

THE ARIZONA SILVER BELT.

THE ARIZONA SILVER BELT is issued Saturday mornings, at Globe, Gila County, Arizona.

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WHERE DO WRINKLES COME FROM?

"Where do the wrinkles come from?"

And the joyous little Grace

Looked gravely in the mirror

At her rose tinted face.

"Where do the wrinkles come from?"

Why, first, dear, I suppose,

The heart lets in a sorrow,

And then the wrinkle grows.

"Then anger comes a tapping,

And the heart's door opens wide:

Then hasten naughty envy

And discontent and pride.

"And the wrinkles follow slowly:

For the face has for its part

To tell just what is doing

Down in the secret heart.

"And the red lips lose their sweetness,

And draw down so," said Grace;

"And the lovely, youthful angel

Goes slowly from the face."

"Watch the gate of the heart, my darling,

For the heart is the dwelling place

Of the magical angel of beauty,

Whose smile is seen in the face."

He Thought Beecher Was a Chunker

Fellow, with Boly Boly Hair.

Bob Brennan and Charley Barton were travelling on the L. & N. line the other day. Bob is a bit of wag and keeps a countenance as straight as a deacon's at prayer meeting even when up to his best jokes. Charley goes all he knows on his personal appearance, which is a cross between a bank president and a Presbyterian minister.

In the next seat to them was an Indiana farmer—a veritable Hoosier of the old fashioned story-book pattern, who only lacked a few straws in his hair and a yellow dog to make him perfect. Charley left his seat to speak to a customer at the rear of the car.

"Say, stranger," said the granger, "who is that man you was a-talking to?"

"That?" replied Bob, without a blush, "that man is the Reverend Henry Ward Beecher, the celebrated preacher, moralist and lecturer of Brooklyn."

"Sakes alive! You don't say so?"

"Yes, I do. Fine looking man, isn't he?"

"I allus thort es Beecher was a chunker fellow with a curly hair a straggin' over his shoulders."

"He is as you see him."

Presently Charley returned, and Bob, to carry on the joke, retired to a distant seat.

"Scuse me, mister," said the Hoosier leaning over the seat and addressing Charley, "but I'm powerful glad I've seed yer. Reckon yer gev them preachers down ter New York fits over that hell business! Knocked the bottom clean o' the hull consarn."

"Sir," stammered the astonished Charley, "I really don't understand what you mean."

"An' I never went back on yer," continued the admiring granger, "no, not even when that smooth-tongued scamp was a totin' his red-headed niece 'round the house, tryin' to catch yer a kissin' his woman."

"You infamous scoundrel!" yelled Charley, now thoroughly mad, "what do you mean by insulting a gentleman in that low bred manner?"

"Insult! Insult yourself! Don't know es them stories beant true after all. If yer was inercet yer wouldn't be so all-fired mad at a man a offerin' a bit o' sympathy. Scoundrel, indeed! If yer wasn't a pasture I'd punch yer head till it was as big as a wash tub."

By this time the eyes of all the passengers were fixed on the couple.

Charley was thoroughly angry. And, reaching over the seat, he seized the agriculturist by the collar and flung him back to his place.

"Interfere with me again and I'll knock your ugly head off!" he cried.

The man was so astonished at the assault that he sat fully five minutes staring at the supposed minister with a frightened, vacant look, but not venturing on a word.

When Charley had remained quiet for a few minutes, glowering at his antagonist, he picked up his satchel and joined Bob.

"What were you two fellows having that scrimmage about?" asked Bob innocently.

"Then Charley told Bob all about it. 'Shouldn't wonder if the fellow was a lunatic,' he added.

"No more should I," replied Bob, as he turned his tobacco end contemptuously in his mouth and gazed unsmilingly out of the car window.—Evansville Argus.

"What was the trouble between you and another party Mike, on the avenue last evening?" inquired a citizen of his Irishman porter.

"Well, yer see, sir, it was a bit of a hesitation on his part."

"A bit of hesitation?"

"Yes, sur. Yer see I gave him the choice av me two fists, an' he seemed to hesitate, loike, an' when I seen that he couldn't make up his mind, I just gave him the two av 'em for luck.

The Young Man Who was Overwhelmed by Kindness.

Among the passengers in a parlor car on the Lake Shore Road the other day was a handsome woman, whose husband shared the seat with her and who would have been picked out as a quiet, sedate, absent-minded man. The seat opposite was occupied by a flashily dressed young man, with a lady-killing twist to his mustache, and he was considerably surprised when the husband handed him a daily paper, with the remark:

"Have a glance at the news. Plenty of excitement around the country, I observe."

The young man was busy with the paper for half an hour, and then the husband offered him a popular magazine. This entertained him for an hour, and he had scarcely closed the book when the good man reached over with:

"Have a cigar. These are prime Havanas, and I know you will enjoy one."

The young man accepted with thanks, and naturally made his way to the smoking car, where he put in nearly another hour, but without the other's company. When he returned he was greeted with:

"Perhaps you'd like to look at the latest novels. Very entertaining, I assure you."

He read until weary, and upon being offered another cigar replied that he was to leave the train at the next station, and added:

"I want to thank you again for your many courtesies."

"Oh, don't mention it."

"You never saw me before?"

"Never."

"Don't know my name?"

"No."

"Then tell me why you were so very courteous to an entire stranger."

"Young man, I will explain. In times past when a loafer sat and stared at my wife as a steady job I got up at the end of an hour and broke his neck. This made me much trouble and expense, and I changed my programme. I now carry books and cigars to bribe them. Had you been going a hundred miles further I should have offered you a drink of brandy, a new cigar, two more dainties and another cigar, and my wife would have secured quite a rest."

"Sir!—"

"Oh, it's all right—all right! It was cheaper than throwing you out of the window, and I hope you'll get up to the hotel safely. Good day, sir—good day—glad to have met you!"

And that young man with the lady-killing mustache and crockery colored eyes and hair parted on an even keel picked up his grip and walked out without being certain whether he had been mashed in a collision or pulverized under a land-roller.—Detroit Post.

The Advantages of the Divided Skirt Possesses Over Tights.

The divided skirt is the nearest approach to the many trowsers that we have yet seen. It might be said to infringe upon the overalls of the deck hand or the buckskin pants of the Mexican Greaser. They sometimes overlap the bound of Boston dignity and the observer is seized with a sudden impulse to rush upon the wearer and pin up her twin garments. These skirts are second door neighbors to the light fantastic gunny sack of the Indian, who looks like a bag of bran with stilts hung on. They are cut bias and come pretty high, but the strong intellect coterie would have them if they were divided clear up to the neck.

They possess some advantages over the hoop skirt. The wearer can kick twice as high and ride a la clothes pin upon the prancing bicycle, and show her masculine form to better advantage. These garments possess advantages over tights also, for flies cannot bite through them so easily as they can through the thin gauzy wardrobe of a ballet girl. Another advantage is the fact that it keeps the members of the lower extremities from knowing each others business and prevents interfering. The divided skirt is a companion piece for the "crazy quilt."

It is one of the grandest achievements of the modern woman and it unfurls a pair of tails that are bound to tell upon the drygoods market. Connoisseurs of art pronounce this innovation in dress culture a triumph over superstitions, prejudices and jeans pants. One great beauty about them is the ease with which they allow their wearer to dodge the hasty dog with his agitated tail dangling to a mess of oyster cans. It also admits of better ventilation than the old style, which advanced thinkers now believe to have been a detriment to womankind and an impediment to her progress as a creature of suffrage.—[Burlington Hawkeye.

When a river is in its bed, its only covering is a sheet of water.

Gezou's remedy for corns and warts is prepared as follows: Acid salicylic, 30 grains; extract cannabis indie, 10 grains; collodion, one-half ounce M. A correspondent of the British Medical Journal states that he has found the application of a strong solution of chromic acid, applied three or four times a day with a camel's hair pencil, to be the most easy and efficient way of removing warts. They soon become black and fall off.

A gentleman from "the farm" was recently praising up the abilities of his young wife. In his ecstasies he observed:

"She's a worker and a perfect tarrier around the house, and is not yet seventeen."

"Good gracious, you must not let her work so hard; she will undermine her health," observed his friend.

"Why that girl will stand as much as a four horse team and a dog under the wagon, and so long as her by-law disposition is all right, her constitutional amendments will never be dug out from under, you bet."—Pretzel's Weekly.

Eastern papers are worrying over the question as to how all parties should sit when two young gentlemen invite two young ladies to go out driving with them. The question hinges on whether the two gents should sit together or divide the load of sweetness. In our young days we never went out that way. A light, single buggy was good enough for us, and if it had no back it was all the better. We were too chivalrous to let any young lady fall out and get hurt while we had two good arms. The thing for the Eastern young men to do is to give the cold shoulder to all two-seated rigs, and then they won't have to grow bald-headed worrying over these knotty questions.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A correspondent of Science writes: "An iron contractor told me the other day that he was called as an expert in a case where the wrought iron strap of the walking beam of a steamboat broke and injured some one. The broken strap (about four by eight inches, I think), was shown, and the interior found to be very badly crystallized—the worst case, my friend said, he ever saw. The exterior was of fair, ordinary texture. Afterwards a part of the strap was cut off, sawn lengthwise into bars, and tested for tensile strength. All portions were rather weak, the highest resistance being put 36,000 pounds, but the inner sections, where the iron was worst crystallized, were the strongest of all."

A Milwaukee business man has got an idea that his lungs are not sound, and occasionally he will hear a slight whistling in the bronchial tubes, and he thinks his time has come. He bores his wife half to death getting her to listen at his chest, to hear any sound of warning that his end is near at hand. She knows his lungs are all right, and tries to convince him of the fact, but he thinks he is liable to die of consumption at any moment. In his office he has a leather chair, the cushion of which is filled with air, with a small escape valve, so when he sits down there is a noise like the hiss of a locomotive letting off steam. The other morning his son, who is full of fun, took a dog whistle and inserted the mouth of it into the hole where the air escapes from the cushion, and they all laid for the old party. He came in puffing from climbing the stairs, and when he sat down in the chair there was an unmistakable whistle, which brought the men in from the next room. The old man turned pale, and moved around in the chair, and the whistle sounded again, and the man with the lungs thought his time had come. "It has come at last," said he, as his son came in, looking sad. "What has come, father? You are not ill," said the dude, as he put his handkerchief to his weeping eyes to keep from laughing. "What has come? Can you ask that? Don't you hear them lungs? I am a mighty sick man, and you can send for a doctor and a lawyer and a minister." He got up to reach a paper out of a pigeon hole, and when he sat down there was an awful whistle, and he said, "O, how it pains me. Send for your mother, for I shall never be able to go home." The boys gathered around him to comfort him, and the son reached down and took hold of the whistle, and said, "I guess if I take this dog whistle out of the chair you will breathe easier, pa," and he took the whistle out, and when the old man saw what had made the noise he got up, and by the way he howled and said he could whip the man that played it on him, they thought his lungs were all right enough. Peck's Sun.

Heading up the Relics of a Cyclone.

"What are you doing out there, my friend?" asked a passer by of a man who seemed to be looking for something in the woods.

"We've just had a cyclone at our house and I'm looking for the relics of the storm."

"Did you loose much?"

"Not much; my wife's brass breast-pin was blown out in this here section and I'm lookin' for it. Also lookin' for some of my property."

"What did you lose?"

"Why, you see, I was blowed against the corner of the gate post, and my ear was cut off. It blowed over here along with the breast-pin, and I'd like to find 'em both while I'm at it. My ear wasn't so much use now, you know, but I don't want it lyin' around loose."

"You James!" shouted a woman from the road.

"Yessum!"

"Have you found that pin?"

"Not yet. I'm lookin' fer my ear."

"Well, let your ear alone and look fer the pin. You've got another ear left, but that's the only breast-pin I had. Don't you come back here without that pin."—[Arkansaw Traveler.

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 or 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 uncollected for in 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.

It seems that America, after all, is unable to make good her claim to the possession of the tallest and largest trees in the world. Every one has read of the marvels of the Yosemite Valley and of Yellowstone Park, the large National sporting ground of the United States. But what are the giants of California in comparison with a tree which has lately been discovered in Australia? It has long been known that in Tasmania there are eucalypti measuring 200 feet from the ground to the first branch, and more than 350 feet in total height; and there is, or lately was, on Mount Wellington, near Hobart Town, a tree of this species, the trunk of which was eighty-six feet in circumference. But a still more gigantic monarch of the woods has been recently discovered in Victoria. It is a well-proportioned specimen of the eucalyptus amygdalina, and its top is nearer to the sky than the cross of St. Paul's Cathedral, for it is no less than 430 feet above the ground.—St. James' Gazette.

Eiselt recommends the use of sponge for filtering distilled water. The filtration goes on with great rapidity, and the product is clear as crystal. When filtered through paper, distilled water soon exhibits a felty sediment, which is never formed when filtered through sponge, so that the bottles scarcely need cleaning after several months' use. The apparatus that he employs consists of a bottle with an opening near the bottom from which descends a bent glass tube. This tube is about 6 inches long and 1 or 1½ inches in diameter; at each end is a perforated rubber stopper bearing a narrower glass tube. The wide tube contains one or two long strips of fine sponge that has been cleaned with dilute hydrochloric acid and then dried. The bottle to which this filter is attached must not be larger than the one placed beneath to catch the filtrate. The sponge, of course, must be cleaned every few months.

A Kentucky man was asked by a Northern friend what kind of a home he had.

"Oh," he replied, "we have a very pleasant place, indeed."

"Do you live on a lake or river?"

"No; we live on bread and meat and potatoes and whiskey."

Annet Esther was trying to persuade little Eddy to retire at sunset, using as an argument that the chickens went to roost at that time. "Yes," said Eddy, "but then, Aunt, the old hen always goes with them."