The Miner.

A "TAR HEAD" FUNERAL.

Tale of a Digger Indian's Sorrows.

Graphic Account of the Affair.

I remember one morning when I was awakened before dawn, by wild, unearthly shrieks, ringing through the forest, and coming back again in plaintive echoes from the hills all about. Beyond description wild, these wails of violent grief followed each other with regular cadence, dying away in long, despairing sobs. With a marvelous regularity they recurred, never varying the simple refrain. My curiosity was aroused, so far as to get me out of my blankets, and, after a hurried bath in an icy stream, I joined my mountaineer acquaintance, "Jerry," who was *en route* to the rancheria, "to see," as he expressed it, "them *tar-heads* howl." It seems my friend "Buck," the Indian chief, had the night before lost his wife, "Sally the Old," and the shouts came from professional mourners hired by her family to prepare the body and do up the necessary amount of grief. Old widows and superannuated wives who have outlived other forms of usefulness gladly enter this singular profession. They cut their hair short, and with each new death plaster a fresh cap of pitch and ashes, daub the face with spots of tar, and, in general, array themselves as funeral experts.

The rancheria was astir when we arrived. It was a mere group of half a dozen smoky hovels, built of pine bark propped upon cones of poles, and arranged in a semicircle within the edge of the forest, fronting upon a brook and meadow. Jerry and I leaned our backs against a large tree, and watched the group.

Buck's shanty was deserted, the body of his wife lying outside upon a blanket, being prepared by two of the funeral hags. Buck himself was quietly stuffing his stomach with a breakfast of venison and acorns, which were handed him at brief intervals by several sympathizing squaws.

Turning to Jerry with a countenance of stolid seriousness, he laconically remarked: "My woman, she die! Very bad. To-night, sundown," (pointing to the sun), "she burn up." Meanwhile the tar-heads rolled Sally the Old over and over, all the while howling the same dismal phrase. Indian relatives and friends, having a general air of animated rag-bags, arrived occasionally and sat down in silence at a fire a little removed from the other Diggers, never once saluting them.

As we walked back to our camp, I remarked on the stolid, cruel expression of Buck's face; but Jerry, to my surprise, bade me not judge too hastily; he went on to explain that Indians had just as deep and tender attachments, just as much good sense, and, to wind up, "as much human into 'em as we edicated white folks."

His own squaw had instilled this into Jerry's naturally sentimental and credulous heart, so I refrained from expressing my convictions concerning Indians, which I own were formerly tinged with the most sanguinary Caucasian prejudice.

Jerry came for me by appointment just before sunset, and we walked leisurely across the meadow, and under lengthening pine shadows, to the rancheria. No one was stirring. Buck with the two vicarious mourners sat in his lodge door, uttering low, half-audible groans. In the opening before the line of huts a low pile of dry logs has been carefully laid, upon which, outstretched and wrapped in a red blanket, lay the dead form of Sally the Old, her face covered in careful folds. Upon her heart was a grass-woven water-bowl and her last pappoose basket.

Just as the sun sank to the horizon one tar-head stepped out in front of the funeral pile, lifted up both hands, and gazed steadily and silently into the sun. She might have been five minutes in this statuesque position, her face full of strange, half-animal intensity of expression, her eyes glittering, the whole, hard figure glowing with a deep bronze reflection. Suddenly she sprang back with one of the old wild shrieks, seized a brand from one of the camp-fires and lighted the funeral heap, when all the Indians came out and grouped themselves in little knots around it. The children of Sally the Old clung about an ancient mummy of a squaw, who squatted upon the ground and rocked her body to and fro, making a low cry as of an animal in pain. All the Indians looked serious; a group who, Jerry said, were relatives, seemed stupified with grief. Upon a few faces, falling tears glistened in the light of the fire, which now shot red tongues high in the air, lighting up with weird distinctness every feature of the whole company. Flames slowly lapped over, consuming the blanket, and caught the willow pappoose basket. When Buck saw this, the tears streamed from his eyes; he waved his hands eloquently, looking up to heaven, and uttered heart-broken sobs. The pappoose basket crackled for a moment, flashed into a blaze, and was gone. The two old women yelled their sharp death-cry, dancing, posturing, gesticulating, toward the fire, and in slow, measured chorous all the Indians intoned in pathetic measure, "Himalaya! Himalaya!" looking first at the mound of fire and then out upon the fading sunset.

It was all indescribably strange: monarch pines, standing in solemn ranks back far into the dusky heart of the forest, glowing and brightening with pulsating reflections of fire-light; the ring of Indians, crouching, standing fixed like grave images, or swaying mechanically to and fro, each tattered scarlet and white rag of their utterly squalid garments, every expression of barbaric grief, or dull, brutal stolidity brought strongly out by the flaming fire.

Buck watched with wet eyes that slow-consuming fire burn to ashes the body of his wife of many years, the mother of his group of poor frightened children. Not a stoical savage, but a despairing husband stood before us. I felt him to be human. The body at last sunk into a bed of flames, which shot up higher than ever with fountains of sparks, and sucked together, hiding the remains forever from view. At this Buck sprung to the front and threw himself at the fire; but the two old women seized each a hand and dragged him back to his children, where he fell in a fit of stupor.

As we walked home Jerry was quick to ask, "Did n't I tell you Injuns has feelins inside of 'em." I answered promptly that I was convinced; and long after, as I lay awake through many night hours, listening to that shrill death-wail, I felt as if any policy toward the Indians based upon the assumption of their being brutes or devils was nothing short of a blot on this Christian century.

My sleep was light, and sunrise found me dressed, still listening, as under a kind of spell, to the mourners, who, though evidently exhausted, at brief intervals uttered a cry. Alone, and filled with reflections, I strolled over to the rancheria, finding every one there up and about his morning duties.

The tar-heads, withdrawn some distance into the forest, sat leaning against a stump, chatting and grinning together, now and then screeching by turns.

I asked "Revenue Stamp," a good-natured middle-aged Indian, where Buck was. He pointed to his hut, and replied, with an affable smile: "He whisky drunk." "And who," I inquired, "is that fat gurl with him?" "Last night he take her; new squaw," was the answer. I could hardly believe, but it was the actual truth, and I went back to camp an enlightened and disillusioned man. I left that day, and had never an opportunity to "free my mind" to Jerry. Since then I guardedly avoid all discussion of the "Indian question." When interrogated, I dodge or protest ignorance; when pressed, I have been known to turn the subject; or, if driven to the wall, I usually confess my opinion that the Quakers will have to work a great reformation in the Indian before he is really fit to be exterminated.—*From "A Digger Indian," in the Atlantic Monthly for June.*

In the Bath.

Don Piatt tells the following story of one of the secretaries of the Joint High Commission, or "Second Joints," as the secretaries are called, to distinguish them from the "High Joints." The gentleman spoken of is an elegant youth, rather slender and tall, the peculiarity of whose talk is that he generally begins and ends his conversation with a long, drawling "Aw, I beg y'r pawdon," which has a very pleasing result, and is extensively imitated by the would-be exquisites among the native snobs of Washington.

It seems that this sprig of English nobility was invited to pass some days at the country house of a wealthy American, and late at night, before retiring, concluded to take "a bath, you know," and so, directed by a servant, he found his way to the bath-room, and turning on the water, was soon enjoying at full length the delicious sense of an entire relaxation of his aristocratic person and the repose of his aristocratic intellect.

Unfortunately the daughter of the house also concluded to take a dip in the tub, and not knowing what their illustrious guest had done with himself, undressed in her room, ran hurriedly along the hall for fear of meeting some one, and darting into the bath-room, closed and locked the door. What was her consternation to see a head raise languidly from the tub, and a voice exclaim:

"Aw, I beg pawdon."

She screamed a scream—I indulge no exaggeration when I say that girl screamed a scream of the first magnitude; and then she screamed another scream as, in her confusion, she turned the key in the wrong direction, and so did not open the door. Between each scream the languid voice exclaimed:

"Aw, I beg pawdon."

After sixteen screams, any one of which would have rivaled a locomotive's she succeeded in opening the door, and fell fainting in the arms of her frightened papa. So soon as the father could relieve himself of his nude daughter, he stuck his paternal head into the bath-room, and wanted to know what in h—l was the mattter. All he could get in reply was:

"Aw, I beg pawdon."

Greeley's Letter.

A sharp debate is going on, through the Eastern press, with regard to a letter penned by Horace Greeley to the Iowa Press Association. The accepted translation of the document is this:

"*Tribune* Office, N. Y., April, 18, '71.

I have wondered all along whether any d—d squirt had denied the scandal about the Pres't meeting Jane in the woods on Saturday. I have hominy, carrots and R. R. ties more than I could move with eight steers. If eels are blighted, dig them early. Any insinuation that brick ovens are dangerous to hams gives me the horrors. Greeley." But an Iowa editor who has worked many years in the New York *Tribune* office contends that the proper reading is this: "I have waited till longer waiting would seem discourteous, and now decide that I cannot attend your Press meeting next June, as I would gladly do. I find so many cares and duties pressing upon me, that with the weight of years, I feel every invitation that takes me over a day's journey from home. Yours among them, Horace Greeley." At last accounts the controversy on the subject was very warm.

The Albuquerque *Review* says that "Gov. Pile arrived here from below, on Thursday."

This is the first instance on record, wherein "Old Nick" allowed a man to slip between his fingers and return to earth. The news from "below" is unimportant.

The fact that "evil communication corrupts good manners," was never more thoroughly exemplified than in the case of San Francisco. Before the Pacific railroad brought that city in direct connection with the East its crimes were of the coarse order, such as stealing, fist-fighting and breaking the sabbath. Direct communication with the seats of eastern refinement, however, has taught the people that it is positively vulgar to indulge those coarse practises, and hence the crimes of New York and Chicago are becoming popular and fashionable: A jilted lady shoots the man who trifled with her heart, little boys kill grown men—just for the fun of the thing, and, to cap the climax, a party of sixteen-year-old girls promenade the streets in a condition of beastly intoxication. That city must be "coming out."

WICKENBURG.

MAGNOLIA
Brewery and Saloon,
Wickenburg, Arizona Territory.

The undersigned respectfully informs the public and his old friends, that he is now manufacturing, and keeps constantly on hand, a superior quality of

LAGER BEER.

For Wholesale and Retail, in Bottles or Kegs.

THE SALOON is well supplied with excellent Wines, Liquors, Cigars, etc., and contains

Two Good Billiard Tables.

The patronage of the public is solicited.
m14'68 A. H. PEEPLES, Proprietor.

BARNETT & BLOCK,
.... DEALERS IN ....
Groceries, Provisions, Clothing, Dry-Goods, Boots, Shoes, Tobacco, &c.
At WICKENBURG and PHŒNIX, Arizona.
☞ Sell cheaper than any other merchants in Central Arizona. nov20'67.

TO THE PUBLIC.

Reader, I, George Furness, keep hotel at Wickenburg, Arizona, and should you ever visit my town, and stop at my place, it will afford me unbounded pleasure to wait upon and accommodate you. Good, clean victuals, and charges moderate, are my watchwords.
GEORGE FURNESS.
Wickenburg, Arizona, Jan. 28, 1871.

PHŒNIX.

W. B. HELLINGS, C. H. GRUBB, | E. E. HELLINGS, E. W. GROVER.

W. B. HELLINGS & CO.
San Francisco, California, (109 *California St.*)
Phœnix,.....Arizona,
Colorado Reservation,..... "
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
Groceries, Provisions, Wines, Liquors, and general Army Supplies.

We keep constantly on hand, at our several stores, as large and complete an assortment of goods as can be found anywhere in the Territory.

We invite especial attention to our stock of Agricultural Implements at Phœnix, consisting, in part, of Fanning Mills, Corn Shellers, Grain Cradles, Scythes and Snaths, Harrows, Peoria Plows, Mattocks, Hoes, Rakes, Shovels, &c., &c. Also a large assortment of every variety of Garden Seeds. dec24tf

SALE OF TOWN LOTS.
PHŒNIX, ARIZONA.

Another Sale of Town Lots will be held in Phœnix on the 30th day of June, at 9 o'clock A. M.

TERMS OF SALE:

One-third cash, and the balance when the title is perfected. Per Order WM. A. HANCOCK,
Secretary S. R. V. T. A.
PHŒNIX, Maricopa County, May 19, 1870. my29m1

PHŒNIX STATION.
Phœnix, Arizona.
Hay and Grain, and the best Accommodations for Travelers.
The patronage of the traveling public is solicited.
E. K. BUKER.
Phœnix, August 20th, 1870.

MURPHY & DENNIS,
Dealers, Wholesale and Retail in
Dry Goods, Groceries, Wines, Liquors, Tobacco, Cigars Etc. Will keep constantly on hand, and sell cheap for Cash, all articles needed by Farmers, Mechanics, Teamsters and Housekeepers, at their store in Phœnix.
Phœnix, Arizona, February 3, 1871. feb25m6

WARM AND COLD

At OTTO'S New Shaving and Hair Cutting Saloon,
Montezuma Street,.....Prescott, Arizona.
☞ Shaving, Hair Cutting, etc., in the most approved manner. THEODORE OTTO.

PLAZA FEED AND SALE STABLE.
Goodwin Street, Opposite Plaza.
PRESCOTT, ARIZONA.

THE undersigned, having purchased the Stable of J. D. Monihon, would respectfully inform the public, that they intend keeping constantly on hand

HAY AND GRAIN,

Of the best quality, and at the lowest rates, for Cash.
☞ Team, Saddle and Pack Animals always on hand for sale or hire. GIDEON BROOKE,
JACOB LYNN.
Prescott, October 24, 1868.

Shortest, Best and Safest Route to Northern Arizona.

The Prescott and Mohave Toll-Road has been greatly improved, and is now in good repair.
All teams hauling freight from Los Angeles or San Bernardino to Northern Arizona will be charged but half toll for the next six months after date.
The whole road will be worked up to a first-class road during the present summer.
Toll-Gates will be established at the Burnt Ranch and Williamson Valley, and all parties will be expected to pay toll, as they pass through said gates.
WM. H. HARDY, Proprietor.
Hardyville, May 1, 1871. my13

STRAY MULES.
Two large American mules, bearing "brands" and harness marks, recently strayed on the premises of the undersigned, at Lynx Creek. The owner can have the same by proving property and paying expenses—including the cost of this advertisement. CORNELIO RAMOS.
Lynx Creek, June 5, 1871

TAKE NOTICE.
All persons knowing themselves indebted to D. Henderson & Bro., either by note or book account, are hereby notified that, unless they settle the same, immediately, their accounts will be collected by law.
D HENDERSON & BRO.
Prescott, June 10, 1871. 4w

☞ Extra copies of the MINER—(put up in wrappers, ready for mailing, when desired), always on hand at the office, Montezuma street. Price 25 cents a copy.
Copies of the paper can also be had at the Prescott News Depot, in Schroder's building, Montezuma street.

ARIZONA CITY.

W. B. HOOPER, San Francisco. | A. H. WHITING, New York

HOOPER, WHITING & CO.,
IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN
General Merchandise,
ARIZONA CITY, A. T.

GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS
304 CALIFORNIA STREET,
(P. O. Drawer, 990.) SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
181 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.
(P. O. Box, 2683.)
JAS. M. BARNEY, Arizona City. JOHN S. CARR, Arizona.

Our facilities for purchasing and arrangements for selling are fully completed, and we now offer TO THE TRADE, a Full Stock of Merchandise in each department, comprising all articles enquired for, and salable throughout the Territory.

We sell at small advances, FOR CASH, and are positive that it is to the benefit of every Interior Merchant to buy of us—instead of in San Francisco or elsewhere—thereby avoiding the expenses and annoyances of a long and tedious journey, and the loss of *three months time* necessary to receive their purchases, enabling them to increase their profits with the same or less capital invested.

Orders by letter receive our careful attention, the same as though the parties were themselves present.

In a word we GUARANTEE SATISFACTION in prices, quality, quantity, and assortment of goods.

Currency and Bullion received at latest San Francisco quotations, or sold for account of owners, as may be desired. HOOPER, WHITING & CO.
Arizona City, A. T., Sept. 1st, 1870.

EHRENBERG.

J. GOLDWATER & BRO.,
Wholesale Dealers In
Dry-Goods, Clothing, Boots, Shoes, Grain, Groceries, Provisions, etc.,
Respectfully call the attention of the public to the fact that they are now located at the new
TOWN OF "EHRENBERG,"
Where they are prepared to receive merchandise, for storage or transportation, free of charge.

EHRENBERG is situate on the east bank of the Colorado river, seven miles below La Paz, at the best and most convenient landing on the river, and is connected with the principal towns of the interior by good wagon roads.

The benefits to be derived by shipping goods *via* Ehrenburg are, *a saving of five dollars per ton*, and less handling of goods.

Freight to Wickenburg, four cents from the landing.

All merchandise consigned to us, either for storage or transportation, will be attended to with care and despatch.

For further particulars, inquire of
J. GOLDWATER & BRO.,
Commission and Forwarding Agents,
sep18'69tf Ehrenburg Arizona

REDUCTION OF FREIGHT.
From this date we are prepared to forward freight from Ehrenberg to Prescott at six cents, and to Wickenburg at three and one-half cents per pound in gold.
J. GOLDWATER & BRO.
Ehrenberg, A. T., Sept. 1st, 1870.

STORAGE AND FORWARDING.
Parties in Wickenburg, Prescott, and other interior points, are notified that I have at the Ehrenberg Landing, a large adobe warehouse, with good shingle roof, and am prepared to receive and forward goods of every description at as low rates as any other parties engaged in the business. J. M. BRYAN.
Ehrenberg, A. T. Sept. 1st, 1870.

PRESCOTT.

PIONEER DRUG STORE.
Prescott, **Arizona.**
On hand and for sale,
Hall's Balsam for the Lungs
Townsend's Sarsaparilla
Ayers' "
Bristol's "
Hall's "
Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,
" Ague Cure,
Osgood's India Cholagogue,
Brown's Jamaica Ginger,
Perry Davis's Pain Killer,
Goodale's Catarrh Remedy,
Brown's Bronchial Troches,
Bryan's Pulmonic Wafers,
Dr. Devine's Pitch Lozenge,
Keating's Cough "
Jayne's Patent Medicines,
And, in fact, a full assortment of all the Patent Medicines usually found in drug stores.
Toilet Soaps, Fancy Articles, Perfumery,
And a large supply of Dispensing Medicines.
N. B.—Physicians' prescriptions carefully and accurately compounded. G. D. KENDALL.
☞ Dr. Kendall's office—In rear of Drug Store.
Prescott, April 24, 1868.

LEGAL.

Dissolution of Co-Partnership.

Notice is hereby given that the co-partnership heretofore existing under the firm name and style of Glasgow & McMullen, is this day dissolved by mutual consent.
J B Glasgow will settle all debts of the firm, and is duly authorized to collect and receipt for all debts due said firm.
J B GLASGOW,
N McMILLEN.
Prescott, June 3, 1871. je10w4

Administrator's Notice.

In the matter of the estate of ABRAM T. E. HORNBECK *alias* FRANCIS HINTON, deceased.
Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against the estate of A. T. E. Hornbeck, alias Francis Hinton, deceased, to exhibit the same with the necessary vouchers, within one year from the date of this notice, to the undersigned at Arizona City, A. T., or his attorney, Jno. Howard Esq., at Prescott, A. T.
GEO. STONE, Administrator.
Prescott, Arizona, May 6, 1871. m3

NOTICE.
The undersigned hereby gives notice to all persons indebted to him to call at once and settle their accounts, otherwise the same will be handed over for collection by legal process. M. RAVENA.
Prescott, A. T. June 1, 1871. je3tf

LOS ANGELES.

FRESH SEEDS, FRESH SEEDS.
HARRIS & JACOBY'S,
No. 2 Downey's Block, Main street, Los Angeles, California, is the only Wholesale and Retail Seed Store in Southern California.
Button Onion, Alfalfa, Clover and Grass Seed, always on hand.
Seeds can be sent by mail at the shortest notice, if required.
Also, Importers and Jobbers in
Liquors, Tobacco, Stationery, and Law Blanks; School Books, Hardware, Cutlery, Wall Paper, Paints, Oils, Window Glass, etc. dec1

S. LAZARD & CO.
Main street—(Opposite the Bella Union Hotel),
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA.
DRY GOODS AND CLOTHING,
Wholesale and Retail. dec17

SAN BERNARDINO.

ISAAC H. LEVY,
Dealer in General Merchandise, and General Commission Merchant,
San Bernardino, California.
Merchandise forwarded to any part of Arizona, with promptness and despatch.
Gold-dust, Legal Tenders, and Soldiers Final Settlements, bought.
Office of the Arizona Stage Line, No. 1 Jackson Block, corner of Third and Grafton streets.
San Bernardino, Cal., August 27, 1870.

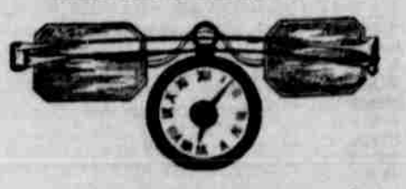
A. WOLFF, San Bernardino. | S. FOLKS, 410 Sacramento Street, San Francisco.
WOLFF & FOLKS,
Commission and Forwarding Merchants,
m12'70 San Bernardino, California.

SAN FRANCISCO.

ESTABLISHED IN 1852.
ARMES & DALLAM,
Importers, Jobbers and Manufacturers of
WOOD AND WILLOW-WARE,
BROOMS, PAILS, TUBS, CHURNS, BRUSHES, BASKETS, TWINES, CORDAGE, MATCHES, STATIONERY, PAPER BAGS, CLOTHES WRINGERS, FEATHER DUSTERS, FISHING TACKLE, TEN PINS, AND BALLS, ETC., ETC., AND GENERAL
House Furnishing Goods,
DIRECT IMPORTERS OF BASKETS FROM LEADING GERMAN AND FRENCH MANUFACTURERS.
AGENTS FOR THE SALE OF
S. F. Percussion Match Company's Matches,
American Net and Twine Company's Twines,
Boston Flax Mills' Twines,
J. C. Conroy & Company's Fishing Tackle,
Hollingsworth & Whitney's Paper Bags,
Sherman's Improved Clothes Wringers,
C. E. Griswold & Company's Feather Dusters.
F. McLaughlin's Brushes.
SEND FOR CATALOGUE.
215 & 217 Sacramento St., San Francisco.
My6m6

PRESCOTT.

L. B. JEWELL & Co.,
Watchmakers and Jewelers,
South side of Plaza, Prescott.



Have on hand, for sale, a fine assortment of
Clocks, Watches and Jewelry.
☞ Jewelry, of all kinds, made to order. Repairing done with care and promptness. ap7

DOOLEY'S YEAST POWDER
Is now regarded as the STANDARD BAKING POWDER, and the best article prepared for making light, wholesome and delicious BISCUITS, ROLLS, BREAD, GRIDDLE and other CAKES, &c., &c.
It is infallible, and always ready for immediate use. The best YEAST POWDER for use on long SEA VOYAGES to ANY PART OF THE GLOBE.
It is convenient and economical. NO WASTE OF FOOD PREPARED WITH IT. Sold everywhere by GROCERS, SHIP-CHANDLERS and DEALERS.
DOOLEY & BROTHER, Manufacturers,
WHOLESALE DEPOT,
60 NEW STREET, NEW-YORK.

BOOK AND JOB PRINTING,
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.
Done in Good Style, At the MINER Office.
Orders solicited. Prices reasonable.

J. H. MARION & Co., Proprietors.

INFORMATION WANTED
Of the whereabouts of B. C. SMITH. When last heard from, was going to Fort Yuma, in 1854, on his way to Arizona or New Mexico. Any tidings of him will be thankfully received by his brother, E. S. SMITH,
San Jose, California.
my27m1

☞ HOSTETTER'S BITTERS,
At Dr. Kendall's Pioneer Drug Store.

☞ PURE COD LIVER OIL,
At Dr. Kendall's Pioneer Drug Store.