

outside of irrigation as is here produced. Roses and other blooming shrubbery continue to give forth of their rich treasures the long summer through.

There are a number of mines in the adjacent mountains and many of their wealthy owners reside here, giving the little city an appearance of wealth rarely seen in so small a place.

One of the leading pleasure resorts is the Natatorium. There is a large bathing pool, 60 by 122 feet, varying in depth from two to fourteen feet deep, also private bath rooms for the more timid, also a restaurant, dancing floor, private parlors, all under one immense roof. The water is supplied from two artesian wells, one boiling hot and the other cold. (Many of the buildings of the city are heated by water from this hot well.) The temperature, therefore, is all that could be desired. Much more of a descriptive character might be written, and it is hard to stop to continue the subject we are considering. We had a very pleasant half-day's drive under the escort of our good friend Green's wife, who, with her daughter and driver, and we four constituted the party. Don't think for a moment there was anything tame about the fact our escort was a lady. She knew her business, and in her line of land agent was not equalled or hardly approached during our entire trip of 8,400 miles. Of course we could go over but little of the land reached by their system that covers an area of nearly a hundred thousand acres. The main canal is 52 miles long with 68 miles of large branches, and farm laterals now reaching over 200 miles. There is abundance of water for all manufacturing and irrigation purposes, and will be for all time.

One small orchard of plums and prunes near the city, 3 acres. It was not a model for neatness, but was for productiveness. We never saw such loads of fruit of prunes. We saw a branch over 12 inches long on which

the fruit entirely hid the stem. The owner told us he expected to realize \$1,000 per acre for the fruit. I could not get him to price the land; it was not for sale. Another farm of 80 acres about three miles out, owned by a young man who purchased it wild three years ago. The first summer was spent in clearing the ground of sage brush and fencing and levelling. The next spring he set out 60 acres of prunes and sowed 20 acres of alfalfa. Here is a model for neatness and accuracy; every tree is there, and every one perfect; nothing crooked or unsightly.

At the time of our visit the trees were two years old, the ground was perfectly level and clean. On the twenty acres of alfalfa he was keeping twelve cows and making cheese which sold readily at 12½c. per lb., and thus making a living until his trees came into bearing. He paid \$30 per acre for the land and he and one hand did nearly all the work. I asked what his land was now worth, and he said he could get \$200 per acre. "And not take it," I said. "No indeed, for in two years more it will be worth twice that." I think he told the truth. Such clover and timothy meadows, alfalfa wheat and oats I never saw before and have been a farmer all my life. Surely water is king.

These are two of the best we visited, and demonstrate the possibilities of the country.

On our return our kind hostess called at a wayside strawberry patch, and such rich, ripe, luscious fruit. We were ready to enjoy it in our rough ride with a Jehu driver.

They claim to be free from blizzards, cyclones or even high winds, and an average temperature of about 50°, with very little rainfall except in the spring. I have tried to hold up the bright side. It is certainly right. Every home is not so beautiful. Every farm, from various causes not so productive. One place was pointed out as having been one of the most beautiful. The demon in-