



THE ARIZONA MINER.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY.

T. J. BUTLER.

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We are now prepared to furnish the people of Prescott and vicinity with excellent Beef, Mutton, etc., wholesale and retail, at fair, living prices.
C. T. ROGERS & CO.
Prescott, July 8, 1874

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THE WEDDING FEE.

BY R. M. STREETER.

One morning, fifty years ago, When apple trees were white with snow Of fragrant blossoms, and the air Was spiced with the perfume rare, Upon a farm house, large and lean, And cozy with its double door, A sun-brown youth and maid were seen Jogging along the winding road.

Blue were the arches of the skies; But bluer were that maiden's eyes. The dew-drops on the grass were bright; But brighter was the loving light That sparkled 'neath the long-fringed lid. When those bright eyes of blue were hid. Adown the shoulders brown and bare Rolled the soft waves of golden hair, Where, almost strangled with the spray, The sun, a willing sufferer, lay.

It was the fairest sight, I ween, That the young man had ever seen; And with his features all aglow, "What shall we do?" he earnestly inquired. And she without the least surprise Looked on him with those heavenly eyes, Saw underneath that shade of tan The handsome features of a man; And with a joy but rarely known, She drew that dear face to her own, And by her bridal bonnet hid— I cannot tell you what she did!

So, on they rode until, among The new-born leaves with dew-drops hung, The parsonage, arrayed in white, Peers out—a more than welcome sight. Then, with a cloud upon his face, "What shall we do?" he earnestly inquired. "Should he refuse to take his pay From what is in the pillow-case?" And glancing down his eye surveyed The pillow case before him laid, The contents, reaching to his beam, Might purchase endless joy for them.

The maiden answers, "Let us wait; To borrow trouble where's the need?" Then, at the parson's speaking gait, Halted the more than willing steed.

Down from the horse the bridegroom sprang. The blushing bride behind him swung; The knocker of that startled door, Struck as it never was before, Brought the whole household pale with fright; And there with blushes on his cheek, So bashful he could hardly speak, The farmer met their wondering sight.

The groom goes in, his errand tells, And the parson needs no words, he leans Far o'er the window-sill and yells, "Come in! He says he'll take the beans!"

Lord! How she jumped! With one glad bound, She and the bean-bag reached the ground. Then, clasping with each dimpled arm The precious product of the farm, She bears it through the open door, And, down upon the parlor floor, Dumps the best beans vines ever bore.

Ah! happy were their songs that day When man and wife they rode away. But happier this chorus still Which echoed through those woodland scenes: "God bless the priest of Whittinsville! God bless the man who took the beans!" —New York Tribune.

JERRY HAYWARD'S WEDDING.

EDITOR MINER.—The grandest wedding of the season occurred in this city on the 21st inst., at the residence of Mr. Hugh McBride; at which place were married, by the Rev. Father Brunna, parish priest of Ceboyta, Mr. Jerry Hayward, of Prescott, A. T., to Miss Rosita Mayson, of Ojo del Cedro, A. T. The music on this occasion was furnished by the Cubero String Band, which is considered one of the best in the Territory. The table, which was furnished with all the delicacies of the season, was under the able management of Mr. Robert McBride, the celebrated caterer of this place. The dancing commenced at 9 o'clock, p. m. and was kept up until the wee hours of morn.

Respectfully yours,
J. GUADALUPE SISKEROS.
Old Fort Wingate, N. M., Aug. 27, 1875.

CLOUD BURST.—Geo. W. Hamilton, of San Bernardino, Cal., arrived here last Friday from the Sandy country and informs us that the Date Creek region has been visited by one of the most destructive water-spouts he has ever had any knowledge of. At Wm. Gilson's place on Date Creek the flood came down almost in a solid wall of water, sweeping away fences, out-houses, chickens and hogs. The cattle swam from side to side of the torrent and saved themselves. The garden and fields were completely stripped, not only of their crops but of the soil which was torn up and borne away by the madly rushing water. The wagon road for a distance of sixteen miles is entirely ruined, so that freight teams between here and Ehrenberg will be obliged to come around by Wickenburg and over the Antelope hill. Mr. Hamilton and those who come with him were obliged to clamber through the rocks with their horses, which they brought through with the greatest difficulty. The road is all a perfect wash and, he assures us that in many places there are holes washed the whole width of the road to the depth of fifteen feet, and in other places there are boulders in great numbers left in such position as to block up all possibility of travel. Some of these are as large as small houses. The only piece of anything in the shape of property left on Gilson's ranch is his house, and the water rose two feet on that. His two wells are filled up with gravel and earth to the surface of the ground.

"Glittering King of the Crystal Pyramid" would not be an inappropriate name for the next brilliant strike. If the discoveries continue to improve in richness as they have been doing of late, it will be well to have a few illuminated names on hand ready to apply to the shining ores when they are unearthed.

HAPPY AND SAD. The happiest moments in a woman's life are when she is making her wedding garments; the saddest when her husband comes home late at night and yells to her from the front steps to throw him some key-holes, assorted sizes.—Brooklynier.

POINT OF ROCKS LIME KILNS,
A. S. Clough, Proprietor.
LIME always on hand in any quantities to suit the wants of purchasers.
R. H. WEAVER, Agent,
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RANCHING IN WILLIAMSON VALLEY.
HORSES AND MULES WILL BE RANCHED AT
Three Dollars per Month.
At my ranch in Williamson Valley.
WILLIAM J. SIMMONS.

The School Question in Ohio.

The clergy and the Church papers, with Archbishop Purcell at their head, are discussing it with great earnestness. Bishop McQuaid, of Rochester, N. Y., at the request of Purcell, delivered a lecture in Cincinnati, a short time since, and said:

"Catholics must avoid side issues. The Spanish Inquisition punished by torture; the Bismarck Inquisition punished by throwing men into dungeons; the American Inquisition punished by taxation.

He had not voted since he had been a Bishop, but he hoped the time would come when he might exercise the right. He hoped this question would be brought to vote. Said he, "I stand here and say, that unless we bring this thing of the school taxes to the public ballot, we do not deserve the name of Catholics. It may not be necessary to bring it to the ballot-box; we may, by making a demand, effect a compromise; we may obtain a platform on which we may stand. Politicians will come to us. Irish, German and American Catholics will not be so poor as their fathers have been. The platform of the schools is not now for us. It is for Jews, for infidels, for Protestants, but we are under it. Suppose we get strong enough to rise up. Remember the platform is on us. Where will the platform be then? Men will learn that we have something more to do than pray; we must vote, and the laymen must work. There is a jealousy of the priests, which will not have force against the earnest, persistent efforts of the laymen."

The "Catholic Telegraph," published in the same city, says, bearing on this subject: "We venture to assert that our common schools are nothing but nurseries and hot-beds of infidelity, and moreover, they turn out bad citizens. No sound Catholic would enter a Protestant church or have his children go to any but an exclusively Catholic school. Neither a Protestant school, nor any in which religion is ignored suits a Catholic parent or child. The former would rather allow the latter to grow up in ignorance of the alphabet than enter such a place.

The following touching and eloquent eulogy to the dead Ralston was uttered by Dr. Shorb at a Petaluma political meeting: "Day before yesterday, in the city of San Francisco, a moneyed king fell from his throne of gold prostrate in the dust. Yesterday a more dreadful fall ushered him into the portals of the everlasting world! I know this is a political meeting; but it is also a meeting of Californians, and we all, irrespective of parties, feel the loss is a general one—a great calamity to the State of California. Had I the power, I would hang California in blackest crape—in deepest mourning from Siskiyou to San Diego, for he has left us who made California a synonym for princely hospitality and generosity to the uttermost bounds of the earth. Whatever may have been his defects, his many virtues and his tragical death have hidden from mortal sight and criticism forever. His most fitting—most touching and eloquent eulogium was pronounced in the question asked last night in every street in San Francisco: 'Who shall take his place?' His heart was as large as a mountain; he was noble, generous and true; his friendship answering when man most needed a friend, in the hour of danger and distress. Here, in the solemn presence, I wish from my heart of hearts—and I know I express the sentiment of all—honor, unending honor, to the memory—peace, everlasting peace, to the ashes of William C. Ralston.

THE ORIGIN OF THE PIN-BACK DRESS.—Mrs. O'Flannigan was an Irish lady, with limited means and a good constitution. She, therefore, like a sensible woman, used the latter to preserve the former by taking in washing, and soon became noted as a purifier of soiled linen.

Mrs. Judy was a widow, having buried her "dear Mike" a few days after his return from a fair with his head broken in several places. "Small loss," said the widow to herself; yet she walked him in a manner worthy of the O'Flannigans in olden times.

Now Judy lived in that "modern Babylon" called London, and it chanced one day that Madame la Mode, a noted French modiste, while visiting "perdue Albion," required the services of one of her craft, and being recommended to Judy, called, and found her buttoned over her bust, her ample skirt well pinned back, and her person resembling a huge clothes-pin with a sheet tied around it.

Madame was charmed; to her it seemed a novel sight, as they do things differently in la belle France. There the washerwomen are not troubled with long skirts; besides, they generally use the river for a wash-tub. She immediately felt inspired with the birth of a new fashion, and, on her return to Paris, produced the dress called the "Blanchisseuse," which, meaning simply washerwoman, did not suit on this side of the water, and the one now in use was adopted in its stead.

MILITARY ORDERS.—The following orders have been issued from Department Headquarters: Major D. Taylor, paymaster, is directed to proceed without delay, to pay the troops stationed at Camp Lowell, Bowie, Grant, San Carlos and Apache, A. T., to include the muster of August 31st.

The Commanding Officer, at Camp Lowell, A. T., will detail a suitable enlisted man, mounted, on extra duty to pay the Quartermaster's Department, to report to Second Lieutenant Philip Reade, Third Infantry, Acting Signal Officer, for duty in repairs of military telegraph line.

Major J. G. Chandler, Quartermaster, U. S. A., is appointed Special Inspector to examine and report upon a lot of horses for which Captain Joseph Kerin, Sixth Cavalry, is responsible, and which are reported unserviceable.

At West Point, a few days ago, an attempt by several of the older cadets, to "devil" Cadet Irwin, of the fourth class, who reported in June, did not result so favorably to the hazing party as they might have wished. As Irwin was walking his post guard, at about midnight, they attacked him with the design, as stated, of rolling him down the side bank of Fort Clinton. The assaulted cadet stabbed one of them in the thigh with his bayonet and clubbed two of them over the head with his musket. They were carried on litters to the hospital, and will probably let that cadet alone in future.

PIMA ITEMS.

From the Tucson Citizen of the 28th ultimo:

The Feast of San Augustine which according to date opens to-day, bids fair to be of unusual interest. About 25 booths were up yesterday and of a better character than heretofore. Many strangers are in town from different parts of the Territory. While nearly all are quiet and peaceable people a few as is always the case, are bad and will bear watching.

The struggle is for the control of the Indians. To get this control, all means fair and foul, are being exerted. Trouble is to be forced at all Indian agencies. The better the agent, the more determined make him appear a failure. For any one to say that all this is done on the high grounds of honor, or of a disposition to protect the government, or to insure better treatment of the Indians, would be most transparent falsehood or imbecile simplicity. As bearing upon this subject, we publish this letter.

Camp Bowie, August 22, 1875. John Wasson, Tucson:—I have understood since I arrived here, that stories were in circulation in Tucson that the Indians on this reserve were about to break out. Without referring to the author of these stories, I will state that these Indians never appeared more peacefully disposed than now, and I am aware that my chance of knowing is as good as any person, that puts such reports in circulation; and I will state further that I believe such reports have been maliciously spread to hide bad looking tracks. Sincerely yours,
S. R. DeLong.

Of course Mr. DeLong intends no reference to the matter as we treat it, but we believe efforts are put forth now as heretofore, to induce trouble with the Chiricahua Indians, to the end that the civil management of them may be pronounced a failure.

A CHAPTER ABOUT WOMEN'S STOCKINGS.—The new fashionable silk hose come in fancy boxes, four pairs in a box, from \$40 to \$50 a box. The four pairs are all of different colors, and each pair is embroidered or clocked in a different design. The artist's and designer's skill is seen on every pair. Some are pure, others pearl, and others cream white; some pale blue, rose color, mauve, drab, brown, in all shades; red, from scarlet to deep crimson; and gray, from the darkest London smoke to the palest lead color. Exquisite combinations, in strongly contrasted colors appear in embroidery on the sides, running half way up the leg, or to the swell of the calf above the ankle, and sometimes covering the whole instep. Sometimes the embroidery is of the same color as the stockings, long lines running between open lace like clocks, terminating in flaring points half way between the knee and ankle. The instep of a pair of white silk hose is sprinkled over with tiny rosebuds and leaves in natural colors, the pure green and red. Another pair has a beehive on the instep, with bees swarming, in lines that terminate in points below the garter; another pair is striped lengthwise in alternate bands of blue and rose color, each stripe ending in a steeple or vandyke, at the same point, defined on a solid ground of drab or lead color. The tops of the vandykes are ornamented with embroidery in flowers.

Again, another pair is scarlet, with gold color or bright blue embroidered clocking on the sides. Some are striped horizontally in narrow bands of blue and rose color, or rose and lead color, intersected by lengthwise lines of embroidery and open clocking. Others again are of plain solid colors—blue, apple-green, rose color, scarlet and crimson, purple, brown and gray, in all shades, but knit or woven in ribs to form lengthwise lines.

All this hosiery is long enough to garter above the knee. They say that, in Paris, choice and fastidious women are having the tops of their fine hose trimmed with Valenciennes, Cluny, and Duchesse lace. It is put on full enough to admit of being fitted. Exquisite garters, with gold and silver buckles, and some even jeweled, are shown to go with this costly hosiery. The garters are also trimmed with rosettes of real lace.

The Aimee stocking, named after the enterprising little opera bouffe singer, who introduced that style, meets with marked favor among young women. It is striped lengthwise, in bright colors, to the swell of the calf, each stripe headed with a sharp vandyke or steeple, on a solid ground of contrasting color or of white. Children's stockings follow the same character of striping, but with even greater variety than is displayed in that intended for women.

Of course all this elaborate and ornamental hosiery is made to be seen, and with high-buttoned boots this would be impossible. Who would hide rose-buds and butterflies, beehives and busy bees under a covering of kid and cloth? So inventors are meeting the requirements of the case with small boots of black and bronze kid, black satin and black velvet, with straps that button over the foot from toe to ankle, showing the stocking with its exquisite embroideries and clockings, in the spaces between the straps. Each strap is ornamented with a buckle of silver, gold, steel or jet, and for full house or carriage dress, the buckles are nestled in the centre of a lace rosette.

PARTIES having occasion to go to Arizona from this city will be glad to know that the mail route from San Bernardino to that Territory has been considerably shortened and the road bettered by a cut-off from Stoddard's Station on the Mojave to the "Fishponds." To Mr. Stoddard and Mr. James Brown the public are indebted for this improvement in travel, they having located the new road and succeeded in getting a well of good water midway between the points named. Indications of water were first noticed by the growth of a peculiar weed and the presence of small birds; these led Messrs. Stoddard and Brown to sink a well, resulting in an ample supply of water at a depth of twelve feet.—Los Angeles Herald.

There is a class of people who seem to exist for the purpose of writing anonymous letters to newspapers, asking them why they don't do this, and why they don't do that; and high authorities have asserted that if it were not for this class there would be no use for epidemics. But the result of our own observation of several cholera revivals and green water-melon terms, is that such people either go through just as comfortably as other folks, or leave their money to their heirs upon the express condition that they shall keep up the correspondence.—Brooklynier.

THE largest tree in the State of California has been discovered on the course of the San Lorenzo, in Santa Cruz County. Its circumference as high as a man can reach, standing and passing a tape line around, is a few inches less than a hundred and fifty feet. This is beyond the measurement of any tree in the Calaveras Grove. The height is estimated at a 100 feet, and a part of the top, lying on the ground, is over 100 feet in length.

"I want to know," said a creditor fiercely, "when you intend to pay me what you owe me?" "Give it up," said the debtor; "ask me something easy."

A Maryland doctor agreed to cure a cripple by "laying on of hands," and failing to do so, he was so much ashamed and grieved that he stole a mule and left the neighborhood at midnight.

The Ralston Obsequies.

Never has San Francisco, or in fact any other great city, witnessed a more sublime and sorrowful scene than that which yesterday constituted the last sad tribute to the memory of W. C. Ralston, the deaf banker, whose sudden and tragic end sent a benumbed feeling of pain and misery to the remotest corner of the State. In the city the emblems of mourning were plentiful. The flags on all the public buildings were at half mast, the shipping in the harbor paid the same graceful compliment to the deceased financier, and on all the principal streets places of business were closed; and festoons of black and white were draped about the arched doorways and twined around the fluted columns. The rush and bustle of a driving, fretful metropolis was for the time benumbed. Banks were open, but the nervous customers came not. The care and detail of business seemed to be a mockery in view of the great loss the city had experienced, and the lengthened faces of the populace told the sad story of a mournful and almost incomprehensible event.

In the vicinity of California, Montgomery, Sansome and Kearny streets the sidewalks were almost deserted, but on Geary, Post, Mason and Powell the scene beggars description. It seemed as if the city had reserved itself for a final demonstration in memory of the distinguished dead. Within the stretch of several blocks from Calvary church full 60,000 people were wedged, weeping and struggling to get a little nearer, and if possible catch a glimpse of the long procession as it wound down from the streets above. Never has such a funeral demonstration been seen before in this city. It was genuine, heartfelt and expressive, both in appearance and effect.—S. F. Chronicle, Sept. 2.

A special meeting of the San Francisco Stock and Exchange Board was held Sept. 1st, President Coll Dean presiding. The attendance was very large. George W. Smiley offered the following eloquent tribute:

MR. PRESIDENT, I have been delegated to perform a sad and mournful duty. The words which I would speak scarce need the utterance. The sorrowful and anxious faces before me, the mournful appearance of our city, the gloom of sadness that is spreading like a funeral pall over everything and every person appeals to every manly sympathy, and speaks in language more forcible than lips of mine could utter, calling you and me and every one that William C. Ralston is dead. It would indeed require a gifted tongue to do justice to his memory. His qualities of mind and heart were all that could be wished for in the dearest friend; ever ready to assist the needy and heart-broken, not only with pecuniary aid, but also by words of encouragement and sympathy. He stood a good man among the best of men. A loving and affectionate wife and children will miss him, while fond hearts throughout the land, in gratitude for kind words in the time of need and despair, will mourn his loss. The weeping willow singing its mournful requiem over his grave will in the springtime of its life represent in each new bud and leaf the countless number of his friends—the genuineness of their never-dying love. Truly, a great man has fallen! We mourn his loss.

GOV. PACHECO ARRESTS A SHOOTER.—The Santa Cruz (Cal.) Sentinel of the 28th August has the following: "The peace and quiet of Aptos station was somewhat agitated last Sunday evening by a little pistol practice, during which a man named Raymond Prudent shot and wounded one Augustine Castro. It appears that Prudent had lived harmoniously with his wife, and she left him. Monotonous she frequently kept company with Castro, which, coming to the knowledge of her husband, caused him much uneasiness. Only the day previous the wife and Castro had been in each other's company, and Prudent was informed of the fact. Thus nursing his wrath to keep it warm, the deserted husband met the gay Castro at the time and place above mentioned, and perforated with a ball from a six-shooter one of his legs. The bullet entered below the knee, and is a very painful but not dangerous wound. Governor Pacheco happened to be on the spot, arrested the shooter, Dr. Pagan was sent for and dressed Castro's wound, and Sheriff Dutton arrested Prudent and lodged him in jail. The Californians in the vicinity were much excited over the shooting of Castro, and fearing they would commit violence upon the prisoner, the Sheriff, as a precautionary measure, had Deputy Sheriff Biley to accompany him to Santa Cruz.

"The Lyon County (Nev.) Times has the following: A Silver City young lady, who has a passion for pretty babies, to little four-year-old angel who has a bran new sister: 'I say, baby, won't you give me your baby sister; I love little babies?' Young hopeful: 'No I tant.' Young lady (winking at her young man): 'Why sonny—why won't you