THE ARIZONA SILVER BELT.

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THE ARIZONA SILVER BELT

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—BY—

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Bessie Lodge, I. O. O. F., meets 2nd and 4th Wednesdays in each month at Court House. Visiting brothers in good standing are cordially invited to attend.

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MASONIC:

Regular communication of White Mountain Lodge, No. 8, A. F. & A. M., meet Thursday's on or succeeding each full Moon. Sojourning Brethren in good standing cordially invited.

By order of the W. M.
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DEATH BY HANGING.

The Three Different Stages Through Which the Victim Passes.

"I have made the subject of death by hanging a long study," said Dr. D. S. Lamb, an ex-surgeon of the United States army, according to the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. "From my observations during my experience in the army, I feel justified in saying that death by hanging is the most exaggerated of all modes. It may be immediate and without symptoms, but the subject must pass through three stages before death.

"In the first stage the victim passes into a partial stupor lasting from thirty seconds to two minutes, but this is generally governed by the length of the drop, the weight of the body, and the tightness of the constriction. There is absolutely no pain in this stage; the feeling is rather one of pleasure. The subjective symptoms described are intense heat in the head, brilliant flashes of light in the eyes, deafening sounds in the ears and a heavy numb feeling in the lungs. In the second stage, the subject passes into unconsciousness, and convulsions usually occur. In the third state all is quiet except the beating of the heart. Just before death the agitation is renewed, but in a different way from that in the second state. The feet are raised, the tongue has a peculiar spasm, the chest heaves, the eyes protude from the orbits and oscillate from side to side, and the pupils dilate. The pulse can, in most cases, be felt ten minutes after the drop.

"I once knew a man who was desirous of ascertaining if there was any suffering by hanging, and in order to find out he placed a rope around his neck and stepped off a bench, intending to step back again, but he became immediately unconscious, and would have died in a few minutes had it not been for the timely arrival of a friend. He said he experienced all the feelings that I mentioned in the first stage."

NEVER SMILED.

The Terrible Secret in the Life of an Erring Physician.

"A few years ago," said Charles J. Patterson, of Philadelphia, to a St. Louis Republic reporter, "I learned the secret of the life of a man who had passed more than a quarter of a century with scarcely a smile. He had been a physician and surgeon, and on one occasion had to remove an injured eye in order to save the other eye and prevent total blindness. The night before the operation he had been drinking heavily with some friends, and although the following morning he was sober, his hand was unsteady and his nerves unstrung. After administering chloroform he made a fatal and horrible blunder, removing the well eye by mistake and thus consigning his patient to perpetual blindness. The moment he discovered his error he turned the man over to a competent surgeon, deeded everything he possessed to him and hurried from the neighborhood like a convicted thief. The remainder of his life was one constant round of remorse and he rapidly developed into a confirmed misanthrope. The secret of his life was known to a number of people, but when it was finally revealed to me it explained a mystery and made me respect the man, for however grave his original blunder, which in some respects was, of course, worse than a crime, his repentance was of the most genuine character."

LOOK BEFORE YOU DRINK.

One Woman Didn't and Was Sorry for Her Negligence.

"Look before you leap," and also before you eat or drink, is a good motto to remember. It is wonderful how people will rise in the night, lay hold of a bottle in the dark, and quaff the contents, too often to realize by taste or feeling that they have swallowed carbolic acid or some other deadly draught.

A lady had an experience the other night which will teach her to light the gas before she partakes of refreshment in the night. She had a brown stone bottle of imported seltzer water left in the bathroom in case of feeling thirsty. One night she arose, fumbled about, found the bottle, which she knew by its shape, and the fact that it was not glass, turned out a goblet full, got a mouthful of something so nauseous that the goblet fell from her hand, its contents saturating her night dress.

After a good deal of spluttering and some delay she struck a light near the wash basin, over which hung a mirror; so she saw herself, and gave a shriek which roused the house as she did so. And no wonder—her face, teeth, hands, feet and garments were covered with ink.

LITTLE CURIOUS THINGS.

JANUARY 1 has been New Year's day ever since Julius Cæsar "reformed" the calendar, in the year 45 B. C.

PROF. MASSO, the Italian scientist, is authority for the statement that eel's blood is as poisonous as viper's venom.

ONE of the new rifles used by the Italian soldiers sends a ball with force enough to go through five inches of solid oak at a distance of four thousand feet.

STATISTICS prove that nearly two-thirds of all the letters carried by the postal service of the world are written, sent to and read by English-speaking people.

JUNE was named in honor of Juno, a Roman divinity, who was worshiped as Queen of the Heavens. It is called the "month of marriages and of suicides."

ACCORDING to an investigator located at Davenport, Ia., there are twenty million microbes to each cubic inch of water taken from the Mississippi at that place.

"THE Speed of the Earthquake" was the subject of a recent scientific lecture by Prof. Lancaster. He proved that the average speed of transmission of the shock is sixteen thousand feet per second.

THE year 1819 was one of "notable births," bringing into the world such celebrities as Queen Victoria, John Ruskin, Walt Whitman, Charles Kingsley, Julia Ward Howe, J. G. Holland and Cyrus W. Field.

WHEN BABY GOES TO SLEEP.

When Kate takes the baby and the nodding little head
Gives to us a sign that it's weary and would like to go to bed,
An air of death-like stillness 'bout the house begins to creep,
And everybody's silent when the baby goes to sleep.

Sometimes I get so frightened that I almost lose my breath—
If I chance to make a bit of noise it scares me most to death,
When from 'neath a tiny eyebrow I see a half-way peep
From big blue eyes, if an baby has almost gone to sleep.

And when at last a twinkling of a tiny smile appears
On lips that angel kisses softly touch as dreaming ears,
I give a sigh of gladness, that is full of thanks, and deep,
That the world can once more move on, for baby's gone to sleep.

—Edward N. Wood, in Atlanta Constitution.

WAS IT STEALING?

How a Brutal Husband Was Taught a Needed Lesson.

"Speaking of the disabilities of women, some people would have you believe there were none nowadays because women are more favored in this land than in others, that their rights are well enough protected and they have nothing to wish for. Why, it was only this morning I heard of a woman knocked down by her husband and called a thief for taking money from his pocket, as if it had been his money only and not hers that she had worked hard for. Her little boy, with other children, had got into some trouble—some petty offense—and it was to release him that she was hunting around for money. Her husband never gave her any, although a well-to-do man and she a hard-working woman."

The speaker paused, and there were many questions asked and a general buzz of conversation. Through it all Mrs. Arens sat and listened. She heard no names, and she was very attentive. What if it were Ellen, the sister who had been like a mother to her, married to such a pettifogging man? She should not feel easy till she saw her. At the first good opportunity she ordered her carriage and, putting in some cushions, almost smiling at her fears, she told Dennis where to drive.

It was at the other end of town, at the foot of a lane leading up to a small, shabby looking house that he stopped the horses, and she got out to walk. The window shades were down, and she walked around to the back door, pushed it open, and passed into the kitchen. On an old lounge was the prostrate form of her sister, with suffering in her face.

"Ellen, is it true," she said, "what I have heard? Did he dare to raise his hand against you, after all these years? Tell me quickly. Where are you hurt?"

"Oh, no! Oh, no! It was only the words. They startled me so. It was what he called me. I sit the table—the sharp corner. I hurt my side. I believe I did fall, and it is very sore; but I am going to get up." She made a resolute effort, but fell back with a white face and an exclamation of pain.

"You must go home with me. You are all worn out, and there is no one here to nurse and care for you properly. Lie perfectly still, my dear, till I come back."

Mrs. Arens called to Dennis, who drove away for help. Then she went about the house picking up what would be needed, and when Dennis returned, her sister, quite unresisting, was lifted into the carriage, carefully wrapped up and driven away.

Hiram Blake, on coming home that night, found no fire, no wife, no supper, no son. Such an experience had never happened before in the whole course of his married life. He had been hard at work all day, and had had no time to think of the occurrence of the morning, but now it came back with a troubled insistence. He went to a house not far away, where lived a woman known as "old Emeline," who sometimes came to help his wife. He hired her now to come and get him something to eat. Then as he moved uneasily about the room, from window to table, trying to read, and putting his paper down again, little Paul came in with a scared look. He said his mother was at his Aunt Ruby's, and that the doctor said she would be sick a long time.

"Don't wonder!" sniffed old Emeline, casting a black look at Hiram Blake. "It's a wonder she wa'n't took sick a long while afore. She had work enough for three women to do here."

At the end of a week the man acknowledged to himself that he had never been so miserable in his life. He dismissed the hired man after the day's work, for the faithful wife was no longer there to feed them. Paul remained at his aunt's much of the time, only coming home now and then to report the slow progress of the patient.

Loitering in the lane one evening, Hiram Blake saw some one leading a horse very carefully, who inquired if there was any hotel near, as something was the matter with his horse, and he wished to find a veterinary surgeon to examine it. Mr. Blake did an unprecedented thing for him. He asked the stranger in, while he went for a neighboring doctor skilled in the treatment of animals. He prescribed some remedies, and the stranger, who said his name was Dixon, was invited to stop with Mr. Blake, such was his utter loneliness. He accepted gladly for a few days. The old housekeeper grumbled at having another "to do for," but after the first day she made no further complaint, saying: "Mr. Dixon was a likely man, and pleasant, spoken; some difference between him and H Blake—" and she prophesied "they would not pull together long."

Mr. Dixon was so solicitous for his horse, and worked so persistently for its comfort, that it excited his host's comment.

"But that is my religion," Mr. Dixon answered, "to make everything around me as happy as it is in my power. You have a good home there, and he pointed to a strawberry roan named Peter.

"My wife is fond of that horse." Hiram Blake's voice sounded strangely to him.

"He looks overworked."

"Yes. He has been doing the work of two horses lately. I must let him rest a bit, or he will be nothing but skin and bones; but there is no other way to get along. One can't do as he would like to, but as he can."

"I wish you would let me take down the partition between these two stalls, they are too narrow for Peter to rest well. A horse needs plenty of room, and I shall sleep better for it, too."

Once a proposal like this would have been met with derision, but Mr. Blake was surprised at his own readiness to assist, and, while one bathed the stiff legs, the other brought an extra measure of meal. "You would soon spoil the critters." He spoke jocosely, and a little awkwardly.

"Oh, no," said his companion, earnestly, "I am only pleading for their rights."

"I didn't know they had any such particular rights." Mr. Blake brought the words out slowly.

"Oh, yes, every living thing has rights we are bound to respect. We can make a heaven for them here, if we will, and for ourselves, too."

"I thought Heaven was a long way off, with an angry God to rule it."

"Heaven is right round us, or we can make it the other place, as many do. I see no anger in God's dealings with us. He has given us this beautiful world. It is the most boundless love day after day; but we are slow to learn the lesson, and to do by each other and by every living creature even as he is doing for us all the time."

Hiram Blake thought a long while over these words. He had never heard anything like the ideas expressed in them.

One evening, seated on the piazza, the two men quite alone, Hiram cited the case of a woman who took money from her husband's pocket, and asked his friend if he did not think it was taking what did not belong to her. Mr. Dixon inquired into the case—if she worked without wages—if she received half of the income regularly; and, having learned the facts, declared he thought it was a plain case of stealing. Hiram shifted uneasily in his chair. He did not exactly like to have the woman branded in this way, although he had invited the criticism. But Mr. Dixon continued:

"Yes, a man that will force his wife to have recourse to such extremities—a wife who is only a toiler, not a sharer in the products of a home—that man is a thief of the worst type. For what should he live but to make her happy? Instead of that, he is laying up bitterness for himself, and sorrow for all around him."

Hiram Blake shifted his weight from one leg to the other. He had not expected this climax, and he hastily changed the subject.

"I have been thinking of building on to the kitchen, and putting more windows in. My wife always said it was too small and dark. What do you think?" he asked.

"I should build a new house, and move this one away, if I owned it, and could afford it."

"I hadn't thought of that; but I guess I could do it."

Hiram took so kindly to this view of the situation that the next time Paul came home and told his father he had heard his Aunt Ruby say his mother was never coming to this house again, Hiram only rubbed his hands and said cheerily: "She's right, Paul; your mother never will."

He had an architect to draw the plans, and Mr. Dixon gave many suggestions. In time the house was finished and furnished, even to a row of plants in the broad bay window. The old housekeeper knew the names of some favorites, and even contributed a few herself, with much pride. At last, Peter, harnessed to a new, easy carriage, was sent for the long absent wife. Little Paul was the driver, and could scarcely contain his excitement. His father had cautioned him to say nothing about the new house, for he had planned a surprise. Paul began to tell about the horse. "It's yours, mother, your own. No one else can drive Peter unless you say so. Isn't he fat? And the new carriage is all yours. Isn't it soft and springy?"

Mrs. Blake could hardly believe her eyes. Of course she had heard something about the new building, but that anything so fine had been prepared for her, it would have taken great faith indeed to believe. Her husband followed her from room to room with a delighted face. Quite tired out with going over the house, she sat down in the spacious living room before the plants, one mass of bloom and fragrance.

"Some of them were Mr. Dixon's gift to you, and this is mine," he said, putting into her hand a deed of the place, and a bank book made out in her name, with a cash account of several thousand dollars.

"It is heaven on earth, Hiram."

Those words again! At last he felt he had done something to be worthy of them.—W. A. P. Neal, in Woman's Journal.

THERE are less than 300 pure blooded Greenlanders.

PHOTOGRAPHS have been taken 500 feet under water.

THE armadillo is the mouser of South American families.

A PECULIAR FRIENDSHIP.

How It Was Established Between a Hawk and a Rooster.

"The most peculiar friendship I ever saw formed was one between a hawk and a rooster," said a traveler recently. "One day, when living on a farm in western Pennsylvania, I shot and wounded a hawk. When I picked up the bird I found that its wings were broken, but otherwise it was uninjured. My sister begged that the creature's life be spared, and the request was granted. Within a few days the hawk had become quite tame and would come to us for its food when we called it. The chickens were greatly frightened at its presence and kept at considerable focs. This soon wore off and in a short time its presence was taken as a matter of course. The hawk was tied to a stake in the back yard and the fowls would go over at times a day to look at him. One rooster, more courageous than the rest, concluded to get acquainted with the stranger. In some way they succeeded in coming together and establishing a bond of friendship. They were constantly together, and after the hawk's wounds had healed and he was liberated he would spend a portion of each day with his friend, the rooster, paying no attention to the other chickens. In some way he must have told the other hawks that our flock was under his especial care, for we were never troubled with them afterward, although before that we had lost a great many chickens."

JAPANESE THEATRICALS.

Customs Observed in Play Houses in the Land of the Mikado.

Japanese plays usually last from morning till morning. The audience make preparations to attend the theater much as if they were going on a holiday trip from Saturday to Monday. They take baskets of eatables with them and have their meals with the same regularity at the play as they would at home. Food is sold in all Japanese theaters just as coffee and tea and beer and whisky are sold in English theaters, and the hawkers of edibles attend to business while the actors are strutting their brief hour upon the stage. The "Jeji" audiences sit in little boxes on the floor of the theater and eat and sleep there. They sleep, as a rule, while the principal actors are taking a rest. There are no aisles in the body of the theater, so that those who have boxes in the middle and come late are compelled to crawl over those who are in their places. When the play is about to begin it is announced by wrapping with a wooden hammer. This method of announcement is also employed in the French but it has been in use in Japan for hundreds of years. To a great extent the success of a Japanese play depends on the moral. If the audiences are not quickly responsive and a tragedy is being presented the play is withdrawn immediately and the actors reappear in something comic.

POISON IVY.

One of the Curious Idiosyncrasies of the Human System.

The susceptibility of certain persons to ivy poison is one of the curious idiosyncrasies of the human system that the medical profession frequently fail to circumvent. Many persons are not in the least affected by it, while others cannot go anywhere in its vicinity without feeling the injurious effects. One instance of extreme susceptibility is given where a brush pile was burning when a stranger passing by was poisoned by the floating smoke and broke out in rash with some blisters all over the face and hands. In another case, some old stakes and rubbish that had been left on a brushpile for years were removed, when the laborer was severely attacked with this difficulty, the eyes being almost closed from the swelling of the face. This poison is somewhat erratic in its action and its victims may scale just whatever it may take. It sometimes makes its appearance on one arm or one ankle and may appear in several succeeding years at about the same date. Sometimes it is a permanent tissue breaking out all over the body, till the entire system has been overheated. At it will form tiny specks just under the skin and after a few days [illegible] small, red middle and a [illegible] rim, which comes off [illegible] little hard scales with [illegible] is almost intolerable. [illegible] invented or discovered [illegible] cure is able to afford [illegible]

IN ENG[illegible]

LONDON Jews will [illegible] sand-dollar hospital.

THE oldest epitaph found in a country c[illegible] fordshire, dated 17[illegible] gauge is almost unin[illegible]

IN 1872 the skin of [illegible] hanged in England [illegible] pieces of the same we[illegible] years, according to the [illegible] of a London exchange.

IN order to beautify country stations an English lady has sent presents of seeds and cuttings from her conservatory to all the station masters on the line over which she travels from her rural home.

THE British museum has books written on bricks, tiles, oyster shells, leaves and flat stones, together with manuscripts on bark, on leaves, on ivory, leather, parchment, papyrus, [illegible] paper and wood.

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