

O'Brien says when he declares the operation lasted two hours. It shows one thing conclusively and that is, that the picture of prison punishment was not overdrawn by the convict himself.

ARIZONA THE BLEST.

Arizona, like Utah, is bending at the political shrine in the orient of America to receive the crown of statehood; and when so young a commonwealth, in these times of financial prostration, is still ambitious to bear the increased burdens attendant upon statehood, it would seem that politics ought to give way in the face of so earnest an appeal, and even politicians, America's self-made autocrats, yield to constitutional demands. But however it may seem, the irrepressible reality, like Poe's black raven, sits over the portals of the capitol mocking at the goddess of liberty. The rights of the people of the territories must ever be sacrificed to party ends. The party first, and the people at later convenience. Such is the unmistakable current over which we are drifting, having been cast out of the true channel by the swollen and unnatural flood of American politics. Considerations of fairness and covenanted rights are, in the general clamor of professional public men, the least of the troubles of our statesmen. The territories, in the course of human events of course, will secure admission, but it will not be the patriotic bestowal of a well-known right but a sordid gift paid for party advantage or wrung from the hard hand of policy by sharp playing on the political chess board.

But Arizona is making rapid development of her marvelous resources. Her growth is phenomenal. She is moving forward now like that noble Karus when he made those magnificent strides of twenty-two feet at a step. No one can fully appreciate what has been accomplished in the territory without making it a visit and especially without visiting its queenly young capital of eleven thousand people, set as it is, like a pearl of richest ray, in the midst of as prolific an agricultural district as can be found in all the earth.

The fellow who invents the "Arizona Kicker" nonsense, in poor mimicry of Mark Twain's "Roughing It," ought to be muzzled; for humorous falsehoods, if persisted in, are as potential in the misleading the public mind as any other. A man with so seared a conscience should have it forcibly impressed upon his mind that the breaking of the ninth commandment as a regular diet for the public, even under the pretext of fun-making, will land the author among those vulgar sorcerers who are cast out of the "beautiful city" for the loving and making of lies. This "Arizona Kicker" man lives in New York city, and never saw Arizona and probably (judging from his effusions) no other western territory. It was amusing to notice, a short time since, that he located one of his harrowing revolver and bowie-knife stories of which the country editor (his only character) was hero, as usual, in an Arizona town, the high sounding name of which added much emphasis to the gory feature of the narrative. The

town referred to is but a stage station in eastern Arizona having one house, a fact which our New York friend, when consulting his map, was evidently unacquainted with.

Some parts of Arizo are well settled and have been thoroughly cultivated for years, yielding as large a variety of fruits, cereals and vegetables as any land in America. Its soil is immensely productive and profitable and when improved cannot be purchased for less than \$50 to \$250 per acre. Maricopa county alone, in which is located the beautiful capital city of Phoenix, yields nearly as great an agricultural and fruit product, and as much fine marketable stock per season, we venture to say, as does the sovereign state of Rhode Island.

The noted little Mormon settlement of Mesa is located in the central portion of this magnificent country. It is far famed for its excellent wines and fruits. The land is level for many miles and the soil inexhaustibly rich. The growth of vegetation is so rapid that a new farm may, it is said, be covered with a growth of wide spreading trees in three years time. The country is beautifully checkered with clean long highways so densely shaded in places that the rays of the sun can scarcely find a way through. In the older districts the houses are of the most modern style, clean, cool and inviting.

Large palm trees spread their broad canopy leaves over the door-yards, while the pomegranate, the fig, the date, the prune, the almond tree, with orange, peach, pear and grape are found scattered more or less abundantly through the gardens and orchards of the country.

After a laborious journey of 890 miles through much mountainous and desert country, in many places of which settlements are far between, our little party of two reached Mesa on the 21st day of July, and are now resting and refreshing themselves under the hospitable roof of Brother Furman and recuperating their jaded team in his fertile pasture.

Arizona is reputed to be a dry country. The land can only be cultivated by irrigation and it may be that it never rains here at all. I have not seen it rain as yet and cannot say. But a deluge of water occasionally descends out of the sky that drenches mother Earth, very much, I imagine as Elijah's little cloud did after he inveigled the king up the mountain. Elijah could not have given his friend Ahab any wetter reception than was tendered us on the first night of our arrival in the Salt Lake valley. Let me tell you about it.

As we approached Salt River towards evening, we saw rising up over Mesa in the distance a simoon of most terrible aspect. Dense yellow clouds of sand rolled up into the sky to the height of the black rain storm that was approaching from the south and mingled with its clouds in one terrible black and yellow mass that reached from the earth upward to the height of about two miles. We did not then know that sand storms were quite common in the Salt River valley or that they were not generally attended with fierce wind and were consequently not regarded as dangerous. To us the prospect was appalling. We

hurried on to cross the river before having to encounter the approaching monster, and had barely forded the stream when the advance line of sand struck us. To our surprise the wind was no heavier than a good gale. In less than three minutes, however, it became so dark by reason of the density of the sand that we could not discern the road, and were obliged to give the horses the rein.

Consequently as soon as possible we halted for the night, and hurriedly unhitched, placing, as usual, our harness, provision chest, water barrel and other articles beneath the wagon to make room for the bed inside. Before we were prepared, however, the aforesaid deluge broke upon us. Never did such torrents descend. Talk about rain in Arizona, why, in ten minutes the ground in all directions was hid beneath a surging flood; flashes of lightning revealed the status of our worldly effects which had been deposited upon the ground. The harness was soon entirely covered and the provision chest and water-barrel set afloat. Fortunately, however, there was no current at the place we had chosen and, remembering the rain bow promise of no more experiences like Noah's, we crawled under wet blankets determined to face down the situation.

At the dawn of day we were up. The windows of heaven were shut. It had ceased to rain. My companion protruded his rain-softened but still manly head through the east window of the ark, and gazed upon the liquid plane. Now we had taken unto ourselves no dove to send forth in quest of land, and we therefore pondered in our hearts what should be done. After some careful observations (the mountain range lying to the south the night previous was now become but a row of small hills) we estimated the depth of water to be about one fathom. We confess to not being well enough acquainted with the vernacular of the sea to know exactly what a fathom is, but it sounded about the right depth. Our friend, with a courage that could be born only of necessity (which same rustling feminine is also reputed to be the mother of invention) rolled up his pantaloons as far as the anatomical construction peculiar to all bipeds would admit of, and ventured forth to determine, he said, "whether the floods be fresh or salt, for if they be salt we are certainly lost, but if they be fresh we can have soup for breakfast."

Now, we fully realized that we were not experienced mariners and were also laboring under the disadvantage of not knowing whether we were located in south longitude from the pole or latitudinally from Greenwich, more or less; but nevertheless we brought out our dry land compass and took observations. After placing the stern of the ark seaward we put to the nor-northeast and passed through the straits of Maricopa with the American flag flying. We then rounded Cape Mesa and landed on Ararat.

But we reached this beautiful and immensely productive valley of the Salt River in Southern Arizona in safety, and find ourselves suddenly in the midst of a tropical climate, a land of perennial summer where frosts are seldom known and the respectful snows of winter approach no nearer than the