delicious fruits are apricots, peaches, figs and the raisin grape. Fruit is far more profitable than grain-raising, hence the greater portion of the land is devoted to fruit and live stock.

H. E. BAKER.

## J. J. M. AT ANN ARBOR.

ANN ARBOR, Mich., Aug. 16, 1893. —At ten o'clock today the great People's party man, and free silver advocate, Gen. Jas. B. Weaver, of Iowa, arrived in this city and was escorted to the Cook house where a reception was held in his honor. The general is an amiable and pleasing gentleman, as he has often been portrayed to be, and has a kind smile and hand shake for all. At 2:30 p. m. crowds were seen flocking to the fair grounds where an excellent program was to be carried out. Your correspondent, in company with J. F. McGregor, Southern Utah's promising young lawyer, and Joe. A. Harris, who is always studying and climbing up the legal ladder, also went toward the fair ground hoping to hear a good speech. We were not disappointed, I assure you. At the appointed hour the chairman called the meeting to order and introduced Mayor Thompson (one of the ablest of the University of Michigan law professors), who gave a speech of welcome to General Weaver and those from the country who were present. The mayor said that he did not know whether "Satlin had a hand in the present crisis," but it was a terror, anyhow. He knew that the Michigan farmers could not compete with the West in raising wheat, because the land here was much more valuable than that of the West. He got off a smattering of "gold-buy" talk and then ceased.

General Weaver then spoke. The chairman introduced him to the crowd and he received an ovation of applause. He said he had made Michigan his home for some years, and therefore did not seem "a stranger here." He would not let party feelings come into play in his speech. He was here as an advocate of standard money—silver and gold on an equal basis. He could not see how it was that gold should be coined free of charge and silver not at a fixed ratio. He related how prosperous the 25,000,000 people in the northern states were after the war, and read from Secretary of Treasury McCullough on the subject. Says the secretary: "The people were prosperous and practically loose from the bonds of debt. Mortgages were scarce and the people paid cash down for their goods." The people of the south numbered only 10,000,000 at this time and had practically no money. The administration (Republican) then thought there was too much cash and had one billion dollars of paper money destroyed. The money in circulation before this was about \$85 per capita. Soon prices came down and mortgages were plenty—this being the case in 1873 when the Sherman silver bill was constituted.

"I can illustrate the burning of these billion dollars thus," said the general. "Suppose an old couple had reared a number of children and these had done the same—making these old people parents and grandparents to about thirty children. Grand times have come and all these children and grandchildren came back to the old folks who had a few greenbacks in the bank and said, 'won't you help us?' The old man would call the old lady in another room and say, 'we have a few bills in the bank, let us get them