

for several days before they could arrive, and would have time to collect their armies and be prepared to receive them.

The night of the 17th was cold and chilly. We arose early, and giving our horses a feed of barley and several buckets of the cold water out of the barrel, resumed our journey. One of the horses was chilled through by the cold wind that blew over the mountain and the water we gave him almost finished him up. He tried to lie down while we were harnessing him, but we managed to keep him up and got started. For the next ten miles we had to use the whip constantly to keep him on his feet. When we reached a stage station at last and slackened our pace he dropped in his tracks. We managed to free him from the harness but for two hours he was the slokest horse I ever saw. Every minute we expected would be his last. After awhile he got up and commenced to eat, and when a horse eats they say he is all right. We were very desirous of reaching New river by noon the next day so that we might rest there until evening and cross the desert in the night. The delay caused by our horse we feared would compel us to lay over another day at New river or to or as in the daytime which would be difficult and disagreeable on account of the heat. By 5 p.m. the horse was so much better that we were enabled to go on slowly. By 10 p.m. we had made fifteen miles. We camped again on top of a high hill. The night was warm. We were out early. The drive the night before had brought us into the region of the famous tree cactus. They arose around us on all sides like grim giants and held up their great arms solemnly as if to warn us away from their country. We descended now quite rapidly toward the plain. The heat increased. By 10 a.m. we had made eighteen miles, and were still ten miles from New river. We rested two hours at Hudsons, and drove on to New river where we arrived about three p.m.

We remained at New river several hours. The sun had gone down when we left the station. The evening was pleasant, the road was good and we were happy in the contemplation that our long and tedious journey would soon be ended. For the first ten miles the country was level, but was covered with quantities of volcanic rock that had been thrown out of a crater somewhere in the vicinity. The night was very dark; we could not see the road, but trusted the horses to take us through safely. The southern horizon was covered with heavy banks of clouds that threatened rain and, out of which the lightning flashed incessantly. About 10 o'clock it began to rain, and we were forced to camp for the night. The rain fell at intervals all night and the rest of the time the coyotes entertained us with their familiar song.

I do not think there is another sound in the world so hideous as the sharp vicious bark of the coyote as it comes to you over the silent plains, out of the darkness of the night. To be alone on the desert far from any human habitation, with the thunder breaking over you and the lightning flashing about you, is bad enough; but when you realize that just out in the darkness

you are surrounded by an army of grim images that sit on their haunches and yearn and pray for a morsel of you, your misery becomes complete. And after all, when daylight comes and you see the poor gaunt things as they trot off slowly among the bushes, or stop and look wistfully at you as if asking for a bone, you feel sorry for them.

We were on the move early. The rain had made the road muddy and heavy, and our progress was slow. As we jogged along we could hear the heavy strokes of the crushers in a stamp mill way off in the mountains somewhere to the east of us. The sound was borne to us on a gentle breeze from a distance of twenty miles or more.

At 10 a.m. we reached the Arizona canal ten miles from Phoenix. As the horses were not very tired we pushed on four miles farther to the next canal. The road was sandy and heavy and the day became very hot.

We were nearly two hours making the four miles. We tied up under a cottonwood tree and fed the horses. Then we sallied out to get some fruit and melons. We were now in the Eden of America. JOEL RICKS.

WILD TALK OF ANARCHY.

Anarchy was talked at a mass meeting called for the unemployed at Metropolitan hall, Jefferson and O'Brien street, yesterday. There were 1500 or more persons present, a majority of whom were Jews. There were also many Germans, Poles and Italians there and some native Americans. L. B. Oliver presided. The meeting was called by the Chicago Tailors' union. Foremost among the speakers was

LUCY PARSONS,

who drew a terrible picture of misery and want, and urged united action against capital. Her hearers were roused to a high pitch of excitement by her speech.

As Mrs. Parsons appeared her dark face twitched with the excitement of the moment. The air was filled with waving arms and the windows rattled with the storm of applause. She held out an arm demanding silence, which was secured after some minutes. She spoke, in substance, as follows:

"Again the capitalist faction has been tested and found wanting. Unwittingly have the multitudes bowed to what was regarded as necessity and submitted to the rule of demagogues who promised better times. We have labored along through the years, and in protest, hoping against hope on the strength of bright promises never fulfilled. As an inevitable result of the machinations of the dominant power of the devils of finance the workingman again stares a calamity in the face. He has lifted his appealing countenance to the power that created his pitiable condition, and again dropped his gaze, chilled with the steady gaze cast at him from the nominal master. Gaunt famine is at the door of the masses, and we are being turned out like dogs to die in the streets. Life is a commodity all too cheap. I want these nets of your existence to stick like steel bars into your souls. Now is my harvest time. I attempt no concealment of the fact

that I, with other true-hearted anarchists, will take advantage of your present condition to teach you the principles of the true faith.

HUNGRY MEN UNDERSTAND ANARCHY.

"Hungry men think. Men with that unsatiable gnawing at their vitals can be made to understand the tenets of anarchy. I give a hungry man a tract on anarchy and know that the truths it contains will find an eternal lodgment in his soul. Oh, it is men made desperate by hunger that are our proselytes. And now to the cause of your trouble. It lies with the capitalist. He is responsible individually, for who of you has gone to him in need and been succored? No; instead of bread you receive withering logic, and if the cries of a starving family drive you to take what belongs to you the capitalist calls in the minions of the law and has you shot. Thus it is that your children come into the world beggars, go through life paupers, and, hounded to the grave by their prosecutors, die criminals. The slaughter of the innocents of the great masses of trembling workingmen goes on forever.

"When will the worm turn? I say to help with the gang of thieves, robbers, murderers, destroyers of our homes. Oh, my brothers, as long as a merciful God gives me strength to work will I stir you on to reciprocal destruction."

The speaker trembled violently and leaned on the table for support. Her auditors were again beside themselves. Hats went into the air and the excited men rose in a body and cheered.

WHY SUBMIT TO ROBBERY?

Mrs. Parsons then proceeded: "You are the sole producers; why should you not consume? Why do you submit so tamely to robbery? When your babes are in rags why will you see other children draped with silk? Why should one aristocratic brat vomit on silk that dozens of your children should go to bed hungry? We are getting tired of this game. I say 'we' because now that you are hungry I suppose you are willing to be anarchists. I tell you we must rid ourselves of these ruthless rulers. It is slavery when three men seek the same job. Liberty begins when one job seeks three men.

"I have a purpose in not showing you how to get bread. Your salvation lies in stirring you to desperate action. Wait and extreme misery will drive you to united action. I will give you an absorbing subject for thought. The present social system is rotten from top to bottom. You must see this and realize that the time has come to destroy it. Wealth is in your reach. Oh, look! look! that you do not grasp it. Let our streets run with gore, but what we have justice. Capitalist lives swept away are so much gain to us. That is why I am a revolutionist. By force we were robbed by the people who coin your sweat into Gatling guns to kill you, and by force they must be dispossessed. You must no longer stink, die and rot in tenement houses when you possess the strength to wrest palaces from the oppressors. You are infamous cure; aye, infamous cure, if you continue to accept charity. Shoulder to shoulder with one accord you should rise and take what is yours."