

The Flagstaff Sun-Democrat.

VOL. XIV.—NO. 41.

FLAGSTAFF, ARIZONA, THURSDAY, JUNE 17, 1897.

10c PER COPY

PROFESSIONAL.

D. D. J. BRANNEN, PHYSICIAN AND Surgeon, Flagstaff, Arizona. Will respond promptly to all calls from any point on the Atlantic & Pacific Railroad. Office and drug store opposite the depot. Telephone No. 19; residence, 23.

W. S. ROBINSON, M. D., FLAGSTAFF, ARIZONA. Office and residence in the Presbyterian parsonage. Telephone No. 42. Office hours from 9 to 11 a. m. and 2 to 4 p. m.

E. S. MILLER, M. D., FLAGSTAFF, ARIZONA. Office, one door east of Post-office. Telephone No. 24

BUNCH & JONES, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. Will practice in all the courts in the Fourth Judicial District. Land litigation a SPECIALTY. Office at court house, Flagstaff, Ariz.

E. S. CLARK, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office in the Babbitt building, Flagstaff, Arizona. Practices before the Land Department a specialty.

OSCAR GIBSON, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Will practice in all courts in the fourth judicial district. Office with E. S. Conroy in the Babbitt building.

SECRET SOCIETIES.

A. O. U. W.—FLAGSTAFF LODGE No. 12. Meets every Thursday night in G. A. R. hall. Visiting Workmen are cordially invited. J. O. UHLM, M. W. LOUIS SPIERS, Recorder.

COURT COCONINO, I. O. F. No. 886. Regular meetings on the first Saturday night of each calendar month in Masonic Hall. Kliptrick building. Sojourning brethren cordially invited. W. H. ANDERSON, Master. LOUIS SPIERS, R. S.

FLAGSTAFF LODGE No. 7 F. & A. M. Regular meetings on the first Saturday night of each calendar month in Masonic Hall. Kliptrick building. Sojourning brethren cordially invited. W. H. ANDERSON, Master. J. GUTHRIE SAVAGE, Secretary.

FOREST CAMP, NO. 1, WOODMEN of the World, meets the first and third Sundays in each month, in the G. A. R. Hall. Visiting Sovereigns cordially welcome. T. S. BUNCH, Council Com. T. E. PULLIAM, Clerk.

G. A. R.—REGULAR MEETINGS OF Ransom Post, G. A. R. No. 4, Department of Arizona, will be held in G. A. R. hall on second and last Saturday in each month. E. R. JONES, Commander. E. H. CRESS, Post Adjutant.

I. O. O. F.—FLAGSTAFF LODGE No. 11. Meets every Friday evening in Masonic Hall. Visiting brethren cordially invited. J. E. JONES, N. G. J. L. DOUGHERTY, Secretary.

MOUNTAIN LODGE, NO. 8, K. O. P. OF P. Meets every Wednesday night in their hall, 25-27, G. A. R. hall. All visiting brothers invited. W. A. MAYFLOWER, C. C. O. H. CORLE, K. of R. S.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

CATHOLIC CHURCH, REV. F. DILLY, Pastor. On Sundays: Low Mass at 7:30 a. m.; High Mass at 10 a. m. Sunday School at 11 a. m. Evening services at 7:30 p. m. On week days: Mass at 7 a. m. On the second Sunday of each month, prayer meeting at 10 a. m.; Sunday School at 11 a. m. All cordially invited.

FIRST M. E. CHURCH, CORNER OF Church and Lareux Streets. C. P. Wilson, Pastor. Preaching at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sundays; Sunday school at 10 a. m. Oscar Gibson, superintendent. Class meetings at 12:15 p. m. Epworth League 8:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30. Everybody welcome.

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, North San Francisco street. H. P. Corcoran, pastor. Sabbath services: Preaching at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m.; Sunday school, 10 a. m.; Y. P. S. C. E. prayer meeting, 7:15 p. m. Mid-week conference and prayer, Wednesday evening at 8 p. m. A cordial invitation is extended to all.

ARIZONA CENTRAL BANK,

FLAGSTAFF, ARIZ.

OLDEST BANK IN NORTHERN ARIZONA.

Interest Paid on Time and Savings Deposits.

Drafts Sold Upon

All Foreign Countries.

We have an Extensive Patronage and Correspondence throughout Arizona, and invite your Banking Business upon Liberal and Conservative Terms.

B. N. FREEMAN, President.

T. E. POLLOJK, Vice-President.

THE SAN FRANCISCO PEAKS.

A Magnificent View from the Summit.

A Night-seeing Trip That Can Be Made in a Day and One Which is Invigorating and of Surpassing Interest.

Flagstaff, the county seat of Coconino county, the second youngest county in Arizona, is happily located at the base of the San Francisco mountains.

The tourist and traveler is struck with wonder and astonishment as he beholds such a magnificent little city nestled amidst pines, with the majestic Frisco Peaks overhanging it. He at once begins to outline its surroundings, and is awe-stricken at its scenic environment.

Looking to the north he beholds the lofty and majestic snow-capped peaks of the San Francisco mountain range, from whose dizzy heights many visitors have taken views of the great panorama below. These summits reach an altitude of nearly seven thousand feet above the city and are covered with snow many months of the year. From the heavy snow fall in these mountains Flagstaff and the valleys below receive the larger portion of their water, and the cold zephyrs from off these heights give to this section its cool, refreshing and invigorating summer climate.

These peaks can be seen from different directions quite a distance, and many inquiries are made by passengers as they step from the moving trains at the depot here. Bolging out in such majestic forms and exposed to such an open view from our city, it is no wonder these peaks afford a subject of comment. It is only about five hours travel from the city to the summit of the highest peak, most of which distance can be made very comfortably on horseback. There is a good trail leading from the base to the summit and one can leave the city in the morning, ascend to the top, spend three or four hours there and reach home by dusk. The trip is by no means a wearisome one and when once aloft this towering piece of nature's work, the tourist can gaze for hours on some of the most magnificent scenery the eye ever looked upon. One can stand on the summit and see California, Utah, Colorado and New Mexico. The walls of the Grand Canyon are very perceptible, and the smoke from the machinery at the Jerome mines can be seen. The lakes and valleys surrounding the mountain afford a delightful picture.

A few years since and these mountains were believed to be rich in mineral, and at one time quite an excitement was created by the discovery of what was believed to be a rich gold ledge, but no developments have ever been made, and whether the Skylight City is at the very base of a rich mineral field will no doubt remain in mystery for many years to come.

On the north side of this mountain is located one of the finest springs in Arizona. It is known as the Jack Smith spring, and affords water enough to supply a city of twenty thousand inhabitants. Here is the fountain from which Flagstaff will soon obtain her water supply. The water works system which will be erected at once, and is one of the greatest needs of the city, will be constructed from this spring to Flagstaff, a distance of seventeen miles.

There are other points of interest surrounding the Skylight City. About twenty miles south of here is Oak creek. It is a nice clear stream of living water and has many objects of interest to the pleasure seeker. It abounds in mountain trout and many happy hours is spent by our citizens and visitors angling in this stream.

Just southeast of the city about eight miles is one of the mysteries of the nineteenth century. After a pleasant drive of about one hour over smooth roads, through valleys and pine lands, you are unawares at the brink of an awful chasm. Alighting from your vehicle of conveyance a short walk down a narrow and precipitous path brings you to the home of a pre-historic people. Here are situated within cliffs of rock three and four hundred feet in height, caves, which no doubt have been inhabited by a race of people, whose history is a blank.

There are several hundred of these caves, many of which are separated from each other by means of walls built of rock and cement. Pieces of crockery and other articles are yet to be found, and one can spend hours at these caves pondering over their history. There is only one way of going in and out of the canyon where these caves are situated, and how the race who once made these rock houses their homes and what they subsisted on is as great a conundrum as the race itself. History fails to give any account of this people, but that some race once lived in these isolated and deserted homes no one will deny who visits these ruins. To the north of these caves about six or seven miles is another curiosity as great in its mysteries as the cave dwellers. It is what is known as the cliff dwellers. These caves are situated in the side of a mountain, and are similarly constructed to those of the cave dwellings. The race which once dwelt here are of an unknown quantity, but everything would indicate, owing to the situation of their homes, that they were of a warlike tribe. Both these places of curiosity are visited by hundreds of people every year. The caves are fast decaying and in the course of time will finally go to ruin, and nothing be left to mark the homes of a by-gone people.

PECK'S PEAK.

Miss Peck's A Lady Who Dotes on Dizzy Heights.

Miss Annie S. Peck, representing the New York World, was in Flagstaff about three weeks ago and visited the Grand Canyon, spending four or five days there. She left for Southern California, and on her arrival in Los Angeles was interviewed on the subject of mountain climbing by a reporter for the Herald, with the following result:

Miss Annie S. Peck, the greatest woman mountain climber in the world, was in the city yesterday on her way home to Providence, R. I., after accomplishing the most venturesome feat in her career in making the ascent of the Mexican mountains, Popocatepetl and Orizaba. Miss Peck first attained prominence as a mountaineer when she ascended the heights of the Matterhorn in Switzerland, the most difficult ascent in the Alps. Miss Peck enjoys the distinction of being the third woman who succeeded in safely returning from its summit.

Her more recent achievements with the precipitous mountains of the torrid zone in Mexico are of even greater interest than her experiences in Switzerland. Miss Peck is a special correspondent for the New York World, and made the trip to Mexico in the interest of that journal.

The intrepid climber was seen at the Van Nuys yesterday before leaving for San Diego and related some of her experiences on the Mexico trip. Miss Peck said: "I climb mountains because I love to do it. There is excitement in achieving feats that no one else has succeeded in accomplishing and satisfaction in reaching a goal which is separated from you by dangers and difficulties. Then the scenery and the view one gets from standing on a high mountain is recompense for all the energy which is expended in reaching the summit.

"There is a fascination in braving the dangers of the Alps and scaling

their lofty pyramids of rock and snow which is indispensible. Every moment of such climbing is a pleasure to the hour when one returns triumphant and happy even though weary and footsore.

"It was with some trepidation that I made plans for the ascent of Popocatepetl. I started out with five Indians and a Mexican. The first part of the trip was made on horseback. The real climb began at Las Cruces, making frequent halts as I zigzagged up that long snowy incline, first over black volcanic sand and then across fields of snow. At last I reached the crater, which is really a splendid sight. It has almost perpendicular walls, which rise to a height of from five hundred to a thousand feet. The miners here are let down to procure the sulphur by means of a bucket and windlass. I was fortunate in having a fine view—exceptionally clear for the season. My guide informed me that in reaching the summit of Mt. Popocatepetl I have achieved in mountain climbing that which no other woman has ever done. I am fully satisfied with the expedition, although I confess that I am not anxious to repeat it, for a time at least.

"While in Mexico my highest ambition was to conquer the heights of Mt. Orizaba, 18,300 feet above sea level, and 500 feet higher than Mt. Popocatepetl. I left the City of Mexico on the 27th of last April. This was the hardest climb that I have ever made. All the violent exertion of the trip was made under the hot sun of a torrid climate, making one beware of sunstroke. As we neared the summit the atmosphere was so very light that we proceeded with difficulty. After taking ten or a dozen steps we were compelled to stop and rest. Two men who were in the party gave out before they reached the summit, and waited until the rest of us returned. The descent was the hardest part of the journey, but we reached the bottom at last.

"Now that I have climbed the highest mountain in Mexico I do not know where I shall go next. I do not think that I shall do any more climbing in the torrid zone, however."

Miss Peck is not a woman of remarkable proportions, but she is possessed of wonderful vitality. "The secret of my success in mountain climbing," she said, "is a good heart, a strong pair of lungs, and plenty of determination."

Some Comfort in This.

The prospector who fails to strike it rich this season can take a crumb of comfort in the old superstition that finders of bonanzas always come to violent ends. In the minds of many old time gold hunters this idea is accepted as an undeniable fact, and the many instances confirmatory of this view will, perhaps, interest many of them.

Of the original discoverers of some of the richest mines, two were shot, three were killed by the caving in of their mines, several have disappeared never to be heard of again. Dutch William, who discovered the Cariboo gold field, died a pauper; Marshal, who found the first gold in California, at Sutton's mill, depended upon charity for some time before he died; "Mortons Plummer," discoverer of the richest mine in the world, was hanged; "Doughnut Bill," "Old Eureka" and "Ninevill Clark" were all three killed

in drunken row; Johnny Harner went broke and committed suicide; the owner of the Homestake turned highwayman; Bill Farnith, of the Alder Gulch mines, killed himself through dissipation; Indians murdered Story; an avalanche took off the discoverer of the Standard mine in California; Charley Moon, one of the discoverers of the Silver King, soon after he became wealthy, died of small-pox at Los Angeles; John Reagan, also of the Silver King, tried hard to sell his interests in that mine for \$1,200, but couldn't find a buyer in either Florence or Tucson. Afterwards Reagan realized \$300,000 out of the mine, moved to Oakland, Cal., and shortly afterwards was thrown from his buggy and killed. Billy Long got married at Florence, after first disposing of his interests for \$40,000, and died soon after. All the original discoverers of the famous Peck mine are broke, but are sanguine of other strikes. Henry Wickensburg, the first to locate the old Vulture mine, still resides at Wickensburg. And so on through the list. Yet most of us would take our chances on dying similar deaths if we could only make similar beds.—Pick and Drill.

More Itch strikes.

RANDSBURG, June 14.—Again the camp is agog with excitement over new strikes. Yesterday the Wedge mine opened up a four-and-a-half body of rich ore, the counterpart of the rich strike made three weeks ago in the Keyon mine. The rock fairly glitters with gold, and much of it shows the value of a dollar an ounce. This is on the 315-foot level, and every blast shows richer ore. In Val Verde No. 2 shaft, heretofore yielding low grade ore running \$5 to the ton, a rich strike was made yesterday, and ore worth \$300 a ton is now being taken out.

A Story of the Plutes

A story is afloat, says the Mohave Miner, to the effect that the killing of white men by Ahvots was prearranged by the tribe. The Plutes certainly knew the morning of the outbreak that something was going to happen, as each one who had been working around the canyon did not show up and the others had taken to the hills. It is said that the Indians want to drive the whites away from El Dorado canyon, and to do it without drawing government troops into the country it is agreed that one Indian will go out and kill all the whites he can. If he makes his escape he will be heap big Indian. If the whites go on the war path the tribe will go out and kill the Indian. This will satisfy the whites. A few arranged forages will soon frighten the whites so badly that they will pack up bag and baggage and leave the country. It is now asserted that Steve, one of the Plutes who shot Ahvots, has been selected to locate a number of whites and kill them off. He can get six or seven and the whites will only get one Indian in return. In case another Indian goes out there is sure to be a band of southern Plutes trimmed up for a trip to the happy hunting ground. No "heap bad Indian" will avail them. The whites want peace, even if it has to be gained by exterminating every redskin in the country.

The Missouri River and Los Angeles Railway company has been organized with a capital of \$42,000,000. The company proposes to build a road from Sioux City, Iowa, to Los Angeles.

LEVI STRAUSS & CO.

FACTORY—SAN FRANCISCO—CAL.

COPPER RIVETED

TRADE MARK.



OVERALLS AND SPRING BOTTOM PANTS. EVERY GARMENT GUARANTEED. EMPLOY OVER 350 GIRLS.