

THE ARIZONA SILVER BELT.

VOL. VI.

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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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A Split-Hoof Trotter.

Every citizen of Evansville, N. Y., knows Col. Charles Burn's propensity for picking up curiosities, says the Courier of that town, and none were more surprised than those habitués of Bedford Park for an early morning exercise of their horse, than when Col. Charley drove into the park on Tuesday morning, looking dusty and sleepy, as though he had just come off a long trip, having a long-legged calf hitched to and trotting after his buggy. It was in order as soon as the track stables were reached to commence bantering the Colonel for a trade for the calf. At all the propositions made to him he only laughed, finally telling the would-be purchasers that he wouldn't swap split-hoof for any horse they owned, winding up with a proposition to bet that the calf could turn the track quicker than any of their horses.

As he pulled his roll and undoubtedly meant business, a half-dozen of the gentlemen present jumped at him to cover. The horse was soon chosen that should make the race, the condition being that the calf was to go to saddle, and the horse as he pleased. The excitement commenced as soon as the preliminaries were arranged and many a guy did the Colonel have to accept before the race began. It was an easy matter to get one of the numerous rubbers to ride the calf after it had been developed that it would submit to the operation. Finally all went to the judges' stand and a bay gelding and the calf were called up for the heat.

It was a continuous roar of laughter from the time the unheard-of pair in a race came upon the track until after the quarter-pole was reached; then blisters were raised on all the surrounding wood-work by the boys who had bet "agin" the calf. It was fully twenty minutes before the unique pair got the word, when the calf went off with tail straight in the air on a run, with the horse a couple of lengths in the lead. On striking the upper turn the latter settled into a shambling sort of a gallop, following at every step, all the while gradually decreasing the distance between itself and the gelding. The nearer it approached the horse the more nervous the equine became, until when the calf reached his sulky wheel the gelding bolted, turning completely around, with his head where his tail ought to have been, and going for all there was out, Leonatus fashion. Before the gelding could be controlled the calf had a hundred yards lead, and all efforts of the horse to overtake his split hooped competitor were unavailing, the calf landing at the wire, head and tail up, and bellowing "he didn't want to trot any more," fully seventy-five yards ahead of the horse.

As soon as the disappointment and mortification of the losers had somewhat worn off, the Colonel was besieged by them with offers to purchase, one offer from a prominent sporting man going as high as \$1,100. The Colonel did not with distended fingers on his nose reply to the different propositions, but quietly shook his head, intimating that Jay Gould couldn't buy it.

A strange bird story is related by the friends of Robert Potee, the gambler who committed suicide here a few days since. About six years ago the wife of the dead man was given a mocking bird, which, in time, became very much attached to Mr. Potee. When the news of her husband's suicide reached Mrs. Potee, at Atchison, it seemed to have very much the same effect upon the bird as it had upon her. The bird apparently mourned with her. When she prepared to leave Atchison the little fellow screeched as if in pain, so loud as to be heard a block away. In Kansas City the bird refused to eat and flew from room to room at all hours until the day when Potee was buried, then the bird died, having apparently grieved to death. A taxidermist is preparing the bird to be placed over the grave of Potee, perched upon an artificial tree, where it will remain a silent sentinel over the dead.—Kansas City Times.

If a person swallows any poison whatever, or has fallen into convulsions from having overloaded his stomach, an instantaneous remedy is a heaping teaspoonful of common salt and as much ground mustard stirred rapidly in a teacup of water, warm or cold, and swallowed instantly. It is scarcely down before it begins to come up, bringing with it the remaining contents of the stomach; and lest there be any remnant of poison, however, let the white of an egg or a teacup of strong coffee be swallowed as soon as the stomach is quiet, because these very common articles nullify a large number of virulent poisons.

PREPARING FOR THE CHOLERA.

A middle-aged negro, who seemed to be laboring under considerable excitement, halted a policeman on Larned street recently and asked:
"Say, boss, what 'bout that 'Gyph-shun cholera de papers an making sich a fuss ober?"
"Why, they have the cholera over there," was the reply.
"An' she's gwitte to spread to dis kentry?"
"It may."
"An' dey say it's powerful hard on de cull'd populashun. Man up Woodward avenue tole me dat it jumped right ober white folks to git a black one."
"I believe that's so."
"Well, Ize gettin ready for it. Ize carryin' an onion in each breeches pocket. Woman on the market tole me dat was a sure stand-off."
"I shouldn't wonder."
"An' Ize drinkin' a cup full o' vinegar with kyann pepper sprinkled in. Hardware man tole me dat was a boss thing."
"Yes."
"An' Ize soakin' my feet in sour milk free nights in a week, and rubbin' my spine wid kerosine ile. Butcher up Michigan avenue tole me dat was a sartin preventive."
"I should think it was."
"An' Ize got tarred paper an' cut out soles to wear in my bates. One of de aldermen tole me dat de cholera allus strikes de feet fust thing. I reckon it won't git frew dat tarred paper. An' Ize been chewin' a gum made of beeswax an' taller, wid a leetle camphor-gum rolled in. An' Ize been bled twice in de last month, an' had a tooth pulled, an' my ha'r cut, an' my photograph taken, an' I reckon if de cholera comes friskin' around Detroit I needn't be oneasy."
—Detroit Free Press.

From a New Standpoint.

"I rather like this church business," observed the police reporter, tipping his hat back and laying down his pencil. "I never reported a sermon before, but I think I could get into the racket with a little practice and make it work away up in G!"

"What church have you been to?" asked the law reporter condescendingly.

"I don't know the name of it," mused the police reporter. "I forgot to inquire. It's the one where the man has the good sense to wear his duster in hot weather. Most of the fellows when I was a boy and had to go to church, used to wear the same coat all the year round, but this man came out in his white linen, and it made me cool to look at him."

"Do you know what he preached about?" asked the law reporter, with a sardonic smile.

"He didn't seem to preach about much of anything. He'd start out all right, but as soon as he got under way the choir would chip in and break him all up. And the congregation kept talking to themselves all the time, so you couldn't hear what the man was getting at. In my report I go for that congregation now, you bet."

"How did you like the service as a whole?" inquired the law reporter.

"I suppose it was well enough," replied the police reporter. "They passed something around and all hands took a snack but me. I don't believe in carrying things too far, and while I'm not much of a Christian, I don't go to church to eat. The service was good, but I didn't take any. What do you call that thing where they pass around a box and all hands chip in?"

"Did they sing while it was going on?"

"Yes, a man got up in a sort of side chapel where they've got a tall piano, and sang something about Naomi kissing her mother-in-law. What is the name of that part of business?"

"The Offertory. Did you put anything into the plate?"

"I didn't know the limit, and the man didn't wait long enough for me to ask. I was willing to go into the game, but I want to know what the ante is at least. When they got through with the deal they took all the boxes and dumped the winnings together and handed them up to the man that was bossing the thing; but I don't think it amounted to much, for he had to get down on his knees to see what he had captured. But I like it. I'm going to study up on the racket, and if I don't get into that game before I finish, you can call me a Dutchman."

And with this threat to embrace Christianity from the Episcopal standpoint, the police reporter went back to his account of the proceedings, which he headed, "A Very Enjoyable Affair," and closed with the statement that "the exercises were kept up until near dinner time."—Brooklyn Eagle.

The Japanese.

Japan, said Dr. Samuel Kneeland, in a recent lecture, is the most beautiful country in the world. Everything appears like a miniature garden, and the pagodas and temples, houses and hovels and hills and mountains, form a scene not easily described. The port at which all strangers arrive is Yokohama, a large city of a hundred thousand inhabitants. The harbor is crowded with junks, and a class of boats which correspond to our bumboats. The men on these floating stores look very peculiar, something like animated haystacks. Their dress consists of straw woven together, and their hat and shoes ditto. The shoes are also used by residents on shore, and cost the large sum of one cent. Why they are so cheap is because they only last about two days.

One thing noticeable in the streets of Japanese towns is the lack of horses as a means of passenger conveyance. Instead, there is a sort of large baby carriage, just big enough to hold a man, and it is drawn by a cooly, or laborer, in front, and pushed from behind by another cooly. These coolies are remarkable for their endurance. They always trot while in motion, and have been frequently known to make fifty miles in a day. This exercise makes them very muscular, but, as a rule, they die young on account of over exertion.

Another feature of Japanese cities is the tea-houses, of which there are a large number, and the ceremony gone through in getting a meal at one of them is very imposing to a stranger. Every tea-house has a few girls, all of whom are very pretty, to dance and otherwise exercise themselves for the amusement of the guests. Beside them, there are jugglers, who perform many wonderful and difficult tricks. A bill of fare which is given a stranger, or native, is soup, raw fish, shrimps and sandwiches.

Quite another distinctive feature of Japan is the beds, or cots, as they might be called. If the unwary stranger does not happen to have a box of insect destroyer about him, he will learn what this distinctive feature is, without being told. The married women, continued the lecturer, have a disgusting habit of blacking their teeth. It is quite a benefit to the young men, this habit, for it enables them to tell a married from an unmarried woman, thus preventing their making love to the wrong party. There are two forms of worship among the Japanese—the worship of idols, and the worship of Buddha. The temples and pagodas are exquisite in workmanship, and are almost tawdry on account of the number of ornaments on them.

There used to live at Utica, in Licking county, a shoemaker noted for his strength, especially in his neck and jaws. A story frequently told of him was that one day while he was lounging about the little depot of what was called in those days the Sandusky, Mansfield and Newark Railroad, but which is now the Lake Erie branch of the Baltimore and Ohio, he was offered a barrel of flour if he would carry it in his teeth to his house, across the street.

He agreed. Taking a good grip on the chine of the barrel, he lifted it easily without touching it with his hands. But when nearly home the barrel dropped to the ground. He had clinched the projecting stave so hard with his jaws as to bite the piece out by which he held the barrel. Taking another hold he completed the job. The most incredible part of the story is that the fellows who made the wager refused to abide by their agreement, because he had not carried the barrel the entire distance at one lift.

—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Redfish Lake, above Sawtooth City, on the summit of the Sawtooth range of mountains, in the Wood river region, Idaho, has dropped through the bottom. The lake had an area of several miles and was many fathoms in depth. It was on the summit of one of the peaks of the range, some 11,000 feet elevation above the sea, and surrounded by heavy timber, which rendered it a delightful place of resort in summer for camping, fishing and boating parties. The country formation is granite and limestone and an immense fissure has opened, whether caused by separation or settling of the earth's surface or from volcanic action is not known. At present the bed of the lake is dry and presents the appearance of a deep gorge or valley on the summit of the mountains. This lake has always contained millions of redfish and been a favorite resort for bear, deer and other game. Where the fish went to is as much a mystery as where the water went. —Virginia City Enterprise.

The Dreamer's Senses.

If a strong light be held before the sleeper's eyes, he is almost sure to wake, but at the very moment he may have a dream of a tremendous fire, perhaps, that his house is in flames! The car of the dreamer is generally on the alert, and proves a gong to the mysterious spirit to make its airy rounds. To some sleepers the sound of a flute fills the air with music, or they dream of a delightful concert. A loud noise will produce terrific thunder and crashing unutterable, and at the same time awake the sleeper. According to Dr. Abercrombie, a gentleman who had been a soldier, dreamed that he heard a signal gun, saw the proceedings for displaying the signals, heard the bustle of the streets, the assembling of the troops, etc. Just then he was aroused by his wife, who had dreamed precisely the same dream, with this addition, that she saw the enemy land, and a friend of her husband killed, and she awoke in a fright. This occurred in Edinburgh at the time when a French invasion was feared, and it had been decided to fire a signal gun at the first approach of the foe. This dream was cut off, it appears, by the fall of a pair of tongs in the room above, and the excited state of the public mind was sufficient to account for both dreams turning on the same subject.

An old lady, a friend of the writer, relates a similar dream which occurred to her just before the battle of Waterloo, when the fear of an invasion by Napoleon was at its height. She heard the march of troops in the streets, and the screams of the populace. They broke into her house, ransacked it, and pursued her with bayonets. She fell on the floor and pretended to be dead. After sundry thrusts, which seemed to her "roving spirit" to be quite innocuous, the soldiers remarked that she was "done for." They departed, and she escaped to consciousness. This dream was no doubt caused in the first instance by a noise in the house or street, and the painless bayonet thrusts, by some slight irritation, such as a hair-pin, or other adjunct to her dress.

Whispering in a sleeper's ear will often produce a dream, and there are cases on record in which people who sleep with their ears open, have been led through great agonies at the will of their wakeful tormentors. The vivid description given of a young officer so treated by his comrades, is both interesting and suggestive. In changing our position, as we often do in sleep, we touch the bedclothes, etc., perhaps the nose gets tickled, or the sole of the foot, and dreams painful or pleasant are the consequence. These may seem trivial causes, but it must be remembered that the mind is ready to fly into the realms of fancy at the slightest intimation. People have often dreamed of spending the severest winters in Siberia, and of joining the expedition to the North Pole, simply because the bedclothes have been thrown off during sleep. It is said that a moderate heat applied to the soles of the feet, will generate dreams of volcanoes, burning coals, etc. Dr. Gregory dreamed of walking up the crater of Mount Etna, and that he felt the earth warm under his feet. He had placed a hot water bottle at his feet on going to bed. The memory of a visit he once paid to Mount Vesuvius, supplied the mental picture. Persons suffering from toothache imagine that the operator is tugging at the faulty tooth, and somehow cannot extract it; or, as in Dr. Gregory's case, he draws out the wrong one, and leaves the aching tooth in statu quo. A blister applied to the head is highly suggestive of being scalped by the Indians, especially if Mayne Reid's ghastly details are all fresh in the memory.

—Ex.

Do Englishmen or Americans the better speak their common language? Having been a sojourner in London for a year and a half, the Rev. Dr. J. L. Stanton deems himself capable of answering the question in favor of us. He heard Thomas Hughes read miserably, dropping the letter "g" at the close of such words as "morning" and making frequent mispronunciations. Archbishop Tait was by no means a good model in the use of his mother tongue, and the English clergy, as a rule, are faulty in speaking. Passing by their peculiarities as to single words, their ordinary use of the vowel sounds is such that, unless you give close attention, you cannot understand them. Dr. Joseph Parker, one of the foremost pulpit orators in London among Dissenters, invariably pronounces "chapter" as though written "chepter." Many of the vowels have a peculiar twist as they come from his tongue. —N. Y. Sun.

The first newspaper was published in England in 1588.