

THE ARIZONA SILVER BELT.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF GILA COUNTY.

Saturday, August 13, 1892.

Has One Wish.

Most people set upon at least one place or thing which they are particularly anxious to see. This was the case with a philanthropic spinster who had lived in Boston for nearly sixty years.

Her sister-in-law and her nieces were mapping out the route for the six months' travel and presently one of them said to her:

"Now you must tell where you want to go, Aunt Martha; we're all choosing our favorite place, you see."

"I've heard you all agree on Italy," replied Aunt Martha, "and that's the only country I have any special desire to visit."

"Why, how nice!" said the niece, in a tone of pleased surprise. "We were talking it over the other day, and mamma said she was afraid you wouldn't care to go to Italy. You're so fastidious, and though Italy is lovely of course there are drawbacks, you know."

"I presume there are drawbacks," said Miss Martha, shivering a little. "I've heard of them. But you mustn't think I want to be stung about on cat-skin shoes or damp walls, my dear. All I wish is to see some organ grinders in their native land. That has been my desire for a good many years. The men we see here look so poor and ill fed!"

"I thought perhaps," added Miss Martha, "if I could learn enough Italian to make myself understood by those men it would be a good thing for me to advise them not to come to America."

"I think it would," said her listeners in chorus, but Miss Martha never understood why they laughed.—Youth's Companion.

His Famous Cook.

Last week two men each looking for a cook met on Woodward avenue and had a talk on hired help. This week they met again.

"Did you find a cook?" asked the first. "No. Did you?" "Yes. I've got one."

"Any good?" "Best I ever had in the house."

"No! Where did you find her?" "Down in Ohio."

"Have to go after her yourself?" "Yes."

"How did you happen to hear of her?" "A friend of mine told me about her first, and I wrote to her on a venture."

"How did you ever persuade her to come so far from home?" "Blessed if I know, but she seems perfectly well satisfied now."

"Do you think I could get a mate to her at the same place?" "Well, no, I think not."

"Why?" "There isn't another like her, I should say."

"Who is she?" "My wife."

"Oh," said the other man, and when he came home he went right out into his kitchen and kissed the cook four times, and his wife really seemed to think he was doing the proper thing.—Detroit Free Press.

Good the Earthworm Does.

"The earthworm performs a very important part in the economy of nature," said Professor Ernest Parker, of Nashville. "The little creature is the worst despised of all animal life, but from discoveries of my own, after long and patient investigation, he has gained my respect, and I want to extend to him assurances of my most distinguished consideration. I have found out that but for the earthworm's indefatigable toil very little of vegetation would grow except by irrigation. He is the greatest producer of moisture and heat in the world."

"He does more than the plowshare to disturb the latent heat and moisture of the earth and bring them to the top soil to vitalize and invigorate the struggling roots of the grasses, grains and other forms of vegetation. But for his great stretches of the western agricultural lands would become vast deserts. Therefore, all hail to the earthworm and bad luck to the man who thinks he is fit only for fish bait!"—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Color of Chameleons.

As chameleons become tame they change color less rapidly, showing the habit is protective and to render itself less conspicuous. Indeed the power of assuming the color of its surroundings is the only protection these helpless creatures possess. Mr. S. D. Barstow informs me that he was watching a chameleon on a shrub when a wild bee or two came out of a nest close by, and immediately the chameleon donned its bright green dress and became nearly black, and therefore inconspicuous. Their turning white at night may find reason in the predominance of shining foliage in the South African trees. The leaves of most trees at night are glisten under the bright stars and the moonlight and so appear white. A chameleon, without reasoning on cause and effect, sees bright white leaves and imitates them.—Cor. Forest and Stream.

Walters on Horseback.

In great French houses dinner was announced by the blowing of hunting horns, and it is on record that at certain gala feasts the dishes were brought in by servants in full armor, mounted upon caparisoned horses, a practice we could only look for during the reign of chivalry. Of the attendants at dinner the carver and server took precedence over all the others; they stood probably on each side of their lord. The server, it may be mentioned, was the officer who placed the dishes on the table.—London Cor. Chicago Herald.

Retires Came in Early.

Husband—Er, my dear, there is going to be a very important election at my club tonight, and I may— Wife—Very well, I'll wait up to hear the returns.

"Um—er—are you interested in the returns?" "Yes—your returns."—New York Weekly.

People Who Smoke Domestic.

Philadelphia cigar dealers keep imported cigars for visitors, and for show. A cigar dealer near Walnut street told the reporter that he was the first man to buy an imported cigar since that cigar shop had been opened.—Cor. New York Sun.

Roads Like Romans.

On a bluff of the Tippecanoe river, between Rochester and Bloomingsburg, is a solitary grave. It is in a grove along the roadside. Standing by it one may see a magnificent stretch of river, with woodland beyond. Every one who travels that way often knows the spot, and has heard the story of the death of the grave's occupant.

Many years ago a mover was passing along that highway with his family. He had neither friends nor acquaintances in the neighborhood, and, in fact, the population was sparse. His wife took sick on the way, and he laid by on his journey at this place, towering far above the beautiful river. He found no remedy for his wife's illness and she died. Without help with no looker-on save his daughter, then a little girl, he dug a grave and buried his wife there. The headstone, if there ever was one, decayed, and all trace of the identity of the dead was lost. But every one respected the burial place.

Among those once familiar with this neighborhood was Mrs. Martha Allen, now of this city. Last week she was talking with an Indianapolis friend of childhood associations. The new friend in the course of the conversation said:

"There is one thing that clouds my early life, and that is that I do not know where my mother is buried. I was still young when my father died in the same community where we had settled. My mother had been dead some years already. All I remember is that on a long journey in a great covered wagon we stopped on the banks of a river. There, after some days, my father dug a hole in the earth, and I have faint recollections that it was a time of great sorrow, for mother had died, and there father all alone had buried her."

"Was there a great bluff along the river and a road running near the spot through the woods?" "Yes, I can see the scene now pictured in my mind. I remember the road and the bluff distinctly."

"Then, my dear madam," said Mrs. Allen, "I can tell you where your mother is buried." And she related the story as above.

The lady will go to Rochester and thence across the country to her mother's grave.—Indianapolis News.

Curious Fate of a Shark.

The steamship Kansas City, of the Ocean Steamship company, which arrived here on Wednesday night from Savannah, witnessed the death of a five foot shovled nosed shark in a somewhat unusual manner. Off Hatteras Shoals, steaming along at the rate of seventeen miles an hour, the steamship ran its cutters into the shark, striking the fish square amidships, so to speak. The shark was unable to extricate itself owing to the intense pressure of the water.

In a few moments the sharp stem had cut the flesh to the backbone, and this in turn breaking under the strain, the shark assumed the shape of an inverted V, hanging on either side of the bow like an old rope, the head and tail being still connected by the muscles of the back. Caught thus, the shark was towed along by the steamship for some 200 miles, and until the stop at quarantine, when, released from the pressure of the water, the body slowly sank.—New York Sun.

A Toy Industry Festival.

A remarkable token of the importance of the toy industry in the ancient city of Nuremberg is afforded by the great gathering in one of the public halls at a banquet in celebration of the completion of the 300,000th model steam engine by a well known maker. Among the guests were the heads of the municipality and several industrial and commercial corporations.

The little model which marks this stage in the toy making industry of the Nuremberg firm was constructed with the latest improvements. It was adorned with a herring wreath, and exhibited in the hall side by side, in order to show the progress in construction, with a model of the date 1815. It is said that this factory alone has also turned out more than 325,000 magic lanterns.—London Opinion.

Cumbersome Theft.

Points find sermons in stones, but thefts (and philosophers) look for contents of a different kind. On Friday the Earl of Lathom laid the foundation stone of a new lodge at Cambridge. Yesterday evening the stone was found to have been bodily removed. The stone, according to the custom observed on such occasions, contained a bottle in which copies of the rains were daily sealed up. The laborious method adopted by the thief in getting on a par with the historic mode of roasting pig immortalized by Ella.—London Globe.

Car Rails Five Miles Long.

The electric welding of street railway rails, as a substitute for fish plates, has been the subject of experiment for some time. The process is now said to be entirely successful, and it is possible to weld by electricity two pieces of steel of twenty-five square inches section, and therefore a solid rail four or five miles long can be laid if required. The tests are also said to prove that the necessity of joints to provide for contraction and expansion is not so apparent as engineers have supposed.—New York World.

A Dinner at an Installation.

If the dietum of the Vicar of Bray be true, that he "who lives a good life is sure to live well," then George Nevill, who was archbishop of York, must have been a very good man indeed. At his installation a big banquet was prepared, and the mere perusal of the bill of fare is calculated to give one an appetite. It reads:

Three hundred quarters of wheat, 320 tons of ale, 104 tons of wine, 1 pipe of apicid wine, 80 fat oxen, 6 wild bulls, 1,004 wethers, 300 hogs, 300 calves, 3,000 geese, 3,000 capons, 300 pigs, 100 peacocks, 200 turkeys, 300 kids, 2,000 chickens, 4,000 pigeons, 4,000 rabbits, 204 hatters, 4,000 ducks, 4,000 pheasants, 500 partridges, 4,000 woodcocks, 400 plovers, 300 curlews, 100 quails, 1,000 egrets, 300 roes, above 400 bucks, does and roebucks, 1,500 hot venison pasties, 4,000 cold venison pasties, 1,000 dishes of jelly pasties, 4,000 dishes of plain jelly, 4,000 cold custards, 2,000 hot custards, 300 sals, 300 breads, 8 seals, 4 porpoises and 400 torts. The waiters numbered 1,000, the cooks 62, and the kitcheners 813.—London Tit-Bits.

In 1783 a cow was tried for murder at Ponton, France, and five years later a pig, which had killed a child in the streets of Menhan, was thrown into prison, tried and finally strangled in the market place.

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Russia is soon to construct an electric railway between St. Petersburg and Archangel, a distance of 200 miles.

YOUNG WOMEN IN PITTSBURGH MAKE IRON BOLTS AND NUTS.

Work That Seems Hard for Females Finds, but Which is Liked by the Girls, Who Are Very Skillful—Their Pay, Seat and Intelligent—Their Pay.

There are probably a thousand women in Pittsburgh who work in iron mills making bolts, nuts, hinges and barbed wire. It seems almost incredible that girls should be employed in an occupation which is associated only with braven and muscle, but such is the case. At the first sight of the bolt works one cannot believe that anything bright or interesting could live inside. At the call of the whistle a number of girls are seen coming from all directions toward the factory. They are generally dressed tidily and well, and with their lunch baskets on their arms are not unlike any working girl one may see.

The first thing they do after entering the building is to change their street dress for one to work in, tie up their hair, roll up their sleeves, and putting on a coffee-sack apron, are ready to begin the day's labor. At 7 o'clock the bell whistle blows, the wheels groan and screech as if they were weary to resume another day's work, but in a little while they begin to move with more rapidly and the noise amounts to something terrific. A sulphur smolder arises, and as it embraces everything in a dim color, it needs but the dull red burning of the oil, the horrible noises and the occasional sound of a hammer voice hailing a command to stamp the scene on one's memory as a study from heaven.

The bolts and nuts, as they are called, are fashioned by the heavy men on the first floor. In a crude state they are sent to other departments, when the finishing touches are applied by feminine fingers, oftentimes very delicate ones. The bolts are dumped into different bins, according to size and length, and each girl has one special kind to work on. The first work on the bolt is to "point" it—that is, to make a round end so that it will enter the machine which cuts the thread on it. The pointing machine has an immovable socket at one side and steam revolving knives facing it.

The operator, who is known as a "pointer," places the head of the bolt in the socket, presses her foot on a pedal, and the sharp steel knives are forced against the iron, little bits of the iron fly, and in an instant the workman's foot and the pointed bolt falls down a slide into an iron receptacle on the floor.

While the one hand and foot has been accomplishing this, the other foot supports the girl, whose style, and the other hand has got a bolt ready to be placed into the socket the moment it is empty. Thus for days, weeks and years the "pointer" handles one bolt after another for a living, being paid by the thousand. Expert workers have polished 10,000 bolts in a day.

When the bolts are pointed they are taken to the cutting quarters. These machines are large, with deep sides filled with a thick sheet of iron. The bolts are placed in slides and pushed by the worker by the sharp steel disk. In an instant the thread is cut on the bolt, and work is rather dangerous, and care must be exercised to keep the operator's fingers from going into the open die and having their ends cut off instead of the iron. The oil in which the girl is compelled to work in order to keep the bolts from getting hot and thereby breaking has a very offensive odor and gradually causes the worker to lose her appetite. Girls of any age, from sixteen to fifty, are employed in this department. Their pay by the thousand averages from fifty cents to one dollar a day.

Little girls from six years up to twelve put the nuts on the bolts and pack them. The "nutting" is also accomplished by machine power. The worker puts a nut on a plate, then, after catching the head of a bolt in the jaws of the press, her foot on the pedal, when the nut is done. At long intervals of substantial wood are rows of young girls, interspersed with a scattering of women whose life has not yet reached their old age. They pile the bolts, row after row, alternate heads, then wrap them in strong paper.

The girls always come to the factory clad neatly and well. Dressing rooms are provided for them, and soap and towels. At noon the girls are given three-quarters of an hour. They lay aside their aprons, wash their hands and devour their five lunches with energy worthy of a better cause. Formerly the girls would hurry their dinners and devote the rest of their time to slandering. The orchestra was not the largest, nor did it rival the Mexican band in melody, but it answered the purpose of furnishing time for the slandering girls. It consisted of one girl and a mouth organ. The men were not permitted to come into the girl's side of the shop, but they would stand at a respectful distance, as though longing to join the merry dancers. It seems rather strange, but the girls never mingle with the men in the same factory. They are good and honest, and generally intelligent.

The girls were very happy, and every day moved as smoothly as feet on ice, until a foreman was introduced to take the place of a foreman. Immediately she put a stop to all singing during the day and all dancing at noon. There was a decided stir among the girls at these new rules, but they were forced to submit. Since then they spend the noon hour reading and doing fancy work. Most of the girls are experts with the needle and those who read would surprise a scholar with their quotations. There are more handsome girls in this factory than could be found among the same number at a reception. They are beautifully formed, and the influence of the oil keeps the hands white and prevents them hardening from contact with the iron.—New York Advertiser.

Look Out for a Sudden Change. Now is the time when you should avoid sudden changes of air. Shut the window before the street organist begins his operatic selection and commence "Annie Rooney."—Boston Bulletin.

A colored man at High Point, N. C., fell from an electric light pole to the pavement, a distance of twenty-five feet, the other day and is reported to have escaped without even a bruise.

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HOW SHE EARNED HER CAR FARE.

A Woman's Ingenious Device for Making Money When She Was Hard Up.

A woman who is now one of the most prominent actresses in this city, and was lucky enough to get two of her pictures accepted by the Academy, told this story of how she earned her first few dollars in this big town:

"When I came here five years ago I had just twenty-five dollars in my pocket. I got a room—or rather a cubby hole next to the roof—in a boarding house on Fourth avenue. It was three weeks before I got anything to do. There was a place offered to me as a primary teacher in a private school. The salary when you got it was fair enough in amount. But unfortunately you didn't get it until the end of the month.

"By this time there was such a tremendous hole in my twenty-five dollars that I couldn't afford to move up town. The expenses alone would have made a hair-shirt of me, for I had absolutely come to the end of my money. I had no money to pay my car fare to the school, and I walked every inch of the way—44 miles every journey. I used to leave the house at 7 in the morning so as to reach the school promptly at 8.

"Then I found that my French heels were beginning to give out, so I saw that my efforts to save money by pedestrating would only get me into deeper water. Suddenly I had an inspiration.

"There were three old maiden states who occupied the double bedded room on the second floor. They were without exception the fattest women I ever saw. The most slender of the three weighed 200 lb. and she weighed a pound. They were all shodwomans in one of the big Fifth avenue stores. They used to scramble down to breakfast in the morning in a fluster at the last moment.

"One of them confided to me that it was their shoes which always delayed them. They almost expired every morning in their attempts to button them. She told me in a tone of the utmost resignation that previously she expected their shoes would be the death of all sorts of shoes. Well, what do you suppose I did? I took that woman aside and I said to her: 'How long have you made a shoe with you? I want to make a shoe for you now, for I can do anything I like to do. If you and your two sisters will make me a pair of shoes I will make you a pair of shoes every day for the next year. The shoes will be made for you, and you will not have to pay for them.'"

"The poor old things fairly jumped at the offer. They began on paying my first week's salary—twenty cents—an advance. It got me into the good way, and because of 'Monday' there was no more. After the first week they began on making up orders to my quarters. Every week, I buttoned their shoes regularly for two months. Then I had to resign my position as I was getting to be a leading shoe maker.

"When I made shoes, usually the people of the neighborhood would come over and inspect me with the loudest admiration. I had a lot of business. I had then taken for the parade view the color blind. They all came, little than when they were into the shoes, and they were all very obliging to abandon, including shoes. 'Now, my dear,' she said with a look of respect, 'we can ever making but simple shoes.'—New York Evening News.

Breaking Up a Witness. If you can't get a better display of the contents than by seeing a genuine testimonial of the witnesses they are about to examine and by trusting them accordingly. Evidence was famous as this. In a case in which he was engaged a conventional traveler came into the witness box dressed in the height of fashion and wearing a starched white necktie. He had a very fine appearance, and he was a very fine man, though he had never seen him before, and said to him: 'You were born and bred in Manhattan, I presume?' 'Greatly astonished at the question, the man replied that he was 'Greatly' who served the great ones of the earth in a conventional way. 'I know it from the glass in the corner of my necktie.'

The case of Douglas—coming from every person in the court, with the single exception of the unfortunate witness—which followed this rejoinder completely deflected Evident's purpose, which was to put the witness in a state of agitation and confusion before touching on the facts concerning which he had come to give evidence.—London Illustrated News.

Theories and Children. The very children of today are afflicted with theories. 'Hurry, mamma,' said a seven-year-old youngster passing an alley whence issued a bad smell, 'we'll have a disease.' If the little folks have taken to a knowledge of and dread of microbes and bacteria life must be a burden to them. It takes all the adult philosophy one has to bear up against the horrors which, according to this and that authority, are ever lying in wait for one. It is a pity that the children should walk under the same shadow.—Her Point of View in New York Times.

A Conduit Electric Railway. A conduit railway system has been devised in which the current is transmitted to the car by induction. It requires no overhead wires, storage batteries or surface or underground conduits, the arrangement of the transformers being such that the primary circuit is underneath the roadway, while the secondary is carried on the car, so that there is no metallic connection between the car and the main circuit from which the current is derived.—New York World.

The Invention of Paper. The invention of paper was perhaps more useful to the world than that of printing. It vastly increased the amount of knowledge, making possible the possession, upon the payment of a few cents, of knowledge which in the fourteenth century, the day of rare and costly manuscripts, could only be procured upon the payment of a large sum of money.—New York World.

A very pleasant stage was witnessed on the Brooklyn water front a few days ago, and one that is of too rare occurrence nowadays: it was the docking of four American steamships almost at the same time.

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Gila County.

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From and after January 1st, the following will be the rates for Lumber delivered in Globe:

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KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS.

Regular meeting of Pinal Mountain Lodge No. 11, Tuesday night of each week at Masonic Hall. All brothers in good standing are cordially invited.

Times, W. Cronson, G. C. West, W. R. S. S.

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We will not be Undersold by Anybody or in any one Article and our Stock is the Largest in Gila County.

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