

Our Weekly Mining Dispatch.

The Mining World at the East-Prospect of an Early "Boom" - Mineral Deposits in Nova Scotia and Newfoundland - The Colon Con. of Bodie - Personal Mention.

(Weekly Report of Mining Associated Press.)

New York, September 22.—The feeling is becoming general, among dealers in mining stocks and managers of mining properties, that the fall rise is near at hand. The cool weather is rapidly thinning out the numerous summer resorts and our prominent and wealthy men are returning to their active business pursuits. Gradually, but surely, the speculative public are being educated up to the real merits of mining, and the result is that more confidence is being placed in such speculation, the fact being patent that it is as safe and legitimate as dealing in any other class of securities. The sale at the two boards, although not so heavy as last week, show that the bear movement made amidst certain stocks listed is about played out, and the efforts of those determined to break said stocks were rendered abortive by the united action of the managers in resisting the assault. The principal bone of contention seems to have been Silver Nugget. Fierce and continued efforts were made during the entire week by the bears to break the market, and their assaults resulted in bringing quotations as low as 40 cents, but 20 cents. It by extremely hard work the stock rallied and held strong at 75 and 80. Chryslerite seems to be following in the footsteps of its elder brother, Little Pittsburgh, and appears to be on the brink of ruin.

During the week one failure has been reported, that of A. W. Whitney, a member of the American Exchange, with liabilities of \$13,000 to \$15,000. The occurrence was productive of one good thing, however, showing as it did the kind and force of bearing sentiment among his brother brokers. It was the unanimous expression that the contracts of Mr. Whitney would be permitted to lay over for a year, if necessary, in order to enable him to reduce his losses, but the unfortunate man had not the nerve requisite to stand up under adversity, and left the State before any offers of assistance could be extended to him.

There are many new properties being placed in this city, and the work is done so quietly and with so little flourish that the general public are left in the dark regarding such transactions.

Among the prominent mining men now here are Mr. William Irwin, Superintendent of the Standard Consolidated mine of Bodie. Mr. Irwin has attained a very high position in his profession, and is now regarded as an authority on mining matters generally. From long association with the property under his charge, he has concluded that the Standard is now the "biggest gold mine opened in the world." The regular payments of dividends for the last three years will go far to prove his statement, and does much to restore confidence among the more skeptical disbelievers in mines and mining. Mr. Steve Moore, formerly Superintendent of the famous Bodie mine, has also been in the city. He cherishes the utmost confidence in the future of that fabulously rich ore vein, and says that with proper management dividends will again be resumed.

Hon. John B. McGee, one of the owners of the Hillside mine of Nevada, has been busy at work arranging matters relative to his property and seems satisfied that he has good ground as he once owned in Tybo, notwithstanding the adverse criticism of the Mining Record.

C. X. Hobbs and McMurdy are engaged in a railroad scheme in Deadwood, Black Hills. They claim to have a bonanza in the enterprise and are confident of early success. Their plan is to start a road from the foothills and take in the various towns along the route with the terminus at Lead City. As there are now nearly 80,000 people in the twenty miles to be covered by this road, and statistics show that nearly 50,000 tons of freight pass over the various roads leading into the Black Hills, it seems feasible that a railroad would prove a paying investment.

The real importance of the Black Hills country does not seem to be generally understood. From the best sources the information comes that over 2000 stamps are daily at work crushing ore, the whole mass of which is of good paying quality. Add to this the fact that the ore bodies are immense and almost inexhaustible, and it will give some idea of the importance of that country.

Professor W. F. Stewart, the well-known geologist, has been stopping at the Coleman House for a few days. He has recently visited Newfoundland, where he reported on some veins of copper located there. Professor Stewart is of the opinion that the mining region in Maine and vicinity is the best of any coming under his experience. Having been through every mining camp of any note in California and Nevada in the execution of his trust as Centennial Commissioner from Nevada, the gentleman is evidently qualified to judge.

Samples of ore brought from the Rose mine, near Halifax, Nova Scotia, show good fine quality abundantly distributed throughout the best quartz, and government statisticians show that such prospecting

is yearly extracted from the mines of Nova Scotia. Well-informed mining men who have visited the region agree that the country is full of rich-gold-bearing quartz lying in true fissures as were ever discovered. Cheap labor and reduced cost of supplies, added to the richness of Nova Scotia and other financial centres, would lead one to believe that before long capital will be drawn toward Nova Scotia and a rival to the Pacific Slope be opened up to the world.

Among the Bodie District properties the Union Consolidated is just now attracting a fair share of attention. The property is located about 1500 feet north of the famous Standard mine, and has been incorporated here with some of the most reliable of business men as directors. It is confidently believed that the vein discovered in the Union Consolidated is a continuation of the Standard mine, from which regular dividends have been paid. With the incoming week it is confidently predicted that renewed activity will be apparent in the mining market.

Burglars in Tucson. It is becoming painfully apparent that the absolute security in which the people of Tucson have so long lived is passing away. Burglaries are beginning to occur at intervals, and it will be only a question of time when the honest burglar will have to lock his doors and put patent fastenings on his windows as do the residents of the more "civilized" East. Thursday the residence of Mrs. Hatch, on Main street, opposite Fish's mill, was entered by burglars and a trunk and other articles taken. Friday morning Deputy Sheriff Butner discovered a bloody trail on the river bottoms not far distant from the mill, and in following it came upon the trunk in the bushes. It had been broken open, but only a few of the contents had been taken.

Mr. Butner also on Thursday came upon the trunk which had been stolen from the Southern Pacific machine shops the night previous, and from the similarity of the tracks found in the vicinity of each, he concludes that the same parties committed both burglaries. He accounts for the bloody trail by the supposition that the burglars quarreled over their booty, or that one of them was wounded accidentally. It was apparent from the amount of the blood that the injury was serious, and the authorities believe that this fact will enable them to discover the culprits.

Important Strike at San Xavier. The mines of the San Xavier Mining and Smelting Company are of great importance to Tucson, as they are the nearest to the city of all our productive mineral properties. It is therefore with pleasure that we record a new strike in the western extension of the San Xavier mine. The locality of the rich find is in chamber No. 1 on the south cross-cut on the 100-foot level, and consists of the whole face of the chamber being in a very large body of galena ore, assaying 76 per cent lead and 70 ounces of silver to the ton. The extent of the body is of course not yet known, but the indications are that it is very large. This property is rapidly coming to the front as a very rich property, and its successful operation will prove of immense benefit to Tucson. The new smelter is at work, though it will be some time before the production of bullion will be as steady as when experience has taught all the particulars for working the ore to the best advantage. We may soon, however, expect to see a steady stream of rich bullion coming from the San Xavier.

Registrars. It is now pretty generally the opinion of our leading legal authorities that the proper construction of the registration law gives citizens of the United States the right to vote after a residence in this Territory of six months. This settles the political hash of that queer Democratic county ticket so far as a great majority of its members are concerned, and it makes the election of Hon. M. W. Stewart as certain that it is no longer a matter of doubt, as a large majority of the later arrivals in Arizona are Republicans.

That enthusiastic (!) supporter of the Democratic ticket, the Star, this morning attempted to mysteriously insinuate something or other by stating that Justice Neagass had registered 50 votes. His munim-like assertion is almost incomprehensible, but to settle all doubt we state that Judge Neagass had registered 14 voters up to last evening, and 9 today, making 23 in all. The investigation of his list to-day by several prominent Democrats revealed the fact that half a dozen or more of the names were those of Democrats, two of them being John S. Carr and Wm. A. Scott.

Important to Tucson. We desire to call the attention of Tucson people—and, in fact, the people of our leading towns—to the fact that the Census Bureau is at present engaged in collecting information of our people, their habits, mines, prospects, and everything of general interest concerning life in Arizona, which matter will be issued in book form by the government. To this end the Bureau has employed an experienced San Francisco journalist, Mr. Edward F. Kennedy, who is now in our city for the purpose above mentioned. It will therefore be seen that it is important that Mr. Kennedy, who is at present at the Palace, should have every facility for the accomplishment of his purpose, both while here and when in the camps which he proposes to visit.

An Indiana editor says: "Coal is rubbed on the neck and head with our log cholera; we have tried it." Who can dispute such testimony as that?

IN THE SANTA RITAS.

Mountain Attractions and Rich Prospects—Frischable Bonanza—Hills of Great Metallic Promise.

An opportunity to escape from the dust and turmoil of the city and rusticate for a time amid the beautiful scenery and exhilarating atmosphere of the mountains, is like a blooming oasis in the midst of a burning desert to the overburdened newspaper man, and he possibly enjoys the vacation with greater zest from its infrequent recurrence.

On this occasion we took the cars for Pantano, twenty-eight miles eastward from Tucson, and there embarked upon Messrs. H. C. Wilcox & Co.'s stage line towards Patagonia. Perhaps we should here speak, briefly, of a rara avis—

A PHILOSOPHICAL STAGE DRIVER—Who gives an emphatic "here" to the call of L. D. Stralger. His absolute innocence of all evil was first made manifest by the discovery of a half filled bottle upon the rear of his throne, which strongly suggested a more powerful stimulant, notwithstanding his stout denial that it contained anything but pure mountain water. He was subsequently ransacked by the various passengers, who all agreed that the strength of the great rock-ribbed hills had been somewhat imparted to the escaping fluid. The philosophical conversation of this model Jehu was the subject of admiration by all, and that his hirsute appearance concealed a true and brave frontiersman, with rough but genuine moral instincts, could not but be conceded.

About fifteen miles from Pantano, at the foot of the heavy grade of Davidson's Cañon, Col. H. B. Lightbizer, the organizer of the Clarendon Mill and Mining Company, of the city of New York, whose valuable properties we were about to visit, and ourselves alighted, and took a trail to the right, towards the Helvetia Mining District, in the Santa Rita range. It was quite late in the afternoon when we reached the camp—as lovely a nook as can be found anywhere among the mountains. Permit us here to say a few words of a camp that is certainly destined in the very near future to be the scene of great mining activity. It lies among the rolling foothills of the eastern slope near the northern end of the Santa Rita mountains, with room for a town of considerable size. The camp is sheltered by the hills from strong winds, yet the air is sufficiently cool and light, even during the hottest weather, to cause one to rejoice fully in the lavish gifts of nature to this favored locality. The plentiful supply of pure, sweet, cold mountain water, from living springs, is not the least among the attractions here found, and beneath the shade of the lovely live oaks one cannot resist the temptation to spend a brief "dolce far niente" in fantastic day dreams.

The following day we made a close and thorough inspection of such of the Clarendon Mill and Mining Company's mines as were at all developed. We began with the YANKEE NOTION. The extreme southeastern claim. Here we found the quartz veins running from southeast to northwest, with a decided dip eastward. The shaft on this ledge is down but ten feet, showing a six-foot vein with no walls as yet. Several adjacent parallel veins are evidently about to converge. The ore looks exceedingly well, and the promise for this mine is the most flattering. Between the Yankee Notion shaft and the adjoining boundary of the Clarendon mine, we counted no less than four distinct parallel croppings. The CLARENDON MINE. Has a shaft twelve feet down, showing a five-foot ledge of splendid ore, still increasing in width. The ore shows chlorides and carbonates, and frequently horn silver is visible. A score of fine croppings are discernible upon the Clarendon claim, and systematic working will undoubtedly develop one of the finest ore bodies in Arizona. Parties who worked this mine in the past, searched only for very high-grade ore to ship to San Francisco, and were not content with ore running less than \$500 to the ton. Much of this class of ore still exists, while the proper development will likely show something astonishing. The LITTLE MAGGIE. Has a ten-foot shaft, with four veins converging. The prospect is good for this claim, but it needs further development to speak of its promise. Further to the west we come to the BANSAWA MINE. On the brow of a hill, with a ten-foot shaft showing a four-foot ledge of good pay ore, with fine walls. The ore of this mine shows brittle silver in flustering quantities, and its promise should be gratifying to all the stockholders of the company owning it. The LOST OPEN. To the northeast of the Clarendon and Little Maggie, is a phenomenon in richness and beauty. Croppings on this claim show a five-foot ledge on the surface. The only development made is an eight-foot shaft upon one of the minor veins, which shows indications of extreme richness, and will surely prove a rich bonanza.

Several other claims belonging to the company were visited, but being in an undeveloped state we forbear mentioning their possible worth. The whole foothills in the Clarendon vicinity seem full of metal, and we have often doubted whether Col. Lightbizer fully appreciated the wonderful bonanza he has been instrumental in placing into the hands of a wealthy and energetic mining company. That a steady flow of bullion will follow the proper working of the company's mines we cannot doubt, and we rejoice that a worthy townsman should be so fortunate as to place these properties on a certain road to success.

Improved Amalgamation. We give the following description of J. O. Stewart's improved process of amalgamating gold and silver, now being successfully worked at the Fortuna mill, near McMillen, for which we are indebted to the Globe Chronicle: In the ordinary method of milling unroasted silver ore the water from the settlers is allowed to leave the tailing pits. The waste water contains salt, sulphate of soda and proto-chloride of iron in solution, which, when saved and used in crushing and amalgamating subsequent charges of ore, has a beneficial effect upon the ore, as the solution of salt and proto-chloride of iron has a solvent action on any carbonate or oxide of copper there may be in the ore, assisting in the elimination of the silver when it enters the pans. In addition, there is the saving of salt and sulphate of copper. A large receiving tank is placed on a level with the batteries, from which a hose or pipe leads to the pans and settlers. At one end of the pulp or slum-tanks is placed a small tank with a syphon jet which carries the waste water back to the batteries. This heats the waste water and has a tendency to soften the ore in crushing. Two large tanks for each settler are placed on a level below the settlers, near which is placed a wooden pump, with rubber-ball valves, the suction hose of which extends from the pumping to the tanks, and the delivery pipe of hose to the receiving tank above said. From these tanks the water is raised to the settling tank, and then the tailings are allowed to flow off into the tailing pits. In this manner the waste water from the amalgamation is entirely utilized without additional expense after the apparatus is once in place. It is a considerable time to make it a practical and unequalled success which it now is. The process and apparatus is cheaply applied to any wet-crushing pan-mill, where there is a fall of six feet or more from the settling tank to the tailing reservoirs. The saving in silver and gold is claimed to be from five to fifteen per cent, greater than in the ordinary method.

Globe Mining Notes. (From the Globe Chronicle.) There is a very little "hurray" and no fuss and feather about McMillen. It is going on in its own quiet and prosperous way and is not only self-supporting, but the influence of its business shipments and traffic is felt all over our country. Charley Hayes came on Thursday from the Euclidine, bringing some of the richest ore we have ever seen. It was almost pure silver, could be easily cut with a knife, and was worth \$11 per pound. This claim is astonishing every one and enriching its owners, Messrs. Hayes, Baldwin and Buck. The Democrat, located by Flournoy and Aiken, and now owned by a New York company, is coming to the front. The working shaft is down 70 feet on a two foot and a half vein of rich silver and gold ore. There are four veins, running parallel and dipping north, on which are eight cuts and prospect shafts. Ore from the bottom of the working shaft assays \$150 and \$30,000 was taken out by the first owners, but where it was rich and best easily secured. The present working is the first systematic development that has been attempted, and Mr. Chas. D. Sloan, Superintendent, is going ahead rapidly and in a business-like manner. He is evidently the right man in the right place.

The Mineral Creek Mining Company have some forty men at the mill and mine. The grade and roads are all completed and the construction of the mill commenced. They expect to have the mill ready for receiving ore in forty days. At the mill they have two shafts sunk to a depth of 60 to 90 feet on the ledge and a tunnel coming in from the south to connect with them at a depth of 100 feet. All connections will be made in fifty days between the tunnel and shafts. This tunnel, when completed, will expose the ledge for 400 feet, developing some 4000 or 5000 tons of ore. The ore taken from the ledge in all openings give assays that are quite pleasing to the officers of the company. There are many other claims now opening in the district that promise to develop into valuable mines. There is no scarcity of wood and water for all purposes.

REFLECTIONS ON SERENADERS.

Their Probable Origin and Possible Fate.

We are not much given to reflections—that is, in the abstract—such an occupation is generally professed, inasmuch as it involves a certain degree of isolation from one's fellow man and a partial abandonment of those pursuits which, if actively followed, lead us to presume that wealth awaits us in the near future, however intangible it may appear at present. But there are occasions and incidents in the lives of the most active which often unwillingly force upon them periods of serious reflection, following probably a train of thought so distinct and remote from that usually occupying the mind that they often become lost in a labyrinth of mental speculation. Therefore, if we appear in this to have unceremoniously departed from our usually terse and incisive manner of expressing ourselves, the fault, if fault it be, is entirely owing to the facts above stated.

Nearly every intelligent man remembers—although there may be many people in town who do not—and old song vociferously sung during the war times—the chorus of which was something after this fashion— "If you belong to Gideon's band, Here's my heart and here's my hand." It is more than probable that of the many thousands who sang this song, not one out of every hundred entertained the remotest idea of who Gideon was, where he came from and why—after affording innumerable voices an opportunity of displaying their hideous quantities, and amply replenishing the coffers of sundry artists who did a remunerative business in placing new heads in the drums of tortured ears which were forced to listen to the sound of the physical and mental impossibility of following the voluntary injunction of "here's my heart, and here's my hand," have heretofore remained among the unanswered conundrums of the nineteenth century to not only satisfy the insatiable curiosity of enquiring thousands by informing them of the existence of at least a part of Gideon's famous band, but also modestly claim the title of a public benefactor, known well that their identity being and fully established, the indignation which our orderly citizens will express through the soothing medium of buckshot and Winchester cartridges, will forever settle the problem of their existence.

And this is how the discovery came about: One night last week, when the glorious "harvest moon" afforded just such a bright yet mellow light as delights the senses of all nocturnal perambulators—especially if sentimentally inclined—and at that hour when a TBS commission would have been necessary to have adjudged whether it was Saturday night or Sunday morning, an unusual noise was heard at different times in various parts of the town. To describe the sounds would be simply impossible. The asthmatic crowing of an antiquated rooster would be simple, unadorned music compared with the Park Brewery notes of the elongated specimens of humanity who effectively also here every note within the range of the human voice. Of words he knows there were a number. One sang as if his throat were filled with mush, another as though his nose was the only medium through which nature intended his voice should express itself. If the third had stamped his head in an olla filled with water and attempted to whistle "Life on an Ocean Wave," he would certainly have been as successful as in his spasmodic efforts to catch a falsetto note—a conglomeration of sounds, in comparison with which a Papsago tuncal chant would be exquisite melody. Nor were their voices the only instruments of torture, for a tobacco-stained tenor was accompanied by a violin which being sawed by a muscular arm gave forth squeaky screams like a distressed wood-saw attempting the annihilation of a rusty nail. A burlesque baritone attempted to follow the corkscrew-like evolutions of a slim youth who now and anon clutched desperately at the neck of a red-robin-shaped guitar, while a blonde strapping with a mouth harmonica filled the air with alcoholic odors—and these objects are the remnants of Gideon's band. That no dead bodies were discovered the following morning by the vigilant coroner is without doubt owing to the bad marksmanship of drowsy but irate citizens. Yet if there be such a thing as a retribution the cemetery will contain nameless graves, and sleepers no longer be awakened by the fearful thought that another "reign of terror" is upon them.

Gathering Forest Statistics. Under authority and direction of the Census Bureau, Prof. S. S. Sargent, of Harvard University, Dr. J. Englemann, of St. Louis, and Prof. Skinner, are now here examining the trees and shrubs of the Territory. They have, in this capacity, already visited Washington Territory, Oregon, California and perhaps other sections. It is their purpose to leave here tomorrow for an inspection of the mesquite, palo verde and other growths in the Santa Cruz valley, and continue up into the oaks and pines of the Santa Ritas. Beyond this, their Arizona programme is not determined. They arrived by train last night from the mountains in San Bernardino county, California, and are registered at the Cosmopolitan Hotel.

High-Toned Printers. (From the Burlington Hawkeye.) Some printers are dreadfully high-toned above their business. Now only last week an old granger went into the government printing office at Washington and said he wanted to order a hundred and fifty sale bills, quarter size, with a horse cut at the top and a blank place left to write on the date and a baryard cut in the middle and—but when he got this far the poor old man began to congeal, and inside of fifteen minutes he was driven out of the building froze solid. There isn't another print shop in America where such a job would be refused.

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