

ARIZONA SILVER BELT.

VOL. I.

GLOBE, ARIZONA, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1878.

NO. 24.

Professional Cards
W. H. WILBY,
Attorney at Law,
Globe, Arizona.
Will practice in all the courts of the Territory. Mining litigation a specialty. 11

O. H. BROWN,
Attorney at Law.
Will practice in the Courts of the Territory. Globe, Pinal County, Arizona.

A. C. SWIFT,
Attorney and Counselor at Law and Notary Public,
Globe, Pinal County, Arizona.
Special attention given to mining claims.

G. H. GARY,
Attorney at Law,
Florence, Arizona.

JULIUS W. VAN SLYCK,
Attorney at Law,
McMillen, Maricopa Co., Arizona.
Will practice in all the Courts of the Territory.

F. STANFORD, **L. C. HUGHES,**
District Attorney.
STANFORD & HUGHES,
Attorneys at Law,
Tucson, Arizona.

Will practice in all the Courts of the Territory. Special attention will be given to mining interests. 16

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Office at Justice Swasey's News Depot, Main Street, Globe, Arizona.

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Justice of the Peace, Notary Public,
—AND—
Commissioner of Deeds for all the Pacific States and Territories,
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JAS. H. ZOUBRDTH,
Practical Painter,
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immediately after the arrival of the Western mail, and
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and assures those who favor him with their patronage, the best in his line. Take a trip through the "Globe" and be convinced. 4

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Having stocked the above line, I am now prepared to carry
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always supplied with the best hay and grain.
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Peter Cooper and the Boys.
From the Cincinnati Enquirer.
A correspondent writes: I met the venerable Peter Cooper yesterday. He is now eighty-eight years old, and still drives down town almost every day, in his old-fashioned one-horse carriage.
In person, Mr. Cooper looks strikingly young. He wears his white hair long, hanging down his back. His hat is a wide-brimmed Kossuth; his nose his stretched like a parrot's beak, and over his eyes he wears huge eight-cooped goggles. He looks as if he had come down from the last century.
"The year I was born," said Mr. Cooper, "New York had only 27,000 people. It was about half as large as Syracuse."
"Do you feel as if you had out-lived all your companions, Mr. Cooper?" I asked.
"Yes, I have outlived them all.

ANNOYING!
OUR MAIL FACILITIES!
Contractor Disappears—Another Contractor Refused the Mail—Missus of Globe Hect and Resolve.

A mass meeting of citizens was held at Evans & Barton's Hall, last Friday evening, to take action in regard to our present miserable mail facilities. A. H. Morehead was chosen chairman, and A. Bailey appointed secretary. On motion, the chairman appointed L. J. Webster, John H. Hise, W. A. Wilson, Fred Medler and G. L. Crane a committee on resolutions. Several speeches were made, and finally the following resolutions were reported and adopted:
WHEREAS, The repeated failure of the mails have worked great injury to the commercial and mining interests of this section; therefore be it
Resolved, That we urgently request the Postmaster at Florence to discontinue the mails in conformity to the postal regulations; and
Resolved, That it is the sense of this meeting that the Postmaster at Florence has been derelict in his duty; as other parties, we understand, offered to carry the mails, but were refused; and it is further
Resolved, That the secretary of this meeting be requested to forward the minutes of this meeting to the Postmaster General with an urgent remonstrance as to the manner in which the mails are being carried on Route No. 40, 189.

The following resolution was presented and adopted, and a committee of three (A. H. Hackney, D. B. Lacy and A. Bailey,) appointed to prepare the petition:

Resolved, That the Postmaster General be petitioned to establish a tri-weekly mail route between Silver City, N. M., and Florence, Arizona, via Richmond, Pueblo Viejo, Safford, Camp Thomas, San Carlos Agency, Globe, Silver King and Picket Post.

After requesting the secretary to furnish the BELT with a copy of the minutes, the meeting adjourned.

The foregoing is an evidence that our citizens feel themselves sorely aggrieved by the non-arrival of mails since the 26th ult. to the present writing (5th inst.), almost two weeks. There is no valid excuse for this delay, and consequent disappointment and probable pecuniary loss to some of our citizens, for the reason that the instructions of the Postmaster General are, in case of failure of the contractor, that the postmaster at Florence, (being the office at the head of the route,) shall employ temporary mail service, and is restricted that in no event the cost shall exceed the last regular contract price, which according to the best information within our reach, was \$4,700. A Mr. Parker, of Kansas, is stated to us as the contractor; and, also, that he subbed the service for \$2,000 less.

We learn from Mr. Keeler, that to-night (Tuesday) a mail will arrive from Florence, via King Mine, and that "Idaho Bill" has contracted to temporarily carry it at the rate of \$3,000 per annum from the King Mine to McMillen, 46 miles—69 miles less than the route via Riverside.

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"The year I was born," said Mr. Cooper, "New York had only 27,000 people. It was about half as large as Syracuse."
"Do you feel as if you had out-lived all your companions, Mr. Cooper?" I asked.
"Yes, I have outlived them all.

Bryant was four years younger than L. Richard H. Dana, now ninety-one, is only two and a half years older than I am; he is about the only old friend left. There is a class of boys, like George Bancroft, Emerson, and Longfellow, however, coming on, who—
"What! Do you call Emerson and Longfellow boys?" I interrupted.
"Why, yes. Longfellow is seventeen years younger than I am, and Emerson is thirteen years younger. Thomas Carlyle is now eighty-three; he would be a very proper companion for me; but Tennyson, who is sixty-nine, and Tupper, who is sixty-eight, are altogether too young and frisky for old Peter Cooper."
"Yes," continued Mr. Cooper, "my old friends are all dead—Morse, Greeley, Seward, Chase, Farragut, General Scott—all gone! I can ride the whole length of Broadway now and not see a single familiar face."
"At what age do public men generally die?" I asked.
"Well, they generally die under seventy. Death will make fearful havoc among the fifty-year old men during the next twenty years. Not one in fifty will live to be older than seventy; not one in a hundred will live to be as old as I am."
"Let's see; s-e-v-e-n-t-y," mused Mr. Cooper. "Suppose all our public men should die at the age of seventy, and after I am dead—say twenty years from now—suppose some young man like Webb Hayes should call the roll—that is, the death-roll in 1898?"
This is the way the great men now living would answer, "provided they died at the age of seventy," said Mr. Cooper, figuring on a slate:
Ex-Senator Hendricks? Answer. "Let's see. Hendricks is fifty-eight," mused Mr. Cooper. "He's got twelve years to live if he dies at seventy. So the answer in 1898, twenty years from now, would be, he died eight years ago."
"And the others," continued Mr. Cooper, continuing his figuring on a slate, would answer this way:
Charles Reade? Answer. Died fourteen years ago, aged seventy.
Oliver Optic? Answer. Died six years ago, aged seventy.
Senator Thurman? Answer. Died in 1882, aged seventy.
Robert Browning? Been dead sixteen years.
Mark Twain? Got only seven years to live.
George W. Curtis? Died four years ago.
Ralph Waldo Emerson? Been dead twenty-five years.
Harriet Beecher Stowe? Died sixteen years ago.
Martin Tupper? Been dead eight years.
Wilkie Collins? Died three years ago.
John Ruskin? Been dead nine years.
John G. Saxe? Died twelve years ago.
Henry W. Longfellow? Died twenty-one years ago.
T. H. Haxley? Been dead three years.
Oliver Wendell Holmes? Been dead eighteen years.
Simon Cameron? Died twenty-five years ago.
Charles A. Dana? Been dead eleven years.
Alexander H. Stephens? Don't remember any such man.
Samuel J. Tilden? Died twenty years ago.
Henry Ward Beecher? Been dead eighteen years.
Brete Harie? Got eleven years more to live.
Susan B. Anthony? Died fourteen years ago.
George Eliot? Died in 1890, aged seventy years.
Darwin? Been dead nineteen years.
Swimburne? Got to die in nine years.
Eli Perkins? Must die in eleven years.
Donald G. Mitchell? Been dead six years.
Jeff Davis? Don't remember when he died.
"Won't it be a sad thought to you, that you, who are thirty-nine,

will probably live to see all those great names pass away?" mused Mr. Cooper.
"The babe in arms to-day, twenty years from now," said a friend standing by. "will look upon poor dead Ben Butler, Tennyson, Beecher, Longfellow, and Emerson as we now look upon Edgar A. Poe, Thomas Paine, Tom Corwin and Samuel J. Tilden. I use Mr. Tilden's name among the very dead men," he said, "because one arm, one ear (left), one eyelid, and one leg which Mr. Tilden carries around have been paralyzed and dead for years. In fact, half of Sam Tilden has been dead for twenty years, which is the same to the public, for the purposes of science, as if the old man had entirely ten years ago."

THE SHERIFF'S MISTAKE.
An Episode of Life on the Great Plains.

From the San Francisco Argonaut.
"That's strangers," said the sheriff, suddenly setting down his tin cup of regulation whisky untouched, and shuffling to the door.

The sheriff was a safe man to believe, though how he made out anything in the blinding glare of evening sunlight that flooded the level prairie west of Buffalo Station, on the K. P. railroad, no one but a professor of optics could have told. The old man had the eye of an eagle.

"Two on 'em with a pack pony," he added; and just then a sudden sunset shadow crept across the lonely waste, and we saw them, too.

They were about a quarter of a mile away, heading for the station and its single combination building of store, dining-room, tavern, and freight-house. They came on at an easy gait, driving their pack pony before them. As they neared us we could note the signs of hard travel about them. From their dust-soiled clothing and their loose seats in the saddle, as well as the jaded canter of their ponies, everything in their appearance spoke of a long ride and a weary one.

They crossed the track and drew up in the shade of the station, one of them only replying to the sheriff's cheery hail, with a curt nod. He dismounted stiffly, and addressed a few words to his companion, who remained in the saddle with one leg crossed over the bow; and a moment later his gaunt, buckskin-and-frieze garbed figure vanished in the cool shadow of the store.

"A likely boy," said the sheriff, who had been eyeing his companion intently. "They might be Texas drovers—and then again they might not."

He said the latter sentence reflectively, never relaxing the scrutiny of the mounted stranger. That person was a "likely boy," indeed. Afoot he might have stood nearly six feet on his bare soles. His swarthy face as handsome as a gypsy girl's, and delicately shaped and set as any lady's—was framed with a shock of tangled, wavy hair, of whose black, glossy glory any court dame might have been proud; and his eyes—full, black, and lustrous as those of a racehorse—flashed under the finely penciled brows. The hand, which rested lazily on his knee, was large, and in perfect keeping with his well-knit figure, but, in shape, clean-cut and handsome as a woman's.

I was still scrutinizing this somewhat singular apparition, with more than ordinary curiosity, when the Sheriff turned suddenly on me.

"What's yer pony, Tom?" he asked.
"In the shed!"
"Saddled?"
"With a loose girth—yes."
"The soxers is in the Hundred Horn Gulch," he went on, speaking rapidly. "Slide forward an' bring 'em up. May the big wolf of Devil's Run devour me if there ain't two of our men."

I knew the Sheriff too well to hesitate or question further. As I gripped my pony in the shed, a shadow flitted across the doorway and was gone. When I rode out the two strangers were cowering off to the southward, pointing for the Republican River,

and as I gave my pony rein and galloped in the opposite direction, I saw the Sheriff mounting his big gray mare, which had been tied to the corner post of the store.

The Sheriff and a party of soldiers from Fort Hays were on the watch for the train robbers who had stopped the east-bound on the U. P. railroad, at Big Springs, Nebraska, eight days before, and who were supposed to be striking for the Texan border with the rich spoil. The soldiers, as the Sheriff had said, were posted in a ravine known as Hundred Horn Gulch, a few miles from the station, and were the main trail from North Platte crossed the railroad track.

The sun was just dipping when I rode up to the station ahead of the troopers. The Sheriff, who was studying a written description of the marauders by the waning light, put himself at our head without a word, and we trailed off, a long line of creaking, jingling, hoof-beating clamor through the windy silence and gloom of the darkening prairie.

The ride was long, for our quarry had an hour's start of us, and the moon rose, a globe of copper fire, and found us still clanking on. I had joined the Sheriff and the leader of the soldiers:

"Are you certain, Sheriff, of our men?"
"Sure as the moon," said the old man, tersely, drinking in the sweet air of the soothie night with a sigh which seemed to say, "Let me alone. I know what I'm about and won't be questioned."

Silence again. The brisk breeze was blowing rifted clouds across the face of the moon, mottling the dim plain with fantastic shadows. Suddenly these clouds swept away. A full, clear burst of light flooded the prairie, and not half a mile away we saw three moving figures, which, in the now marvellously brilliant lunar illumination, could be easily distinguished as those of two mounted men and a pack animal.

The wind was in our faces, blowing the noise of our approach from the fugitives' ears, and though we rode hard, and with no attempt at stealthiness, it was not until we were close upon them that they suddenly drew in and faced about, both men sitting bolt upright in their saddles, with their hands at their hips. In gesture and bearing they meant fight, and looked every inch dangerous and desperate men.

We halted, too. For a moment a dead silence fell upon us. Then the Sheriff's gray mare neighed, and the charm was broken.

"Who's there?" called one of the fugitives in Spanish, emphasizing the challenge by the sharp click of his pistol as he brought it to a cock.

The rattle of a dozen carbines falling into position drowned the Sheriff's reply. Then the clear voice of the younger fugitive arose: "If we must die, we might as well die like men," it said.

What followed was almost like the flaming of a flash of lightning. I heard the Sheriff call out: "Throw up your hands," and saw him spur straight for the strangers; then came a flash, a rattling fire of carbines and revolvers, and a fierce oath from a trooper behind me who tumbled from his saddle with his thigh smashed. At the same time, and before I could kick clear of the stirrups, my poor pony staggered and fell dead, with a pistol ball between his eyes, and in his fall pinned me to the earth.

The fight was as brief as it was furious, and, like all really desperate encounters I ever witnessed, was an almost silent one, as far as any sound of voices went. But the sharp reports of revolver and the duller discharge of carbines freighted the night wind, and the ground owls lumbered into a clumsy flight at the unwonted noises. Finally, a single flash flamed across the light, thin vapors of the firing, a single report was blown to leeward sharp and clear, and then the discharges ceased. With a desperate effort I dragged myself clear of my dead animal, and leaped to my feet.

The Sheriff and half a dozen soldiers were grouped about the body

[Continued on Fourth Page.]