

MOHAVE COUNTY MINER.

VOL. 1.

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

NO. 18.

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. Pinney, Associate Justice, Phoenix; W. W. Hoover, Associate Justice, Tucson.
U. S. District Attorney—J. A. Zabrickie, Tucson.
U. S. Marshal—Leon S. Tibball, Prescott.
Supreme Court Reporter—Murat Masterson, Prescott.
Sergeant General—J. W. Robbins, Tucson.
U. S. Internal Revenue Collector—Fisher, Tucson.
Delegate to Congress—G. H. Orry, Florence.
Judge of First Judicial District—W. W. Hoover, Tucson.
Judge of Second Judicial District—Daniel H. Pinney, Phoenix.
Judge of Third Judicial District—C. G. W. French, Prescott.

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

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

JOS. P. HARGRAVE, W. S. MCPHEETERS,
District Attorney, Ass't. U. S. Dist. Atty.
J. MONROE ROBINSON, JOS. W. ROBINSON,
Ass't. Dist. Atty., Ass't. & 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

District 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.

HIS PA JOKES HIM.

The Bad Boy's Parent Trifles With the Feelings of the Bold Buccaneer of the Spanish Main and Lives to Rue His Rashness.

Peck's Sun.
"What on earth is that you have got on your upper lip?" said the grocery man to the bad boy, as he came in and began to peel a rutabaga, and his upper lip hung down over his teeth and was covered with something that looked like shoemaker's wax. "You look as though you had been digging potatoes with your nose."

"O, that's some of pa's daru smartness. I asked him if he knew anything that would make a boy's moustache grow, and he told me the best thing he ever tried was tar, and for me to rub it on thick when I went to bed, and wash it off in the morning. I put it on last night, and by gosh I can't wash it off. Pa told me all I had to do was to use a scouring brick, and it would come off, and I used the brick, and it took the skin off, and the tar is there yet, and say, does my lip look bad?"

The grocery man told him that it was the worst looking lip he ever saw, but he could cure it by rubbing a little cayenne pepper in the tar. He said the tar would neutralize the pepper, and the pepper would loosen the tar, and act as a cooling lotion to the lacerated lip. The boy went to a can of pepper behind the counter, and stuck his finger in and rubbed a lot of it on his lip, and then his hair began to raise, and he began to cry, and rushed to the water pail and ran his face into the water to wash off the pepper. The groceryman laughed and when the boy had got the pepper washed off, and had resumed his rutabaga, he said:

"That seals your fate. No man ever trifles with the feelings of the bold buccaneer of the Spanish main, without living to rue it. I will lay for you, old man, and don't you forget it. Pa thought he was smart when he got me so put tar on my lip, to bring my moustache out, and to-morrow your turn will come. You will regret that you did not get down on your knees and beg my pardon. You will be sorry that you did not prescribe cold cream for my bruised lip, instead of cayenne pepper. Beware, you base twelve-ounce-to-the-pound huckster, you gimlet-eyed seller of dog sausage, you sande-sugar idiot, you small potato, three-card monte, slight of hand, rotten egg fiend, you villain that sells smoked sturgeon and dogfish for smoked halibut. The avenger is on your track."

"Look here, young man, don't you threaten me, or I will take you by the ear and walk you through green fields, and beside still waters, to the front door, and kick your pistol pocket clear around so you can wear it for a watch pocket in your vest. No boy can frighten me, by erimus. But tell me, how did you get even with your pa?"

"Well, give me a glass of cider and we will be friends, and I will tell you. Thanks! Fesh, but that cider is made out of mouldy dried apples and sewer water," and he took a handful of layer raisins of the top of a box to, take the taste out of his mouth, and while the grocer charged a peck of rutabagas, a gallon of cider and two pounds of raisins to the boy's pa, the boy proceeded: "You see, pa likes a joke the best of any man you ever saw, if it is on somebody else, but he kicks like a steer when it is on him. I asked him this morning if it would be a good joke to put some zoft soap on the front step, so

The Letter-Carrier Would Slip Up and Spill Hissell.
and pa said it would be elegant. Pa is a Democrat, and he thinks that anything that will make it unpleasant for Republican officeholders is legitimate, and he encouraged me to paralyze the letter-carrier. The letter-carrier is as old a man as pa, and I didn't want to humiliate him; but I just wanted pa to give his consent, so he couldn't kick if he got caught in his own trap. You see? Well, this morning the minister and two of the deacons called on pa to have a talk with him about his actions in church on two or three occasions—when he pulled out the pack of cards with his handkerchief, and played the music box—and they had a pretty hot time in the back parlor, and finally they settled it and were going to sing a hymn, when pa handed them a little hymn book, and the minister opened it and turned pale and said, 'What's this, and they looked at it and it

was a book of Hoyle's games instead of a hymn book. Gosh, wasn't the minister mad? He had started to read a hymn and he quit after he read two lines where it said, 'In a game of four handed enchre never trump your partner's ace, but rely on the ace to take the trick on suit.' Pa was trying to explain how the book come be there, when the minister and the deacons started out, and then I poured the two quart tin pail full of soft soap on the front step. It was this white soap, just the color of the step, and when I got it spread I went down in the basement. The visitors came out and pa was trying to explain to them about Hoyle, when

One of the Deacons Stripped and Took Soap.
and his feet flew up and he struck on his pants and slid down the steps. The minister said, 'Great heavens, dechn, are you hurt? Let me assist you,' and he took one or two quick steps, and you have seen these fellows in a nigger show that kick each other head over heels and fall on their ears, and stand on their heads and spin around like a top. The minister's feet slipped, and the next I saw he was standing on his head in his hat, and his legs were sort of wilted and fell limp by his side, and he fell over on his stomach. You talk about spreading the gospel in heathen lands. It is nothing to the way you can spread it with two quarts of soft soap. The minister didn't look pious a bit when he was trying to catch the railing. He looked as though he wanted to murder every man on earth, but it may be he was tired. Well, pa was paralyzed, and he and the other deacon rushed out to pick up the minister and the first old man, and when they struck the steps they went kiting. Pa's feet somehow slipped backwards, and he turned a summersault and struck full length on his back, and one heel was across the minister's neck, and he slid down the steps, and the other deacon fell all over the other three, and pa swore at them, and it was the worst looking lot of pious people I ever saw. I think if the minister had been in the woods somewhere where nobody could have heard him, he would have used language. They all seemed mad at each other. The hired girl told ma there was three tramps out on the sidewalk fighting pa, and ma she took the broom and started to help pa, and I tried to stop ma, 'cause her constitution is not very strong and I didn't want her

To Do Any Flying Trapeze Pizness.
I couldn't stop her, and she went out with the broom and a towel tied around her head. Well, I don't know where ma kid strike, but when she came in she said she had palpitation of the heart, but that was not the place where she put the arnica. O, but she did go through the air like a bullet through cheese, and when she went down the steps a bumpity-bump, I felt sorry for ma. The minister had got so he could set up on the sidewalk, with his back against the lower step, when ma came sliding down, and one of the heels of her gaiters hit the minister in the hair, and the other foot went right through between his arm and his side, and the broom liked to pushed his teeth down his throat. But he was not mad at ma. As soon as he see it was ma he said: 'Why, sister, the wicked stand in slippery places, don't they?' and ma she was mad, and said for him to let go her stocking, and then pa was mad, and he said: 'Look-a-here, you sky pilot, this thing has gone far enough,' and then a policeman came along, and first he thought they were all drunk, but he found they were respectable, and he got a chip and scraped the soap off of them, and they went home, and pa and ma they got in the house some way, and just then the letter-carrier came along, but he didn't have any letters for us, and he didn't come onto the steps, and then I went up stairs and I said, Pa, don't you think it is real mean, after you and I fixed the soap on the steps for the letter carrier, he didn't come on the steps at all, and pa was scraping the soap off his pants with a piece of a shingle, and the hired girl was putting liniment on ma and heating it in for palpitation of the heart, and pa said, 'You dam idjut, no more of this or I'll maul the liver out of you,' and I asked him if he didn't think soft soap would help a moustache to grow, and he picked up ma's work-basket and threw it at my head as I went down stairs, and I came over here. Don't you think pa is unreasonable to get mad at a little joke like this, and they looked at it and it

was a book of Hoyle's games instead of a hymn book. Gosh, wasn't the minister mad? He had started to read a hymn and he quit after he read two lines where it said, 'In a game of four handed enchre never trump your partner's ace, but rely on the ace to take the trick on suit.' Pa was trying to explain how the book come be there, when the minister and the deacons started out, and then I poured the two quart tin pail full of soft soap on the front step. It was this white soap, just the color of the step, and when I got it spread I went down in the basement. The visitors came out and pa was trying to explain to them about Hoyle, when

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The grocery man said he didn't know, and the boy went out with a pair of skates over his shoulder, and the grocery man is wondering what joke the boy will play on him to get even for the cayenne pepper.

An Old Spanish Mine Discovered.
The following we copy from the Santa Fe New Mexican:
"Messrs Blonger & Whalen, who have the contract of sinking a shaft in the Bottom Dollar mine, near Cerrillos, made an interesting discovery on Monday last. While working at a depth of 110 feet they

dropped into an old tunnel made by the Spaniards not less than 200 years ago, and out of the debris they took a number of stone hammers, chisels and picks, and found every evidence that this mine belongs to the same class of silver-producing mines as does the Mino del Tiro property, which is the most perfect old Spanish mine yet discovered in this part of the country. These stone tools were left in the mine by the Pueblo Indians, and have lain there since the revolt of 1680, at which time the Indians filled the mines with rubbish to hide them and prevent the Spaniards from discovering and working them."

New England Pineapples.
It was in the early days of the Plymouth colony that John Josselyn, the Puritan naturalist, wrote a book which he labelled "New England Rarities." It is a queer work, and here is a gravely funny passage from it: "Happening into a fine broad walk," he writes, "I wandered until I chanced to spy a fine fruit. I thought like a pineapple-pleated with scales. It was as big as the crown of a woman's hat. I made bold to step unto it—with a view to have picked it. No sooner had I touched it but hundreds of wasps were about me. At last I cleared myself from them, but by the time I was come into the house they hardly knew me but by my garments." It is safe to assume that Master Josselyn afterward sedulously avoided that kind of a pineapple known in New England as a hornet's nest.

How to Deal With Dog Bites.
[London Lancet.]
An absurd superstition prevails that the bites of all dogs should be either cut out or cauterized, and the poor animal destroyed. It is not necessary to adopt either of these serious courses, provided the dog is healthy. In fact, they are simply ridiculous, and are calculated to produce groundless fear in the person bitten. Of course, in severe cases erysipelas may supervene, but with ordinary care, the wound being cleansed by a disinfecting lotion, no serious consequences will follow. In all cases, however, a doctor should be consulted.

Once upon a time an editor in search of food was compelled to pawn his diamond shirt-studs for a loaf of bread. While conveying the humble meal to his castle a hungry dog ran off with it, and a few moments later robbers deprived the editor of his watch. Instead of being rattled by these untoward incidents, the editor smilingly remarked: "I thank the gods that I still have my appetite left." We are taught by this little fable that true contentment is the greatest of all journalistic boons.

"That fellow had a monstrous foot—the biggest I ever saw."
"How large?" asked the General.
"Give us some idea of its size."
"I don't know that I can; but I'll tell you what's a fact. His foot was so big that—well, you have heard the old story of the fellow who used the forks of the road for a boot-jack? Yes, well, Shack tried it, and split the road so far that the geography of the neighborhood was changed."

Louise Michel, the Parisian anarchist, recently gave her programme for reforming the world, as follows: "It is to tear down the whole social edifice and begin over again. We must destroy all government. One half of the world must no longer sweat and toil in darkness for the rascals who by a system of lying and thieving keep all

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"Messrs Blonger & Whalen, who have the contract of sinking a shaft in the Bottom Dollar mine, near Cerrillos, made an interesting discovery on Monday last. While working at a depth of 110 feet they

dropped into an old tunnel made by the Spaniards not less than 200 years ago, and out of the debris they took a number of stone hammers, chisels and picks, and found every evidence that this mine belongs to the same class of silver-producing mines as does the Mino del Tiro property, which is the most perfect old Spanish mine yet discovered in this part of the country. These stone tools were left in the mine by the Pueblo Indians, and have lain there since the revolt of 1680, at which time the Indians filled the mines with rubbish to hide them and prevent the Spaniards from discovering and working them."

one of the deacons stripped and took soap. The minister's feet slipped, and the next I saw he was standing on his head in his hat, and his legs were sort of wilted and fell limp by his side, and he fell over on his stomach. You talk about spreading the gospel in heathen lands. It is nothing to the way you can spread it with two quarts of soft soap. The minister didn't look pious a bit when he was trying to catch the railing. He looked as though he wanted to murder every man on earth, but it may be he was tired. Well, pa was paralyzed, and he and the other deacon rushed out to pick up the minister and the first old man, and when they struck the steps they went kiting. Pa's feet somehow slipped backwards, and he turned a summersault and struck full length on his back, and one heel was across the minister's neck, and he slid down the steps, and the other deacon fell all over the other three, and pa swore at them, and it was the worst looking lot of pious people I ever saw. I think if the minister had been in the woods somewhere where nobody could have heard him, he would have used language. They all seemed mad at each other. The hired girl told ma there was three tramps out on the sidewalk fighting pa, and ma she took the broom and started to help pa, and I tried to stop ma, 'cause her constitution is not very strong and I didn't want her

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