

COCHISE REVIEW

VOLUME IV.

BISBEE, ARIZONA, WEDNESDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 14, 1900.

NUMBER 201

PROFESSIONAL

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RAILROAD TIME TABLES.

Arizona & South Eastern Railroad

Pacific Time one hour earlier than City time

Northward		Southward	
Miles	Time	Miles	Time
0	0	0	0
1.5	1:30	1.5	1:30
3.0	3:00	3.0	3:00
4.5	4:30	4.5	4:30
6.0	6:00	6.0	6:00
7.5	7:30	7.5	7:30
9.0	9:00	9.0	9:00
10.5	10:30	10.5	10:30
12.0	12:00	12.0	12:00
13.5	1:30	13.5	1:30
15.0	3:00	15.0	3:00
16.5	4:30	16.5	4:30
18.0	6:00	18.0	6:00
19.5	7:30	19.5	7:30
21.0	9:00	21.0	9:00
22.5	10:30	22.5	10:30
24.0	12:00	24.0	12:00
25.5	1:30	25.5	1:30
27.0	3:00	27.0	3:00
28.5	4:30	28.5	4:30
30.0	6:00	30.0	6:00
31.5	7:30	31.5	7:30
33.0	9:00	33.0	9:00
34.5	10:30	34.5	10:30
36.0	12:00	36.0	12:00
37.5	1:30	37.5	1:30
39.0	3:00	39.0	3:00
40.5	4:30	40.5	4:30
42.0	6:00	42.0	6:00
43.5	7:30	43.5	7:30
45.0	9:00	45.0	9:00
46.5	10:30	46.5	10:30
48.0	12:00	48.0	12:00
49.5	1:30	49.5	1:30
51.0	3:00	51.0	3:00
52.5	4:30	52.5	4:30
54.0	6:00	54.0	6:00
55.5	7:30	55.5	7:30
57.0	9:00	57.0	9:00
58.5	10:30	58.5	10:30
60.0	12:00	60.0	12:00

* Flag Stations—stop on Signal.
V. R. STILES, G. P. & P. A. R. C. MORGAN, Superintendent.

Southern Pacific Railroad.

WESTBOUND.		Pass.
Benson, leave	4:37 p. m.	
Maricopa, arrive	7:20 "	
Maricopa, leave	7:40 "	
Yuma, arrive	9:00 a. m.	
Los Angeles, arrive	12: noon	
EASTBOUND.		
Benson, leave	9:06 a. m.	
Wilcox, arrive	10:42 "	
Bowling, arrive	11:35 "	
Lordsburg, arrive	1:45 p. m.	
Deming, arrive	3:30 "	
El Paso, arrive	6:00 "	
Phoenix, arrive 8:30 a. m.		
Passengers for Phoenix, from the east or west, remain at Maricopa overnight. Sleeping car and hotel accommodation.		
New Mexico and Arizona Railroad.		
WESTBOUND.		
Benson, leave	5:30 p. m.	
Maricopa, arrive	6:15 "	
Nogales, arrive	9:00 "	
EASTBOUND.		
Nogales, leave	5:10 a. m.	
Fairbank, arrive	7:57 "	
Benson, arrive	8:40 "	
Sonora Railroad.		
SOUTHBOUND.		
Nogales, leave	10:05 p. m.	
Maricopa, arrive	6:15 a. m.	
Guaymas, arrive	9:10 "	
NORTHBOUND.		
Guaymas, leave	6:00 p. m.	
Maricopa, arrive	9:35 "	
Nogales, arrive	9:50 a. m.	

A PRAIRIE QUEEN

"NOW'S your chance, Deronda!" cried the agent's hearty voice. When he had carried the mail bags up from the depot he had waited until their contents were distributed. That was not a long time. It never was in Excelsior. And to-night the sacks had not been of sufficient weight to tax his strong shoulders. But out of their lankness had come a surprise for him, and an opportunity for Deronda.

"I can guess. It's a letter from Uncle Donald, a check?"
Once in awhile, at Christmas always, a letter inclosing a check arrived from Donald Bertram, of New York. And his brother, who found his petty salary as station master of the insignificant Nebraska town quite incommensurate with the needs of a large and increasing family, hailed the advent of each inclosure with gratitude and elation.

"No. It's a letter from Donald—but there's no check!" He looked across at his best loved and eldest child with a smile brighter than even the welcome check had ever summoned. "Guess again!"

She looked at him from her opposite end of the table where she presided, her mother in true western fashion still being busied at the kitchen stove until the remainder of her family had eaten. Between Deronda and her father a noisy and voracious young brood intervened—eight or ten of them. Deronda was kept busy attending to their needs. She and her mother "did" for the rest. They ate as their portion whatever was left. And neither dreamed of complaining. Labor and service were their ethics of domesticity. But now Deronda paused in her task of pouring out the numerous cups of milk.

"Father! It's good news! Keep still, Flora! What is it?"
The tidings came out in a rush. "If you will go to New York for a visit the check will follow your letter of acceptance. There!"

Deronda was the healthiest girl in town, but for the moment she felt positively weak. She set down the pitcher. The children clamored unheeded.

"O!" she gasped, "I must tell mother!"
Then she was gone, and the overworked man with the kindly face waited on the children himself.

Those that followed were exciting days. The little, straggling, low rooms over the depot were the scene of many confabulations, much scheming, many glorious hopes, innumerable pleasant prophecies. "Ronda, as the children called her, was going away—away into some vast and mystic fairyland, which their vivid imaginations merged in the triple ecstasy of Yuletide, Heaven and the Fourth of July. But one day order was born of confusion—sobriety of hysterical anticipation. That was the day Deronda's trunk stood labeled and corded on the platform—the day Deronda's self, freshly and becomingly garbed, stood beside it. The day that Agent Bertram, and Mrs. Bertram, and all the numerous young Bertrams listened for the whistle of the train at the depot eight miles west; hung around her with growing excitement as the black column of smoke came down like the guide of those fleeing from Pharaoh, and clung around her in an adoring farewell, which was detrimental to her finery if flattering to her sensibility.

Then the iron beast was upon them. A few passengers alighted. Some express packages were handed off. These the agent mechanically received. Then Deronda's foot was on the first step of the Pullman. The engineer was looking back to see that the agent's pretty daughter got on safely before he pulled the throttle. The brakeman stood irresolute. The conductor loitered along, deferring the signal to start, because the departure of Deronda for the east was public property all along the line, and the men who had known her since she wore short dresses and waved them a welcome when their train went by were interested in this young bird-flight of hers from the overflowing family nest.

A tentative whistle quivered in the air.
"Good-by, Deronda! Have a good time!" Deronda's father gave her a hard squeeze of the hand. There was the peck of a kiss between these two who loved each other so dearly.

And the train was speeding eastward.
Ah, that was a marvelous world into which Deronda went—a world where one wore dainty clothes from dawn till dawn! A world where the chief function of the women was to charm—that of the men to serve with the most exquisite courtesy. And the need of admiration she received, when her western dresses had been discarded for beautiful gowns, was new to her. Very sweet it was, too. To be sure, she had known what it was to have young men beseege her for dances and hang upon her words. But in one case those who had given her tribute were clumsy and rough-handed country boys. The men to whom her later environment introduced her possessed that indefinable air of breeding, of culture, of distinction which can be neither bought nor acquired. And she found the melody of trained voices at the opera sweeter than the triple note of the meadow lark—the scent of hothouse roses more delicious than the perfume of wild clover.

And so, too, she discovered entrancement in the homage of Eldred Wier. Not that in his case there was the possibility of comparison. She had never been touched by the attentions of her former acquaintances. There had not been one who attracted her. When she came east she was quite heart whole and fancy free. But missiles—the gentlest of missiles—well directed, did their deadly and delicious work. Perhaps these would not have been so promptly effective, even if hurled by Dan Cupid's unerring hand, had Deronda realized that she was the bright particular star of the season. Had anyone told her that her piquant, golden-brown beauty, her unconscious air of aloofness, her repose, begotten of prairie life and placid daily duty, had won for her a higher meed of approbation than was usually accorded to a newcomer in an exclusive coterie, she would have opened her serene gray eyes wide in smiling incredulity. All the girls had admirers. Almost all the girls had lovers. But—not one of them had such a lover as Eldred Wier.

One month passed—two—three! And always there were the same tributes—always there was the same direct personal deference. Theaters, dinners, flowers, bouquets, gloves, afternoon visits, rides and drives! Always the same low, intimate tones, lingering hand-pressure, the magnetic allurements of impassioned eyes! Then suddenly it seemed—it was time to go home. Time to go back to the dull little town, to the rooms over the depot, to the horde of clamorous children.

Eldred Wier was the last to leave the Pullman. His worshiping eyes devoured the beauty of the shy, expectant face. His hand held hers in a close and tender clasp. He bent his head. He spoke in a tone that thrilled her.

"You know—you must know that I love you! You know, could I have my way, I would never let you go!"
Then the train began to move. He was gone.

Five years later there was a tremendous rush of travel westward. The Nebraska town of Wymore was one of those caught in the vortex of impetuous pleasure seekers. Although there were many health seekers, too, bound for the solacing serenity of Colorado or the golden glory of California. A splendid summer day was waning when a snorting train disgorged its myriads on the depot platform. A young man, nervous and haggard of aspect, heaped an elderly woman to alight. With scant show of patience he hurried her into the waiting room.

"I tell you I've got to leave you for awhile," he declared, testily. "I've a letter to present to one of the eastern officials of the road. His private car is due here now. I'll be back as soon as I can." Heedless of her whimpering objections he hurried off. A tall, beautiful young woman, most charmingly gowned, attracted the observation of the throng as she came down the waiting-room. She passed the woman sitting alone, and gently in distress.

"Can I be of service?" she inquired, pausing.
The traveler, in apparel too elaborate and youthful for her years, looked up into the gentle face of the speaker. Her wrinkled cheeks were chalky under their rouge, and her false curls and bonnet were away.

"No," she shrilled, heedless of hearers. "No one can help me. I brought it on myself. Me, worth half a million, to go and marry that young whippersnapper, that leaves me here like a bale of goods! Not even a drink of water!"
The young woman brought her a glass of water, set straight the disordered hair and bonnet, and fanned the agitated old face, talking pleasantly the while.

"I am here," she said, "to meet my husband. He is one of the directors of the road. There—his special has just come in! He is coming this way." She rose eagerly. "There is some one with him." She took a step forward. "Welcome, Will!" as the stately man who had hastened to her side bent and kissed her.

"If it wasn't for this young lady, Eldred—" The resentful wall was out short by a sharp exclamation. White as death Eldred Wier stared at Deronda Leighton. She looked from him to the shriveled old creature on the seat. So this was why he had never written—had never come! This was why she had fancied her heart was broken, until "a better man drew nigh!"
"Mr. Wier!" The glimmering smile in her radiant eyes maddened him. "I have been making the acquaintance of your wife." "Mr. Wier," she explained to her handsome husband, "is an old acquaintance of mine. But it is meet and part. Good-by." She swept the travelers with a graceful bow. "We really must go now, Will, dear, the carriage is waiting."—Chicago Tribune.

Life's Problem an Easy One.
Alfred Vanderbilt knows that no man need be out of work, declares the Chicago Record, for he had no trouble in securing his pick of jobs in the office of the New York Central railroad.

DEATH OF DALY

The Montana Copper King Dies in New York.

Was Born in Ireland—Owned the Anaconda—Feuds With Clark are Famous.

NEW YORK, Nov. 12.—Marcus Daly died this morning at the hotel Netherlands. He had been sick for some time with bright's disease complicated with heart trouble.

He was born in Ireland in 1842 and came to the United States early in life. He has been engaged as manager of the Alice silver mine in Montana in late years. He became an agent for J. B. Haggis, the California millionaire, and while looking for an investment for the latter met the Hickey brothers who had located a silver mine on the hill overlooking Butte and Daly purchased the mine for \$35,000. He was made superintendent and part owner. As the work progressed silver was discovered in sufficient quantities to pay all expenses, but the mine was found to be far richer in copper; in fact it developed into the famous Anaconda, one of the richest copper mines in the world.

Daly became a millionaire. W. A. Clarke also made a fortune out of the enterprise. Daly bought the adjacent properties, founded the city of Anaconda and erected the greatest copper plant in the world.

Many years ago a feud arose between Daly and Clarke over water rights near Butte which Daly wanted and which Clarke purchased and made him pay an exorbitant price for. In return Daly twice secured Clark's defeat as a candidate for congress and twice prevented his election to the United States senate. In the election just passed Clarke won out and will probably be elected senator.

JERRY SIMPSON ON POPULISM.

Says Bryan Lost Kansas Through the Mid-Roaders.

WICHITA, Kan., Nov. 14.—According to Jerry Simpson the Populist party has seen its best day and will soon be swallowed up by the democrats and republicans. Almost all of them will go to the democrats. Mr. Simpson in an interview says:

"The populists—I mean the middle-of-the-road gang—were mainly responsible for Bryan losing the state of Kansas. I favor the abolishment of this element, and will do all I can to get them out of the way before another election comes around. They are a party without any original principles any more, and instead of helping, the democrats are injurious to their cause."

In the last campaign Simpson declared himself in favor of Democrats receiving all the nominations, claiming the populists have already had all the offices due them.

SOLDIERS GRIEVE FOR DOG.

Whiskers, the Mascot of the Sixth Infantry, Regulars, Is Dead.

HAMILTON, Ohio, Nov. 10.—A letter was received in this city today from Dumaguete, Negros, P. I., bringing sad news to every member of the Sixth Infantry, regulars, during the past three years. It tells of the death of "Whiskers," the dog that had been the mascot of the regiment for several years, and who participated in every fight it has had, including, and subsequent to, that at San Juan hill.

"Whiskers" was always on the firing line, and he was on top of San Juan with the first soldier. He died a natural death, and was given a formal burial by the regiment, which had a nurse constantly with him during his sickness.

"Whiskers" was a native of Fort Thomas near Cincinnati.

HELD FOR HER CHILD'S DEATH.

Divine Healer is Accused of Criminal Negligence.

ROYALTON, Minn., Nov. 14.—A child of Mrs. Alice Thrasher, a divine healer of Anoka, Minnesota, visiting here, having died, the coroner's jury found her and Mrs. J. P. Thrasher and B. W. Branner guilty of criminal negligence.

SCORES WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

Priest Says Interest in Politics Works Harm to Women.

DENVER, Nov. 14.—The Rev. William O'Ryan, of St. Leo's Catholic church, would like to have the question of granting suffrage to women submitted to the voters of Colorado. He believes that if this were done the right would be revoked. In a speech before the Denver Philosophical society last night he said:

"I voted for woman suffrage when it was presented to us, but now I feel that I ought to throw a white sheet about myself, stand in front of the church door and do penance for it. It is working harm to the women of this state. I have been shocked to see them engage in political work as they have done. They are losing their womanhood through it."

THE SUPERVISOR VOTE.

A Report Which Changes the Vote for Supervisors.

Information is now had that a mistake was made in the report of the Bisbee count as regards the vote cast for Thomas Allaire for supervisor, it being stated that 264 votes were cast for him instead of 364 as first reported and announced. This change, if correct, would elect Mr. Delehanty instead of Mr. Allaire, giving Mr. Delehanty a majority of 26. Mr. York 120 and Mr. Reay 29.

The friends of Mr. Allaire here assert all reports from Bisbee up to this time agreed on the supervisor tally, and do not understand that such an oversight could have been made, inasmuch as various parties took the figures from members of the election board after the count. The official count will be made on Monday next by the board of supervisors, when the matter will be definitely settled.—Prospector.

THE ELECTION GOSSIP

First Important Meeting of Cabinet.

SMITHS MAJORITY INCREASES

Navy Pronounced Inefficient—Fate of Lost Republicans Not Decided Yet.

A republican correspondent writing to the Los Angeles Herald puts Smith's majority over Murphy at 998.

Governor Murphy has gone to Hot Springs, Arizona, to recuperate after a hard campaign, and J. C. Adams, chairman of the republican territorial central committee, has no further interest in the returns. Acting Chairman Frank P. Trott, of the democratic central committee, from a partial list of returns and careful estimates gives out the following as the vote of the territory:

Smith—Cochise 140, Graham 290, Giles 264, Maricopa 19, Mohave 284, Pima 190, Pinal 175, Santa Cruz 85, Yuma 210, total, 1,667.

Murphy—Apache 97, Navajo 10, Coconino 70, Yavapai 482, total, 659. Smith's majority, 998.

ARIZONA LEGISLATURE.

How the Council Will Stand in Arizona.

The legislative council in Arizona will be two-thirds democratic. As far as heard from it stands as follows:

J. M. Ford, Maricopa, Democrat
J. B. Finley, Pima, Democrat
E. S. Ives, Yuma, Democrat
George Blair, Pinal, Democrat
H. T. Andrews, Yavapai, Democrat
C. M. Shannon, Graham, Democrat
W. A. Parr, Navajo, Democrat
S. P. Claypool, Gila, Democrat
M. J. Riordan, Coconino, Republican
C. C. Warner, Cochise, Republican

TRUST CLOSES A FACTORY.

Church-Furniture Plant at Richmond, Indiana, Shuts Down.

RICHMOND, Ind., Nov. 12.—The church furniture trust has closed down the second factory in Richmond. About a year ago the trust absorbed both the Indiana and National plants, closing the former down at the time. Today it was announced that the other had been shut down indefinitely, and the men told to look for other positions. The manufacture of church furniture was formerly one of the chief industries of the city, goods being shipped from here to all parts of the United States.

DIES WHILE CHEERING FLAG.

Aged Colored Woman Is Overcome by News of Election.

HARRISBURG, Pa., Nov. 14.—"Hurrah for Old Glory," cried Mrs. Hannah Fields, an aged colored woman when told that McKinley had been re-elected, and then she fell dead. Mrs. Fields had heart disease.

To Mine Copper in Jamaica.

KINGSTON, Nov. 14.—Messrs. Spiro and Knowles, representing a British syndicate, have arrived here with the object of going into copper mining on a large scale. There are vast deposits of copper in this island which as yet are unworked. Opening them up was under consideration by American capitalists for some time recently, but they dilly-dallied over it long and have now probably lost their chance.

A Generous Gift.

Some time ago the Copper Queen company subscribed \$3,000 for the manual training building which is being erected at the university. The manner in which the donation was secured through the efforts of Chancellor Herring was told through the Citizen some time ago. Today Chancellor Herring received the check for \$3,000 from the Copper Queen company. The resolutions adopted by the regents of the university on the contribution are as follows:

TUCSON, Ariz., Nov. 12, 1900.
Resolved, That this board express its profound gratitude to the Copper Queen Consolidated Mining company for its liberal donation of the sum of three thousand dollars to the university of Arizona to aid in the construction of a building upon the university grounds for the instruction of the students in manual training.—Citizen.

Attention!

Lodges, Societies and Parties will be well pleased to know that Henry Collmann of the Brewery Cafe will take their orders for Banquets, Balls and other entertainments on short notice.

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