

advise travelers to take the road via White Hills. The road is better, though a little longer, and then the mail goes that way so that if anything happened there would be some chance of receiving help; while the other way a person could be on the road for a week and never see a living soul.

While on this subject of roads it might be well to state for the benefit of future travelers, that there is another road running south from St. George to a ferry kept by a man named Scanlan. The distance from St. George is about one hundred miles. There are but two watering places, but I understand it is not difficult to get over the road if care is exercised. The ferry is not as good as that at the Virgin, but is said to be safe. From the ferry to Gold Basin, a distance of sixteen miles, the road is gravelly, but from there on it is good and feed abundant. I consider this the best and most direct road.

Gold Basin is so named from the large number of gold mines in the vicinity. We were told that there were as high as sixty, and all of them contained paying ore. The great drawback to mining in this region is the scarcity of water and wood. The water at the Basin is brought in pipes a distance of nine or ten miles from a spring high up in the mountains. The pipes are laid in a shallow trench and are protected so slightly from the sun's heat that when the water reaches the tank in the camp it approaches very nearly the boiling point. Cold water is an unknown quantity in all Arizona unless it is cooled artificially.

The Hualapi valley in which Gold Basin is situated is one of the finest that I ever saw. It is about six miles wide at the north end and fifteen at the south end, and fifty miles long. Notwithstanding the dryness of the season and the long continued drouth, the entire valley is covered with grass. We were told that there had not been but one good rain in the valley in two years. The climate is delightful. We were there in the hottest season and the thermometer only registered 102 degrees in the shade. In the winter it hardly ever sinks below zero. Every afternoon about two o'clock a breeze blows from the southwest which renders the atmosphere pleasant and agreeable. The nights are cool. We are told that an underground river flows through the entire length of the valley at a depth of from 25 to 50 feet. All that is necessary to transform that desert valley into a garden is a cheap power to raise the water to the surface. At Hackberry, at the extreme south end of the valley, they raise the water they use by means of wind mills, but for farming purposes we do not think this method would be successful. From Gold Basin to Tempe, a distance of more than three hundred miles, we never saw but one little spring and not a single stream of living water. The water we used in all that distance was taken from wells, and was raised sometimes by windmills, sometimes by steam and sometimes by hand. I do not think we saw a well anywhere that was over forty feet deep.

JOEL RICKS.

WISE BURGLARS have quit trying to rob banks and have gone to work on the homes of timid depositors.

SANDY'S ELECTION.

SANDY, Aug. 22.—The election yesterday to decide for or against incorporation passed off quietly and resulted in the casting of 103 votes for, and 5 against. This practically unanimous vote was followed by a general jollification in which bonfires blazed, cannon roared, and amid cheers each of the officers-elect mounted upon a buggy seat and expressed his determination to work for the interests of the people. Speeches by many other citizens followed, and the jollifications were kept up well into the night. This is the consummation of several years' efforts to effect the incorporation.

Following are the officers elected:

Mayer, Arthur J. Cushing.
Councilmen, Albert White, Wm. T. Vincent, Thos. E. Marriott, Wells Clark, James Jenson.
Recorder, Emil Hartviiken.
Treasurer, Geo. Marriott.
Collector, Hiram Moore.
Marshal, C. D. Rogers.
Justice, W. W. Wilson.

Last night our neighboring town of Sandy was resounding with the roar of anvils and ablaze with bonfires, and the streets were filled with an enthusiastic crowd of people cheering and shouting. The cause of it all was that yesterday was the day on which the election that was to decide whether or not Sandy should become a city and for the election of the officers, was held. The election passed off quietly. Much interest was manifested by the people, not from any apprehension as to the result, but from the local importance attending it, and its being the first election.

During the afternoon the streets were paraded by a wagon gayly bedecked with bunting, flags and appropriate mottoes, and containing Morris's brass band, which served to enliven things, notwithstanding copious showers of rain at intervals.

After the canvass of the voter, the result was found to be 103 votes for incorporation and only 5 against, the town turned itself loose, and in short time a huge bonfire was blazing on the principal street, and the roar of anvils lent its aid to swell the din. After this had gone on for a time the cry of "Speech from the Mayor" was raised, and a carriage was at once run into the middle of the street. Amid thundering cheers Mayor-elect Cushing mounted the improvised platform, but it was some time before he was allowed to proceed. When quiet at length obtained, Mr. Cushing, in a short speech, thanked the people for the honor conferred, alluded to some of the benefits to be derived from incorporation, and pledged himself to perform the duties of his office in the interest of the people.

The ball having been started, each of the other officers-elect came forward in response to the continued demands of the people, and made short speeches alluding to the folly of continuing as they had in the past, with the resources at hand, outlining the benefits and policy of the future, and each pledging himself to an honest, impartial and just administration of the duties of his office.

Not yet satisfied, the crowd clamored for more, and amid the enthusiasm nearly every man whom it was

thought could make a speech at all was called out. There were speeches of all shades and kinds not forgetting those of the pioneer of the town, John Hardcastle, and the man, who chock full of loyalty and enthusiasm, declared that Salt Lake would soon be but a suburb of Sandy.

When well on toward midnight, the crowd got too hoarse to shout much, and the majority wended their way homeward. The officers elected are all substantial men under whose hands the people believe the affairs of the city will receive wise and conservative management.

THROUGH UTAH COUNTY.

SALT LAKE CITY, Utah, Aug. 21.—On the 10th inst., having completed a historical tour through Utah county I traveled about seventy miles with horse and buggy from the town of Goshen, near the extreme south end of the Utah Lake, to my home near Salt Lake City. Instead of taking the main road leading through the settlements situated between the foot of the Wasatch mountains and the east shore of the lake, I took the somewhat shorter but much rougher road which skirts the west shore. The distance between Goshen and Lehi along this road is nearly forty miles and between the two settlements there is not a human habitation, except a few families located at and near Pelican point, about twelve miles by road south of Lehi, and a cattle ranch standing on the lake shore further south. In passing through this uninhabited region of country, which still presents all the features of dreariness and desolation for which this whole Intermountain region was so renowned a few years ago, I could not help noticing the grand contrast between that part of this most lovely of all Utah's valleys which has been redeemed from the desert, and that part which is still untouched by the hardy husbandman. Ascending a little knoll or mountain spur which extends to the lake from the low range that separates Utah from Cedar valley, I enjoyed a most magnificent view of the first named valley. Commencing near the point of observation and extending north and south for a distance of about twenty-four miles lies exposed to the gaze the largest fresh water lake in our Territory, and the day being calm and beautiful, not a ripple disturbed the surface of its water. A short distance southward was observed a herd of cattle wending their way in single file from the foot hills (where they had been grazing) toward the lake shore, there to obtain their daily supply of water. Here and there a flock of pelicans were enjoying themselves in the bulrushes and flags growing out of the shallow water near the shore, while a solitary wolf who had just slaked his thirst at the mouth of a rocky ravine was wending his way slyly back to his mountain retreat. These, together with a few birds flying about, and now and then a lizard, or tortoise, and a few chipmunks, which showed their heads between the rocks and sagebrush, were all the animal life visible in the immediate vicinity of the point where I stood. There is no mountain stream putting into the