

CATTELEMEN,

Advertise your brands in the ARGUS. People doing business should advertise it. By doing so you inform other people that you are on top of the earth.

The Argus.

SHEEPMEN,

Should advertise their brands in the ARGUS. The brand including paper one year, constitutes a small outlay, and may save you "cut"; this one "saving" would pay cost of brand and paper for many years.

Volume I.

HOLBROOK, ARIZONA, THURSDAY, APRIL 9, 1896.

Number 18.

THE RAILROADS.

Atlantic & Pacific R. R. Co.

TIME TABLE.

Table with columns for EASTWARD, WESTWARD, STATIONS, and times. Includes routes to Chicago, Denver, Albuquerque, and San Francisco.

Train No. 2, westbound, and train No. 4, eastbound, are fast limited trains, carrying Pullman passenger cars only.

In addition to the regular daily equipment, a luxurious compartment sleeping car, containing two drawing rooms and seven family rooms will be attached to No. 4, leaving Los Angeles on Tuesdays and Chicago on Wednesdays of each week.

Trains Nos. 1 and 2 carry Pullman Palace sleeping cars through without change between Chicago and San Francisco, with an annex car between Barstow and Los Angeles.

The Santa Fe Route is the most comfortable Railway between California and the East.

The meals at Harvey's Dining Rooms are an excellent feature of the line, and are only equalled by those served on the New Dining Cars which are carried on all limited trains.

Gen'l Pass. Agent, Albuquerque, N.M. H. C. BUSH, Asst. Gen'l Pass. Agent, San Francisco, Cal. C. W. SMITH, Receiver and Gen'l Manager.

S. F., P. & P. Railway.

TIME TABLE No. 15.

Table with columns for SOUTH DAY, WEST DAY, STATIONS, and times. Includes routes to Ash Fork, Meath, Wickenburg, and Prescott.

Trains Nos. 41 and 42 run on alternate days. Information as to what days same will run will be furnished by agents on application.

No. 1 makes connections at Ash Fork with A. & P. vestibule limited No. 4 from the east. This is the finest train west of Chicago.

No. 2 also connects with A. & P. No. 2 from the west.

Persons desiring to stay over at Ash Fork will find the best accommodations at Fred Harvey's hotel.

No. 2 makes close connection at Ash Fork with A. & P. trains Nos. 1 and 4. A. & P. No. 1 reaches San Francisco 10:45 a.m. second morning.

Trains Nos. 41 and 42 run on alternate days. Information as to what days same will run will be furnished by agents on application.

No. 1 makes connections at Ash Fork with A. & P. vestibule limited No. 4 from the east. This is the finest train west of Chicago.

No. 2 also connects with A. & P. No. 2 from the west.

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Trains Nos. 41 and 42 run on alternate days. Information as to what days same will run will be furnished by agents on application.

No. 1 makes connections at Ash Fork with A. & P. vestibule limited No. 4 from the east. This is the finest train west of Chicago.

No. 2 also connects with A. & P. No. 2 from the west.

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BIG JACK SMALL.

The following story was published several years since, nevertheless we believe there are many of our readers who never read it. We submit the story for your judgment, hoping that you may laugh and wonder, as many others have, when reading the quaint speculations of Big Jack.

CHAPTER III.

At the foot of the mountain the team halts where the water sinks and the dry valley begins. It is but short work for Big Jack Small to draw out the bow pins, release his cattle and drop his eight yokes in a line, with the bright heavy chains linking them together in the gravel and dust.

Meantime Mr. Sighal arrives in camp with each hand full of fragments of vari-colored stone, he having tired his wits at prospecting for silver.

"Hullo, Parson! Hev you struck it rich? interrogated Big Jack, as he let down the grub-box and cooking utensils from the wagon-top to Gov Nye. "That's a bad beginning, Parson!"

"Why so, Mr. Small?"

"Cause," said Jack, jumping down from the wagon and coming up to take a look at the rocks in the parson's hands—"cause of you ever git quartz on the brain, you're a goner! That ar meetin'-house in Pennsylvania'll put crape on the door-knob—shore! an' d'vortiz fer a new parson. But ye'll not git quartz on the brain—not much—s'long's yer don't find no better stones than these yere," said he after examining the collection.

"Ah! I was merely guessing at the stones to amuse myself. Are they not quartz fragments?"

"No sir-ee," said Jack, as driving his axe into a pine log, he made the wood fly into splints and splinters—"not much. Them's iron-stained porphyry, greenstone, black trap an' white carb'nates of lime. Hold on till we git across the valley an' git agoin' up the next mountain, 'n I'll show yer some good quartz. Some bully float-rock over thar, but nobody haint found no mine yit—never will, I reckon; I've hunted for the darned thing twenty times. Yere Gov, git a bucket o' water. Parson, d'ye feel walfish? added Mr. Small, after he had his fire lighted and was proceeding culinarily.

"Walfish?" exclaimed Mr. Sighal, with some surprise.

"Yes—hungry," explained Jack, as he sawed with a dull knife at the tough rind of bacon, cutting down one fat slice after the other upon the lid of the grub-box near the fire.

"Not unusually so."

"Haint et nothin' sence mornin', hev ye?"

"No? not since early mornin'?"

"Must do better'n that!" said Jack, putting the frying-pan upon the fire.

"I usually eat 't but little for fear of eatin' too much."

"Well s'pose yer heave away them rocks, an' run this fryin'-pan—jest fer appetite. Nothin' like facin' an ineny, ef yer want to git over bein' afraid of him!"

Mr. Sighal immediately complied, and, squatting by the fire, poised the frying-pan upon the uneven heap of burning sticks in his first lesson at camp-life.

"I don't allow yer kin eat much this evenin', as we've only traveled half a day, but tomorrer we've got to cross the valley through the alkali-dust, an' make a long drive. Git a lot of that alkali into ye, an' you'll hanker after fat bac'n!"

"Ah!" said Mr. Sighal, carefully balancing the pan on the fire.

"Yes, sir"—with great emphasis on the sir. "Alkali an' fat bac'n goes tergether like a match yoke o' leaders. Does thar seem to be any coals a-makin' in that fire, Parson?"

"The wood seems to burn; I infer there will be coals."

"Inferin' won't do Parson! We've got to hev'em, 'cause I must bake this bread after supper, for to-morrer. Allus keep one bakin' ahead," ejaculated Mr. Small, as he finished kneading bread in the pan, and quickly grasped the axe, proceeding to break up some more wood. "Yer see, Parson, a bull-puncher hes to be up to a little of evry sort o' work, in the

mountains. Gov, you look out fer that coffee-pot, while I put this wood on the fire. Drink coffee Parson? No? Well, then, make yer some tea in an empty oyster can—haint got only one pot fer tea an' coffee."

"No, Mr. Small do not make any trouble for me in that way. I drink water at the evening meal."

"All right, then; this hash is ready fer bizness!"

The Reverend Mr. Sighal, sitting cross-legged on the ground, received the tin plate and rusty steel knife and fork into his lap from the hand of Mr. Small, and then Mr. Small sat down cross-legged opposite him, with the hard loaf of yeast-powder bread, and the sizzling frying pan, between them, surrounded by small cotton sacks, containing respectively salt, pepper, and sugar.

"Now, Parson," said Mr. Small, "pitch in!"

"One moment, Mr. Small," said the parson, removing the hat from his own head, "will you not permit me to ask the blessings of God upon this frugal repast?"

"Certainly!" assented Mr. Small, snatching off his hat, and slapping it on the ground beside him. Then happening to note quickly the Indian sitting listlessly on the other side of the fire, he said: "Yere, you Injin, take off yer hat; quick."

"Yash—heap take 'em off," said the obeying Indian.

"Now, Parson, roll on!"

The reverend, turning his closed eyes skyward, where the wide red glory of the setting sun was returning the eternal thanks, offered the usual mild and measured form of thanksgiving and prayer for the Most High's blessing upon the creature-comforts, at the end of which he replaced his hat; but Mr. Small being too busy with his supper and with cogitation upon the new style of etiquette, and being careless about his head-covering in camp, neglected, or omitted, the replacement of his hat; which state of the case bothered the "untutored savage" as to his own proper behavior, whereupon, lifting his cherished "plug" from the earth he held it in his hand brim up, and grunted interrogatively:

"Uh, Jack, put um hat on! No put um hat on!—me no sabe!"

"Yes; put um hat on."

"Uh! yash, me heap put um hat on. All right—all same modisum (medicine) White-a-man. Heap sabe!" and relapsed into silent observation.

[CONTINUED.]

HEADQUARTERS ST. JOHNS REPUBLICAN LEAGUE CLUB OF APACHE CO., ARIZ. ST. JOHNS, A. T., April 2d, 1896.

HON. A. F. BANTA, ARGUS, HOLBROOK, ARIZONA.

DEAR BANTA:—The St. Johns Republican League club sends its greetings to the ARGUS, and through the ARGUS to all Republicans of Navajo county, "in good standing and properly vouched for," and announces that its organization is complete, with about 100 members enrolled, and the club stands in readiness to co-operate with all clubs in the territory, in the advancement and promotion of the Republican cause throughout the territory, during the campaign of 1896.

If you "Navajos" have organized a League Club we have never been advised of it, hence, we send you greeting through the ARGUS, with full faith that when the idea of November come you will hear a favorable report from Old "Apache."

Very truly,  
JOHN T. HOGGE, President.

During the winter of 1893, F. M. Martin, of Long Reach, West Va. contracted a severe cold which left him with a cough. In speaking of how he cured it he says: "I used several kinds of cough syrup but found no relief until I bought a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, which relieved me almost instantly, and in a short time brought about a complete cure." When troubled with a cough or cold use this remedy and you will not find it necessary to try several kinds before you get relief. It has been in the market for over twenty years and constantly grown in favor and popularity. For sale at 25 and 50 cents per bottle by F. J. Watron.

Holbrook to Phenix.

The following letter was received a little too late for last week's issue. PHENIX, ARIZ., March 26, 1896.

DEAR ARGUS:—After a hasty noon-day meal I boarded the train Monday, the 23rd instant, for a short trip to the southern half of our great territory. Nothing occurred worthy of mention until reaching the "sky-light" city; here Sheriff Cameron, his chief deputy Fletcher Fairchild and two guards got aboard with four convicts, en route for Yuma. At 7:15 p. m. Ash Fork is reached, and putting up at the Harvey we had good meals, good beds and good service. Unfortunately for the traveler going south, with the present time schedules in force, he is obliged to lie over here all night.

The following morning, March 24, at 7 o'clock sharp, the Santa Fe, Prescott & Phenix train pulls out of the Fork. Being my first trip over this road, and having previously gone over the old Bullock line, I was really surprised to find it to be such an excellent road and so finely equipped. The S. F., P. & P. railway compares very favorably with any of the transcontinental roads, and deserves the patronage of the traveling public.

Twenty miles out from Ash Fork the scenery begins to look interesting, and in my opinion the S. F., P. & P. R. R. is the scenic line of Arizona. Splendid engineering work is noticeable along this line; and, as the road winds down the mountain, across deep gulches, cañons and gorges, running in and out, making curves and loops, until the bewildered traveler cannot tell, by looking at the track, in which direction he seems to be going. At times you are sure to imagine that the engine has made an "about face" and is coming "head on" towards you. After passing the twenty-five mile stake, one looks back and wonders how in the name of the "great horn spoon," he ever got down off the mountain. Along here the face of the country is covered with igneous rocks, and thickly interspersed with scrub cedars. Thirty-five miles out we strike the defunct Bullock road, which we parallel the rest of the way to Prescott. Reaching Chino the S. F., P. & P. passes along the east side, somewhere in the vicinity of old Fort Whipple, but whose ruins I failed to see or to locate. What memories the sight of old Fort Whipple brings up: The California Volunteers, the New Mexico Volunteers, the Eleventh Missouri Home Guards, the appointees of Mr. Lincoln, the first issue of the old Arizona Miner, Indian deviltries, etc., etc. On reaching the "rocks," four miles below Prescott, the train winds serpentine like through them, debouching opposite the old house of Messrs. R. E. Farington, W. C. Collier and Ed. G. Peck. Here it was that during the memorable winter of 1863-4, the writer herded stock afoot for \$7.50 per month, board included consisting of slaps-jacks, coffee and deer-meat. All that winter I slept beneath the running gears of a wagon with a pile of undressed black-tailed deer skins for a bed. My opportunities for the study of astronomy were excellent that winter, for the starry vault of heaven formed the canopy of my humble couch. The bosses however were better fixed, they had a wagon box in which to sleep and were in consequence quite tony. Three miles further brings us to the Gem city of the Mountains, but as I did not stop off, will have something to say of Prescott in a subsequent letter.

Shortly after leaving the Prescott depot, the road begins to wind in and out and around and about the pine-clad granite mountains until the sixty-eight mile stake is passed near the "iron spring." From this elevation we can look down upon Thumb Butte and at once realize that the "highlights" had been successfully climbed. A little way beyond "iron spring" the brakes are set, and notwithstanding this is done, the train fairly flies down the steep mountain grade. At one time crossing a deep gorge at another skirting some precipitous precipice; all the while downward we pitch until

Skull Valley is reached, where we stop to take our breath and to eat our dinner. Skull Valley, the home for twenty-seven years of John Dixon. What! You do not know John Dixon? Well, that is really bad for you, for not to know John Dixon is to argue yourself to be unknown; in fact, I fear my friend you are one of the tenderest of "tenderfeet." In one respect at least, John Dixon merits the distinction of being one of the most remarkable men of the fin de siecle; in that he was accorded more territory in which to be married, than perhaps any other person in the United States during the past thirty-five or forty years. In other words, John Dixon was the first man married in all Arizona north of the Gila river.

Leaving the valley of the ominous name, we still continue to "drop down" and soon you see people begin to discard their wraps and extra coats. The next point of interest en route is the now famous Congress mine. This is undoubtedly the most notable mining camp in Arizona today, and quite a thrifty town has sprung up in its immediate vicinity. Next in order as we rush downward, is old Wickenburg, situate on the southwest bank of the now elasic Hasayampa. How vividly old time scenes rush through one's mind at the sight of Wickenburg. It was here that Billy McCloud and the writer, during the winter months of 1869-70, furnished the Vulcher mill and people of Wickenburg with their only fresh meat—venison.

Twenty-seven years ago the writer left Wickenburg. Twenty-seven years seems a long time; long enough to have grown a city, but no city grew there where a city should have grown, on the banks of the Hasayampa. Suffice to say, enough gold has passed out into the world from old Wickenburg and its famous Vulcher mines, to have built a city; yet, none, or little if any of the millions taken from its mines ever went into building up old Wickenburg, and it is today no larger—nay, not as large in fact as it was in 1869. Ah, if those old adobe walls could speak what harrowing tales of violence and blood they could tell; of desperate bar-room and street fights; of men scalped in its streets in daylight, and not by Indians either; of men having ears cut off by the slash of the Bowie knife; of Apache raids and murders at its very doors, when no man dare leave the town alone, but all must travel in parties for mutual protection. Had one the time and inclination, what tales of desperate deeds could be written of Wickenburg in the sixties. Twenty minutes after passing Wickenburg the train rushes out upon the desert, which is seventy miles across it. Now, I speak of it as a "desert" because it was so called away back in the sixties. However this whole "desert" as it was wont to be called, is susceptible of the highest cultivation, and wherever or whenever water—earth's life fluid—is put upon its soil the "desert" produces crops in abundance; also all the semi-tropical fruits in perfection. After leaving "the sink of the Hasayampa," overcoats and shawls are not in demand any more; and for that matter, hardly anything else is needed in the shape of clothing. Twenty miles north of Phenix cultivated fields are met with, and thence to the city is one vast garden, dotted here and there with orchards of fruit trees. Here we have ocular proof of the geni's magic, but his magic-wand, in this instance, has been water, and instead of the transformations being of instant operation, it has necessitated several years to consummate it. Nevertheless, how wonderful, how powerful has been that magic; now we see a garden where but a few years since was seen only the greese-wood, the sage-bush, the jack-rabbit and the snake-looking lizard. To the writer who has seen both sides of this wonderful picture, the change appears to be really magical and absolutely astonishing to him. One hour's ride through green fields and orange groves, brings us to the depot of the S. F., P. & P. R. R. company, and lo! we are in Phenix; beautiful, lovely Phenix, the Queen city of Arizona. Yours, A. F. B.

GENERAL NEWS.

John Hays Hammond's bail has been raised to \$100,000. He has been allowed to leave Pretroria for Cape Town for the benefit of his health.

The president has signed the act repealing the statute prohibiting the appointment to army and navy positions of persons who held confederate commissions.

Senator White says there is ground for the belief that the funding bill will not be pushed until next session, or after election. The object is that the congressmen may not fear defeat if they vote for it.

The immigration officials are somewhat disturbed at the present enormous increase in immigration during February, the number of arrivals at New York aggregating 11,882, an increase of about 65 per cent over the arrivals during February 1895.

Dr. George W. Webb, father of Collector of Customs Sam Webb, committed suicide at Nogales, by shooting himself through the head. No cause is assigned, but the supposition is that he became despondent, having been in ill health for some time.

T. Simon Sam, formerly [Minister of War for Hayti], has been elected president to succeed Gen. Hippolyte, deceased, by the Senate and House or Representatives. Perfect tranquility prevails, and are there no indications of any dissatisfaction with the choice for executive.

Three French warships have been made ready to sail at a moment's notice. Advices received state that the dervishes have established a vast campaign at Tueruf, where they are digging wells. King Menelek is returning southward. It is supposed that this movement is owing to lack of provisions.

The Nicaragua Canal project was discussed before the House Committee on Commerce by Capt. H. D. Taylor of the navy; the president of the War College at Newport, R. I., who was formerly vice-president and general manager of the canal company. The practicability of the canal, he said, was no longer a doubt, the only question being that of cost, estimates of which ranged from \$65,000,000 to \$87,000,000.

A Washington telegram says that ex-Governor Campbell, of Ohio, speaking of Governor Hughes' removal said: "But one more year remains of this administration," and the action of the president cannot but help widen the breach which already exists among the democrats of Arizona. Coming as it does on the eve of the Presidential campaign it is liable to queer whatever chances they have had of carrying the territory."

If the Citizen's League don't expel P. J. Clark, the public will expel the league. In order to be useful the organization must be respectable. It has come to a pretty pass when men are assaulted on the public street by vagrants. The assault was unprovoked and uncalled for and all lovers of fair play say so unhesitatingly. Clark was once convicted of vagrancy, has been dropped by the Associated Press and the press association.—Arizona Gazette.

"Died—In Prescott, March 23, 1896, John L. Taylor, an old and respected resident of this section. His death was sudden, as he was taken sick with pneumonia only a few days before his death. He was a pioneer of this section and served as sheriff of this county during 1869 and 1870. He was a native of Kentucky, aged 62 years. He was a kind hearted man of genial disposition. There was nothing small or mean in the make-up of John Taylor, and the entire section regrets the passing away of this worthy pioneer.—Prescott Courier.

A prominent Republican remarked on the street yesterday, "The Central Committee has made the platform and named the delegates—now let them do the voting." The Tribune desires to discourage such talk. We must be none the less Republicans because our so-called representatives have misrepresented us.—Florence Tribune.