

THE ARIZONA SILVER BELT.

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NO. 6.

THE ARIZONA SILVER BELT.

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Globe, Gila County, Arizona,
—BY—
A. H. HACKNEY,
Editor and Proprietor.

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THE SAME NEGRO.

A Reminiscence of the War and a Fall of Whitewash at the Same Time.

(From the N. Y. Mail and Express.)

Mr. Michel Boessinger of No. 130 Bridge street, Brooklyn, is a small-sized Frenchman with a big heart.

Before he became a citizen of this country he went to the war and enlisted in the Northern army. He was a member of Company C, of the Forty-seventh New York volunteers, and at one period during the duel between the South and the North was stationed with his company on Edisto island, at the mouth of the Edisto river. He likes to tell reminiscences of that period. On Tuesday last he sent his wife to hire a man to help him in his kitchen, and when Mr. Boessinger came in at noon the whitewash artist, who was a coal black negro, was hard at work. His back was turned to the small but leonine Frenchman. Then the latter talked:

"When I was at the war," he began, "I visited many states in the South."

"So did I," rejoined the negro.

"I was in Georgia," continued Mr. Boessinger.

"So was I," said the whitewash artist.

"And in Virginia, interjected the Gaul.

"Me too," responded the kalsominer.

"And," continued the Frenchman, "I was on Edisto island and—"

"So was I," broke in the negro.

"Why," said the little Frenchman, "warming up," "Edisto island is where I was captured by the confederates. A nigger with one eye, he came one day to our camp and said he wanted to join us company. The next day he niggared he skipped out, and on night of the day he led us confederates down and captured us whole lot. He called us niggers. I'd know zat niggard anywhere. He was pockmarked, and had but ze one eye."

Mr. Boessinger, in his excitement, had worked himself around until he was in front of the whitewash artist. He glanced up and saw the negro was pockmarked, and had only one eye, and was in fact the veritable gentleman who had betrayed Company C.

"By ze shade of ze great Napoleon, you air ze man," said the little Frenchman, and then his astonishment giving way to his anger, he unloaded himself of a dozen choice epithetical expletives as he ran up the step-ladder toward the negro. The latter did not wait. He jumped the seven steps, and went through the door like a gust of wind. The pair of whitewash went over the impetuous Frenchman and thoroughly drenched him. He ran into the street, and when his neighbors stood against and asked him what the matter was, he almost cried for joy as he said over and over again: "I caught ze niggard! I caught ze niggard!"

In his subsequent cooler moments Mr. Boessinger explained the matter and set up the cobble.

"If ze fellow comes back," he said, "I will give him ze paid and ze brush, and I will him ze shake of ze hand. Ze war is ovaire."

Bombay More Crowded than London.

One of the results of the Indian census, the various returns of which are now being collated, is to show that Bombay, the second city in the British Empire, is more crowded than London itself. The density of population in London in the most densely peopled parts is less than the density of twelve of the most crowded sections of Bombay, with a population of more than 490,000 people. These sections have an average population of 458,57 per acre. In Bombay the average of population is about 52 per acre; in London, 49. The extreme in London rises to 222 per acre, whereas in Bombay it rises to 759. The population of the sections in which the crowding is double that of the most crowded divisions of London is equal to more than 37 per cent of the total population, but the area of these sections is only 34 per cent of the island. In other words, 37 per cent of the population are crowded upon 34 per cent of the surface of the land.

HAD SERVED TOGETHER.

"Your face is very familiar," said a Colorado man to a thoughtful person whom he chanced to sit beside in a railroad train. It strikes me that we were colleagues in the Ohio legislature in 1855. "You are mistaken," replied the thoughtful person. "It was in the Ohio penitentiary we met. You had a cell just across the corridor from mine." "Oh, yes, I remember now," said the other. "My memory is a little foggy at times but I felt sure that we had served our state together in some capacity. I had got it into my head that it was in the legislature. My mind is much relieved to know it was not there. Let us congratulate each other."

A MINER'S DEVOTION.

An old acquaintance, F. L. Aude, writes the following to one of the San Diego journals. It is a touching and well-told incident, which we reproduce upon its merits, and to illustrate that profane language is not necessarily irreverent:

I think it was in the year 1856, I was called on business to a mining region in our county, in the mountains. It was at one of those "mining camps," so-called, that I made the acquaintance of a noble old gentleman, known by the name of Uncle Standish, his full name being Standish Forde. It was not difficult to see that he was one of Nature's noblemen, for his heart was in the simple glance of his mellow blue eyes. "Be you a doctor?" said he to me on our first meeting. "No, sir, I am not," said I. "Well, from your billed shirt, and store-close-fixin, as the boys say, I thought you might be," said the old man. "Well, you can go in that cabin and see my boy, I guess, any how," said he. He led the way, a short distance off and opened the door leading into a miner's cabin. I entered, and there lay upon a clean bed in the corner, a pale, emaciated youth, about eighteen or twenty years old. "This boy has bin terrible sick," said Uncle Standish, "but he's gittin' long some better now." I diagnosed the poor boy's case as well as I could, in my way, and came to the conclusion that his case was hopeless, but of course I did not venture my opinion to the boy. Nostalgia seemed to be aggravating his condition. Very soon Uncle Standish and myself found ourselves outside, and he pressed me hard for an opinion about his boy, as he called him. I plainly told him that I thought there was no hope for him. "But," said Uncle Standish, "I know his father and mother in old Kentucky," and his eyes commenced to swim in tears. "That may be so, Uncle Standish," said I, "but I don't see how that's going to help the poor boy." "It shall help him! It shall help him!" said he, and he commenced pulling off his coat. "I went out from old Connecticut to old Kentucky, when I was young, and I knowed that ere boy's father and mother, I tell you; and that ere boy shall not die in these ere mountains, away from his father and mother, by G—, he shall't." I never saw determination and faith more thoroughly depicted in any countenance than appeared in the face of this noble-hearted old man. He immediately quit working a claim that was paying two ounces a day—thirty-two dollars—and gave his entire attention to the nursing of that boy. His patient at last got well, and Uncle Standish had the exquisite pleasure of taking him to his "Old Kentucky home, far away," and delivering him to his father and mother, but he "knewed so well," as he had told me. I rejoiced to hear that both the old man and the young one finally went to their Eastern home with their "pile."—Argonaut.

SIX TIMES AN ORPHAN.

(See Fremont Post.)

"Why are you crying, my little boy?" asked the man.

"Cause dad's dead," answered the boy.

"The boy said, 'When did he die?'"

"Two months ago."

"Two months ago? Why, that is a very long time; you ought not to be crying now. You must have been very fond of your father."

"Well, no, can't say that I was; but you see he was the only one I ever had."

"That's so, but you have a mother, have you not?"

"No, they're dead too."

"They?"

"Yes, you see," said the boy between his sobs, "we were all Mormons living down in Southern Utah, where dad was a bishop, and, of course, had five wives. Well, each one of them had a boy as big about the same age, and they were all named Brigham."

"Isn't it strange to name them all alike?"

"They always name the first one Brigham, if it is a boy, and," said he, "when we were about four years old dad had to drive the little flock of Brighamites down to the farm and make us weed carrots. The farm was two miles from town, and one day when we were all alone a band of Indians kidnapped the whole of us and took us away down into Arizona. The other boys got sick and all died, but they kept me with them five years before I could escape, which I finally did and got back home. Well, when I got back I didn't know my mother, or even her number, and she didn't know me, and they all claimed me as their little lost Brigham, and so they had to draw cuts to see which one would have me; and I was hers till she died—then the next, and so on. My first mother died a year after I got home; then I became the mother of number two. She apostatized, ran away, and married a Gentile, and got killed in a railroad collision. I lived with this mother a year and a half. The third mother got hooked by a cow six months after she had me. The fourth one died after I was thirteen, and my last mother died six months ago. And now dad's dead. I tell you what's the matter, mister, they don't know what real sorrow is till they've been an orphan like me six times."

A CONDENSED NOVEL.

Something in the Way of a Short-Novel Romance from the Wild West.

(From the Chicago Lake-Cross.)

Some years ago Miss Kate Walworth, then a school teacher in New York, became engaged to William Emerson, a young dairy farmer. Miss Walworth during the period of betrothal visited Illinois, where she met Samuel Hull, who owned several fine farms. He was smitten with the charms of the fair maid from the east and she was somewhat dazzled with her wealthy new lover. Her brother also favored the suit of Hull, and the consequence was she returned to New York under betrothal to Hull and anxious to break with Emerson, the old love. There was a somewhat stormy scene when they met, but the result was that the New York farmer made a vow of eternal fidelity to her, and consented that she should marry the bonanza farmer, providing that during her whole life, whether married or single, they were to correspond, exchanging at least one letter every month. Miss Walworth returned to Illinois and married Samuel Hull. Then came the crash; farm after farm melted away, and before the honeymoon was over the young husband was a poor man and obliged to accept a position as a salesman with a Chicago firm.

Twelve years passed and misfortune came upon Mr. Hull and his wife. Most of the time she supported herself and husband by teaching. In the meantime the correspondence continued, which the wife always dutifully read to her husband. One letter said the dairy farmer had married, was prosperous and wishing his early love prosperity. About two years ago Mr. and Mrs. Hull went to Dakota and located a thim some twelve miles south of Jamestown. Last fall Emerson, now grown rich, was traveling through the west and stopped at Jamestown to see his old flame. He arrived at the miserable shanty just in time to close the eyes of Hull, and remained long enough to attend to the funeral and provide for the immediate wants of the widow. Returning home Emerson found his wife dying, and in a few minutes she breathed her last.

The last scene in this condensed novel, as strange as any fiction, is when the old lovers appeared before a Dakota Justice of the Peace and were married, starting immediately for the home of Emerson in New York.

"Papa's Home To-night"

is the title of the latest song. The o and n of the last word can be omitted when necessary.

Men who think all women are angels may be fools; but men who think no women are angels are certainly knaves.

"Whisky did it, but I'll never touch another drop," said the murderer on the gallows, as the hangman sprang the trap.

Little boys who get drunk on beer at 12 years of age will have a poor constitution for whisky when they arrive at the age of 20.

General Butler thinks that stopping work is a very poor way for the laborers to get ahead of their employers. Ben's head is level for once.

"What is it that you like about that girl?" asked one young man of another.

"My arm," was the brief reply.

An Elyria high school girl who is head over hoopskirts in love with her professor, has christened him "Experience," because he is a "dear teacher."

A camel will work for seven or eight days without drinking. In this he differs from some men, who will drink seven or eight days without working.

Prophet Vinton predicts heavy frosts in July; also the nomination of J. A. Logan to the Presidency. Very well. Now we predict sunstrokes in June. See which comes out ahead.—S. F. Exchange.

"Where did you get your wonderful power of language?" asked an admiring auditor of the local preacher at the close of the sermon. "Oh," replied the preacher, "I used to work in a barber's shop."

Ben Johnson, a celebrated poet who lived over 300 years ago, was in early life a bricklayer. It is said that he always carried a book in his pocket, and while waiting for the laborer to bring him mortar or brick he improved the odd moments in studying his book.

Mr. Beecher last Sunday illustrated a part of his sermon by whistling a bar from an opera. Mr. Beecher is constantly introducing new features into his business, like the enterprising man that he is. In this age of competition it behooves one to be on the alert.

The select society in some portions of New Mexico would pass as third-class dudes in some of the states. Talk about select society in New Mexico; why, everybody who behaves themselves are just as good as a bank clerk, a dry goods salesman, or a miss who plays on the piano, even if they do have to shovel dirt on the streets, or use a washboard.

It is said that the Japanese keep meat fresh in hot weather by placing the raw flesh in porcelain vessels and pouring on it boiling water, whereby the albumen of the surface is quickly coagulated, and forms a protection against the further action of the water. Oil is then poured on the surface of the water so as to prevent the access of the air and consequent putrefaction of the meat.

"I understand," said Prince Bismarck to his American visitor, "not yellow—vot you calls him, Oxletree?"

"You probably mean Colonel Oxletree."

"Yah, dot is he—I understandt his name is Oxletree," it often gave him inflammation of der brain.

"Well, I never heard that