Arizona Day by Day

Live News Taken From Territorial Exchanges.

Miss Isoline B. Coombs left last Monday for Phoenix to resume her position as teacher in one of the public schools there. Her Globe friends will miss her.—Silver Belt.

Mrs. L. G. Coombs has entirely recovered from her recent illness and is enjoying her visit in the east. Mrs. Coombs will return home about September 15.—Silver Belt.

Miss Ella Whittemore leaves for Los Angeles Wednesday next, says the Florence Tribune, to take the position of professor of Latin in Occidental college, vice Prof. Wilber, resigned. College opens on the 20th.

Frank M. Morey and Miss Belle Reynolds were married on Wednesday evening, August 30, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Nesbitt. Justice William Whalley performed the ceremony.—Globe Silver Belt.

C. D. Reppy, editor of the Florence Tribune, leaves this week for Los Angeles. At Casa Grande he will meet his niece, Miss Helen Day of St. Louis, and together they will journey to the coast, where they will join Mrs. Reppy and Miss Day's mother.

School opened yesterday in Florence with the following able corps of teachers: Mr. A. G. McAllister, principal; Mrs. S. H. Summers, assistant principal; Mrs. A. T. Colton, grammar; Miss William Clark, primary. The Tribune confidently predicts a successful school year under their management.

The new telephone line owned by the Prescott Electric company was completed to Crowned King last evening. A Courier employe talked over the new wire, and could hear the person conversing at the other end as distinctly as though the voice were only a block away.—Prescott Courier.

A prominent business man of Globe, who had been subject to abuse from a competitor for some time, finally lost his temper to such a degree that he went after his traducer with a quirt, and gave the offender a good lamming. The fact that the "P. B." had to pay a fine of $50 for the satisfaction, suggests that the law needs revision.—Silver Belt.

A detachment of troops from Jacihtan to Oaxaca has been stopped and put in quarantine on a hacienda, it being suspected that there are incipient cases of yellow fever among the soldiers. A dispatch from the city of Tehauntepec is to the effect that almost all foreigners arriving there have been taken down with the disease, the mortality being great.—Tombstone Prospector.

Judge C. M. Marshall this week received the sad news of the death of his son-in-law, J. T. Faribault, which occurred a few days ago in San Antonio, Texas, says the Florence Tribune. He was maried to Miss Bessie Marshall on the 4th of last January. The death was the result of a railroad accident in which Mr. Faribault was involved several years ago. He was recently operated on by surgeons in New Orleans, who gave him no hope of recovery. Judge Marshall expects his daughter here soon.

J. N. Porter and Sheriff Armstrong of Gila county shipped nine hundred head of cattle from Gilson's station last Tuesday. The train load of cattle reached Thomas at 8 o'clock p. m., when it was overtaken by the big storm and the train lay there until Wednesday morning, when it proceeded on to Bowie, passing Solomonville at 12 o'clock. Both the trains on the road were abandoned Wednesday, causing much complaint among business men who were deprived of their mail.—Solomonville Bulletin.

Early this morning Mrs. E. W. Land conveyed to District Attorney Land a choice piece of Land, says the Tombstone Prospector. It's a girl, and the little ray of sunshine is so sweet and so coy. Ed was in great hopes that a son would appear, yet we would that nothing of great moment should strike the district attorney's office because as it is Ed is only hitting the earth in high places. The proud papa is doing the proper thing and with a liberal hand is setting 'em up in honor of the event. We join in wishing him many happy returns. The paeans will be sung to the daughter later.

The collector of customs of this district, the Hon. Moses Dillon, went into the office of an El Paso business man the other day and made a gun play. This was not exactly in the course of business. After the collector had the business man covered with his gun, and at his mercy, he turned his head to look at a man on the street, and when he looked back at the business man he found the tables had been turned, and he was covered, and at his opponent's mercy. He then retired to the street and the incident was closed. If collectors of customs, like their subordinates, were required to pass a civil service examination before receiving their appointment, it is probable that Mr. Dillon would never have been appointed. The examiner on gun plays would have marked him deficient. A man who will cover an opponent with a gun and then look away could never pass in that important branch of the service.—Lordsburg Liberal.

Because of the teachers' institute being held at Prescott this week the school board deemed it advisable not to begin work until next Monday, when the necessity for breaking in on the school work will have passed. Misses Johnson, Riley, Hauxhurst and Hall were all at the school building and classified 136 pupils and made other arrangements to commence work Monday without loss of time. The school board has expressed itself as being pleased with the personnel of the faculty, and are confident of a successful school year. The ladies are attending the institute.—Jerome Reporter.

Chief Engineer Burr Bassell, in charge of the engineer corps of the G. V. G. & N. railway company engaged in the preliminary survey for a proposed railroad line to the Continental mines, last Saturday sent a partial report of his work to President William Garland. He finds a feasible route for a road bed to the point named. The Black Warrior will be reached by a spur from the main line. The preliminary survey will be extended to the summit, from four to six miles from the Continental mines, and on down Mineral creek to the different camps along that creek. It has already been ascertained that an easy grade can be found to the summit, the only question being as to whether or not the drop-down into Mineral creek will be too steep for a railroad. The Globe Silver Belt is informed by a gentleman high in authority that the road will be extended not only to the Continental mine but over the divide and down Mineral creek if it is proved that a feasible route can be found to this enormously rich district.

A COSTLY PISTOL.

It Would Make Him Too Popular at His Home.

The Hon. William Wortham is now about as well known in a certain jewelry store in New York as he is in Arizona. It came about this way: Mr. Wortham was in the store one day buying a present for a member of his family, when he noticed a show case filled with splendid jeweled revolvers with silver and gold grips and chased barrels, having precious stones set into the butts.

"Lemme see one of those guns," he said to the clerk.

"Which one, sir?"

"The gold one with the big ruby in the handle."

The clerk took it from the case. It was a beautiful piece of workmanship. It was marked $300, and it looked to be worth even more. The Arizonan took it tenderly in both hands and held it admiringly up to the light. Then, drawing himself up to his full height, which was six feet and a half, he rested the revolver barrel upon his elbow, crooked for the purpose. He looked over the sights down the long store and those persons who saw him involuntarily dodged and one woman screamed.

"Say," said Mr. Wortham, with quiet but intense enthusiasm as he returned the weapon, "If I was to wear that gun down in my home the people would be falling down on their knees begging to be killed with it."—Philadelphia Press.

THAT VANISHED MADEIRA.

The Melancholy Recollection of a Gastronomical Connoisseur.

It was in Scotland, and at dinner sherry and claret made their appearance on the table. I chose what I anticipated would be the lesser of the two evils and helped myself to the claret, a dark colored, icy cold liquid, for the introduction of which to many a hitherto blameless middle class household the nation has lately become indebted to Mr. Gladstone. My host hardly touched any wine himself, but I noticed that his taciturn friend lost no chance at the sherry, filling and emptying his glass with the utmost regularity, and at last imagining it would at all events contain a sufficiency of alcohol to counteract the ill effects of Bordeaux, already beginning to lie very chill on my stomach, I determined to try it myself.

Imagine my astonishment when, in place of the liquid fire made in Hamburg I had anticipated, there glided over my palate what I can truthfully affirm to be the very finest, silkiest Madeira I have ever tasted, and determined to make up for lost time, I incontinentally took a back-hander, only to find that but one glass remained in the bottle! My Amphitryon noted my approval of this and remarked: "I think you's good sherry. I hae but twarree (Anglic, two or three) bottles of it left. It cam' to me frae my wife's uncle, whae was captain o' an East Indiaman. Ye like the wine, do ye not, Laidlaw?" he added, turning to his silent friend, who, speaking for the first time since the ladies had left the room, replied: "Ay, it's guid wine, but it's no strang enough!" and again relapsed into silence.

I have many melancholy gastronomical recollections, but few sadder than this when I think that I sat by and watched nearly a whole bottle of the finest Madeira I had ever tasted or shall probably ever taste again, disappear down the gullet of a man whose only appreciation of it was that it failed to burn his whisky hardened palate.—Blackwood.

BUT ONE OPINION.

Funston says he is in favor of having the Philippines held by this government. That's what all the soldiers who have done anything in the Philippines that is worth mentioning say.—Chicago Times-Herald.

THE EARTH IS FLAT

Ebenezer Breach Gives Reasons to Show It Is Not Round.

Mr. Ebenezer Breach of this town has just written to the presidents of the leading American universities and colleges seeking to enlist them on his side in an argument that is just now exercising the greatest minds in England, namely, the question of the earth's shape, writes a Portsmouth correspondent. Mr. Breach, in his letter to the American men of learning, has prepared what he is pleased to call a list of Breach-loaded arguments, which go to show that, whatever may be said about the theory he expounds, Mr. Breach is without his equal among the first earthites of modern times. So ingenious are the arguments advanced by Mr. Breach that the man who calls on him in a scoffing mood comes away rather perturbed in mind to find that he is half persuaded to believe there is something in the flat earth theory after all.

The talk I had with Mr. Breach, supplemented by the information contained in the letters to the American professors, gave me a comprehensive idea of the subtle reasonings that underlie the easy conversational arguments of Mr. Breach. To give the gist of these arguments, Mr. Breach's idea is that the earth is the central and greatest object of the universe; that its surface is the top of a colossal pillar, its mountains and hollows forming excrescences and indentations as on the top of a Madeira cake; that this top surface of the monstrous pillar is circular in shape, and that above—a mere matter of only 5,000 miles or so distant—floats a crystal sea, circular and co-extensive with the earth's surface, through which we behold the celestial bodies revolving in one plane. One of the illustrations I send gives an idea of this. The roughly and rapidly improvised circular disc on the table represents the top of the earth; the paper patches are the continents. The piece of mechanism held in the right had was constructed to show the spiral course from the center to the circumference, like a coiled watch spring, marking the course of the planets. The north is the center. The south is the circumference all the way round. There is perpetual ice at the north center and at the south, the sun performing its course above the intermediate parts.

"And the pillar which constitutes the earth, Mr. Breach, upon what does that rest?"

"Ah!" he replied with a smile, "that I cannot say. Job was once humiliated by that question, asked of God, 'Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth?' Whereupon are the foundations thereof fastened?' Thus showing conclusively that the earth had foundations and wasn't a revolving body."

"Ships have sailed around the world?" I queried.

"Quite so. You take a point in my disk. A ship by continued sailing, either east or west, is bound to come back to the point of starting. She would have sailed round the world. Nothing is clearer."

"But the fact that you see a ship's masts at sea before the hull?"

"An optical illusion. Believe me, it proves nothing. Cape Teneriffe can be seen a hundred and twenty miles. If the earth were a globe that cape should be a mile and three-quarters out of sight.

"If ships go out to sea sailing over an orange shaped ocean," he continued, "they should as often be seen mountains high above the range of vision as they are constantly seen hull down, owing to angular vision. We can only see distinctly for three miles. By telescope the ship will appear again as a sheet of glass. I have proved this by lightships and other things."

"But at sunrise you see the sun rising out of the water, if you are up early enough, and at sunset it dips behind the horizon to the west."

Mr. Breach smiled. "It is the law of perspective," he replied. "Two parallels will meet at a given point."

"How do you account for day and night?"

"Easily enough. When the sun is in the arc of the spiral course, which is above our arc of the flat earth, we have day; when it is in the opposite arc we get night. It is foolish to imagine that the sun goes underneath the earth, as foolish as the false teaching that the earth rotates around the sun.

"The earth is the greatest of all things created," he continued. "It was created first, is immovable, and all other bodies were made for it. The sun was made first of the subsidiary bodies to give light to the world."

"But the sun is of greater proportion?"

"No," he said, laughing at my folly. "Modern astronomers say so, but they are wrong. God created the sun to light the world. Whoever heard of a light being made bigger than the place to be lighted? We never carry a room round the candle, but always the candle round the room."

The ingenuity and originality of the argument silenced me.

"All plains are flat," continued Mr. Breach. "Take the Sahara and the Pampas for instance. If you go to geology you will find all strata in flat layers, not in convex, as they would be in a curved body. Look at the case of rivers. The Nile drops only one foot in 1,000 miles. Rivers cannot flow uphill, as they would have to do in mounting the curvature of the world."

But what excited Mr. Breach even more than the globular "fallacy" was that the earth should be supposed to revolve.

"Why," he exclaimed, "if the world went around the oceans would be whisked away in a moment. If water is dropped on a spinning top it is at once thrown off. According to the false theory, ships must be upside down at Australia. Ridiculous! All wells would be emptied of their contents, and Niagara would be upturned and tumble upwards.

"If the earth is revolving at about 1,100 miles an hour as is taught," he continued, "why do not balloonists make an easy and swift passage to America by rising into the air and waiting till the new world comes round? Instead of that they go slowly with the wind, either in the direction of the supposed revolution of the earth or against it. Aeronauts have informed me, too, that they see the surface of the earth as the shape of a saucer, concave, not convex, as it would be if bulged out round. You watch a lark rising. When high up it poises itself in the air, moving neither in one direction nor another. Yet it remains exactly over the field it rose from. If the earth revolved 1,000 miles an hour, that field ought to be 100 miles away in a few minutes.

"Volcanic substances thrown a mile or so into the air fall near the edge of the crater. They ought, at least, to be left some little way behind. All burning mountains, in fact," Mr. Breach went on, "deny the revolution of the earth, as they would be extinguished by the tremendous velocity, just like a candle swiftly carried through a room. A burning mountain being merely a burning match head compared with the size of the world, ought to be snuffed out with a fraction of a revolution at 1,100 miles an hour.

"The round earthites have to adopt an imaginary axis for their world to revolve upon, but no solid body could revolve upon an imaginary axis. The fact is, the round, revolving world is just as imaginary as their imaginary axis; imaginary cause, imaginary effect."

Among the numerous converts claimed by Mr. Breach to his theory of a flat earth is no less august a personage than the prince of Wales. His steadfast opponent is Sir Robert Ball, who is preparing to deliver a lectural broadside that he declares will shatter Mr. Breach's flat-earth fortifications to flinders. As Mr. Breach is so devout a believer in his theory that he is spreading the flat-earth arguments across the American continent it is likely that the worthy hostilities will become world-wide. Nothing would please Mr. Breach more.—Galveston News

BROKE UP AN "AT HOME"

Unhusbandly Act of a Man Who Was Driven to Desperation.

"The meanest man on Capitol hill is a bosom chum of mine," said the man in the lunch room to the story teller. "Being on Uncle Sam's wage list in the $1,400-a-year class, he isn't exactly able to see where he and his'n break into the pink tea bunch—that is, he hasn't enough social aspirations to induce him to stop paying grocery bills, or to cause him to stay awake nights wondering how he's going to beg or bribe a pin-headed legation attache to lend him distinction by honoring his roof, or to incite him to intrigue for an invitation to a progressive euchre party at a sassiety boarding house, where all the ladies who 'assist' tog themselves out in their one pink china silk waist and throw the high handshake. He doesn't see where this kind of a lay is at all necessary to his happiness or peace of mind.

"Well, this mean man's wife, during the last six months—since my friend, the mean man, got his pay raised from $1,200 to $1,400—has been four-flushing around on the outskirts of the pink waist bunch, trying to wriggle in through the medium of 'samovar' tea served in a $1.39 set of Dresden. The afternoon a couple of months ago when she managed to rope in the wife of a wayback congressman to hit up one of these afternoon layouts marked such an epoch in her career that she had to announce right off the especial day when she'd be found 'at home.' Now my chum, the mean man, puts in a pretty fair day's work for his government wages, and when he gets home from work he likes to sit down to a proper meal of victuals, with his family around the board, and the cat washing herself before the basement latrobe.

"When his wife got her 'at home' afternoon into commission, however, he got his instructions to sneak into his home by the basement route and to keep himself stowed there until such time as she, upstairs in her 'reception room'—they pay $32.50 a month rent—got through talking about 'crushes' and 'the high and nobler thought,' and other hanky-panks like that with the bunch of society peeresses who drove up on those afternoons in 50-cent-an-hour barouches that looked like they were suffering with the phylloxera or tuberculosis—the barouches, I mean. It was up to my pal, the mean man, to sit down there in the basement, then, chewing on his nails and tightening up his belt, and longing for grub, until the last of the at-homers had let up on the samovar tea and the macaroons and come home to dig up the cold pork chop in the refrigerator whereof to make a dinner—for at-homers never sit down to a square, hot meal, y' see.

"Well, Jim—that's my chum, the mean man—stood for this end of it until last week, and then sedition and blood-red revolt took possession of him. He could not see where t'ell he cut in on that proposition and the talkfest going on upstairs about 'the true, the good, and the beautiful' on his wife's afternoon at home, while he, hungry to the soul of him, had to hang around the basement, reading the 'lost and found' ads until about 7 o'clock, when his wife 'ud release the $8-a-month 'maid' from upstairs duty and let her take off her maid's cap and slope below to prepare something to eat—as I say, this is what got Jim going. He made up his mind that he was going to be it—and he has made it stick—and that's the reason he's the meanest man on Capitol hill.

"Jim got home on time—4:15—on Wednesday afternoon last—his wife's 'at home' day. He had some bundles under his arm. In one of the brown packages was a big tenderloin steak, and in another were about a dozen or so nice, juicy Bermuda onions. Jim raked the kitchen fire over as soon as he got in, took off his coat, set the coffee pot on the stove and started in to cook his own dinner. Within ten minutes he had about as nice a looking mess—he tells me—of beefsteak and onions under way in a pan as he ever saw. He didn't open the kitchen door, either, to let the onion smell sneak out that way. Jim was on the level—he wasn't trying to have any bluffs, and he wanted the savory smell of those frying onions to make itself at home throughout the house, upstairs and downstairs. Then the mean man set the table—not neglecting to fix places for his two little boys, who were kept huddled upstairs out of sight on these 'at home' days. When the meal was on the table Jim, still in his shirt sleeves, made the best of his way up the basement stairs through the powerful and appalling aroma of fried onions, and, standing at the head of the stairs at the second floor, yelled up to his boys: 'Hey, there, Dick,; and you, Bob—come on down to your dinner!'

"Then he went to the door of the reception room and did a fine bit of acting—pretending that he felt all kinds of dismay and embarrassment over showing up that way in his shirt sleeves. He says the glare he got from his wife like to have wilted him, but he stayed with the game.

"'Minnie,' said he to his wife, 'I'm just about due to make a hit with you, all right—I've cooked up a big batch of beefsteaks and onions, that you're so fond of, and what you'll do to it will be a plenty. But you're busy, ain't you? Well, I'll just put what's coming to you on a plate in the oven.'

"Then he called the kids again from the bottom of the stairs and went down to the basement with them, the smell of onions coming through the open hatch, from the galley, as it were, getting in its penetrative work. Of course, the at-homers, with their mouths pursed up in that 'I'm-giving-you-the-merry-hoot' way they are on to, arose and took their departure right away, graciously remarking that they couldn't think of interfering with domestic arrangements, and all that, you know.

"He stood his ground when his wife got below in her $3.98 apple-green silk waist with blood in her eye, and he made good his declaration that from then on he was going to be it. She took it out for the rest of the evening in weeps up in her room, but she's already made the announcement that she won't be 'at home' this Wednesday. Of course, all the women on the hill heard about it, and that is why Jim is counted the meanest man up on that bunch of land that the goddess of liberty gazes at."—Washington Post.

HELPING HIM ALONG.

Author—So you decline to produce my play?

Manager—Yes, it would be useless.

Author—Isn't the plot a good one? Isn't the dialogue bright?

Manager—Oh, yes, but it's decent. Why don't you take a look around? See what plays are drawing the crowds. Then write another and I may be able to use it.—Chicago Times-Herald.

POPULAR WANTS

Advertisements under this head one-half cent a word each insertion. No advertisement taken for less than twenty-five cents.

WANTED—To buy, tarantulas, horned toads, scorpions and centipedes. 228 West Madison street.

FOR SALE—Lady's bicycle, $25 cash. Call at once, 142 East Monroe street.

FOR SALE—Household furniture, almost new; iron bed, rockers, parlor table, etc. Mrs. Howe, 248 West Jefferson street.

FOR SALE—Salway canning peaches. Delivered any part city, 50 pound lots. Get prices and leave orders at fruit stand, Kellner's corner.

FOR SALE—Four horses, two wagons, size 3½ Thimbleskein, and harness. S. H. Jones, tent on Dennis block.

FURNISHED or unfurnished rooms to let. Apply at 802 West Jefferson street, between Eighth and Ninth avenues.

FOR SALE—A good upright piano and a young and gentle driving horse. Also single buggy in good condition. Will sell cheap because of leaving the city. Apply at residence of C. B. Ming, 1309 West Adams street.

WANTED—To rent, a small ranch of from ten to forty acres, with house and water. Address B. Hafner, P. O. Box 791.

WANTED—A girl for general housework. Apply 454 North Fourth avenue. Mrs. C. S. Kendall.

WANTED—A man well acquainted in Phoenix to sell life insurance, new plan, good seller. To right man salary will be paid. Address G. C. for interview.

FOR RENT—A nine-room, partially furnished, house by the year. Terms very moderate. All modern conveniences. Inquire Evelyn M. Wharton, 527 North First avenue.

MRS. CURRY, trance and test medium. Advice on financial and domestic affairs. Mining a specialty. 327 West Madison street.

WANTED—To rent at once, large brick house, good shade, close in, furnished of unfurnished, or will buy same on installments. Address 142 East Monroe street.

FOR SALE—At 1 cent per pound, good Bartlett pears free from black specks and hard woody places, at the McClure ranch, one and a half miles south of the Capitol station.

FOR RENT—Three nice unfurnished rooms, suitable for housekeeping, in private residence close to business center of town. $15 per month. Would prefer man and wife; no children. Apply to C. F. Leonard, at Phoenix Stationery and News Co.

FOR SALE—160-acre ranch, 80 acres in alfalfa. Will sell on easy terms. J. W. Walker, P. O. Box 803.

FOR RENT—Brick cottage of five large rooms; screened room, desirable location. Also a nicely furnished room for rent. Inquire No. 332 North Fifth street.

FOR SALE—Horse power pumping plant. Just the thing for ranch or stock purposes. Cheap for cash. Call at Republican office.

WANTED FOR CASH—Two copies each of the Weekly Herald of June 8 and June 15. Apply this office.

LOCATION SALE—My entire retail store will be sold out by Christmas. Counters and shelves and fixtures are for sale, delivered December 25. E. F. KELLNER'S STORE.

WANTED— Woman for ordinary housework and cooking. Address M. H. Maloney, Phoenix, Arizona.

FOR SALE—Cheapy, on account owner's absence, half section of land with abundant water supply all year. Partly in alfalfa and sorghum. Necessary improvements, with open and unobstructed range for stock. No better stock ranch in the territory. For particulars apply to J. Elliot Walker, Model Grocery, 44 North Center street.

PHOENIX CITY PROPERTY.

KILROY'S NEW PALESTINE. The largest individual owner of lots in Phoenix offers to the 50,000 READERS of The Arizona Republican and their friends throughout the United States and Canada, lovely homes at the following prices: 200 lovely lots, distant from Court House 5 TO 7 BLOCKS; each 50x138 feet, located on CENTER ST., 1ST, 2ND, 3RD, 4TH, 5TH, 6TH and 7TH AVENUES. Perfect Storm and Sanitary Sewerage (THE ONLY TRACT IN OR TO PHOENIX THUS SUPPLIED); ranging in price from $125 to $200 each, monthly installments. No interest on deferred balances.

84 Blocks. Twelve (50x130-foot lots in each) adjoining the above property on same avenues, with perfect sewerage. Price from $800 and upward.

NOTE: Curbstone brokers and commission men not allowed to handle this property under any circumstances.

KILROY'S NEW PALESTINE.
Room 316 (3rd floor) Fleming Block.

WANTED—Cooking and housework in small private family by good woman. Call at College Place.

WE WANT AGENTS—Have new plan. Big pay. Permanent business. Beats 'em all. Rite and C. Cat-a-log free. Nonpareil Portrait Co., Denver, Colo.

A HOME—Double-wall brick house. A half acre of fruit and flowers. Fine lawn, cellar, bath room, barn, hennery, city water, electric lights. For terms address Owner, Republican office.

WANTED—Ladies in need of a nurse for the month of September please address Mrs. C. A. Bernard, No. 8 East Monroe street.

WANTED—A man and woman, one or both, to do chores. Apply room 1, No. 18 West Washington street.

FOR RENT—Two or three rooms, furnished or unfurnished, with bath. 547 North Sixth avenue.

FOR SALE—120 acres six miles west of town and one-half south of Yuma road; 80 acres for raising grain, 40 in alfalfa, fenced in in two twenties. Easy terms. Apply Gerd Braue, Phoenix.

APPRECIATIVE husband sought by attractive widow, (34) has positive income of $5,000 and $80,000 cash. Mrs. Rochelle, 138 East Sixtieth St., N. Y. C.

WANTED—A girl to do general housework for a family of four. Apply at 226 East Van Buren street.

WANTED—To rent, one-half share water right in Tempe canal, including the western branch and southern extension. John Jungermann, Tempe, Ariz.

WANTED—Immediately, a plumber, at D. H. Burtis', 31 East Washington street.

GOOD board, pleasant rooms. 230 North Second Av., 2 blks from P.O.

CITY OF MEXICO EXCURSION.

The Phoenix Short Line will have on sale tickets to City of Mexico and return September 6 to 11, inclusive, with limit of thirty days, at the very low rate of $47.50. A grand celebration on account of the Mexican Independence anniversary will be held in the city beginning September 15. Stop-over privileges will be allowed in either direction at any point. For full particulars inquire of the M. & P. agents. M. O. BICKNELL, G. P. A.

EXCURSION TO NOGALES, MEXICO.

The anniversary of Mexican Independence will be celebrated at Nogales, beginning September 16. The Phoenix Short Line will sell tickets on September 15, 16 and 17, with return limit September 21, at the rate of $16.90. Tickets from Nogales to Magdalena and return can be purchased for $2.10. At Magdalena a grand celebration will be held in honor of Saint Francisco. For full particulars apply to M. & P. agents.

M. O. BICKNELL, G. P. A.

Porter & Co.'s first class stages make close connections with arriving trains, as also with trains going to Bowie. Special accommodations provided for trips to and from Globe.