SCARLET FEVER.

The Scourge of the Nursery and How to Treat It.

[From the New York Times.]

Beside the character common to the group known as exanthemata, scarlatina is almost always attended by sore throat, and the scarlet rash or eruption, which gives the name to the disease, breaks out as early as the second day after the appearance of the fever, and ends on the sixth or seventh day in the separation of the cuticle. Nearly all medical writers mention three varieties of the disease—scarlatina simplex, in which scarcely any throat trouble attends the fever and the rash; scarletina anginosa, in which throat trouble is more prominent than in either of the other affections, and scarlatina maligna, in which the system is immediately overborne by the violence of the disorder, and the patient exhibits great weakness and loss of vitality. The disease begins with chilliness, lassitude, headache, rapid pulse, dry, hot skin, flushed face, loss of appetite and furred tongue. Presently the throat feels irritated, grows red, and is often swollen. The small points of the rash so increase that the skin soon seems almost uniformly red, extending from the face, neck and breast to the trunk and extremities. The separation of the cuticle in the scales usually ends in a fortnight or more from the declaration of the distemper. The fever continues with the rash; is sometimes accompanied with delirium, even coma. In the malignant, or third form, the rash comes out late and partially, being at times barely perceptible. At other times it may abruptly recede, or be mingled with livid spots. The skin is cold, with feeble pulse and extreme prostration, and death may occur—frequently from blood-poisoning—in a few hours. In such cases the tongue is dry, brown, tremulous; the throat is livid, swollen, ulcerated, gangrenous; breathing is impeded by viscid mucus that collects about the fauces, and medicine avails little. Even in scarlatina anginosa there is considerable danger. It may prove fatal from the inflammation or effusion within the head, or from disorganization of the throat and sloughing off of adjacent parts. Teeming women are in imminent peril from the mildest phase of the fever. When it seems to be cured its consequences are hazardous. Children, to whom it is mainly confined, of course, are subject after a severe attack to permanent ill-health, and to some of the many forms of chronic scrofula, as shown by boils, sores behind the ears, inflammation of the eyes, glandular swellings, and strumous ulcers. Scarlatina is often followed by a peculiar dropsy, affecting the subcutaneous cellular tissues and larger serous cavities. It occurs, like all the exanthemata, as an epidemic—sometimes in very virulent type. In the simple variety, remaining within doors, non-stimulating diet and regulation of the bowels are generally found sufficient. In the second variety, leeches are often employed, especially where delirium supervenes. The two principal sources of danger in the malignant variety are from the primary effect of the contagious poison upon the body and from gangrenous ulceration of the throat. The final result is always uncertain. Whether it is contagious throughout its course, or at one period alone, has never been ascertained; but that the power of contagion remains in clothing, furniture, etc., is unquestioned and unquestionable.

Old People's Unconscious Jokes.

Long life and old habit create an amusing self-oblivion when comparison with others is suggested. It is something like the inebriate's phantasy which makes him change places with the world, and think every man drunk but himself—or like the simple unconsciousness of the old English servant, who, when his master, meaning to discharge him, told him, "We must part, John," asked, "Where do ye propose goin' to, sir?"

The old story of Thad Stevens saying to the stout young men who used to carry him in his chair to the House of Representatives: "Well, boys, who will carry me when you are gone? is older than Stevens, however original it might have been with him.

An old gentleman, 70 years old, once remarked: "I take pains with my writing, so that when I am old I shall be able to read it."

Another, aged 77, at the head of a large publishing-house, on being remonstrated with for working so hard, answered: "I don't feel it now, but I expect I shall in after life."

The youngest daughter, of 72 years, having died, one of her parents, who was 100 years old, remarked: "I always told thee, John, we should never rear that child."

Suicide.

Suicide is a crime under the laws of nearly all civilized countries. This legislation, however, is relatively modern. It used to be considered the correct thing for a man to kill himself if he so desired. The impression that it is wicked did not prevail among the ancients. And, in fact, the Bible says nothing about suicide. The Old Testament and the New Testament alike are dumb, and nothing is found concerning it in the Oriental theologies or in the pagan codes. The old philosophers reduced the matter to a question of opportunism. Cicero thought that "the true wise man ought to pass with pleasure from these shades to celestial brightness" whenever he felt like it; and Seneca said: "If I suffer from disease, I should not kill myself to escape from pain, for that would be an act of cowardice, but if I perceive that my disease is incurable, I should end my life, because the disease would deprive me of all which can render life worth having. It is cowardly to die to escape suffering. It is stupid to live in order to suffer."

Much-Needed Definition.

"What is a cold?" asks *Chambers' Journal*. Well, sir, supposing you begin by sneezing so hard you nearly break your neck and bite your tongue terribly. Then your nose gets stuffed up and you need about fourteen handkerchiefs a day and the end of your nose gets more tender than a boil. And your eyes ache and are watery and you begin to cough so the folks across the way can't sleep; and you feel lame all over, as though you had been under a fire engine, and you're ugly and kick the dog and chase the cat with a boot-jack, tell your wife she can't cook and make the household a gehenna for ten days. Then you've got a cold.—*Boston Post.*

A Simple Apparatus.

An ingenious Frenchman has invented a simple apparatus for the use of bathers who cannot swim. Inflated India-rubber bags support the swimmer, and enable him to sit upright with head and shoulders above water, so that he can propel himself. The principal novelty of this contrivance lies in the propelline device, which is constructed so as to collapse when pulled forward, and to spread open when pushed back, like a duck's foot when swimming. The propellers are suspended by chains or cords attached to the buoying jacket.

THE wish often falls warm upon my heart that I may learn nothing her that I cannot continue in the other world; that I may do nothing here but deeds that will bear fruit in heaven.

Teaching Him the Business.

"Herman," said a Poydras street merchant clothier, addressing his clerk, "haf ve sold all of dese overgoats vat vas left over from last vinter?"

"No, sir; dere vas dree of dem left yet."

"Vell, ve must sell 'em right away, as de vinter vill not last, you know, Herman. Pring me one uf de goats und I vill show you somedings about de pisness. I vill dell you how ve vill sell dem oud, und you must learn de pisness, Herman; de vinter vas gone, you know, und ve hav had dose goats in de store more es seex years."

An $8 overcoat was handed him by his clerk, and, smoothing it out, he took a buckskin money-purse from the showcase, and, stuffing it full of paper, dropped it into one of the pockets.

"Now, Herman, my boy," he continued, "vatch me sell dat goat. I hat sold over dirty-fife uv dem shust de same vay, and I vant to deach you de pisness. Ven de nexd gustomer comes in de shop, I vill show you de vay Rube Hoffenstein, mine broder in Detroit, sells his cloding and udder dings."

A few minutes later a negro, in quest of a suitable pair of cheap shoes, entered the store. The proprietor advanced smiling and inquired:

"Vat is it you vish?"

"Yer got any cheap shoes hyar?" inquired the negro.

"Blenty uf dem, my frent—blenty; at any price you vant."

The negro stated that he wanted a pair of brogans, and soon his pedal extremities were incased in them and a bargain struck. As he was about to leave the proprietor called him back.

"I ain't gwine ter buy nuffin else; I's got all I want," said the negro, sullenly.

"Dot may be so, my dear sir," replied the proprietor, "but I shust vants you to look at dis goat. It was de pure Russian vool, and dis dime last year you doan got dot same goat for $25. Mine gracious, clothing vas gone down to noding and dere vas no money in de pisness any longer. You vant someding dot will keep you from de vedder, und make you feel warm as summer dime. De consumption vas going round, und de doctors dell me it vas de vedder. More den nine beobles died round vere I lif last week. Dink of dot. Min frent, dat goat vas Russian vool, dick and hevy. Vy, Misser Jones, who owns de pank on Canal streed, took dat goat home mit him yesterday, und vore it all day; but it vas a leedle dight agross de shoulders und he brought it back shust a vile ago. Dry it on, my dear sir. Ah! dot vos all right. Misder Jones vas a rich man and he liked de goat. How deep de pockets vas, but it was a leedle dight agross de shoulders."

The negro buttoned up the coat, thrust his hands in the pockets and felt the purse. A peaceful smile played over his face when his touch disclosed to his mind the contents of the pockets, but he choked down his joy and inquired:

"Who did you say wore this hyar coat?"

"Vy, Misder Jones vot owns de pank on Canal streed."

"What yer gwine to ax fur it?"

"Dwendy dollars."

"Dat's pow'ful high price fur dis coat, but I'll take it."

"Herman, here, wrap up dis goat fur de schentleman and drow in a cravat; it vill make him look nice mit de ladies."

"Nebber mind, I'll keep de coat on," replied the negro, and, pulling out a roll of money, he paid for it and left the store.

While he was around the next corner moaning over the stuffed purse, Hoffenstein said to his clerk:

"Herman, fix up anudder von of dose goats de same vay, und doan forgot to dell dem dot Misder Jones vot runs de pank on Canal street vore it yesterday"—*New Orleans Times*

The Formation of Coal.

In the swamps and bayous of the moist regions of the South pure vegetable matter, having the appearance and properties of peat, may often be found in the very act of accumulation. It frequently occurs in immense beds, and it requires no trained observation to see that, in addition to the remains of the ordinary low marsh plants, it is made up of the ruins and refuse of swamp-loving forest trees. Now, all about the flanks and spurs of the Rocky mountains, with greater or less intervals, from New Mexico to far beyond the northern limits of the United States, there are found beds of coal of peculiar quality. This coal is covered up with hardened mud containing shells and bones of aquatic animals, and everything about it suggests that the coal-making material was somehow sunk beneath the waters of an old lake, and was buried under the gradually-increasing bed of mud with which the old lake-basin was finally filled. But the point of interest is this: that in many places the Rocky mountain coal has reached a stage of decomposition not so very much in advance of the humus and peat of our modern swamps and bayous. We might, indeed, hesitate about calling some portions of it coal at all—for the original structure is almost perfectly preserved—yet it must be admitted that for the most part the decomposition has advanced far enough to produce an article that deservedly ranks as coal. In the light of what may be observed going on in every favorably situated swamp to-day, the source of the material and the method of accumulation of the Rocky mountain coal can hardly be doubtful. I need not weary you by leading you step by step through all the known coal fields that illustrate the different stages in the process of coal formation. It will be sufficient to say that a perfect graduation may be traced from the lignite, as it is called, of the Rocky mountains to the purer and more perfect coal of the Mississippi valley; and so even setting aside the internal evidence of our Iowa coal, we are compelled to believe that it is simply one of the terms of the same series to which the lignite and the peat belong, and that the initial term of that series is to be looked for in the living vegetation of modern marsh and forest.—*R. S. Calvin, in Popular Science Monthly.*

Our Size.

The New York *Herald* publishes an interesting outline map of the United States on which the areas of the different European states are laid out, suggesting at once to the eye the relative size of this country and the countries of the Old World lying west of Russia and Turkey. England is as large as New Brunswick, Scotland as Nova Scotia, Newfoundland as Ireland. France stretches from the northern boundary of Maine to the western boundary of Ohio, and to the southern boundary of Pennsylvania. Germany could be got into the space lying between the southern boundary of Pennsylvania and New Jersey, the Atlantic, the Ohio river, the Mississippi river, and the northern boundary of Georgia and South Carolina. Spain is equal in area to South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama and Louisiana. Italy resembles Florida, both in size and shape. Austria would embrace Lake Michigan and the four States between the lakes and the Mississippi river—Michigan, Wisconsin, Illinois and Indiana. So that the area of the United States east of the Mississippi, or about three-eighths of the total area, is equal to the states of Europe, excluding Russia and Turkey.

'TWIXT women and wine, man's lot is to smart; the wine makes his head ache, and women his heart.—*Old rhyme.*

The Story of a Veteran.

In a fashionable saloon on Kearny street, two distinguished-looking militiamen were recounting their numerous campaigns at Sacramento and San Bruno, when a man with one sleeve of his coat empty lounged up to the bar. As he did so he touched the elbow of one of the bullion-bound warriors, and at once apologized to the fierce military glare fastened on him.

"Beg pardon," said he, "but I'm always kind of careless when any of the boys in blue are 'round. I used to be one myself."

The warriors in blue and gold did not deign to respond, but the stranger was not on the alert for any obvious slights.

"I lost this arm," he continued, "at Vicksburg. And this cough," he added, as he shook on a spasm, "I got in the same place."

"Rather a poor recompense, wasn't it?" asked one of the militiamen. "Couldn't you get anything better?"

"Yes," said the wreck of humanity, with a touch of genuine pride, "I got this, too," and he threw back the lapel of his rusty coat to exhibit a small medal.

As he unclasped it and handed it over for inspection, he said: "I got it for being the best-dressed soldier in the Thirteenth Army Corps at Milliken's Bend, before the capture of Vicksburg. We had been slashing around Vicksburg a whole month, and, for a change, had gone up the White river and taken Arkansas Post, with 5,000 rebs. When we got back to Vicksburg again we were a pretty tough-looking crowd. We were stationed in swampy timber ground that every shower used to make a slough of, and the fellows were mud all over. The day before Grant took command at Milliken's Bend we had orders to fix up for the occasion, and it was given out that the best-dressed man in each regiment would get a medal. We all went to work scrubbing and polishing, but it was no use. A fellow couldn't rub the mud out of his clothes, and, if he washed it out, the minute they got half dry they looked as bad as ever. Most of the fellows gave it up for a bad job, but I'd made up my mind I was going to get the medal. I had a pretty good uniform, and after I'd sewed it up on the elbows and tacked the skirt of the coat up it looked good enough, only for the mud. It was about as good as any other uniform in the corps, but, of course, that wouldn't amount to nothing; I wanted it to be better. What do you think I did?"

"Bought a new one, I suppose," said the barkeeper.

The veteran smiled. "I went down and stood up to my chin in the Yazoo for an hour before parade. I'd burnished up all the buttons and blackened my shoes with a piece of burned leather and pork fat, and when I walked up with my wet suit I just paralyzed the crowd. I looked as if I'd come out of a bandbox when I stuck on my shoes and cap and threw my musket over my shoulder."

"And you got the medal?" said one of the militiamen, handing back the trophy.

"Yes, I got it, and more, too. I got the rheumatism and pneumonia. It was in January, you know, and it set in to blow from the west, and before the parade was over I was most froze to death. To finish me, the Colonel was so tickled with my appearance that I was detailed for orderly duty at headquarters, and had to march around for four hours, until the icicles were hanging out of my elbows and coat-tails; and do you know what Grant said after the parade?"

"What?"

"He remarked, with considerable feeling, 'it's a long time between drinks.'"

The barkeeper shoved three glasses over the mahogany, and the militiamen both put their hands in their pockets to pay.

"Yes, gentlemen," said the veteran, as he wiped his grizzly mustache on his coat sleeve and edged toward the door. "I got the medal, and don't you forget it."

"I shouldn't wonder," said the barkeeper, as the veteran flitted through the doorway, "if that fellow isn't an eighteen-carat fraud and lost his arm in a saw-mill."

"You do him an injustice, I assure you," said a thoughtful but dilapidated person, bending over the lunch-counter. "I recognize him as an individual who had a limb shot off in Virginia City while robbing a wood pile."—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Western Life.

With only a team and a few dollars the emigrant determines to make himself a home in the wilds of the West. His first care is to build a sod-house, as he must have a shelter. That done, about the middle of May he commences breaking prairie, and, if he has a good horse-team, succeeds in getting from forty to sixty acres broken by the middle of June. A few acres of the first breaking are usually planted with corn, dropped into a cut made through the sod with an ax, which incision is closed upon by the foot of the planter. This cannot be cultivated, and is wholly at the mercy of the season. Half the time it is a failure, but of a favorable season yields twenty or thirty bushels to the acre. Melons, pumpkins and squashes usually do well on sod, and turnips sown in mid-summer seldom fail. In the fall he "back-sets" his ground with his breaking plow, taking an inch or so of ground from below the spring breaking. The ground should not be plowed deeper than it is thoroughly rotted. The ground is now ready for the crop, and his wheat is sown the last of February, or in March. He has plenty of work to do, and hard work at that. No chance to make money escapes him. The first year or two is almost invariably one of hardships and privations for the average homesteader. The weak or shiftless ones usually give way in despair and turn eastward. The resolute ones stay, and soon have comfortable homes. But no young man should go West unless he is prepared to work hard in the face of many difficulties.

A Strange Accumulation.

Thomas Dick puts the hoarding of wealth in this strange way:

Suppose a man could lay up a stock of clothes and provisions sufficient to last him for 300 years, what would it avail him, since he can live at most but from seventy to 100 years? Suppose he laid up in a store-house 70,000 pairs of shoes, to what end would it serve, if he could make use, during his whole life, of only the one-hundredth part of them? He would be in the same condition as a man who had 100 dishes placed before him at dinner, but who could partake of only one; or of a person who had 100 mansions purchased for his residence, but could occupy only one. How ridiculous it would appear if all that could be said of a man while yet he lived was simply this—that his whole life had been spent in collecting and laying up in a storehouse 60,000 mahogany chairs which were never intended to be used for the furniture of apartments, or 70,000 pairs of trousers which were never to be worn! And where is the difference, in point of rationality and utility, between such absurd practices and hoarding thousands of guineas and bank notes which are never brought forth for the benefit of mankind. There is no conduct connected with the pursuits of human beings that appears more absurd than such practices (however common) if examined by the dictates of reason.

THE old base-burner—A mother's slipper.

The Cat.

Cats are curious cattle. They are selfish. They are grasping. When the attributes were parceled out among the animals, the catgut the gift of music. She got it by violins.

No one knows where cats come from, but since the fashion of seal sacques came in everybody knows where most of them go to. But this is kept a profound secret among the owners of seal garments. They set the seal of secrecy upon it. Purr-haps they are wise.

The cat has nine lives—that is to say she lives nine times longer than she ought.

This suggests a problem, which lovers of mathematics—there are those, alas! who love them—can puzzle over.

If it take nine tailors to make one live man, and nine lives to make one cat, what does a catamount to? (Correspondents sending answers will please inclose a 3-cent stamp, not for publication, but for the use of the compiler of this authentic history.)

The cat is not subject to tax. Efforts have been made to insert a clause in the Dog law to include cats, but thus far the cats have inserted their own claws.

Not only do they escape tax, but the taxidermist also. They do their own stuffing.

At the time of the flood Father Noah endeavored to keep the cat out of the ark, but the cat got her back up and passed in under the guise of a camel.

Until very recently, every ship has since that time carried a cat.

Many stories are told of the seafaring cat, including nine tales, which are often red.

In Egypt cats were regarded as sacred animals. To kill one was an offense punishable with death.

The cat remembers this, and to this day takes a fence on the slightest provocation.

Formerly, when a cat died, all the inmates of the house went into mourning. Now the household go out into the woods and erect bootjacks to its memory. They don't wait till morning.

The Egyptians worshiped a cat-headed deity, and mariners, who cling to superstitions, still set up cat-heads on their ships.

The Egyptian cat lived in a dark age; the modern cat closes her existence in a sausage.

Cat-skins were a favorite dress-trimming in the middle ages, whence arose the prover that a skinned cat is better than it looks.

The cat's kin are now exclusively used as a trimming for back fences.

A catkin is a young cat, and is great on the spring. In the spring she may be seen among the topmost branches of the willows.

Cats were introduced into England from the Island of Cyprus. They are not found in the cypress now; only on willows.

In ancient Wales a cat fetched the same price as a calf. Her modern wails now frequently fetch a whole cowhide in the shape of boot leather.

Cats are Baptists by profession, but those who indulge their predilections during early kittenhood seldom survive.

Cats are very mewsical. They are all base singers. The nocturne is their favorite composition.

Nox is their especial deity. Knocks always accompany their concerts.

Cats do not open their eyes until 9 days old. Do they ever close them again? Nein. Throw a boot-jack at a sleeping cat and you will be convinced of this.

Cats are supposed to be accomplices of witches, which is probably because they love the darkness rather than light.

It is said that cats are cleverer than dogs and more easily trained. They are great pedestrians, and can make more laps in a given time than any other animal.

They are generally healthy, notwithstanding we hear of "the cat ill upon a thousand nills."

A great many more things might be said about the cat.

But silent be, it is the cat!—*Boston Transcript.*

Interviewing.

Interviewing has reached its lowest depth when we find newspaper reporters dancing attendance on a cat's-meat man. Yet this is what has happened in America, and we are compelled to confess that the reporter found the purveyor of skewered victuals far more interesting than most of the notabilities who are interviewed on the public behalf. The particular "cat-man" was indeed somewhat of a hero—one of the self-made men of whom cities are so proud when they die. It appears that when he began catering for pussy he went his rounds himself, but he has now grown so prosperous that four assistants carry his baskets for him. His cat customers do not heed the change, for they remark only the quality of the meat purveyed and not the quality of the purveyor. Left to themselves, the animals, though having the run of large warehouses, would starve, for American rats and mice will not remain in dry-goods stores, which are lean livings, so long as they have choice of fatter incumbences; but, mice or no mice, the cat is an institution, and so the "cat man" drives a thriving trade. A wicked rival tried to ruin our hero by hawking fish instead of meat, and pretending to pussy's owners that, as fish contained much phosphorus, and phosphorus made brains, no one could expect to have a really smart cat that was not fed upon fish. But the "cat-man" promptly checkmated his rival by distributing a handbill to the effect that fish made cats maogy, whereas meat gave them sleek and glossy coats. As proved in the sequel, the New Yorker prefer fat cats to smart ones, and the fish fellow had no chance against his antagonist.—*London Telegraph.*

Sheep that Dive from Cliffs.

John Muir, the naturalist of the Sierra, writing of the wild sheep of the Sierra and of their well-authenticated habit of diving from precipices and alighting on their horns, relates the following anecdote:

"At the base of Sheep rock, one of the winter strongholds of the Shasta flocks, there lives a stockraiser who has the advantage of observing the movements of wild sheep every winter, and, in the course of conversation with him on the subject of their diving habits, he pointed to the front of a lava headland about 150 feet high, which is only 8 or 10 degrees out of the perpendicular. 'There,' said he, 'I followed a band of them fellows to the back of that rock yonder, and expected to capture them all, for I thought I had a dead thing on them. I got behind them on a narrow bench that runs along the face of the wall near the top, and comes to an end where they couldn't get away without falling and being killed; but they jumped off, and landed all rigat, as if that were the regular thing with them.' 'What!' said I, 'jumped 150 feet! Did you see them do it?'

"'No,' he replied, 'I didn't see them going down, for I was behind them; but I saw them go off over the brink, and then I went below and found them tracks where they struck on the loose debris at the bottom. They sailed right off, and landed on their feet right side up. That's the kind of animal they is—beats anything else that goes on four legs.'"

TEACHER, to boy who has to be corrected frequently: "Can you tell me where Blue Ridge is?" Boy (rubbing his shoulder); "No; but I can tell you where the black and blue ridge is." He is treated more vigorously than ever.

Notice to Taxpayers.

The Territorial and County taxes for the year 1881 are now due and payable at the Sheriff's office, at the court house, in this city, from 9 a. m. to 12 m., and 1 to 5 p. m. Taxes will be delinquent on and after Monday, December 19th, at 6 o'clock, p. m., and unless paid before that time the usual 5 per cent and costs will be added.

J. P. GABRIEL,
Tax Collector.

Barber Shop

MAIN STREET, FLORENCE, A. T.

At this establishment you can get first-class work at moderate prices.

SHAVING,
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Only the best quality of hair oils and perfumeries used. Razors always sharp.

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Plain unwrapped, 40 bars	36 lbs.
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Read Physicians Certificate on Back of Bottle.

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530 Washington Street.

SUMMONS.

In the District Court of the First Judicial District of the Territory of Arizona in and for the County of Pinal.

JAMES L. ROBINSON,
vs. Plaintiff
ELIZA F. ROBINSON,
Defendant. } Summons.

The Territory of Arizona sends greeting to Eliza F. Robinson, defendant:

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff in the District Court, of the First Judicial District, of the Territory of Arizona, in and for the County of Pinal, and to answer the complaint filed therein in said County of Pinal, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court, at Florence, within twenty days, (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or if served out of this County, but within this District then within thirty days; otherwise, within forty days; or judgment by default will be taken against you according to the prayer of the complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony existing between plaintiff and defendant herein and for other and further relief as will more fully appear in the certified copy of complaint accompanying herewith.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded therein.

Given under hand, and the seal of said Court, this the 27th day of August, A. D., 1881.

[SEAL.] JNO. J. DEVINE, Clerk.
BY WM. D. GRIFFIN, Deputy.

Territory of Arizona, } ss.
County of Pinal. }

I, Jno. J. Devine, Clerk of the District Court, of the First Judicial District, of the Territory of Arizona, in and for the County of Pinal, do hereby certify that the above and foregoing is a full, true and correct copy of the original summons issued in the above entitled action as the same appears of file in my office.

Attest my hand and the seal of said Court, this the 2d day of September, A. D., 1881.

[SEAL.] JNO. J. DEVINE, Clerk.
BY WM. D. GRIFFIN, Deputy.
23-2m

A. F. STOUT, New York. CLINTON B. FISK, New York. A. F. SUTHERLAND, Globe, A.T. CHAS. A. FISK, Globe, A.T.

STOUT, FISK & CO.,

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A carefully selected stock of

Stoves and Tinware

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Orders from country stores promptly filled. Special attention paid to jobbing.

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Patent, Nov. 9, 1880,
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