New York, July 20.—The two Frohman brothers, Charles and Daniel, have returned from their visit to London, and the amusement world of America is all agog with expectancy as to what their visit will result in. These two gentlemen exercise so entire a monopoly over all our theatricals that I suppose Salt Lake, like every other city east and west, will be interested to know what reports they bring home, for Salt Lake, like the other cities, looks to the fountain head in New York for her supply of all things theatrical, and it is these two gentlemen who regulate the theatrical fountain. The number of announcements they make is enough to take the ordinary man's breath away. Both brothers come back with their trunks loaded with manuscripts of new plays bought from English and French authors, as well as with contracts for the appearance here of foreign stars, and the appearance in London of the leading American companies. Charles Frohman says he has picked up whatever was worth picking in London, Paris and Berlin, but he says he has nothing on which he places greater store than the play of "L'Aiglon," on which Maude Adams will at once commence rehearsals. He is proud, too, that he has arranged to have Gillette and his company transferred bodily to the stage of Irving's theater in London, and says he has no doubt that "Sherlock Holmes" will prove as great a success there as it has here. He has a new play for John Drew, Henry Miller and several for the Empire company, all of which will be seen and heard in New York during the approaching season.

Daniel Frohman says the biggest sight he beheld while in Europe was the Passion Play. He too, has a number of new works, the principal being one by Pinero and onlyl Henry Arthur Jones. He expects to open his season at Daly's in November, with a play now being completed by an American dramatist. One of his new people engaged abroad is Miss Cissy Loftus, another is Miss Gertrude Henriques, daughter of the famous Madeline Henriques, who was for years the leading lady of Lester Wallack. While in England Mr. Frohman arranged to have Mr. Sothern appear there in "Hamlet," an engagement over which there is considerable curiosity, as the rising young star has not yet been seen in New York in that part. His date is September 17th, at the Garden theater.

Bob Easton's friends have been much pleased of late to see his name frequently in the New York papers. He lives here with his wife teaching and accepting public engagements. His latest appearance was in connection with the Bankers' Glee club at Saratoga before the annual convention of the New York Bankers' association. He sang first tenor with a quartet and made a big hit in several Scotch songs which he sang alone.

We see by the "News" that Salt Lake is down for a one night visit from the Metropolitan Opera Co. Salt Lake is to be congratulated and I trust she will sold out as the News suggests, to secure the company in its entirety, also that you will be successful in hearing the De Reszkes, Calve, and Plancon. Either one of them with the big chorus and orchestra of the superb organization, is worth the $4 or $5 per seat you will be called upon to pay. Y.

Mr. Pyper has booked during the week Whitney's Quo Vadis company for an engagement in November. This is the big organization which played in New York up to the close of the season and the one with which Miss Lottie Levy travelled last year. It is without doubt the largest Quo Vadis company on the road, and is sure to do a fine business here.

THEATER GOSSIP.

Hal Russell is back from his outing in Wyoming.

Henry Miller is to appear in a dramatization of "To Have and To Hold" during the coming season.

Robert Drouet, who write "Doris," and who acted in it several times in this city, will play the part of the bond servant, to Mary Mannering's "Janice Meredith."

Henry Miller's company is playing "His Excellency, the Governor," in San Francisco this week. The business is large, and Mr. Miller writes that it is too soon yet to decide on the Salt Lake return visit.

Blanche Bates has finally decided to lead a summer stock company. She returned from Europe the early part of the week and almost immediately left New York for Denver, in which city she will play leading parts for the remainder of the summer.

Viola Allen is to appear in a new play by F. Marion Crawford, entitled "In the Palace of the King." William Seymour, the stage expert, is engaged to produce the play and he is passing the summer with the Allen family at Miss Viola's country place at Great Neck, Long Island.

Blanche Walsh will sail for America August 20, and immediately on her arrival in New York will begin rehearsals of the new and yet unnamed play written for her by Eugene W. Presby. This piece is a romantic drama, the story dealing in part with the persecution of the Huguenots in France during the years from 1750 to 1760.

The position of leading man with Miss Viola Allen for this season has been given by her managers, to Robert T. Hanes, a young actor who, during the eight or nine years since he made a very modest stage debut, has had wide experience in stock and star companies, and has had many pleasant words written of his work.

It is said to be practically a settled thing that when Sir Henry Irving returns to the London Lyceum theater next spring, after his tour through the English provinces, he will produce the new play founded upon the massacre of St. Bartholomew, which he has had in mind for some time, and this will be the chief item in the repertory of his farewell tour in the United States in the winter of 1901-2. He will also present revivals of several old Lyceum successes.

MUSIC NOTES.

The tenor, Tamagno, gave a concert at Turin recently in aid of a fund to send a number of local artisans to the Paris Exposition. The sum realized was $900.

Miss Sallie Fisher has gone to Illinois for a month's visit with her friend, Miss Latimer. She will return in time to resume rehearsals with the local opera company in "The Mandarin."

Lulu Glaser should have remained with Francis Wilson. She was chosen for the leading part in "The Cadet Girl," but at the last moment was afflicted with nervousness and had to throw up the part.

The musical public will be pleased to learn that Miss Arvilla Clark, whose singing has created so great an impression lately, has decided to open a studio in this city, and to teach here at least a year before resuming her studies in the East. Miss Clark will prove a decided acquisition not only to our teachers, but to all our musical circles.

Our old friend Tagliapietra has been heard from again. His name appears in New York at the head of a petition asking the board of health to abate a nuisance in the form of the Salvation Army. "Tag" says he is a musician, and naturally likes music, but the Salvation Army, which is stationed under his window, is more than he can stand.

Eugene Cowles will continue in Alice Nielson's support next season, singing the roles of Sandor in "The Fortune Teller" and the Duke in "The Singing Girl." The Nielson company will next season spend Christmas and New Year's on the Pacific coast. Miss Nielson attained her earliest successes in California, and this will be her first visit in a professional capacity to her old home since she became a star.

Sir Arthur Sullivan's first opera, "Contrabandista," was composed, scored and rehearsed within 16 days from the time he received the libretto. Sir Arthur is the quickest composer on record; the overture to "Iolanthe" was commenced at 9 p. m. and finished at 7 a. m. the next morning. That to the "Yeoman of the Guard" was composed and scored in 12 hours; whilst the epilogue to the "Golden Legend," which for dignity, breadth and power— as a well-known critic once stated—stands out from among any of his choral examples, was composed and scored within 24 hours. This is a story told of the composition of the overture to Mozart's "Don Giovanni:" Mozart was always rather procrastinating, and the night before the public performance not a note of the overture had been put on paper, but he set to work in earnest. Hour after hour he toiled without intermission, and by 7 o'clock in the morning the entire overture was in the hands of the copyist, and the same evening it was performed. Rossini's "Il Barbiere" was written in 13 days. Donizetti, who wrote with even greater facility, is said to have composed the final act of "La Favorita" in an evening after dinner.

Clean, wholesome amusement is always to be commended, and there is no doubt that much of the success of Ringling Brothers' circus, the big show that is to exhibit in Salt Lake City again Wednesday, August 15, is due to the high character of the exhibition. There is something about the Ringling show that commends it to the best element in the community. It is mammoth in its proportions, and novel in its attractiveness, but even these important characteristics would not account for its wonderful popularity. Its great and enduring hold upon the public is in the fact that it is a clean and legitimate exhibition, and that a visit to the show is alike satisfying from a moral, an educational and an amusement standpoint. It has repeatedly been said that Ringling Brothers have founded a new school of American showmen, but it is apparently a school which has no successful pupils. To announce the coming of this great show is sufficient to insure public attention. The pictured presentment of the five famous Ringling Brothers upon an advertisement is an absolute guarantee of perfection in arenic amusement. Unlike other circus managers Ringling Brothers are never content to rest upon their laurels. The present season has witnessed a notable increase in the magnitude of the show as well as a most unprecedented gathering of American and old-world novelties. The three rings, double stages, aerial spaces and huge fourth-mile track are fairly alive with diverting performances, of a character never before seen with any arenic exhibition. The most thrilling mid-air exploits, the most graceful of lady and gentlemen riders, the most astonishingly expert acrobats, vie in interest with the most sensational and wonder-creating exhibitions of trained animal intelligence. Surely the world has never seen anything to compare with the marvelous Lockhart elephant actors, Marchand's pugilistic proboscidians or Herr Souder's elephant brass band. Any one of these newly-imported great features would be sufficient to stamp a show with merit and distinction. Equally remarkable is O'Brien's sixty-one horse act—over three-score high-bred equines all performing in one ring at one time, under the direction of a single trainer. A superb menagerie and a most exciting reproduction of the exhilarating sports and racing contests of imperial Rome are important incidents of the great show, while the all new free street parade which inaugurates circus day is declared to be the most gorgeously resplendent gratuitous display ever given in any land or any age.

THE SPECTRE-SCOPE.

Among the many marvels of photography, none, perhaps, is more striking than the portrayal of images which do not really exist by means of the "Aerial Graphoscope" the vital principle if which is a narrow lath of wood, painted white in front, with a grey center gradually diminishing in shade to white. The lath can be rapidly revolved at its center by means of a multiplying wheel, or, if it is more convenient, by electric motor. The only other accessories required are a magic lantern and some photographic slides.

If a slide—say of an angel—be placed in the lantern, and its image focussed upon the stationary lath, only a very small portion of the picture is,of course, seen—just that portion in fact which falls upon the lath, and is reflected back from it to our eyes. When, however, the lath is revolved rapidly the entire form of the angel comes suddenly into existence and is seen apparently in space.

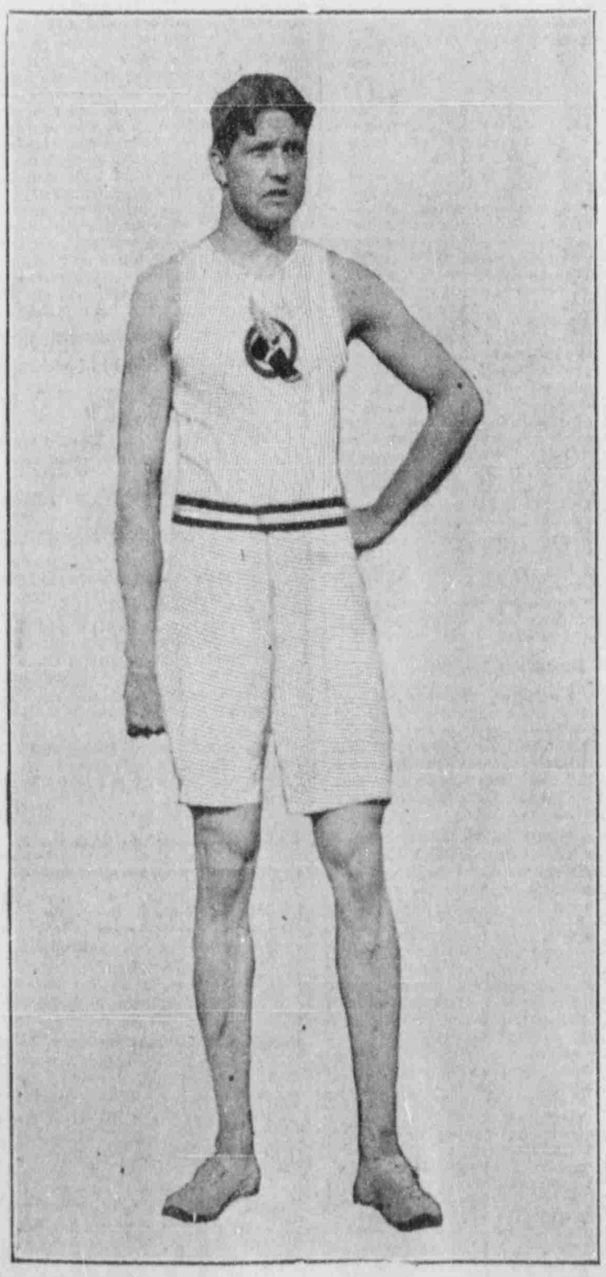
Owing to the well-known fact that the retina of the eye retains the impression of an object for a short time after the object itself has been withdrawn, the various portions of the photograph have not time to fade before the whole picture has been successively projected on to the lath. You see, therefore, a picture which does not really exist as a whole in the place where it appears, but which emanates from each one's retinal organ and is developed by each one's individual powers.

It is, in fact, an intangible image in space, and its ghostly character is made apparent when a candle, a vase of flowers, or some other real object, is placed behind the revolving lath and is, of course, also photographed.—Pearson's Magazine.

Only Five Left.

There are now living but five women who are daughters of men who fought for the colonies in the war of the revolution. Only one of them lives west of Pennsylvania. She is Mrs. Mary Gano Bryan Cobb, of Kohomo, Ind. She is a daughter of Captain Daniel Gano, one of the five brothers who followed their father, Rev. John Gano, the famous "Fighting Chaplain" of revolutionary times, into the field. Mrs. Cobb was born in the blue grass region of Kentucky in 1803. In 1822 she married Louis Bryan, a veteran of the war of 1812 and the greatgrandfather of the free silver leader. She is the only woman now alive who is at once the daughter of a revolutionary soldier and a widow of a sodlier of the war of 1812. There are 2,700 widows of soldiers of the latter war still alive.—Chicago Tribune.

A RISING YOUNG MAN.



Ray C. Ewry, of the New York Athletic Club, is the champion standing jumper of the world. He also holds the record for three standing jumps. He is going shortly to try to break his own records. At the Paris games, he created a new world's record in the standing high jump, jumping five feet five inches.

LETTER FROM EVAN STEPHENS

To the Tabernacle Choir:

London, Eng., June 23, 1900.—Let me briefly report to you the Handel Triennial Fectival just completed at the Crystal Palace. This is beyond question the musicll event that brings together the greatest number of performers in all the world. The cut you have had of it (which I wish Dramatic and Lyric could reproduce in the "News") is no exaggeration. It is only just to say though, that 1,000 voices and an orchestra of 150, with the organ in our own great Tabernacle would be as effective as four times that number in the vast open Crystal Palace, where much of the volume is lost in the scattering wings. But with all that, Handel's music was immensely impressive, especially so when the vast body came with precision and vigor to their work. There are spots on the sun—so they say—and so there were on the great festival, and more annoyingly so because they could have been erased.

THE SPOTS IN THE RENDITION.

The chief of these were owing to the ravages of Time on humanity. The dear, venerable conductor, (he must be nearly eighty) was too stiff and unwieldy himself to put that animation into the chorus that makes such masses effective. Slowness and solidity are all right up to a certain point, but when a river flows without a certain speed in its current, it ceases to show its force as a stream and becomes a pond or lake. So here, the power of the great mass was lessened rather than lightened by a continual want of rhythmic force; so slowly did they take everything, that the conductor's beat ceased to have any meaning in it. It often brought none in particular from the great chorus. Still there were many magnificent moments, and these English people are as much at home in these great oratorios as come of you are, unfortunately in comic operas, so much so that little taste is left for anything else. Then in their magnificent list of soloists, those past the singing age, had several of the important parts, especially Albani and Santley, though the latter roused up to the point of rejuvenating himself in the solo "The Lord Worketh Wonders," well fitting his achievement to the text; it was indeed a wonder in his case. For a brief moment we saw what this "English Lion" had been, and he got such an ovation as he deserved, and would doubly deserve if he had let it be the final effort in public of his great career. Lloyd, the great tenor, on the other hand, was billed as his "last appearance in festival," and he sang like an angel. His great ringing, sweet, clear voice sounded as youthful as if he were a man of thirty, and no man of that age can equal him today. Anyone who had heard him sing "Love in her eyes sits playing" and not love him—and old Handel for writing it—is rather devoid of heart, or ear.

OLD HANDEL'S GRANDEUR.

You see I have passed from fault finding to praising without knowing it. So it was in the Festival. One forgot the bad points in the good ones. The first and most lasting impression is unbounded admiration for Handel, as not only the writer of great, incomparable choruses, but in the transcendent dignity, truthfulness and beauty of his music of all styles, when properly interpreted. Then comes the admiration for the way in which these people interpret him. The acme of perfection always. As soloists, the tenors, Lloyd and Ben Davies, came first, then the contraltos, Marie Brema, Ada Crossley, and Clara Butt. Then the sopranos, even Albani, had her voice permitted, would have been divine. McIntyre and Ella Russell were beautiful, but Blauvelt is too light in voice and style. The bassos were fitting, but I must admit that Handel seemed only to have thought the bass voice fit for thunder and growlings. The tender has no place in it for him. Hence there was little refinement to be looked for.

THE CHORUS.

In the chorus,my first admiration went to their perfect familiarity with the tremendous work they had in hand; next, to their ease and refinement in singing—they never sing themselves out; next, to the charming tone quality of the tenors as a body, the basses, altos and sopranos coming in the order given. No tenor I have ever heard can equal the English in a body, so pure and soft; no effort is noticeable, even in the highest passages. Ben Davies' voice seems to have grown larger since we heard him at the World's Fair. His expression is superb and manly, but he is far behind Lloyd in brilliancy of tone. Lloyd's voice seems to flow in a limpid, pure stream of bright, yet round tone, without event the slightest effort. What wouldn't I give to have our tenors singing like this!

REMINDED OF HOME SINGERS.

"Brema" tells us constantly what our own Mrs. Allison could be if she devoted herself to the work, so similar are their tone characteristics, while Clara Butt (now the favorite of all English contraltos), reminds me much of Miss Ida Pratt's voice, only the English lady has far more physical force to sustain her powerful organ. Miss Crossley, an Australian, is to me even still more ideal for oratorio work. She seems now what I had always fancied Madame Belle Cole was of old—of broad, loose, full, luscious tone, like a grand organ, without dramatic crispness in it. (Madame Cole seems to me like our own Mrs. Gillette, to have sopranoised her voice to the detriment of the greater and more rare contralto qualities). Ella Russell is an American with a fine voice and style, but doesn't equal our Nordica by any means. Lillian Blauvelt is another American, and has this season become immensely popular here. I can't have heard her to good advantage if she deserves being ranked with America's best concert singers.

SWEETNESS LONG DRAWN OUT.

Of the works given, I liked the "Messiah" least, possibly because of my familiarity with it, and the slow tempo of all the choruses in it. "Judas Maccabeus," on the other hand, went in fine shape, and "Israel in Egypt" certainly gave the greatest specimens of great chorus work. Fancy ye Salt Lake concert growlers, at having a program last from 2 o'clock p. m. to half past six, and then being twenty miles from home. Yet over a hundred thousand listeners, hundreds standing up the entire time, here seemed really to enjoy it, and the singers with only a narrow board circular seat to rest upon, seemed to feel no impatience at all, but at the end remained there standing, cheerfully calling back their venerable old conductor to receive their applause, for arranging and conducting what you would roast me alive for, were I to attempt it. The entire four thousand singers, they say, are volunteers, receiving no salary, with from 20,000 to 100,000 people paying from $2 to $5 each per performance for seats. I would like to have a tithe of what somebody got out of it. So it was a grand artistic and financial success, reckoned by the thousand.

NOT NECESSARILY.

Will I be in a hurry to give oratorios when I return home? Not necessarily. Successful oratorio life does not seem to produce choirs in England, and perhaps it would greatly interfere with choir work at hom, were we to attempt it. And I fancy choirs may be practically more beneficial to our community than even oratorios. So we may admire and well consider the matter before going further. Many charming things grow in England that wouldn't successfully transplant to Utah, and vice versa. I wish our young musicians would bear that more in mind, especially the talented ones who receive their education away from home. There are climatic conditions for music as well as for plants. And the same things do not flourish to the same extent in and under varying conditions, while an effort to compel them to grow will not only be labor lost, but will warp the energies of those who try, and of their pupils as well, out of shape and harmony with their surroundings. While music in the true higher sense is a universal language, it easily becomes local in characteristics. The German, French, Italian schools, etc., each have their characteristics, and each is beautiful to one not too much schooled,or naturalized to the other, but often nothing short of offensive to one that is. America is cosmopolitan, is rightly inclined to give each a hearing, and will, I trust, adopt whatever is congenial to her.

We at home of all people should neither narrow ourselves down to one school, nor yet enter into strife by each one working only for the adoptin of the particular one he has been trained in. We have musical needs peculiarly our own, and unfortunately few of our young students and geniuses adapt themselves to them at present, at home or abroad.

OUR NEEDS.

Every "Mormon" boy and gird needs to learn to sing intelligently and musically, right now, today. Where are the one thousand capable men or women to train them? "Leaders and Teachers" in one, who so well understand methods of teaching and directing—the forming, controlling and using of the voice, etc., to organize, interest and school these two hundred thousand that now need to be taught? Why some of the brightest musicians we have can scarcely "croak" vocally, and are so ill prepared for the work needed of the musical minds of our community, that experienced choir members who have neither studied much nor possess great talent, are often of more practical use to the community. The community needs TRAINERS of the MASSES. The musical student of today prepares only for private work, and that usually instrumentally. His training makes him abhor mass work as "drudgery" and being wholly unprepared for it, he must find it so, and so do the masses under his charge when without system or method, he attempts it. Our talent should train for what our people need, not for what communities surrounded with entirely different conditions need. I do not speak thus to belittle our young specialists, but to point out the need of their broadening out their musical capabilities to meet the higher needs of the community as a whole. We need pianists, we need organists, vocalists, violinists, composers, etc., of the best grade, but we need a hundred times more, choral directors, class teachers, choir leaders, and the fact that some are competent in the former does not fit them to be successful in the latter. I wish every one realized it.

We are a peculiar people and we have our own peculiar musical bents, aims and missions to perform. Let us look well and see what they are, then bend our energies to their accomplishment.

Your brother,
EVAN STEPHENS.

INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITIONS

Special Correspondence.

Paris, France, July 9th.—There is no unit or rule for accurately measuring or comparing international expositions, but, after six weeks' study, I think the Chicago exposition was in many respects not inferior to this of Paris. There is more and better-class art about this show; the ensemble is more artistic, and it would be hard to excel the beautiful scene that stands before you when the sunlight or electric light illumines the domes and minarets that adorn the space between the Champs Elysees and the Invalides. There are more traces of the artistic spirit among the exhibits than at Chicago, and, in truth, for an exhibition of European art—I do not say the very best, but at least the second best—the exhibition of Paris in 1900 would be hard to beat. But that is all, wonderful to say, seeing that some years have elapsed since the Chicago World's Fair, and that great progress in many directions might have been expected.

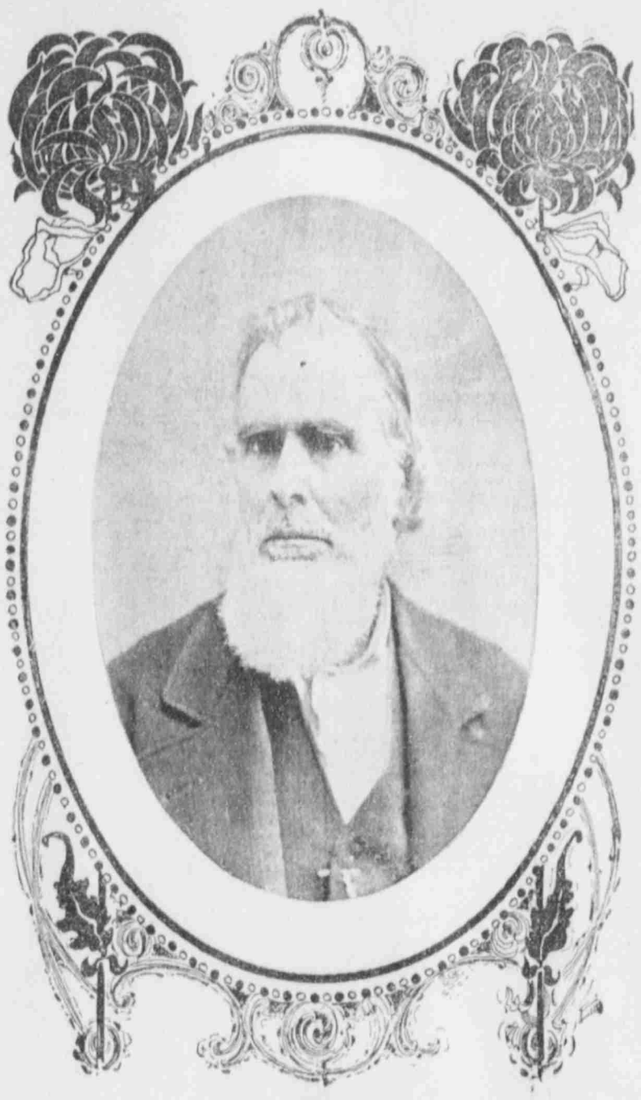
One thing very noticeable now is the increase in the number of visitors. Paris is not, or seems not to be, more crowded, but the exposition is. Last Sunday just forty people under half a million passed the gates. The price of tickets had come down to 10 cents, which may have, must have, had some effect, and there was a Christian Endeavor pilgrimage or an English trades excursion, 3,000 or 4,000 strong, which helped to fill. A few weeks ago, the universal remark was: "What a crowd of Germans!" and in truth, Paris was, as someone put it, for the time more German than Berlin. Wherever you went, on the boulevards, in the exposition, in the cafes, on the tops of the omnibusses, ("in the air," as the French say) there they were thousands of them, in spectacles, nearly all in straw hats, and dressed as if they all had the same tailor—or none. It was a fresh German invasion, and not a wholly popular one. For popularity in that way, the invasion must be American, for the latter visit the shops first, and then sees the exposition from the Eiffel tower. One cafe owner bitterly complained to me that Germans had completely driven away his regular customers, "and they drink no wine," he concluded sadly, "only beer." Not that the anti-Teutonic feeling is just now very strong in France. It seems rather to be slowly but surely dying out,not so much because the French hate the nation that took Alsace-Lorraine from them in 1870, less, as because they hate the nation that beat them at Waterloo, and stood them off at Fashoda more. Besides, though of different religions, there is much in common between the Germans and the French. Both are continental nations, they have what the French are pleased to call a "largeness" of ideas that is unknown and highly antipathetic to the Anglo-Saxon, whether he be American or English. German Protestantism of the land of Luther, is not in reality so antipathetic to French Catholicism as is American or English Protestantism. And why? Simply because the Protestantism of the latter is too decent, to moral, for French tastes and French tolerance. The German is not nearly so shocked by French latitude of opinion and speech and conduct as is the Anglo-Saxon, and Paris sights and sounds, to which a German would habituate himself in a week, remain for years, perhaps forever, odious to the Anglo-Saxon. It is, in this morality, this ingrained, instinctive morality, lies the secret of the Anglo-Saxon power and dominion. No nation that is not strong morally will ever be permanently strong physically.

Of late, however, the German invasion has been notably diminishing and the American—not the English—is taking its place. At any rate, Americans are more numerous, more about the center, certainly more thick in the richer and more expensive quarters of the town. You rarely see a German in fashionable restaurants or very expensive hotels. The American you do see and hear also, for their cordial unreserve, their affability and easiness of approach make them always live and agreeable companions.

It will, perhaps, be news to you that American missionaries are responsible for the war in China, so the French say. You have only to ask half a dozen, and three or four will make the statement. It cannot be their missionaries, they maintain, and it is not likely to be the consuls or foreign merchants, ergo, it is those dreadfully pushing Americans.

The jury on ceramics yesterday made an excursion to the Sevres factory and witnessed the taking from the kiln a superg vase fully five feet high, decorated profusely and surmounted by an American Eagle. The workmen of the factory were addressed by the president of the jury and each one received a souvenir in money,while each juryman was given a porcelain medallion as a memento of the occasion. The president of the French republic is a hard working man, he faithfully puts in all available time at the Exposition, and visits the official pavilions first of one country and then of another, avoiding with nicest care any show of partiality.

OLD SALT LAKERS.



HOSEA STOUT.

This is a picture of one of the Pioneer members of the bar in Utah. Hosea Stout was not only a prominent figure in the early history of Salt Lake City, but he was concerned closely with the history of the Latter-day Saints in the half century prior to his death. He was a native of Kentucky, having been born in Mercer county, September 18th, 1810. He passed through all the early vicissitudes of the Church and was intimately associated with the Prophet Joseph Smith, having been a member of his body guard, as well as one of the Nauvoo Legion and the chief of police of that city. He came to Utah in the year 1848, was a member ofthe Legislature for a number of years, also of the City Council, and practiced at the bar of the Territory from the time the first court was established here until a few years prior to his death, on March 2nd, 1889, his health having become so impaired that he retired with his family to Big Cottonwood. He was one of the few men who performed a mission to China, having gone to Hongkong in 1853. He was associated with the defense of President Brigham Young, when he was brought to trial on some of the numerous trumped up charges on which he was arrested. He left a large family, some of whom still reside in Cottonwood.

AN ARIZONA SAND STORM.

Member of the Provo Brigham Young Academy, South American Scientific Expedition, Tells How He Was Enveloped in a Cloud of "Moving Earth" for Nearly Two Hours.

Eugene Roberts, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Roberts, of Provo, Utah, and who is a member of the Brigham Young Academy South American expedition, writes about some of his novel experiences while going through Arizona. The following is the letter in full:

St. David, Arizona, July 19, 1900.

I am afraid I will not get a chance to write from Nogales, so will drop you a line from here. We are staying here a day or two because the people are anxious to give us a banquet and dance. This will be the first banquet since the people of Tuba City gave us one on the desert. I wish, however, we could push right along and make no stops, not even for banquets, as I am anxious to get into the wilds out of civilization, and test myself in that part of the trip. The journey from Thatcher has been a dry one, we being compelled to buy water for our horses, at different places; wood was also very scarce.

After leaving Wilcox we passed through one of the Arizona land and dust storms. It was an extremely large one, and presented a grand sight. As we were riding along, our attention was called toward the storm, by one of the boys and as we looked back a peculiar sight met our gaze; for thirty miles across the valley and hundreds of feet in the air a great volume of sand and dust was rolling over and over at a terrific rate, resembling, I fancy, the smoke coming from the mouths of hundreds of cannons placed one upon the other.

At the right and over against the eastern mountains, there appeared to be numerous whirlwinds twisting in all directions, some of them extending from the ground to a great height. On the left huge clouds of sand were rolling on leaving great gaps or openings now and then, which looked black as night, and within these openings could be dimly seen still blacker clouds rolling and contorting in all imaginable shapes. I wish I could describe how grand it was when the huge, almost perpendicular mass, was coming upon us, like a mighty ocean wave. We were soon swallowed up by the storm and everything was of inky blackness, our pack horses were entirely out of sight for a while, and we could not even see the heads of our riding horses. For an hour and twenty minutes we were enveloped in this "moving earth," the darkness, however, did not last this long, but breathing was very difficult and everything was, of course, filled with dust. The storm continued in a milder form all evening and we built all kinds of obstructions to break the force of the wind so we could sleep. The storm lasted until about 11 p. m. We are now in sight of Mexico; still, it will be four or five days before we will get there.

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