

MOHAVE COUNTY MINER.

VOL. I.

MINERAL PARK, A. T., SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1883.

NO. 14

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

Territorial.

Governor—F. A. Tritle, Prescott.
Secretary—J. W. Van Arman, Prescott.
Treasurer—Thomas J. Butler, Prescott.
Superintendent of Public Instruction—W. B. Horton, Tucson.
Auditor—E. P. Clark, Prescott.
Supreme Court—C. G. W. French, Chief Justice, Prescott; Daniel H. Finney, Associate Justice, Phoenix; W. W. Hoover, Associate Justice, Tucson.
U. S. District Attorney—J. A. Zabrickie, Tucson.
U. S. Marshal—Leon S. Tidball, Prescott.
Supreme Court Reporter—Murat Masterson, Prescott.
Surveyor General—J. W. Robbins, Tucson.
U. S. Internal Revenue Collector—Fisher, Tucson.
Delegates to Congress—G. H. Oary, Florence.

County.

Sheriff—Robert Steen.
District Attorney—W. G. Blakely.
Recorder—J. K. Mackenzie.
Treasurer—W. M. Kridler.
Court Commissioner—W. H. Cureton.
Probate Judge—Chas. Atchisson.
Public Administrator—J. J. Hyde.
Supervisors—W. H. Hardy, W. F. Grounds and M. W. Henkle.
Clerk of the Board of Supervisors—H. Buckebaum.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

JOS. P. HARGRAVE, District Attorney.
W. S. MCPHEETERS, Assist. U. S. Dist. Atty.
J. MONROE ROBINSON, Assist. Dist. Atty.
JOS. W. ROBINSON, Assist. & Notary Public.

Hargrave, McPheeters, Robinson & Robinson.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

Prescott, Arizona.

E. L. BURDICK, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON

Mineral Park, A. T.

W. G. BLAKELY,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Mineral Park, A. T.

CLARK CHURCHILL, F. P. DANN,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

Prescott, A. T.

J. W. STEPHENSON,

Attorney & Counselor at Law

Dist. Attorney & Notary Public.

Mineral Park, A. T.

A. E. DAVIS,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Mineral Park, A. T.

Union Pass Station.

This station has changed hands and is now under the management of

WILLIAM REED.

HAY & BARLEY

ALWAYS ON HAND.

The Purest water in the County.

Meals at all Hours.

The table will be under the supervision of Mrs. Reed and will be supplied with the best the market affords.

A HUSBAND AND A MULE.

Not long since Wakefield Starkey of Austin, while crossing the track of the International and Great Northern railroad on a valuable mule was struck by a locomotive and killed. The mule was also hurled into eternity. Wakefield Starkey, although a perfect gentleman on the street, was a perfect tyrant of the deepest dye. Without any provocation he used to beat his wife and lock her up in the wardrobe; hence, when she heard of his death, it was not so much a case of heavy bereavement as it was of mitigated affection. As the engineer of the locomotive was clearly to blame for the accident, it was suggested to the widow that she bring suit for damages. She resolved to do so, and called at the office of railway company. The proper official happened to be in. The widow had such a clear case against the company that it was deemed advisable to compromise the matter.

"Now, madam," said the official, after the widow had thrown back her veil and stated her business, "we are willing to do what is fair in this matter. There is really no occasion to go to law. It is a delicate subject to discuss, so I think, without going into the merits of it, I will tender you a check for \$3,000, and you will sign a paper releasing the company from all further demands."

The widow started, and asked: "How much?"
"I am authorized to pay you \$3,000,"
"I accept it," she said, very much agitated.

The check was handed over, the papers signed, and the widow walked out into the street in a bewildered frame of mind. As she cashed the check, she said to herself, confidentially: "I didn't expect to get more than \$50. Reckon that railroad fellow didn't know how old that mule was."

It never occurred to her that she had sustained any loss in the death of her husband. On the other hand, the railroad official said to one of his clerks: "The company was getting off dirt cheap. We usually have to pay \$5,000 for running over husbands."

A HERO OF THE SEA DEAD.

The death is announced at Antwerp of Captain Robert Crighton, Marine Superintendent of the Red Star line, plying between New York, Philadelphia and Antwerp. The deceased, who was sixty-one years of age, was for a great number of years connected with Liverpool, where he was held in the highest respect. He was appointed Marine Superintendent of the Red Star line about ten years ago, since which time the company, by vigorous and judicious management, has become one of great importance. Captain Crighton will, perhaps, be best remembered by his noble conduct in rescuing several hundred United States troops from a watery grave, standing by the San Francisco transport for more than a week in a most terrific gale. No doubt there are some living yet who will remember his signal: "I will stand by you!" For his conduct on that occasion he received a vote of thanks from Congress, and in addition a considerable sum of money. He was feted, too, by nearly all the large towns. One of these receptions was held at the old Broadway Theatre, New York, when he received a welcome that made the walls tremble. It emanated from the heart and not from the hand, and the favorite song of the minstrel of the day ended with an encomium to Captain Crighton of the good ship Three Bells. It ran:

The good ship Three Bells, Three Bells;
The good ship Three Bells;
God bless the crew
And the captain true
That manned the good Three Bells.
He was presented with numerous addresses, gold medals and other presentations of more or less value. No British sailor has been so lionized in America either before or since, and the news of his death cannot fail to be received with feelings of deep regret.

He was borne to his grave in a manner worthy of a brave sailor, on the shoulders of the quartermasters of the steamers Belgenland and Switzerland, with the Belgian, American and British flags covering as

brave a heart as ever throbbed, followed by all the officers of the port in their uniforms.
Green, ever green, be the grass that covers his grave.
—Liverpool Courier and Evening Journal.

LITERATURE AND SOAP.

Three weeks ago I called to engage Langtry to write a Christmas article for a New York weekly paper. She was amiable and seemed to think favorably of the project. "But I can't write," she said; you know I can't write anything that would be interesting."

I said the obvious thing—that a lady of her intelligence and experience could undoubtedly write an interesting sketch of herself and her profession. "It doesn't matter much, what it is," said the lady from Jersey; "my name is all you want. The article wouldn't be much."

"It will bring you a check for \$100," I continued.
"One hundred pounds, you mean," observed the fair lady with a twinkle and appropriate emphasis.

"No," I managed to say, "£20.—Your name is an attraction, but no weekly paper would be justified, I think, in offering £100 for it."

"Very well," she said laughing, "I don't care to become a journalist unless I can get £100 for an article. Oscar Wilde gets that and more too!"
I assured her on my own personal knowledge that Mr. Wilde did not get that, or anything like it.

"Well, I can," she answered, with a laugh, "for I was offered £150 last week—that's—let's see—\$750—just to put my name to a certificate of toilet soap. And I've forgotten the name of the maker already!" she gurgled gleefully. "Seven hundred and fifty dollars!" repeated Mrs. Labouchere, solemnly, "for toilet soap and she got it too."

I said: "Is it not less pleasant to certify to the excellence of somebody's toilet soap than it would be to put your name to an illustrated article in a prominent journal?"

She bathed me with her violet eyes, and I heard a velvety voice say, "Why?"

"Because—" I said; but stopped with that answer. I didn't want to strain my intellect by elaborating an explanation of the "why."—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

He was a brand-new office boy; young, pretty-faced, with golden ringlets and blue eyes. Just such a boy as one would imagine would be taken out of his little trundle bed in the middle of the night and transported beyond the stars. The first day he glanced over the library in the editorial room, became acquainted with everybody, knew all the printers, and went home in the evening as happy and cheery as a sunbeam. The next day he appeared, leaned out of the back window, expectorated on a bald headed printer's pate, tied the cat up by the tail in the hallway, had four fights with another boy, borrowed \$2 from an occupant of the building, saying his mother was dead, collected his two days' pay from the cashier, hit the janitor with a broomstick, pawned a coat belonging to a member of the editorial staff, wrenched the knobs off the doors, upset the ice-cooler, pied three galley boys of type, and mashed his finger in the small press. On the third day a note was received, saying: "My Mother do not want I to work in such a dull place. She says I would make a Good preacher, so Do I. my finger is better: gone fishin'. Yours Till Deth do Yank us."—Boston Courier.

On Sunday, Dec. 31, a terrific sand storm began on the Mojave desert, which raged until Monday morning. The Southern overland train collided with a freight train that was stuck in a sand drift, and was long delayed. Passengers on the train say that the sun was not seen until 5 o'clock on Sunday evening. It was almost pitch dark, and the headlight of the locomotive could penetrate this darkness but a short distance. The light showed the surface of the desert covered with billows of moving sand, and these completely hid the track as they rolled across it. The clouds of sand were seen a hundred miles away, though for a time their character was unknown.

SYSTEMATIC ROBBERY.—The company which owns the fleet of steamers which run on Lake Como has made a startling discovery of dis-

honesty among its employees, nearly all of whom have been taken into custody. The entire staff is said to have been systematically robbing the company for several years, every servant, from the captain to the cab in boys, being implicated. They had formed themselves into a fraternity, forged tickets, falsified the books, and met every month to verify their accounts and divide the spoils. The company learned of these depredations through a dismissed steward whose silence the other employees had refused to purchase by allowing him to continue to share in the plunder.

Somebody was telling Jekyll that a brewer had been drowned in his own vat. "Ah," was Jekyll's remark; "floating on his own watery bier."

MINERAL PARK

BUTCHER SHOP.

Finest Beef in the Territory.

I Keep on Hand

Fresh Eastern Fruit,

Potatoes and Dried Fruit.

Will Soon Have on Hand

FRESH PORK & SAUSAGES.

JAMES SMITH.

GEORGE H. CURRY,

Watchmaker and Dealer in WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY, SILVERWARE,

Spectacles and Eye Glasses. Also agent for Royal St. John Sewing Machine. Largest Line of Guns, Pistols and Ammunition in Northern Arizona. Prescott, A. T.

A. J. MASON,

Dealer in Saddles, Harness,

BOOTS & SHOES

And Everything in the Leather Line.

Prescott, A. T.

O. F. KUENCER.

Assayer & Analytical Chemist.

Office: Lone Star Concentrator.

Assaying in all its Branches.

Gold and Silver Bullion Melted into Bars And Stamped.

Deputy U. S. Mineral Surveyor.

FOR SALE CHEAP.

A FINE STOCKRANGE

with water sufficient for

1,000 Head of Cattle.

There are three running springs on the range which is situated about two miles and a half from Ca. on Station in a north westerly direction. There is a good cabin on the ranch and an abundance of feed and timber. 500 cords of wood can be cut from it. Apply to Jonathan Adams, Miner Park, or to this office.

ATCHISSON'S STORE

Magnolia

SALOON

W. S. CLARK.

Having recently brought from San Francisco a full line of

Gents Furnishing Goods,

OVERALLS, CLOTHING

And a fine lot of

Fall and Winter Suits,

Also an excellent assortment of

Boots, Shoes, Hats, Blankets,

TOBACCO AND CIGARS.

I am prepared to sell at reduced prices. The public are cordially invited to give me a call,

CHAS. ATCHISSON.

S. L. Stanley.

SPRUANCE, STANLEY & CO.,

Importers and wholesale Dealers in

FINE OLD KENTUCKY WHISKY, WINES AND LIQUORS.

ALSO SOLE AGENTS FOR THE CELEBRATED

AFRICAN STOMACH BITTERS,

The Finest Tonic and Appetizer in the World.

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THE ARIZONA SAMPLING CO.,

Buyers of all Grades of Ores,

Sampling Works at Kingman, Arizona.

We are now ready to receive and Sample all kinds of Ore.

Highest Market Prices Paid for

GOLD, SILVER, LEAD AND COPPER ORES

ORE SAMPLED AND PAID FOR ON DELIVERY.

CHAMBERLAIN & HIGBY, General Managers.

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