

16th and Douglas,

MOST EXTRAORDINARY BARGAINS IN DRESS GOODS and SILKS That were ever offered.

40 pieces Double width Cashmere Plain Colored Serges And fancy half wool

40 inch Wool novelties Plaid Cheviots and Fancy Wool

Mixtures 2 Cases Strictly all Wool Striped Dress

Goods 200 pieces Imported high grad all wool novelty Dress

Goods In 20 different styles 42 and 44 in.

Imported all wool plain and fancy colored Dress Goods

50 pieces 46-in Mohair and woot ne ties in all the new designs

go on sale Monday at 16 These goods are never a for less than 98c gard stylctiviall wool.

regular price 8kc yard Hundreds of imported black novelties in Grain. 21 inch Silk and Wool and Mobair and Wool, very stylish

and Wool, very stylish patterns, also 54-in Mohair 986

75c Silk for 18c of Satin, China, Suahs, Bengaline, Moires and Faille Silks go at 18c yard, only 12 yards to each

\$1.00 DRESS SILKS for 39c

too pieces

in Gros Grain Taffetas, Satins, black and all shades; worth a dollar a yard

75 pieces [worth \$1 to \$1:25] Elegant

Fancy SILKS

For dresses and waists, such as fine all Silk, 24 inch Plaid Surahs, 27 inch black Satin Duch-Satin Rhadames as well as 50 different combinations of changeable Taffetas for fancy trimming and waists. Also Cape Linings one yard wide and Cheney Bros. Black China Silks, all at 59e

\$1.50 black and Colored 756 Dress Goods and Silks 756

Biggest bargain ever offered in fine quality Dress Satins and Silks are to be had tomorrow.

Black Gros Grain Silk 22 inch all pure Silk, Satin, Duchesse,

21 inch all silk fancy black, fancy stripes Satin and Gros Waist Taffetas wide white and cream satins all go at 75c for up to \$2.50, go at 75c.

This purchase is the entire stock of a Rhode Island underwear mill, up to now in the hands of a receiver. He sold it all—the entire stock—to us at 25c on the dollar of its actual value. Its the largest single purchase of Underwear ever recorded and by all odds the greatest sacrifice ever incurred by a man-

Grandest Puschase of Underwear Ever Made.

12,000 Dozen Men's, Ladies' and Children's Fall and Winter

ufacturer. But the creditors were clamorous for their money and had to have it. UNDERWEAR.

1000 DOZEN WORTH UP MEN'S WHITE MERINO UNDERWEAR

Men's extra heavy cottonribbed underwear..... Double breasted, heavy gray underwear Fine camels hair under-



Fancy colored underwear

For men's all wool scarlet underwear, Men's all wool, double breasted gray underwear, men's all wool, fleece lined underwear, men's genuine camels hair underwear, men's imported French fancy striped underwear, worth up to

For Underwear Worth \$2.50

wear, color Jaeger imported underwear, real English Vicuus and French cashnere underwear, in fact the highest grades of all kinds men's underwear, Ladies Combination Union Suits, such as handled in the finest exclusive in dark and evening shades. 36 inch men's furnishing goods stores and sold

Ladies' Ribbed UNDER WEAR

WORTH 25e UNDERWEAR UNDERWEAR

WORTH 35c Ladies' Egyptian combed yarn derby ribbed

UNDERWEAR

Worth 50e



COMBINATION SUITS. In this purchase were the finest lot of

LADIES'

GRAY UNDERWEAR

WORTH \$1,25

WOOL UNDERWEAR

Ladies' Combination Suits ever put on the market, In all wool and part wool, including all colors and black.

50c 75c



Children's natural gray camel's hair and white merino Underwear

Children's all wool scarlet, all wool gray and camel's hair Underwear

Boys' and Girl's strictly all wool gray Underwear; fancy mixed brown Underwear, and fancy striped Underwear.

2000 Pairs High Grade IMPORTED

(Worth up

lyn exclusive kid glove store, including 4-button embroidered back glace gloves. S-button mousquetaires, in gray, brown, black and white, 5 and 7 Foster book gloves; you will find in fact all the highest grades of kid gloves in these 3 lots, which go tomorrow at 59c, 75c, 98c.

BARGAINS

IN THE

BASEMENT MEN'S WATERPROOF

Worth 25c, Light colored Shirting 01

30 Best Standard Dress Prints, Best heavy Garnet Prints,

3½C Best indigo blue and white and red Prints go at.....

36 inch wide French Percales 50 go at...... Worth 12½c. Fine Henrietta

026 Extra fine quality double nap Shaker Flannel go at Worth loc.

Double nap gray and brown 812C Sanitary Flannel goes at Worth 20c.

The largest and finest stock and the lowest prices in Omaha.



LADIES JACKETS Made of Melton cloth, very \$1.39

LADIES' FINE BEAVER JACKETS Hair satin lined, made in the \$3.98

LADIES' ALL WOOL KER-SEY JACKET Half lined, mandelin sleeves, \$4.98 rippled back; worth \$10.00.....

CHILDREN'S REEFER
JACKETS
Made of chinchilla, beaver and
covert cloth, extra heavy,
worth \$2.59. 98c Plush capes, Astrachan capes, French Coney capes, 30 inches \$7.50 iong, 100-inch sweep; worth \$7.50

FRENCH CONEY FUR CAPES inches long, worth \$10.00....

ELECTRIC SEAL CAPES, ASTRACHAN CAPES 30 inches long, 100-inch sweep, \$12.50 lined with good satin; worth

-500 NEW-SAMPLE JACKETS & CAPES 500 new sample Jackets and Capes, each different style—no two allke—made in all he latest cloths—fancy and plain boucles, clay worsteds and doeskin kerseys—with full ripple back, mandolin, foot ball and draped sleeves, together with an immense lot of plush, velours, cloth and fur capes; worth from \$30.00 to \$75.00, go at

\$12.50 \$15.00 \$17.50 \$20.00 \$22.50 \$25.00

OPPOSITION

School of Fiction Without Substantial Public Favor.

REALITIES TOO GRIM AND SORDID Romanticism Preferred by the Multi-

tude, and the Reasons Therefor

-Ideals that Stir the

Emotions. At the session of the Federation of Women's Clubs recently held in Lincoln, the following paper, dealing with the romantic and realistic

schools of literature, was prepared and read by Miss Irene Byrne of Omaha: The evolution of each century is incarnated in a particular form of literature, and the form of our age is the novel. There is always a harmony between the social movement, which is the cause, and the literary expression, which is the effect. Thus Greece, in the heroic age, wrote epic poem telling how brave men lived and loved and voyaged and died, telling of a gallant life and honest purpose; the mystical middle ages left us a young and appears in new strength and under poem of heaven and hell, of darkness and a new guise at each new literary period, for poem of heaven and hell, of darkness and death and doom; Shakespeare, the flower of

narrative, the main object of which is to please, you have little idea of the scope of the modern art, little idea of the potent force which fiction has come to be in the life of

humanity. The novelist of today has complete freedom in the choice of his subject and the manner of its treatment; he may adopt the novel as a platform or a pulpit, use it as a means or an end, think of it as merely a vehicle for conveying his theories of life and philosophy.

or regard it itself as all in all. The novel which he gives us may be his-torical and critical, heavy as a German treatise, precise as a column of statistics, or, if like Stevenson, fancy has filled his eyes with rainbows, he may send warm blood into the dead chill and show us the shimmering

tame dull colored one.

warmed by enthusiasm, books full of turmoil and perspective; forgotten to subordinate the and ebullition, from which emerge men and weak and accidental to the strong and es-women who, by reason of their genuine vital sential, and from a vast mass of facts make mercialism and materialism, is yet capable of but serve all indiscriminately. As in the a large and liberal sweep of emotion, such ballad of Pasha Balley Ben:

books come from the realm of romanticism.

They bring us onions strung on ropes, books come from the result of romanticism.

And romanticism, we have been told by the eminent authorities, Howells, Boyeson, Zola, is dying of bloodiessness, of starvation, for the stories upon which she feeds have been so often told that they no longer nourish her. What then is the meaning of this sudden influx of romantic novels? Why is it that Stevenson, Crockett, Barrie, Anthony Hope, Stevenson, Crockett, Barrie, Anthony Hope, Conan Doyle, Gilbert Parker, Stanley Weyman, have suddenly attained such prominent positions in the world of letters, and why do they write of Scotch raiders and French Hugeonots, of Indians from the new world and gypsies from the old?

It is because there is always a vital relation between the deep, instinctive, natural preference of the reading public and the activity of its writers, so when from no single per-sonal impulse, but from a general movement which could no more be helped than could a change in the social or political world, men, weary of the books in which there is no ro-mance, no poetry, feel that in their own lives the realities are too grim and sordid and ever present to fill their novels to the exclusion of all else, then these young writers spring up in response to the demand of the hour as champions of the new romanticism. For it is not true that romanticism is dead

or dying; neither has realism had its day. Each is as old as the world, and each is ever as art is progressive it never quite repeats itself, and the the strong, strenuous delight the Renaissance, gave us dramas varied as in doing and daring which pervades the house humanity, and the nineteenth century man sends the nervous shiver of his age thro' the novel.

But if you think of the novel as simply a parasity the main object of which is agreed as that which vitalizes old mortality. "93," or the robbers, yet the time spirit which haunts the books of Crockett, Weyman or Stevenson show that they have been surrounded and governed by circumstances different from those which imprisoned Scott, Hugo. Schiller and the romanticists of an earlier day and a different clime.

For romanticism, which is the form that idealism in literature often takes, means different things in different countries, different things at different times, in accordance with the school or tendency with which it comes into collision. It comes usually at periods when men, tired of plain, practical things, de-mand of art that it show them not only the actual and present, but the potential and possible; when hungry for eloquence and thirsty for poetry they turn to art for the intellectual excitement which cannot be found in the dull and conventional.

Today it is placed in opposition to the realism which has assumed such varying phases in the work of Zola, de Balzac, Flau-bert, Tolstol, Turgeuef, Howells, James and purple hued possibilities of a life more ardent bert, Tolstol, Turgeuef, Howells, James and and vigorous in conception than our own Garland, according to the race and individual

and this is what a large number of the young men, the new writers, have been doing. Make a list of the books most widely read and discussed and you will find a large percepting written by men of whom the literary world knew but little ten years ago; then look at the books themselves and you will find that in them life has been viewed from life help the little ten years ago; the life in the life has been viewed from life yellowing wath the limits of human fair women, who thrill and inspire us by showing what hereig things the human heart can do; they transport us to a new and fair women, who thrill and inspire us by showing what hereig things the human heart can do; they transport us to a new and fair women, who thrill and dispire us by showing what hereig things the human heart can do; they transport us to a new and fair women, who thrill and seed the limits of business of the limits of business of the limits of scientific development and have been so influenced by it as to think that science must, and the real fact of the looks in the realism which help and the limits of business and the limits of the movel is to think that science must, and the real fact of the place of the plotters, the realism which licenses of observation and have been so influenced by it as to think that science must. It is true that a time which heeds only the earlist, the relation would be a proper that the place of the plac inperaments of these authors. Each man is a product of his own time, and Each man is a product of his own time, and if these men have preached the doctrine of the importance of the real facts of life, if out showing the other side of the picture, they have formulated their creed in books in where "Life behind its accidents stands

force, show us that the race, with all its com- no selection of what is vital and interesting

They bring us onlong strung on ropes, And cold boiled beef and telescopes. And balls of string and shrimps and guns, And chops and tacks and hats and buns. They bring us white kid gloves and pall And candlesticks and potted quails, And capstan bars and scales and weights And orgaments for empty grates.

and expect us to be as grateful as if they appealed to the almost universal love for the marvelous and strange, which Mr. Howel declares is characteristic of only primitive natures-the young and the savage surely the pitiful awe and care of he the desire for justice, the hope that there i a purpose in life beyond what we can see, the belief that the men of today, like the men of all time, are capable of strong self-sacrifice and unselfish living, of heroic deeds and noble thoughts; surely these are not characteristic of undevelopment, of youthfulness, or if so youth is a glorious fault and one we would all have. And yet these yearnings for what is highest and best, the longing to cherish the dreams of our youth even after the ardor and fire have died out of them, to hold to our kinship with the infinite and keep the light that never was on land or sea, these, with the desire for the expressions of the deep primitive passions which never fail to touch humanity deeply, are, say their op-ponents, what the realists have failed to sat-

Devoting themselves to their realities known thro' the senses, they have neglected the no less real tho' elusive verities of the spirit; describing the surface and superfician elements of life, its appearances, they have failed to speak to the highest in man-to arouse those indefinable emotions which Novalis calls the anenymous feelings of the

Their theory is that the novelist's duty is portray and reproduce the life of his time; not to let his personality color the facts which he wishes to record but to paint them as they are—dull, drab, dreary, concerning himself not with the plot, for there is none; not with the selection of his subject or characters, for the more common and general the story is the better it is then typical, but with the manner of its treatment, for to write the manner of its treatment, for to write badly is the greatest crime of which they can onceive. And in part they have done conceive. And in part they have done a good work; they have given us pieces of faithful portraiture, they have striven to do away with the reproach implied in Emerson's words: "Life lies about us dumb; the day as we know it has not yet found a voice." shown us only the terrible ineffectiveness

But in their efforts to be precise and exact, in their eagerness to avoid the delicate exaggeration by which pictures of life gain color, sound, perfume, they have too often selected the mean and sordid, the dull and dense, and

leaden and depress, but enthuse, intoxicate Facts, say these, the of inestimable value to the historian, are but the tools, the equip-ment of the novelist, who should give to us what the history of a fragment of life denies, poetic justice; who should reveal not only the world without, but the vision within, painting not the bare realties of life as it is, but the glories of life as it might be. For as Brandes says: "The warm heart of the masses

wishes to believe like a child, to feel the knight's enthusiasm, the monk's ecstasy, to rave poetically, to dream melodiously, to bath in moonshine, to hear the grass grow and understand what the birds say." And so the fight goes on and it is not likely that either side will convince the other, for between Howells, with his somewhat arrogant declaration that there is no art so exquisite as the art of painting facts exactly as they are, no fiction except that of facts nicely observed, thoroughly digested and faithfull; corded, and the man who believes that the real truthfulness of all works of art is so purely in the imagination that the artist never represents the truth but an idealized image of a truth, there can be but little sympathy. Between Hall Caine's impassioned cry of "Fiction is not nature, it is not character, it is not imagined history, it is fallacy, poetic fallacy, pathetic fallacy, a beautiful die, a lie that is at once false and true, false to fact, true to faith," and Boyeson's false to fact, true to faith, calm acceptance of the realistic in literature as a higher order than the romantle or tra-

ditional, there is a gulf which neither can bridge, and Stevenson, who believed so strongly that actions speak louder than words, could never bring kimself to the point of view from which action and emotion appear unscemly, and where in Saintsbury words originality is regarded as a mark of bad taste and insufficient culture. But there are among us those who feel that the man to himself is an artist, no matter to which school he belongs, and so we can enjoy both the daintily fine touches of the writer, who, by careful analysis and dissection of motives has shown us a Silas Saptam, and the virile strength of those who, from the swing and swirl of action have conceived a David Balfour or a Patrick Heron, for we feel that life is too broad and deep, human thought too progressive, to be bound by any one form of expression, and we cannot agree with the disciples of realism that it is the final and most complete contribution to literature any more than we can believe that romanticism alone could satisfy all sorts and conditions of men. Each is needed for a complete ex-pression of the life of today, and the touch of truth should be found in the books of each school-the realist can map out the existence of the average man, the remanticist picture the concentrated, electric life which come to the exceptional man, and both should ac knowledge the supremacy of the purer ideal-ism whose apostles finding truth half way between its two antagonists, facts and fancy, and unable to breath in the narrow bounds set by realism, paint life artistically and sig-nificantly, presenting all with the ideal sympathy of a poet, who comes not to copy, but to interpret nature, and feels it his business—"to paint no more of body than shows soul"—"To bring the invisible fell into play. Let the visible go to the dogs, what matter?"

For the object of art is not invitation, but For the object of art is not invitation, but creation, and the master in literature should sound all instruments in the sympathy of humanity, strike all chords of the harp of life, revealing to us things that we do not see in things we look at every day.

He should have both the clear sight of the seer and the divine utterance of the prophet who, through the web of air, and shame and who, through the wen of sh and shame and change are sorrow which a world of chants and change benefices is, for nearly weaves, finds the balance of justice struck and for 1,000 more less somewhere, sees not only the little achievement, but the noble conceptions, which never finding adequate expression here strengthen at least, of a garden.

miles away." They have made the fatal mistake of assuming that theirs is the only point their completion. For all creation is a mystake of assuming that theirs is the only point their completion. For all creation is a mysof view; if they and the rest of humanity tery, and the we have made great strides differ it must be because humanity is in the in knowledge, no man has yet answered the wrong, and have insisted so strongly on the sacredness of plain unvarished facts that they have forced the reactionists into the tory of clear daylight fact which we have out that fiction should paint not facts, but realms of darkness of which we know noth-fantasies, that it should not sadden and ing, but think much.

And the man who, when he has described the falls, the wounds, the vain hopes, the cruel events which at times darken the joy of humankind, feels that he has shown all, cannot touch us so deeply as the one who although he may not quite recapture the first, fine careless rapture of the times when all the world was young, can still bring our hearts into our throats with the very joy of life and thrill us with a delight so that it verges on pain by teaching us to feel the sense and significance of things, the soul of the universe as Realf felt it when the poem which may well serve as the watch word and rallying cry of those who are lead-ing the opposition to realism.

RELIGIOUS.

The Jesuits have purchased the famous palace Mondragone, near Frascati, Italy, from Prince Borghese, for \$80,000. It will be used

as an institute. Rev. Charles Otis Gill and his wife will Yale foot ball team in 1889, and rowed in the victorious Yale crews of that and the two previous years. He has been engaged in tome mission work for several years. Rev. Dr. Brann, rector of St. Agnes' parish,

Now York, is one of the wittlest divines in the Catholic church. When asked what he thought of the movement to rename the Episcopal church he said: "It's rather late, should think, to baptize the child of Rev. Dr. Talmage of Brooklyn has accepted the call to be co-pastor of the First Presby-

erian church of Washington. He is

with Dr. Sutherland, and probably will preach one-half of the sermons, beginning Sunday evening, October 27. Bishop Vincent, in an address to the memers of the Genesee (N. Y.) Methodist con-"I think nothing has done so much for our young people as the bicycle. It has saved them from falling into many bad practices and built up their constitutions

co-pastor of the church, of equal authority

at the same time. I hope you all have them. If not, get one." The Rev. Dr. S. D. McConnell of Philadelphia spent his vacation in Europe on a wheel, You can see Europe very cheaply; but, re-member, keep away from the big hotels and still lurked in its pitlless sands. from places where the usual crowd of Amerevery dollar they can possibly get.'

At the Minneapolis convention of the Epis-

ful. Populous Region.

THE MAGIC OF ARTIFICIAL MOISTURE

Wonders Wrought by Irrigation in California-Soil Tickled with Mountain Streams Smiles an Abundance.

Some years before the building of the Southern Pacific railroad, writes Kirk Munroe in Harper's Weekly, I was one of an exploring party that struggled across the burning deserts of southern California, from the Colorado river to the Sierras. Never can I forget the sufferings of that journey, the agony of three days and nights without water, the intolerable glare of shining sands shortly leave New York for the Chinese by blasts of furnace-tempered winds, the mission field. Mr. Gill was captain of the quivering heat waves, the lying mirages that quivering heat waves, the lying mirages that tormented us with the visions of Tantalus, the awful silence and the ever present evidences of death abounding on all sides. Horses and mules perished, wagon after wagon was abandoned, and men well-nigh lost their reason as they plodded mechanically on through that Gehenna of sand, sunk far below sea level, rainless, treeless and verdureless, save for sparse bunches of sickly sage or thorny cactus. In the distance gleamed peaks of the San Jacinto and San Bernardino mountains. Between them lay the San Gorgonio pass, the goal of our flerce desires and fainting hopes-a place of which we had been told as one of rustling palms and living springs.

From that day the experiences of those ference, advised young ministers to ride the weeks on the Colorado desert have been as a nightmare, and when recently compelled to traverse the same desert for a second time, though I might now be whirled over its sands in a parlor car, I still looked for-ward to the trip with dread.

As the train crossed the summit of the pass and rolled swiftly down its eastern slope a heated blast of kiln-dried air, sweepphia spent his vacation in Europe on a successful price of the successful pric of steel that spanned it suffering and death still lurked in its pitlless sands. The air of the car became stifling and the heat almost can travelers go. They skin Americans of intolerable. In spite of closed doors, windows and ventilators dust filtered in, until one end of the interfor was barely visible from the copal church official notice was given of the embezzlement of \$41,000 of the funds of the American Church Missionary society by Henry A. Oakley, the former treasurer, and place of dense shadows and came to a halt. Rev. William A. Newbold, formerly secre-tary. It had been hoped to avoid all public as exists in any desert of the world, the home reference to the affair, but this was found of waving palms and double rows of tall impossible. The amount taken by Oakley foliage trees, beneath which the tracks ran reference to the affair, but this was local impossible. The amount taken by Oakley has been computed to be \$21,823.43 and by Newbold \$19,034.16, from September 1, 1887.

Newbold \$19,034.16, from September 1, 1887. English clergymen's salaries are not as high as is commonly believed. In Crockford's broad-verandaed into offered hospitable doors, clerical directory for this year statements of clerical directory for the recent slare of the the actual value of 8,636 benefices out of 13. most dark after the recent glare of the 243 in England are given. Of these 638 are desert. On the dining table were fruits and 243 in England are given. Of these 638 are worth \$500 a year or less, 2.748 more \$1,000 or less, 4.219 less than \$2,000, 792 less than \$3,000, 173 less than \$4,000, 43 only \$5,000 or less, and 23 more than \$5,000, 6 being above \$75,500, and but one of these \$10,000. The nominal value in the case of the other 4,807 benefices is, for nearly 3,000 less than \$1,500. In addition to his income, however, the incumbent has the use of a house, and in the country, at least, of a garden.

desert. On the dining table were fruits and readily in eastern markets for \$1 per box, on which the freight charge is 55 cents. Prunes average 800 pounds to the 5-year-old from a depth of 600 feet, pours forth 3,600 per pound in the orchard. Already the raise above the surface and has by its magic created this spot of charming verdure amid those savage wastes of sand. Not far from the well stands a group of superb fan paims, one of this locality are favorably known and consumed throughout the length and breadth savage wastes of sand. Not far from the well stands a group of superb fan paims, one of the United States, and with the increased transportation facilities recently promised to this favored section, its future prosperity is assured.

point two feet above the ground. Half a mile away is a fine vineyard, irrigated by means, of a windmill that lifts into tanks the surface water, found throughout this region at an average depth of twenty feet. Alfalfa, the great forage crop of the coast, grows here with a rank luxuriance wherever water can reach it, while all fruits and vegetables can be ripened at least one month earlier than on the western slope of the mountains. While Indio thus present a striking example of what may be accomplished through artesian irrigation of the prolific desert. sands, another phase of water magic, and on a far grander scale, may be studied on the same Californian journey at the southern end of the great San Joaquin valley, in and about the flourishing city of Bakersfield. The explorers of thirty years ago found this section of country, the "Kern Delta," as it is called, almost as desertlike as that bordering the Colorado. Its midsummer aspect was that of a vast plain parched and glimmering with heat, its scant vegetation burned to a crisp-and its wastes of sand and sage all the more-dreary by comparison with the recently traversed oak groves of Tehichipa. Through it, to be sure, flowed the Kern river, clear cool and inexhaustible, with its source in the everlasting snows of Mount Whitney, but, beyond a narrow fringe of verdure, its in-

fluence was unfelt. that slipped from beneath our feet or were driven hither and thither in stifling clouds by blasts of furnace-tempered winds, the quivering heat waves, the lying mirages that to transform the seeming desert into one of the most fertile and prosperous sections of This greatest irrigating proposition of the country has been accomplished by the digging of twenty-seven main canals, having an aggregate length of 300 miles, and 1,100 miles of large laterals, the whole and 1,100 miles of large laterals, the system having been constructed at a cost of

The largest and most important of all these canals is the Calloway, which is by itself a river 120 feet wide and six feet deep. Through exty-five large distributaries and a network of smaller ditches the water of this one canal spread over 200,000 acres of thirsty land, is not only the largest, but is also the oldest canal of the system, and with its shining reaches, sweeping curves, the tumbling falls at its many diversion weirs, its cool stretches of densely wooded banks, its bordering miles of rich pasture lands tenanted by thousands of sleek cattle, and its count-less orchards and vineyards, all in vigorous fruitage, it presents a marvelous and fas-cinating object lesson in the possibilities and results of irrigation.

The Kern river drains over 3,000 squareniles of mountain watershed, from which it is bountifully supplied the year round. Throughout the section of country to which ts everflowing waters are diverted drouth is eliminated from the farmer's calculations. He may count with certainty upon water enough to raise his crops and cloudless skies. neath which to harvest them. On his irrigated and once descrt lands he may cut five crops of alfalfa in a single season, with a total yield of from eight to twelve tons per acre, and selling readily for \$5 per ton in the stack. These stacks are in themselves wonstack. These stacks are in themselves, derful sights to an eastern farmer, containing derful sights to an eastern farmer, containing and built up by means of great derrick pitchforks operated by horse power.
Although some 60,000 acres of irrigated

lands are given over to alfalfa, and other immense areas are sown in wheat, which is harvested by huge reaper and threaher combination machines drawn by thirty or more horses, the leading industry of the entire section is horticulture. Peaches, pears, prunes, apricots, raisin grapes, and figs flourish in-credibly in its warm, light, and well-watered soil. The first-named produce an average yield of 1,000 boxes per acre. These sell