

## THE ARIZONA SILVER BELT.

THE ARIZONA SILVER BELT is issued Saturday mornings, at Globe, Gila County, Arizona.  
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### How It Feels to Be Insane.

I was once insane, and I often muse over my experience. There are, of course, many kinds of insanity. Some mental disorders take place so gradually that even the closest companions of the victim are at loss to remember when the trouble began. It must have been this way in my case. One evening, after an oppressively warm day, a day when I experienced more fatigue from the heat than ever before or since, I sat on my porch fanning myself. "This arm that is now in motion," I mused, "must one of these days be dust. I wonder how long will the time be." Then I mused upon the evidence I had of immortality. I could do things that other people could not accomplish. I had gone through battle after battle, and though bullets sang and struck around me thick as hail, yet I remained uninjured. I had passed through epidemics of yellow fever. My idea gained strength as I mused, and I was convinced that I should live forever. No, this cannot be, for death follows all men alike. Yes, I am to die like other men, and I believe that it is my duty to make the most of life; to make money and enjoy myself, and to educate my children. I wanted to be rich, and I began to study over an imaginary list of enterprises.

At last I hit upon radishes. They should be in every store. They could be dried, and sold in winter. I would plant fifty acres with radish seed, and people all over the country would refer to me as the "radish king." I would form a radish syndicate, and buy up all the radishes, and travel around and be admired. I hastened to the house to tell my wife that she was soon to be a radish queen. At the breakfast table I said,—

"Julia, my dear, how would you like to be a radish queen?"

"A what?" she exclaimed. "I explained my plan of acquiring great wealth, and during the recital she acted so curiously that I was alarmed. I feared she was losing her mind. Finally she seemed to understand. She agreed with me, but told me not to say anything more about it. After breakfast I saw her talking earnestly with her father, and I knew that she was explaining to the old gentleman how she would pay his debts when I became known as the radish king. The old man approached me, with much concern, and told me that I needed rest, and that I must not think of business.

Pretty soon I went out to inspect my radish kingdom. Looking around, I saw the old man following me. From the field, I went to the village. I approached a prominent citizen, who had always been my friend, and told him how I intended to become rich. He seemed grieved, and I saw at once that he was contemplating the same enterprise. It seemed mean that he should take advantage of me, and I told him so. He tried to explain, but he made me so mad that I would have struck him if my father-in-law had not come up and separated us. I tried to calm myself, but could not. Those who had been my friends proved to be my enemies, and I was determined to be avenged; but before I could execute my will, I was seized by several men. My father-in-law did not attempt to rescue me, and I hated him.

I was taken to jail. My wife came to see me, but did not try to have me released. I demanded a trial, but no lawyer would defend me. Then I realized that the entire community was against me. I became so mad that my anger seemed to hang over me like a dark cloud. It pressed me to the floor and held me there. Men came, after a long time, and took me away. I thought, to the penitentiary.

One day a cat came into my cell, and I tried to bite it. She made the hair fly, but I killed her. I don't know how long I remained here, but one morning the sun rose and shone in at me through the window. It seemed to be the first time that I had seen the great luminary for months. A mist cleared from before my eyes. My brain began to work, and suddenly I realized that I had been insane. I called the keeper, and when he saw me he exclaimed: "Thank God! and grasped my hand.

I was not long in putting on another suit of clothes, and turning my face toward home. A physician said that I was cured, and everybody seemed happy at my recovery. I boarded a train, with a gentleman, and went home. My wife faintly when she saw me and learned that I had recovered my mind. I asked for my little children, and two big boys and a young lady came forward and greeted me. I had been in the asylum twelve years.—[Waverley Magazine.]

It was the fellow who stepped on a tack who first remarked "the iron has entered my side."

### How do the Tides Rise and Fall.

Let us consider the moon first, as its action, from its greater proximity to the earth, is much more effective in producing tidal waves than that of the sun. We know from the laws of gravity that the moon tends to draw the earth towards itself. If the moon be overhead, its tendency is to draw the earth upwards; if it be at the antipodes, beneath our feet, its tendency is to draw the earth downwards. Now, if the earth were a rigid, solid mass, like a ball of iron, this section of the moon would have no other appreciable effect than to draw the earth as a whole upwards or downwards. The case, however, is different when on the surface of the solid globe there is an ocean of liquid matter. The force with which gravity acts is greater the nearer two bodies are to one another; consequently when the moon is overhead the surface of the sea is attracted with greater force than the solid yields to this force, and is raised up in the shape of a wave, much in the same manner as we may have seen the hair of the head rise up towards a charged electric machine. The converse of this action holds good also at the antipodes at the same time. There the bottom of the sea is attracted more than the surface of the waters; consequently the latter drops away, as it were, from the earth, and also forms a wave-like form. Thus we have at opposite sides of the earth similar waves raised at the same time by the moon's attractive force. Then the earth, as it revolves on its axis, brings every place in turn under each of these waves, when it is high water in each place as it arrives at the wave, and low water between the two waves.—[W. Durham, F. R. S.]

### "You are a Liar."

Uncle Hank Allen was perhaps the smoothest and most accomplished liar in central New York. One day we were all talking about potato bugs in Uncle Hank's grocery, which was a sort of village farmers' club. Old Hank scratched his head thoughtfully and remarked:

"Gentlemen, you don't any of you appear to know anything about the ravens nature of these potato bugs. You may call me a liar, but I've had potato bugs walk right into my kitchen and yank red-hot potatoes right out of the oven. Waiting around the potato patch for the second crop!" exclaimed old Hank with a sneer. "Waiting? Why, confound your eyes, I was up at Townsend's store yesterday, and I saw potato bugs up there looking over Townsend's books to see who had bought seed potatoes for next year. I did, by gosh!"

The whole grocery was still when Uncle Hank finished. Finally a long, lean man from Woodman's pond raised himself up near the door. He was evidently a new-comer and not acquainted with Mr. Allen. Pointing his long finger at Uncle Hank, he exclaimed:

"You are a liar!"  
Uncle Hank looked over his glasses at the stranger long and earnestly. Then holding out his hand, he inquired with a puzzled look:

"When did you get acquainted with me?"

### Good Advice.

Those who wish to do good, but hesitate to do it, would do well to read the following. The reason may be suggested to them by the perusal:

"Do not delude yourself with the idea that you can please everybody. Who ever knew anybody that was worth anything, that had nobody to find fault with him? You would have to do evil in many cases to please the evil; flatter some to gratify their pride; indulge the selfish, submit to the tyrannical, be a tool for the ambitious, and be careful not to have anything, as those who desire to have anything are superior to their neighbors. If you are a public man, should you be diligent, you must expect to have many secretly dislike you and talk against you for your success; and if you accomplish little, though many show themselves friendly, it often leaks out that some who appear pleasant to you, can do this because they do not fear your rivalry—they may smile on you outwardly, and yet entertain contempt for your inefficiency. Always do what is right, be diligent, do the most you can, pay no regard to fault-finders, and you will find as many friends as any sensible man need desire.

Rigidly righteous: A little daughter of severely orthodox parents had an idea that heaven was a pretty straight-laced sort of place, and the other day accosted her mother as follows: "Mamma, when I die and go to heaven, don't you suppose they'll let me go down to hell on Saturday after-noon and play?" Boston Times.

### THE RELIGION OF THE AZTECS.

When Cortez conquered Mexico the world was surprised to find a civilization of so high an order in a land supposed to be inhabited by savages. The cities, houses, tables, dress, ornaments and luxuries, as well as the order of government of this newly-found people compared well with the social and civil institutions of the opposite shores of the ocean. In some things the Mexicans were behind the Spaniards and the French. In some things they outshone the historic nations. It is singular, and hardly to be accounted for, that the Aztec had measured the solar year more accurately than the learned astronomers whose names were the great lights of science. Indeed, they had reached the solution of this difficult problem so nearly that the variation of their calculation from that of later scholars now accepted as final, was hardly more than two minutes of time, giving them a calendar that would not need the correction of a day for more than 700 years.

The religion of this people was in some respects quite as remarkable. Coming from what quarter of the globe no one knows beyond conjecture, they had attained knowledge and usages that, had they not been conjoined with practices of the most barbarous character, would stand alongside some of the beliefs and usages of the Christian world. They believed in one God, a spirit, the creator of all things, to whom they addressed prayers that would not dishonor the litanies of the Christian church. Man was as nothing. This "invisible, incorporeal one God, of perfect perfection and purity," was the all and in all of the universe, who dispensed judgments, showed mercy, and from whom proceeded all the power of man to walk in the path of truth and virtue. In language which any worshipper might use, they prayed in almost verbatim of Moses and the psalmist: "Wilt Thou blot us out, O Lord forever? Is this Thy chastisement sent for our destruction or for our reformation? Impart unto us of Thy mercy, Thy great gifts, which we are unworthy to receive through any merits of our own." This one God was the keeper and guardian of the good, and their avenger against their enemies. This simple monotheism, however, did not stand alone. This one supreme God had created inferior deities. The unity spread itself out into numerous divinities, whose work it was, in one department and another of the universe, to do the behests of the supreme deity. The Aztecs are regarded, therefore, by some as polytheists. They are so only in a limited sense, for no God was to them more than a servant of the Almighty. Some of the religious ceremonies of the Aztecs are very striking. They baptized their children, and they had an idea of new birth and a salvation being in a way connected with it, much as Christians hold the same usage. Their priests encouraged confession after the manner of the Roman clergy, and like the Roman priest, pronounced an absolution which was regarded as binding in heaven and on earth. Indeed, it sometimes stepped in between the criminal and the penalty of the law, the spiritual subordinating the temporal power. They practiced penance, flagellations and pains. Their temples were numerous, some of them elegant and costly, as well as those more humble. The priesthood was very numerous, and almost each day being a festal day of some sort, the people were like the ancient Egyptians, used to perpetual religious ceremonies. Their temples being of pyramidal form, several stories high, and the altar on the top, the processions winding on from staircase to staircase, and the acts of the officiating priests were seen from a great distance. Their view of the future world comprehended three estates. The brave, the heroes who fell in battle; and those who were offered in sacrifice, at death passed into the presence of the sun whom they followed in his course through the heavens, and then, after a suitable period, their spirits entered into birds and flowers and they floated off into paradise. The wicked, comprising the greater part of mankind, went away into everlasting darkness. The third estate, a sort of limbo, or negative existence, without pleasure and without pain, was reserved for those who died of certain diseases, which fantastically enough, and yet reminding one of old Hebrew usages, unfitted men for the pure heavenly world.—Chicago Times.

### The Maid of the Mist.

The Buffalo Express has the following account of the famous passage of the little steamer, Maid of the Mist, below the rapids and the whirlpool, near Niagara Falls:

A short sketch of the memorable trip of the Maid of the Mist, on which were the only persons who ever went through the whirlpool rapids and the whirlpool itself and came out alive, will be of interest. The boat which made this trip was built in 1854. For awhile she took passengers from both the American and Canadian shore, and ran up very close to the foot of the falls. Owing to some change in her appointments, which confined her to the Canadian shore for the reception of passengers, she became unprofitable. Her owner, wishing to leave the place, determined to sell her, and he received an offer of little more than half her cost if he would deliver her at Niagara opposite the Fort. This he decided to do, after consulting with Joel R. Robinson, who had acted as captain and pilot on her trips under the falls. Mr. Robinson consented to act as pilot for the fearful voyage, and the engineer, Mr. Jones, agreed to go with him. A machinist, Mr. McIntyre, volunteered to share the risks with them. The boat was put in complete trim, all superfluous articles being removed from the deck and hold. Notice was given of the time for starting, and a large crowd assembled to see the fearful plunge, no one expecting to see either boat or crew again after they should leave the dock, which was just above the suspension bridge.

About 3 o'clock in the afternoon of June 15, 1861, the engineer took his place in the hold, and knowing that their flitting trip would be short at the longest, set his steam valve at the proper gauge, and waited the tinkling signal that should start them on their flying voyage. Robinson took his place at the wheel and gave the starting signal. With a shriek from her whistle and a white puff from the escape pipe, the boat ran up the eddy a short distance, cleared the smooth water, and shot like an arrow into the rapid under the bridge. She took the outside curve of the rapid, and when a third of the way down it, a jet of water struck against her rudder, a column dashed up under her starboard side, keeled her over, carried away her smokestack, started her overhang on that side, threw Robinson on his back and threw McIntyre against her starboard wheel-house with such force as to break it through. Every looker-on breathed freer as she emerged, showed her wounded sides, slid into the whirlpool and for a moment rose again on her even keel. Robinson rose at once, seized the helm, set her to the right of the large port in the pool, then turned her directly through the neck of it. Thence, after receiving another drenching from the waves, she dashed on without further accident to the quiet bosom of the river below Lewiston. The boat was 72 feet long with 17 feet breadth of beam, 8 feet depth of hold, and carried an engine of 100 horse-power.

The trader was in despair, but managed to tell the gent of the cloth that the nuts were unsound. The minister seemed anxious to procure one, and told the merchant that if they had milk in them they were all right, and, shaking one, was convinced of their soundness. The merchant could do nothing more, and sold him one, hoping he would get out of the scrape in some way. In about half an hour after the minister left the merchant received a note from him saying: "Send me six more cocoanuts exactly like the one I purchased of you."

### A Square Druggist.

"You are de squarest man in Austin," said old Uncle Moss, entering a drug store and taking a clerk by the hand. The drug man blushed modestly and said he always tried to do his duty as a Christian and an American citizen, regardless of age, race, sex or previous condition.

"I knowed right off you was a Christian, sah. No man in de drug business 'ceptin' a follower ob de Lord would hang out sich a sign as you has got. Hit shows you am a Christian fust, and spizen mixer afterwards. I was just spellen' it out. Hit am de best advice eber I got in a drug store."

"What sign are you talking about, uncle?" asked the somewhat bewildered druggist.  
"Dat ar," said the old man, pointing to a placard on the wall which read: "Tasteless Medicines." "Dat ar an de best advice in de world, tasteless medicines, no how, and dat ar am de chief reason I se alive and kickin' yet. But you am de first Christian druggist eber I struck." And the old man strolled out just in time to avoid stopping with his head a package of hair restorer that the infuriated druggist had ruffled after him.—Texas Siftings.

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