

The Arizona Sentinel.

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[Communicated.

ONLY A DREAM.

EDITOR SENTINEL:—Last Sun-
day I read your editorial on "The
Future of Arizona;" had dinner
and then a comfortable nap. I
don't know whether my digestive
organs are out of order or not, but
I do know that during that nap I
done the tallest amount of dream-
ing ever indulged in by any Ariz-
onian (our respected townsman
R. H. McC. not excepted). I
dreamt that I was in Arizona City
in the year 1882; all the present
inhabitants of the town were still
there, wearing the same faces and
forms, but evidently enjoying a
little more of this world's good
than they did in 1872. But while
the inhabitants seemed the same,
their habitations were totally dif-
ferent. Instead of the unsightly
adobe houses, with mud roofs, and
no windows to speak of, that they
possess at present, there were long
rows of two-story buildings,
French windows and shade trees
before every house. The streets,
full of wagons, buggies and every
other conceivable vehicle, rush-
ing, crashing and tearing along as
if the safety of the nation depend-
ed on their speed. The sky, brist-
ling with church spires and towers
of public buildings, while the clang
of bells, the scream of steamboats
and the shriek and rumble of the
locomotive, intermixed with the
cries and yells of hundreds of
hackmen, made up a mass of
sounds that convinced me I must
be in the infernal regions or a first-
class American city.

Lost with amazement, I walked
to the corner of Main and First
streets. Hooper's block was cov-
ered with a large bank building,
which I was informed was the
Bank of Arizona; the City Bank
was on Neahr's corner; fire-proof
warehouses on Larkin's lot, and
Tom Hughes had a monster hotel,
with all the modern improve-
ments, while Baker, having found
earthquakes unprofitable, had con-
fined himself to dry goods, and
appeared to be prospering. The
river seemed to be a solid mass of
steamboats; Fort Yuma had dis-
appeared, and the ground was oc-

cupied by the railroad company's
workshops and terminus. I met
Frank Townsend and started up
town with him. He told me all
the news. He was the Sheriff of
the county, and Markle was gov-
ernor of the State Prison. The
Public Administrator had resign-
ed in disgust, as no one would die.
The doctors had all gone East to
look for patients. Geo. Martin had
made a fortune in selling his Ariz-
ons Mesquit Hair Dye, and had
gone East to spend it. In fact
everybody was doing well. Just
then I caught sight of W. Pulford,
and I "went for him." He was
running a mammoth hotel and
ministering to the spiritual and
corporeal wants of the public, in
the best style. I inquired what
had become of the heathen Chinese
next door. He informed me that
the Celestial gentleman, in com-
pany with ten thousand of his
race, was engaged in the culture
of rice, near the mouth of the
river. The Government had con-
structed levees along the river,
where needed, from Mohave to
to the mouth, and cotton, rice, to-
bacco, sugar-cane, and fruits of all
kinds were successfully cultivated
the whole distance. He succeeded
in convincing me that the Colo-
rado was the Mississippi of the
Pacific, and Arizona City its New
Orleans.

The Indians were all on reserva-
tions and getting rich growing
sugar-cane, and Arizona City
crushed sugar commanded the
highest figure in the Eastern mar-
kets. Greatly excited, I rushed to
my shanty to find out how I stood,
and while attempting to figure
out whether I was a bankrupt or
a millionaire, I awoke to my in-
tense disgust, and I am still in the
dark as to my financial position in
the year 1882. Thus, like all great
public benefactors, while attend-
ing to the interests of the public,
I have neglected my own until
too late. But, joking aside, Mr.
Editor, a great deal of this is nei-
ther so impossible or improbable
as it seems. They say "God help
those that help themselves." It
would be well for us to try a little
of God's help in that manner.

PIONEER.

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