THE CITIZEN.

SATURDAY - - - DECEMBER 18, 1880

Our Weekly Mining Review.

The Business at the New York Mining Stock Exchanges Still Decreasing—Leadville Securities Quiet—The Bodies Receiving Little Attention—A Fair Amount of Business in the Comstocks.

Special Correspondence of THE CITIZEN.

NEW YORK, December 4.—Sales at the mining boards during the present week have been considerably less than the average—amounting in all to but 639,192 shares, and the market for the most part has been dull. The transactions at the New York board show a large falling off from the usual average; it is very probable, however, that an equal amount of trading has been done by the outside public as has of late taken place in the same length of time. The deaths of two prominent mining men, Geo. B. Robinson and H. C. Bidwell, had a depressing effect for a time upon the stocks in which they had been particularly interested, and in fact upon the whole market. Green Mountain, Cherokee, Rising Sun and Gold Stripe, of which Col. Bidwell was President, were raided as soon as his death became known, but have since then recovered and close firm at about the opening prices.

The highness of the money market has checked speculation to some extent, yet a few of the stocks have been active and mark an advance. While the outside public are still paying more attention to outside properties than to listed ones, there are encouraging indications of a more general speculation in the near future. As certain of the properities which are showing good developments are from time to time made attractive by frequent fluctuations they will invite outside orders, and new blood will thus be infused into the market. While no general boom is expected for mining stocks there is an almost universal feeling that the coming season will witness a largely increased activity and profitable advances in this species of securities.

Leadville stocks have been very quiet during the present week and the sales have been the lightest that have been recorded in a long time.

Chrysolite has been quiet, and for the most part weak, selling down from $6⅞ to $5⅝, but recovered toward the close to $6½. Total sales for the week, 12,710 shares.

Amie has been the most largely dealt in of the Leadville stock, 115,900 shares having been sold. Opening at 42c the stock sold down to 37c, but closed firm at the opening figure.

Climax has been fairly active, and also declined during the early part of the week from 55c to 47c, but developed strength on later dealings and closed at 55c. Sales aggregating 29,500 shares.

Little Chief opened dull and weak at $1.05, and declined to $1 under light sales, but became more active and advanced to $1.20 on sales for the week of 7200 shares.

Little Pittsburg has been very dull, only 450 shares selling at $2½, $2 and $2¼.

Of the other Colorado stocks Hukill was quiet and firm, at from $1.65 to $1.80 until to-day, when 5050 shares were sold, the price declining to $1½. Sales for the week 6290 shares.

Bull-Domingo has been steady, opening at $4.70 and closing at $4¾ on sales of 1050 shares.

Iron Silver has been moderately active, but declined in the early dealings from $3¼ to $2½ under reports of further difficulties with neighboring mines. The stock recovered, however, and closed at $3.40 on sales of 6330 shares.

Robinson Consolidated sold down from $9 to $8¼ on small offerings at the beginning of the week, but became stronger and closed at $10¼. Total sales, 2200 shares.

Bodie stocks have received little attention, with the exception of Boston Consolidated, which has been very active and advanced from $1.10 to $1.70 on sales aggregating 30,500 shares. The reports from this mine continue to be very encouraging and there is every indication that the stock will soon sell at higher figures.

Bulwer has been quiet but strong, advancing from $1.50 to $1.70 on sales of 2,235 shares.

Sales of only 300 shares of Bodie are recorded, at $4.30, $4.35 and $4.60.

Of other California properties the Bidwell stocks made a sharp decline in the early dealings. Green Mountain sold down from $4.80 to $4.10, but as it is generally believed that this property, as well as each of the others just referred to, possesses actual merit, it soon received substantial support and advanced to $5, closing at $4.70. Sales aggregate 2,825 shares. Cherokee was very active and declined from $1.80 to $1.45, but closed at $1.70 on sales of 16,000 shares. Rising Sun records sales of 2,400 shares at $1.90, $1.65 and $1.90, and Gold Stripe, also 2,400 shares, at $2.75, $2.65 and $2.75.

Horn Silver has received more attention than for a time past, and advanced from $12.75 to $14 on sales of 1,750 shares.

Calaveras has been active and records sales of 60,300 shares at 23c, 26c and 24c.

Silver Nugget declined from 32c to 25c, and there is no good reason why the decline should not have been greater. Shares sold, 54,550.

A fair business has been done in the Bonanza stocks. California recording sales of 6,640 shares, the stock opening at $1.60 and closing at $1.70. Con. Virginia advanced from $2.15 to $2.25 on sales of 6,150 shares. Of the other Comstock properties Union Consolidated has been the most active, 1,000 shares selling at $11.25 to $11.75. Mexican records sales of 700 shares at $7.12½, $6.62½ and $7.50; Ophir 645 shares at from $5.50 to $6.37½; Sierra Nevada 390 shares at $7.50 to $7.75, and Best and Belcher 250 shares at from $8 to $9.

The Pillsbury Custom Mill.

The Tombstone Epitaph of a few days ago contains the following:

"This mill, located two miles from town, has just completed a job of custom work on ore from the Mamie mine. The value of the bullion produced was $2500, from ore averaging $90 per ton, which was worked up to 82 per cent. of pulp assay, the bullion being of the average fineness. This custom mill is now doing excellent work, charging $25 per ton for ore of average grade. The Mamie mine is represented to be looking well, and it is said that its former owners are about to work it on an extensive scale."

THE CITIZEN is pleased to note that the organization of a lodge of Knights of Pythias is meeting with success, and to the energetic efforts of Mr. J. H. Harris, the Secretary, much of the interest evinced is due.

GOOD COMMON SENSE.

An Interview with Judge F. A. Tritle, President of the Yellow Jacket Mining Company, of Virginia City—Something Which Our Prospectors Should Read.

On Tuesday evening, before returnturning to Tombstone, Judge F. A. Tritle, one of the best-known of the Comstock mining operators and President of the Yellow Jacket Mining Company, was interviewed by a CITIZEN reporter with a view to ascertaining his opinion of Arizona, her resources and future. In answer to the first question, Mr. Tritle said:

"I have visited so far eleven mining districts in all in Southern Arizona, and I am most favorably impressed with their appearance. It is the most thoroughly mineralized country I have ever seen. One great advantage is the generally simple character of the ores, chlorides—the most convenient form in which to find silver—abounding. I have seen a number of mines where there are very large quantities of ore, especially at Tombstone, but, outside of those large deposits, I find an immense number of small veins containing high-grade ore which in time will furnish employment for a very large population. But I find here the same mistaken policy prevalent that is certain to exist in all new countries."

"What is that?" asked the reporter.

"Well, what I mean is this: I find numberless prospects where some work has been done; a shaft has been sunk a few feet on a very promising vein, a nice little pile of rich ore has been piled on the dump, and the owner has asked a big price for his claim and sat down to wait for somebody to come along with money enough to buy it. Now, I do not wish to be understood as not wanting to see the prospector get for his claim all that it is worth, but that is no way to do it. I believe from what I have seen of Southern Arizona that it is most emphatically a "poor man's country." The mineral is near the surface, and the formation is so soft that the mineral is easily gotten out. I believe that the prospector will sooner get the value of his claim by taking his ore out and having it worked at the nearest mill. This will give him good wages and capital to go ahead with his prospect work. Take Tombstone, for instance. There are several custom mills there, much of the time standing idle, and yet there is ore enough lying around on small dumps to keep those mills busy all the time. Instead of working their claims themselves many of the owners want to sell out at big figures, and to that end they won't sell a pound of ore from the dump, as they need it all to "sell the mine." In many instances prospectors have struck a 'hungry' place in the vein, and are afraid to go further. Then, again, the claims will be bonded for long or short periods, through which the owners are often idle during the period, only to find at the expiration of the time that they have realized nothing."

"What do you think will remedy this?"

"Oh, as far as that is concerned, it will right itself in time. After the owners become satisfied that they can't sell their claims at big figures by the exhibition of a few tons of ore on the dump, they will go to work for themselves, and the result will be large and prosperous communities. Look at Eureka, Nevada. There were two great dividend paying mines developed in that camp, and the claim owners in the vicinity acted precisely as they do in many places in Arizona. It righted itself there, as it will here, in a year or two, and now there are many small mines in the vicinity paying their owners good returns and making the town prosperous. The difficulty in Arizona is that visitors are met with efforts to sell on the part of owners at prices that should be paid for mines, instead of mere prospects."

"How about the numerous districts where there are no custom reduction works?"

"In districts where the prospects will warrant it, the mills will come just as soon as the claim-owners show a disposition to dispose of their ore instead of keeping it for show purposes. There will be plenty of capital when capital sees its way clear. In another way do the prospectors unwittingly wrong others and themselves. In this manner. I have in my mind a new district—the name of which I do not care to mention—where there is an abundance of ore, rich enough to make the camp a great one some day. The miners think their ore is richer than it is. They take their averages, and they believe it will mill at certain figures, when the truth of the matter is it will not mill more than half of those figures. Now, suppose that a capitalist put up a custom mill in that district and proves what I say regarding the value of the ore? Why, he would be called a thief, and his mill would be shut down for want of rock to crush."

"How does what you have seen of Arizona compare with Nevada?" inquired the reporter.

"Well," replied Mr. Tritle, "I have not seen a Comstock in Arizona yet, but outside of that Arizona is much the better country for a poor man. As I said before, your ores are nearer the surface—in fact, they are too near, and you don't do deep enough prospecting. Why, the Yellow Jacket is now down 3000 feet, where the water and air are so hot as to make work almost impossible, and yet we go right on prospecting. However, that will come all right in time. But your climate is superior and permits work to proceed all the year round. You have better grazing lands, and you are equally well supplied with wood and water. Then, as I said before, the formation here is so soft that it is possible to conduct mining with far less capital."

"Why do not more Californians and Nevadans come to Arizona."

"The fact of the matter is that comparatively little is as yet known about Arizona," said Mr. Tritle. "I am in hopes to see two or three of the best of the Tombstone mines listed on the board at San Francisco, and I think it will be done very soon. The people will buy the shares readily enough, and the disbursement of a few dividends in California would do more than any other one cause to bring California capital into the Territory. It is at the furthest only a question of time, for you have the mineral here, and capital will find it, sooner or later."

In reply to a question as to his own intentions, Mr. Tritle said that he had already invested some in a copper mine at Bisbee—which camp he declared to have a splendid outlook—and he intended going back to Tombstone and before he left to visit California District and other localities.

"Now, Mr. Reporter," concluded the Judge, "I hope you have not put me down as in any way assuming that the finders of mines are getting or are likely to get too much for their property. My view of the matter is merely that, with the fine advantages which I have tried to name, they can better get at the worth of their property in another way than the one now general. I believe that the life and hard work of a prospecter are worth more than mere wages. And I *know*, from what I have seen of mining and mining countries, that everything will come out right in the end. There is no better country in the world for the prospector or poor man than Arizona."

Affairs at the Front.

The track of the Southern Pacific Railway is now laid to a point 24 miles beyond Deming, or 254 miles from Tucson.

A large supply of rails for the Atchison road—the want of which has very much delayed the progress of the road—arrived on the 13th, and rapid track-laying is now in progress.

A gentleman named Fritz has just put in an opposition line of coaches from the terminus of the Southern Pacific track to Mesilla—which place is now 30 miles from the end of the road. The fare is only $5, and it saves nearly 40 miles of stage travel as against the line from Deming. At Mesilla it connects with the National Mail and Transportation Company's stages for El Paso, or Aleman. The stages run every other day, leaving the terminus the even days of the month and Mesilla on the odd days.

Investigation proves that there is no danger of a conflict between the graders of the two roads, as intimated in the Star of last Sunday. The two lines run for four miles before reaching Franklin side by side, but there is ample room for both.

The train from Tucson arrives at Deming at 6 p. m. of the same day. The daily stages of the National Mail and Transportation Company leave a half an hour later; arrive at Fort Cummings at 10 p. m.; arrive at Mesilla at 8 a. m. the next day; arrive at El Paso at 8 p. m., or at Aleman at 10 p. m.

The through travel since the late change has been very much increased. Eight through passengers from the East arrived at Deming on the night of the 13th. The trains leave Deming for Tucson at 11 a. m.

"Up Salt River."

The Cincinnati Commercial gives the following information to a correspondent who asks: "What is the meaning of the term 'Salt River?'"

"The answer to your question opens up a very interesting bit of Ohio River pioneer history. Prof. Steele de Vere gives the origin of the phrase in his book called 'Americanisms: The English of the New World.' Before the day of steam all navigation of the Ohio River was carried on by flat boats and keel-boats. It was necessary to row the keel-boats up stream. The labor was painful and exhausting. There were slaves all along the Kentucky side of the river in those days. When a negro had been refractory or sassy,' it was the custom to punish him by hiring him out to row keel-boats up the river. This punishment was called 'rowing up.' In time it became the popular slave term for scolding or punishment of any sort, all over the country, much as the term of 'blowup' is applied nowadays. Prof. De Vere quotes this sentence from the New York Herald of May 7, 1856: 'We hope the President gave his secretary a good rowing up for his imbecility.' 'Salt River' was and is a little tributary of the Ohio, in Kentucky. It was so crooked and dangerous that rowing a keel boat up its waters was about the hardest labor a man could undertake. Hence to row a man up Salt river was as severe punishment as could be imposed on him. The expression became proverbial. One day, on the floor of Congress, a member from Kentucky made use of the phrase in a happy allusion. The expression was then crystalized in the popular speech of the country. From that day to this the person or party that has been badly defeated in an election is 'sent up Salt River.'"

Read and Digest.

In another column of this issue will be found an interview with Judge F. A. Tritle, President of the Yellow Jacket Mining Company, of Virginia City. His views, therein expressed, every sensible man will endorse. Arizona needs such men to work out her destiny. Their opinions are the result of long observation, and not of snap judgment. Mr. Tritle's visit to Arizona will be productive of even more good than his individual efforts can accomplish. His opinion of the mineral resources of Arizona will be taken and acted upon where a hundred newspaper articles would be unnoticed. There is food for reflection in his utterances, as printed in the CITIZEN to-day, and his flattering verdict on Southern Arizona generally, should encourage our people to renewed exertions. The CITIZEN particularly endorses Mr. Tritle's views in reference to the idle waiting for purchasers of claims, and believes that upon a disposition being shown by claim-owners to patronize the custom mills now erected, others will be built in localities where they are sadly needed.

Dog and Cat Hunting Together.

[Brunswick (Me.) Telegraph.]

A gentleman informs us that he was in New Hampshire last summer, when the following incident came under his observation: The men were mowing in the field, and accompanying them was a large Newfoundland dog, who watched the operation and saw some moles start in the grass; the dog caught several, digging for them and killing them. All at once the dog disappeared and was gone for some time. Looking up the field in the direction of the farm-house, our informant saw the dog trotting down toward the men and by his side was trotting the house cat, the greatest cordiality always existing between the two animals. The dog brought the cat directly up to the swath, and soon pussy understood what was up. As soon as a mole was started she caught and killed him, and when one retreated to a hole the dog scented and dug him out, the cat in this case killing the mole, and so the dog and cat hunted together for quite a time, until they wearied of the sport. We suppose we shall be told that instinct governed the animals, and that they had no language in which to communicate with each other.

Serious Accident.

Mr. C. E. Harlow, one of the leading merchants of Harshaw, a few days since received a dispatch from his old home in Oshkosh, Wisconsin, stating that his wife was not expected to live, whereupon he immediately took his departure for that place. No particulars were given, but it has since been learned that Mrs. Harlow was in the Beckwith House at Oshkosh when it took fire, and was obliged to leap from a fourth-story window to the ground. In falling she struck against a projecting cornice, but was caught in a blanket waiting to receive her. At latest accounts it was thought Mrs. Harlow would survive the shock.

GREAT SCOTT! Can it be possible that the recent damp weather has changed the "funny" man of the Star into the gush artist now deluging our contemporary's editorial columns with sentimental rot about—tramps, forsooth!

THE MOQUIS.

A Curious Race of Indians in the Northeastern Corner of Arizona—The Sun-Worshipers, and Their Peculiar Customs—A Happy and Contented Tribe.

[Prescott Democrat.]

In the northeastern part of Arizona Territory, there lives a race of Indians who possess many peculiarities of interest to those who consider that the proper study of mankind is man. From Mr. C. E. Davis, who has been out there in company with John Reese, taking the census of the tribe, we are indebted for the following interesting particulars concerning these Indians, their habits, customs and mode of life.

The Moquis have no knowledge of how or when they became settled in their present abode. They claim to be descendants of the Ancient Aztecs, but whether or not they are of the same race as the original inhabitants of the cities of Cabola, is a question that offers wide field for investigation.

There are seven villages in all—six inhabited by the Moquis, and one by the Oribas, who are to all appearances the same people, only speaking a different dialect. These villages are located on rocky, barren mesas, the Oriba village being about twenty miles west of the Moquis. The approach to the villages is by a single zigzag path which winds around the face of the cliff, and barely permits a single horseman to advance. The houses are built of rock, the dwellings rising in the shape of terraces, are entered by means of ladders, which are drawn up every night.

Fuel has to be packed to some of the villages on backs of burros, over six miles, while water is brought from a mile to two miles distant. On the sandy plain at the foot of these mesas, are raised fine crops of corn, pumpkins, melons and delicious peaches. They own many horses, sheep and goats, which are carefully guarded every night in stone corrals on the steep sides of the mesa, where watchful sentinels keep a bright lookout all night long.

The Moquis stand in mortal dread of their warlike neighbors, the Navajos, who are distant from them some twenty-five miles to the north, and whose ideas concerning the rights of property are considerably mixed.

The Moqui villiages are on two mesas—three on each. The different villages are only a few hundred yards apart, yet no two of them speak the same dialect. The headchieftainship is hereditary in one family, but each village has a sub-chief.

The Moquis worship the sun and many forms of idols. They also have a reverence for rattlesnakes, and once a year they indulge in what is known as the snake-dance, in which they twine these reptiles about the body, neck and arms, as they whirl through the wild orgies of their dance, but they have a sure antidote against the poison.

The Moquis bachelors buy their dusky mates from the parents, the price of a wife being about six ponies, but it varies according to the quality. They have a very simple and effective mode of settling domestic difficulties. When the wife discovers "incompatibility of temperament," and finds that the husband is not the man she thought he was, she orders him to pick up his moveable effects, and stand not on the order of his going but "git" at once. As a consequence of this simple divorce law the women are said to own nearly all the real estate in the Moquis villages, for the house falls to the wife when the matrimonial tie is severed.

The beaux of the tribe going on a courting expedition dress in a gorgeous manner in velvet knee-breeches ornamented with silver buttons, their briddle and saddle being also profusely ornamented with the same metal. There is a difference in dressing the hair between the matrons and maidens. The latter wear it in sharp puffs projecting over the ears, which is an indimation to the anxious beau that "Barkis is willin'." After marriage the hair is worn long on the shoulders and "banged" in the latest style in front. The women do nearly all the word in the village, repair the houses, grind the corn by mattats, etc.

The tribe is prosperous, peaceful and industrious. The agent lives about eight miles from the village, and furnishes them their annuities every year. A Mr. Keam has a store at the Agency and does a large trade with the tribe, buying their wool, corn and other products. He lately shipped 130,000 pounds of wool. The Government is about to start a boarding school at the Agency, which will no doubt be well attended and be of great good to the tribe.

Taken altogether, these native Arizonans are a happy and contented race. Their cares are light, their wants are few and easily supplied. They are isolated from the busy world, its struggles and its excitements, and pass their days in peaceful, patriarchal simplicity, as did their ancestors for centuries before them.

Personal.

Congressman Tucker has recovered his eyesight almost entirely and his health has been restored.

Mr. Chester A. Arthur, the Vice-President-elect, will spend most of the winter in Washington.

Mrs. John Jacob Astor has sent a font, with a basin of solid silver, to a mission chapel she has established in Nebraska.

Governor McClellan has just been presented with a flint-lock pistol carried by General Scott during all his campaign in the Mexican army.

Oscar de Lafayette, a grandson of the Marquis de Lafayette, has written to the Cowpens Centennial Association that his parliamentary duties will not permit him to be present at the celebration on the 17th of next January. He is a member of the French Senate.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes has written to the school children of Cincinnati that he feels ashamed of the verses of his youth—his "green fruit"—but adds: "If any of you, however, can laugh over any of my early verses, unbutton your small jackets and indulge in that pleasing convulsion to your heart's content."

Mr. Robert Barton, one of the Pacific Coast millionaires, has picked up bed and baggage and left San Francisco in disgust. He announces that he is going to dispose of every dollar's worth of property owned by him in California and "take the money to some place where rich men are not made the target for Sand-lot demagogues and legislative robbers." He proposes to take up his residence in New York.

The Grand Marsh Jah of Calcutta
Got tipsy and fell in the gutta.
He was found by a lackey,
Who shouted "Oh crackey!"
And toted him home on a shutta.
—[American Queen.

A CLIFF TOWN.

The Discovery in New Mexico of a Canyon Full of Caves.

[Washington Star.]

James Stephenson, of the United States Geological Survey, District of New Mexico, arrived here last night, bringing news of an important discovery he has made recently in the course of his labors. While near Santa Fe, New Mexico, recently, he was informed by Indians that there were within a few miles some ancient caves that he would find interesting. Guided by them, he found, forty miles from Santa Fe, ten miles from the Rio Grande, a cliff town composed of caves in the rocky side of a canyon thirty miles long, never before visited by a white man. He was so much impressed with the greatness of his discovery that for a moment he was scarcely able to speak. When he did, it was in terms of wonder and admiration. This town, or succession of excavations in the solid rock for thirty miles, is one of the largest, if not the largest, ever discovered. The houses are dug out of the rock-side to a depth of from fifteen to twenty feet. Apparently, they were excavated with stone implements. They are almost inaccessible from the plains. Mr. Stephenson, however, managed to clamber up the rocky precipice and entered and examined several of the houses. He found in them a number of articles that he thought remains of their first possessors. He will probably prepare a report upon the cliff town, as he calls it. A scientist who has traveled in that region and visited other caves and excavations of a similar kind, says he is disposed to believe that they have been tenanted within modern times by Indians at war with each other seeking safety and advantage over their enemies. He thinks the remains found there are the remnants of the things these belligerents have used, eaten or worn, and not the relics of the first owners of the rock houses.

The Women of Montenegro.

The Montenegro women take an equal share of labor with the man at field-work, and she does all the carrying. In travel here one engages a horse to ride and a woman for the baggage. Only those who have neither wife, mother, daughter, or dependent female relation, shoulder such burdens as a common thing. Transport by animals also, is a department of female occupation. Coming from Cettinje here, one meets pack-horses, mules, donkeys, going up in droves, with a gang of women following. Tremendous weights they carry slung by straps that cross the upper chest, and as they go they knit or spin. These dwellers by the frontier are much better looking than the unmixed race of the interior, but not less hardy, strong and independent. They have no shame or hesitation in begging, and universal mendicancy on the part of the women and girls must, I imagine, have its influence on morality. In leaving Montenegro the traveler carries with him a deep regard and admiration for the gallantry, the manliness and the shrewd intelligence of this strange people. He is constrained to wish them well and to hope that they will acquire means to live at peace hereafter.

An Eagle's Pet.

A pleasant story is told of the famous war eagle, "Old Abe," who is now reposing upon his laurels at Madison, Wisconsin. His daily allowance is a live chicken or some other kind of meat. The juvenile fowl is at once slaughtered by the king of birds, and eaten at his pleasure during the day. One day a white chicken was put into his cage and in its fright crouched in one corner. "Old Abe" went up and locked at the little creature, but did not harm it. On the contrary, he caressed it, and all day long went without his customary repast, until at night, as he would not devour the chicken, other food was provided. In short, "Old Abe's" heart was won by the chicken, and it became his pet. He saw that it went to roost at the proper time, and if the weather was cold spread the warm shelter of his big wing over it. Other white chickens have been thrown to him, and he never before or since failed to make a meal of them. Something about this particular fowl touched him in a tender spot, and the theory of the survival of the fittest had a fresh illustration which does credit to the big heart of "Old Abe."

Effect of Fright on Hair.

The Gazette de Hospiteaux gave an account latelely of a singular case of complete alopecia. A girl, aged 17, who had always enjoyed good health, had one day a narrow escape from being crushed by a floor giving way beneath her. She was very much frightened, and the same night began to complain of headache and chills. The next morning she felt restless, and had an icching of the scalp. During the few following days she steadily improved, with the exception of the itching. One day, in combing her hair, she noticed that it came out in large quantities; three days latter she was perfectly bald. Her general health was good, but her head continued bald, and was still so when seen two years later by the reporter.

Curious Facts about Writing.

A rapid penman can write thirty words a minute. To do this he must draw his pen through the space of a rod, sixteen and a half feet. In forty minutes his pen travels a furlong. We make on an average sixteen curves or turns of the pen in writing each word. Writing thirty words in a minute we must make 480 to each minute; in an hour 28,000; in a day of only five hours, 144,000; in a year of 300 days, 42,200,000. The man who made 1,000,000 strokes with his pen was not at all remarkable. Many men—newspaper writers for instance—make 4,000,000. Here we have in the aggregate a mark 300 miles long to be traced on paper by such a writer in a year.

A New Mexican Story.

[Las Vegas Gazette.]

In an accident on Raton Hill, Colorado side, last night, seven cars were totally wrecked and two men narrowly escaped death. The train was under charge of Tom Wampler, and while making a switch seven cars got a start and soon gained such a momentum that they jumped the rails on a sharp bend and went into the ditch. The last car in the lot jumped over the front ones, regaining the rails, ran halt a mile, and as it was about overtaking the first section, jumped the track a second time, landing in a gully. That settled it.

THE familiarity with tramps and their habits displayed by the Star suggests the awfully awful conjecture that the entire editorial staff of that great metropolitan journal has at some time or divers times walked out of towns leaving his board-bills and whiskey-bills as tender and touching memories for his creditors to lay up with the big club which awaits his return.

"Mining" Journals.

[Prescott Democrat.]

The interest felt by the people in the East in mining matters during the past two years has brought into existence a goodly number of so-called mining journals. They have sprung up mushroom-like in the leading cities, and their ostensible mission is to enlighten people on mining affairs and give them advice on the dangers and dubious wiles of "wild-cat" speculators. The Democrat has had occasion to refer to this class of mining literature before, and it may not be out of place to notice it again. While there are a few reliable journals devoted to the mining interest, published in the East, the most of them are merely advertising sheets started in the interest of speculators who love to have "feet" to dispose of. Probably not one in ten of the men who are connected with these "journals" know as much about a mine as an Apache Indian does of the Seventh Commandment. The value of the mining information which they can set before their readers can therefore be easily estimated. As showing the sort of stuff that appears in these "mining" organs, we select the following:

"We have found it next to an impossibility for a stranger visiting a mining camp in Utah, Colorado or the West to get any reliable information. The shark, the mining sharp, the villain, is the first to form his acquaintance, and leach-like shik rhino, introducing him around, and as birds of a feather flock together, in all countries, the good people, judging the stranger or new comer by the bird he associates with, whom they know to be a foul fowl, they, the solid people will say nothing calculated to put the stranger on his guard, fearing the result would be about as it is down South, where 'bulldozing' is more practiced than it is in the mining sections."

What can be thought of the knowledge of mines and mining communities possessed by a journal that will publish such stuff as this? We venture to say that there are more mining sharks hanging around the offices of these one-horse "mining journals" in the East than can be found in all the camps in the West, and the greatest risk the honest investor runs is in being fleeced by these unprincipled puplications, many of whom exist by "blackmailing" properties of merit at the expense of their worthless wildcats.

Let the honest investor steer clear of these mining bucket-shops, and if he desires to purchase, let him come out himself or send a reliable agent. We guarantee that he will receive good treatment, and run far less danger of falling into the hands of "sharks" and "villains" than he would in the seedy sanctum of some of those Eastern "mining" sheets; and he will learn more about mines and mining than one-half the conductors of those papers will ever know.

He can deal directly with the owners of mining properties, and will not have to pay toll to the impecunious operators who hang around the offices of these chickadee mining journals back East.

Residents of the mining regions are ways glad to see reliable information relating to their mineral resources et before the Eastern people, but when such balderdash as we have quoted is put forward as facts, it is time to call the attention of the outside world to the utter falsity of such statements, and to the unreliability of these travesties on mining journals, who publish them.

THE mining claims along the Charleston road are now rapidly coming into prominence since the Junetta, Mamie and other mines in that locality have been developing so surprisingly. It is generally conceded that the old belt from the Tough Nut to the Old Bronkow can be traced, being about a mile in width, and in each instance where there has been any considerable development good paying ore has been discovered. It looks as though the bonanzas of the camp will yet be found in that locality.—[Nugget.

A New Species of Development.

The Virginia City Enterprise says the following of an ex-Comstocker:

"Jim Orndorff has bought out a game in Tombstone, Arizona, and settled there permanently. While some of our Comstockers go forth to develop the resources of the country, others develop the resources of the people. One operation brings the gold and silver up out of the bowels of the earth, and the other puts it in circulation."

HIGH crimes and misdemeanors: "Is it wicked to take dis heah wood?" asked Frank Grice of Cash Brenneman, as the former hoisted a large stick of wood over the fence to the latter. "My 'pinion is," said Cash, as he shouldered the stick, "my legal 'pinions is, when pe present price ob wood in Galveston am taken into consideration, dat we are committin' de berry highest crime known to de law. Han' ober annuder log."—[Galveston News.

Mr. Taylor's Marriage at Tombstone.

On December 14, at 5 p. m., at the residence of the bride, Mr. Taylor, of the firm of Taylor & Amory, was married to Mrs. Fallon. The wedding was very quiet, only the most intimate friends of the couple being present. Mr. and Mrs. Taylor lef immediately after the wedding in a four-in-hand private carriage for Benson, where they took the train for San Francisco and the East.

THERE are mean men in this world. An Indiana man stopped his paper, and said in the presence of a crowd that he'd never read the sheet again or circulate it, and the fiendish editor went the next day and printed an article speaking very highly of that man as a prominent citizen; and of course the man couldn't go back on his word and read the article, and he nearly went wild.

A Way to Enrich Garfield.

[Boston Transcript.]

The St. Louis Globe-Democrat sends all communications urging General Garfield to place certain persons in his Cabinet straight to Mentor. Let all the newspapers do the same and let General Garfield sell the letters by the pound and put the money at interest, and when he retires from office he will be a rich man.

THE Maine Mining Journal, a very excellent journal, by the way, publishes the advertisements of no less than forty mining corporations in that State.

A GEORGIA man named his mule Lotta, and the next day it kicked a wagon in seventeen different direc- at once.—[Boston Post.

THEY say Chicago girls never find it hard to elope. They make rope-ladders out of their shoe-strings.—[St. Louis paper.

Splitting Wood.

[Marysville Appeal.]

Yesterday as a commercial traveler stood in front of the Western Hotel shivering with cold and mentally cursing the fog, he noticed two boys busy sawing and splitting wood. Their coats were off and their faces aglow with the warmth of active young blood. The more he watched the steady blows of the one with the axe, the manner in which the axe and the resisting stick were swung high up and then lowered on a log so forcibly as to open the knotty piece, the more he admired it all. At last he concluded to try a little of it himself; so, waiting till there were none of his acquaintances near, he approached the woodpile. The boy had dropped the axe a minute after inserting it in a tough knot—a regular pioneer. Cautiously the commercial traveler attempted to pry open the knot, the handle serving as a lever. The mass next lifted a foot or two several times without the desired result being accomplished. Then he paused, pushed his hat well down on the back of his head, spit upon his hands, and prepared to make a grand stroke. The axe-handle was seized, up went the axe and the wood, and down they came; but alas, they had parted company. The axe cut open the box-toed boot, the end of the handle struck him on the cap of the knee, and glancing upward, gave him a dig under the vest. The knot was doing its share, too, for it descended upon the back of his head as he stooped, plowed its way round to the front through his scalp-lock, skinned his nose, took off half of the protruding lower lip, and dropped innocently upon the prostrate axe. The commercial traveler gathered himself up, looked like he had been struck by zigzag lightning, knocked down by hydraulic power, taken through a threshing machine, and run over by a truck. After a glance of inquiry and astonishment at the boys near by, and one of dismay at the group watching him from across the street, he hobbled away to his room and ordered a dozen bottles of liniment. He will go back to the Bay for a week or two.

Mexico's New Administration.

Advices from the city of Mexico under date of the 4th inst. gives the names of the new cabinet officers as follows: Foreign Affairs, Senor Mariscal; Treasury, F. Landers & Co.; Public Works, General Porfirio Diaz; Justice, E. Montez; War, General G. Trevino; Interior, Carlos D. Gutierrez.

It will be seen that General Diaz takes charge of Public Works, which, when we call to mind the great interest he has taken in internal improvements, would indicate an era of advancement in our sister Republic. Diaz obtained the chief office of Mexico by force, yet all must admit that he has made an able Chief Executive. He has left the finances of Mexico in better shape than they have been for years, and this appointment to the portfolio of Public Works, backed up as it should be by the people, insures an era of prosperity for Mexico she has little dreamed of. Railroads will be extended south from the United States connecting with the capital of Mexico, furnishing a market for all of their tropical fruits, and enable her to buy all the necessaries of life, of a better quality and at a lower price than she has been used to paying. We congratulate our sister nation on her cheerful outlook, and trust that the bonds of friendship between the two Republics may be strengthened, and that an interchange of commerce may prove—as we believe it will—the salvation of Mexico.

Our Town.

Strangers coming to Tucson are in the habit of falling into a very serious error in their estimates of the resources of Tucson. They look around before investigating and arrive at the conclusion that the mines, together with the Sonora trade, is all we have to support our town. Barren as the country looks to strangers, there is wheat enough raised in the vicinity or in the reach of Tucson to keep three flouring-mills employed the year around grinding flour and feed. We have also innumerable stock ranches, where more horses, mules and horned cattle are raised than can be used or consumed by the needs of Arizona, and the day is not far distant when large numbers will be shipped to California to supply that market with beef and draught animals. It is only necessary to examine our country to be convinced of its permanency as a fit place for homes for many thousands of people. Tucson will continue to occupy the chief place among Arizona towns, and it we but do our duty we shall see a town spring up here second to no town on the Pacific—always excepting San Francisco.

One Place Where Bernhardt Can't Visit.

[Atlanta Constitution.]

Old Ike—"Look heah, ole 'oman, if dat ar' Saray Barnyard do come heah, I gib you to onderstan' right now, dis minute, dat I don't want you to be a-runnin' arter any 'oman dat ain't well acquainted wid de daddies ob her chil'ren. Don't you do it; leab dat fo' de s'iety white folks ter run arter her. I'se poor, but my blood's rich, an' I can't ford ter loosen up my re-cord as de vartoos an' 'spectable husban' of a nice old lady an' de foster-fader of a dam bad ol' fun boy. I'se er tryin' ter steer clear ob de gallus. No, Hannah, no possum-an'-tayter lay-out fo' Sary Ann in dis house—pass dat ar 'lasses, Jim, an, don't fill your mout so full Hanner, anudder bowl o' sassafrac, ef you please." And the family went on devouring their evening meal in peace and quiet until Jim poured a cup of hot coffee upon the cat under the table; then there was war.

Honor the Scissors.

[Salem (Oregon) Daily.]

Some people, ignorant of what good editing is, imagine the getting up of selected matter to be the easiest work in the world to do, whereas it is the nicest work that is done on a paper. If they find an editor with scissors in hand they are sure to say, "That's the way you get up your original matter, eh?" accompanying their new and witty question with a wink or smile. The facts are that the interest, the morality, the variety and usefulness of a paper, depend in no small degree upon its selected matter; and the editor knows that one mind cannot make so good a paper as five or six, and that upon judicious selection depends his ability to please equally as much as upon carefully prepared editorials and locals.

Old Acquaintances.

Miss Markham, who sang here on Pinafore last winter, is now performing in New York. Some of the members of that Pinafore troupe were still at Prescott very recently.

Frank Roraback, who made such a long stay with us last winter and spring, is now at the Bella Union in San Francisco.

THE value of silks exports from Lyons to America in November was only two millions of francs, nearly a million of francs less than in October, and two millions less than in September.

No More Whiskey to be Made in Kansas.

The electors of Kansas last week decided by their vote, in the shape of an amendment to the constitution of that State, to forever prohibit the manufacture of intoxicating liquors, "except for medical, mechanical or scientific purposes." The advocates of this measure have done what they consider the best thing they could do for that young and growing commonwealth; they seek to lay the axe at the root of a great evil, and with one master stroke destroy the tree that produces "the forbidden fruit." But it does not seem to have occurred to them that in the neighboring States of Missouri, Illinois and Iowa they have a great abundance of corn and scores of stills, where a bountiful supply of the choicest liquors are made. They have prohibited the manufacture of liquor in their own State, but do not attempt to curtail its importation from other States. They have destroyed an important industry in Kansas, and have proportionately augmented its production in other Western States. It looks very much as though Kansas had "cut off her nose to spite her face." There will be just as much liquor drunk in Kansas, now that it is no longer manufactured in the State, as there was before; but it will cost them more, for they will have to import it from other States. It matters not whether a man buys his liquor at a saloon by the drink or for "medicinal purposes" from a drug store—it costs about as much at one as at the other; but when he is compelled to buy at a drug store by the pint or gallon he is very apt to drink more annually than when he is allowed to buy it at a saloon by the drink, and the effect is just about the same, provided the druggist keeps as good whiskey as the saloon-keeper—which too often is not the case.

Arizona's Record.

The New York Mining Record of December 4 observes: "Arizona has the best record of any State or Territory for the amount of money invested, and is acknowledged among mining men as the coming country, and that the richest silver mines in the world are found in that Territory, and in the same range of mountains as the many famous silver mines worked in Mexico for the last three or four hundred years. Many say it is hazardous. It is no more than hundreds of other kinds of legitimate businesses, and one great proof of it is in seeing our bankers and foremost men of the country engaged in it. California can boast of the richest gold mines in the world, and Nevada has had the largest silver mines. Take for instance the Bodie mine, that was selling for one dollar a share; a rich strike was made and in two months they paid eleven dollars in dividends, and the stock went to fifty-odd dollars a share; the Standard mine, which has never been assessed, but paid its dividends, from fifty to seventy-five thousand a month, for years, with dividends in sight for the next five years to come. The Contention mine, in Tombstone District, Arizona, was bought two years ago for ten thousand dollars, or ten cents a share. It is now paying seventy-five thousand dollars a month in dividends, with eight or ten millions in sight, and the stock worth about seventy-five dollars a share. The Head Center and Grand Central mines,