

THE ARIZONA SILVER BELT.

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THE ARIZONA SILVER BELT.

THE ARIZONA SILVER BELT is issued Saturday mornings, at Globe, Gila County, Arizona.
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Elevation above sea level at Globe.....3000 feet.
Latitude 33 degrees, 29 minutes, longitude 110 degrees, 45 minutes.
Highest maximum temperature, July 11th.....110 deg.
Lowest minimum temperature, Jan. 10th.....16 deg.
Rainfall for 1882.....42.5 deg.
Mean temperature.....59 deg.
Prevailing direction of wind.....Southwest.
An observation extending over several years, discloses the remarkable fact, that there has not been a day without more or less sunshine.

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AN IDEAL WOMAN.

She was my peer;

No weakling girl, who would surrender will

And life and reason, with her loving heart,

To her possessor; no soft, clinging thing

Who would find breath alone within the arms

Of a strong master, and obediently

Wait on his will as in slavish carelessness;

No fawning, cringing spaniel to attend

His royal pleasure, and account herself

Rewarded by his pats and pretty words,

But a sound woman, who, with insight keen,

Had wrought a scheme of life, and measured well

Her womanhood; had spread before her feet

A fine philosophy to guide her steps.

Had won a faith to which her life was brought

In strict adjustment—brain and heart

meanwhile

Working in conscious harmony and rhythm

With the great scheme of God's great universe

On toward her being's end.

—HOLLAND.

WOMAN.

Woman is not undeveloped man,

But diverse. Could we make her as the man,

Sweet love were slain. His dearest bond is this

Not like in like, but like in difference;

Yet in the long years liker shall they grow;

The man be more of woman, she of man;

He gain in sweetness, and in moral height,

Nor lose the wrestling thews that throw the world;

She mental breadth, nor fall in childhood's care,

Nor lose the childlike in the larger mind;

Like at last she set herself to man,

Until perfect music unto noble words.

—TENNISON.

Mrs. Jones on History.

Detroit Post and Tribune.

"Pa," said Willie Jones, as he was studying his history lesson, "who was Helen of Troy?"

"Ask your ma," said Mr. Jones, who was not up in classic lore.

"Helen of Troy," said Mrs. Jones, who was sewing a new heel on the baby's shoe, "was a girl who used to live with us. She came from Troy, N. Y., and we found her in an intelligence office. She was the best girl I ever had before your father struck Bridget."

"Did pa ever strike Bridget?" asked Willie, pricking up his ears.

"I was speaking paragonically," said Mrs. Jones.

There was a silence for a few moments, then Willie came to another epoch in history.

"Ma, who was Marc Antony?"

"An old colored man who lived with my pa. What does it say about him there?"

"It says his wife's name was Cleopatra."

"The very same! Old Cleo" used to wash for us. It's strange how they come to be in that book."

"History repeats itself," murmured Mr. Jones vaguely, while Willie looked at his ma with wonder and admiration that one small head could carry all she knew. Presently he found another question to ask.

"Say, ma, who was Julius Caesar?"

"Oh, he was one of the pagans of history," said Mrs. Jones, trying to thread the point of her needles.

"But what made him famous?" persisted Willie.

"Every thing," answered Mrs. Jones, complacently. "He was the one who said: 'Eat, thou brute,' when his horse wouldn't take it's oats. He dressed in a sheet and pillow-case uniform, and when his enemies surrounded him he shouted, 'Gimme liberty or gimme death,' and ran away."

"Bully for him!" remarked Willie, shutting up the book of history. "But say, ma, how came you to know so much? Won't I lay over the other fellows to-morrow, though?"

"I learned it at school," said Mrs. Jones, with an oblique glance at Mr. Jones, who was listening as grave as a statue. "I had superior advantages and I paid attention and remembered what I heard."

"Well, I say, ma, who was Horace?"

"Your father will tell you all about him. I am tired," said Mrs. Jones.

Then she listened with pride and approval while Mr. Jones informed his son that Horace was the author of the "Tin Trumpet" and a rare work on farming, and the people's choice for President, and only composed Latin verses to pass away the time and amuse himself.

A young man in a far western town met a lady on the street who was from the same Eastern town he was, but who had never treated him very cordially at home. She was glad to see him, and rushed at him with:

"How do you do? I'm awful glad to see you. When did you come? How are all the folks?"

"Very well, thank you. I came in—"

"Well, I'm so glad to see you," she interrupted impetuously; you know I never knew you very well in S—, but I get so homesick out here that I'm glad to see even a dog, if it comes from the dear old place."—The Drunken.

BILL NYE ON BOXING.

As Illustrated by Personal Experience in the Manly Art.

I have just returned from a little two-handed tournament with gloves.

I have filled my nose with cotton waste so that I shall not soak this sketch in gore as I write. I needed a little healthful exercise, and I was looking for something that would be full of vigorous enthusiasm, and at the same time promote the healthful flow of blood to the muscles. This was rather difficult. I tried most everything but failed. Being a sociable being (joke) I wanted other people to help me exercise, or go along with me when I exercised. Some men can go away to a desert island and have fun with dumb-bells and a horizontal bar, but to me it would seem dull and commonplace after a while, and I would yearn for more humanity. Two of us finally concluded to play billiards, but we were only amateurs, and the owner intimated that he would want the table for Fourth of July, so we broke off in the middle of the first game, and I paid for it. Then a younger brother said he had a set of boxing gloves in his room, and although I was taller and had longer arms, he would hold up as long as he could, and I might hammer him until I gained strength and finally got well. I accepted the offer because I had often regretted that I had not made myself familiar with this art, and also because I knew it would create a thrill of interest and fire me with ambition, and that's what a hollow-eyed invalid needs to put him on the road to recovery.

The boxing glove is a large, fat mitten with an abnormal thumb, and a string at the wrist by which you tie it on, so that when you feed it to your adversary he cannot swallow it and choke himself. I had never seen any boxing gloves before, but my brother said they were soft and wouldn't hurt anybody. So we took off some of our raiment and put them on. Then we shook hands. That was to show that we were friendly, and would not slay each other. My brother is a good deal younger than I am, and so I warned him not to get excited and come for me with anything that looked like wild and ungovernable fury, because I might in the heat of debate, pile his jaw up on his forehead and fill his ear full of sore thumb. He said that was all right, and he would try to be cool and collected. Then we put our right toes close together, and I told him to be on his guard. At that moment I dealt him a terrific blow, aimed at his nose, but through a clerical error of mine it went over his shoulder, and spent itself in the wall of his room, shattering a small holly wood bracket, for which I paid him three dollars and seventy-five cents afterward. I did not wish to buy the bracket, because I had two at home, but he was arbitrary about it, and I bought it. We then took another athletic posture, and in two minutes the air was full of pouliticed thumb and buckskin mitten. I soon detected a chance to put one in where my brother could smell it of it, but I never knew just where it struck, for at that moment I ran against something with the pit of my stomach that made me throw up the sponge along with some other things.

My brother then proposed that we take off the gloves, but I thought I had not sufficiently punished him, and that another round would complete the conquest, which was then almost within my grasp. I took a bismuth powder and squared myself; but in warding off a left-hander, I forgot all about my adversary's right, and ran, my nose into the middle of his boxing glove. Fearing that I had injured him, I retreated rapidly on my elbows and shoulder blades to the corner of the room, thus giving ample time to recover. By this means my younger brother's features were saved, and are to-day as symmetrical as my own. I can still cough up pieces of boxing gloves, and when I close my eyes I can see calcium lights and blue phosphorescent gleams across the horizon; but I am thoroughly convinced that there is no physical exercise which yields the same amount of health and elastic vigor to the puncher that the manly art does. To the puncher, also, it affords a large wad of glad surprise and nose bleed, which cannot be hurtful to those who hanker for the pleasing nervous shock, the spinal jar and the pyrotechnic concussion. This is why I shall continue the exercise after I have practiced with a mule or cow-catcher two or three weeks, and feel a little more confidence in myself.

The fact that large expenditures have been at some prior period made upon a mining claim—does not excuse the claimant from the necessity of complying with the law in making annual improvements or performing annual labor.

Booth as a Temperance Man.

(From Lucy Hooper's Paris Letters.)

An effort was made to have Mr. Booth appear as Othello if for only one night, supported by a French company, but he refused, as he expects ere long to appear in a round of characters in this city.

Mr. Booth was looking very well when he left Paris. He greatly enjoyed his sojourn here, and the perfect repose from professional fatigues and cares. He was greatly admired whenever he appeared at an entertainment or at the theatre, his fine classic head and expressive eyes being of a style that is as rare as it is admirable. Time has touched him lightly, and the maturity of his talent finds him with his singular personal beauty modified into a severer and loftier type, but undiminished by the passage of years. I do not think that enough credit has been bestowed upon Mr. Booth for the purity and elevation of his private life. The handsomest actor that has trod the boards in our day and generation, surrounded by all the temptations that environ the career of such a man, has led a life as blameless and as free from scandal as that of a high-minded woman. And, while still a young man, he trod resolutely under foot the fierce dragon of drink whose breath was poisoning his existence and blighting the fairest blossoms of his budding genius. What preacher has ever pronounced a discourse so full of moral instruction and brilliant example as this brave, patient career, eloquent of temptation resisted and of hereditary weakness overcome? Were I to choose a motto for a portrait of Edwin Booth, it should be no passage of Shakespeare, but this verse of Scripture: "He that ruleth his spirit is greater than he that taketh a city."

Law in Relation to Newspapers.

First. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, are considered as wishing to continue their subscription.

Second. If subscribers order the discontinuance of their periodicals, the publishers may continue to send them until all arrearages are paid.

Third. If subscribers neglect to refuse to take their periodicals from the office to which they have been directed, they are held responsible till they have settled their bill and ordered their paper discontinued.

Fourth. If subscribers move to other places without informing the publisher, and the papers are sent to the former directions they are held responsible.

Fifth. The courts have decided that refusing to take periodicals from the office, or removing and leaving them uncalled for is prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.

Sixth. Any person who receives a newspaper and makes use of it, whether he has ordered it or not, is held in law a subscriber.

On his way home from his Western trip the Rev. Dr. Talmage saw a man on the train whom he thought he knew, and approaching him he asked politely if he was not the Rev. Dr. Sturges.

"No, you don't," replied the man. "You can't get me into no game and ring in four kings on my jacks! I've travelled too much right on this train!"

The doctor apologized and turned away.

"Do you know who that was you insulted so grossly?" asked the conductor of the stranger in an angry tone.

"No, I don't," replied the stranger. "That was the Rev. Dr. Talmage, a minister of the gospel."

"Just my infernal luck!" ejaculated the man. "That's me clean through! I thought he was a card sharp from Reno! If I'd known he was a sure enough minister, I'd have gone into his poker game in a holy minute! I say, you go and explain it to him, and tell him he can use his own deck if he likes!"