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Assistant Secretary, - JOHN E. ANDERSON
Attorney General, - E. B. FOMBOY
Surveyor General, - JOHN WASSON
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Treasurer, - - - - THOS J. BUTLER
Sup't of Public Instruction, M. H. SHERMAN
Delegate to Congress, GRANVILLE H. OURY
Sup't Territorial Prison, GEO. M. THURLO

SUPREME COURT

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Associate Justices DEFOREST PORTER.
W. H. STILWELL.
Reporter Supreme Court, - C. B. RUSH.

DISTRICT COURTS.

Judge 1st Judicial Dis't, W. H. STILWELL.
Judge 2d Judicial Dis't, DEFOREST PORTER.
Judge 3d Judicial Dis't, C. G. W. FRENCH.

U. S. OFFICERS.

U. S. Marshal, - - C. P. DAKE.
U. S. Deputy Marshal, - - W. C. ROUNDY.
U. S. Dept. Marshal, Florence, John C. Loss.

TUCSON LAND OFICE.

Receiver, - - - C. E. Dailey.
Register, - - - Henry Cousins.

PRESCOTT LAND OFFICE.

Receiver, - - - GEORGE SOUTELL.
Register, - - - WM. N. KELLY.

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Sheriff, - - J. P. GABRIEL.
Under Sheriff, - - B. J. WHITESIDE.
Treasurer, - - - P. R. BRADY.
Probate Judge, - - G. L. WRATTEN.
Clerk of District Court, - F. MOSER.
District Attorney, - - H. B. SUMMERS.
Recorder, - - JNO. J. DEVINE
Deputy Recorder, - HINSON THOMAS
Board of Supervisors, PAT. HOLLAND, JNO. T. BARTLESON, GEO. F. COOK.
Clerk of Board of Sup. HINSON THOMAS.
Supt. of Public Shools, - G. L. WRATTEN.
Justice of the Peace, at Florence, JNO. MILLER.
Justice of the Peace, at Pinal, W. H. BENSON.
Justice of the Peace, San Pedro, J. N. Dodson.
Constable, at Florence, - ANDREW HALL.
Deputy Sheriff at Pinal, - K. K. KENNEDY.
Public Administrator, HENRY SCHOSHUSE.
School Trustees, WM. HARVEY, B. H. DE ARNITT, JOHN MILLER.

Poker in a Legislature.

In years gone by a certain Representative in our State Legislature was supposed to have been "seen" on a certain bill, but as he kept his own counsel no one could get any proof against him. He had been elected as an honest, upright man, and when his constituents heard the rumors against his integrity they were amazed. A delegate was appointed to go down to Lansing and hear his side of the story, and when this man returned home he was invited to make known his researches before an open meeting.

"My friends," he began, "I went to Lansing with the determination to sift the matter to the bottom. I found that S. was living high and dressing like a lord!"

A groan went through the meeting, and men shook their heads in a solemn way.

"He sports a gold watch and cane," continued the delegate, and he was talking of buying a $500 horse to bring home with him. You remember, he went away from here a poor man."

"Then he sold his vote!" shouted one of the yeomen.

"I confess it looked that way to me at first," replied the delegate, "but when I came to tackle him pergonally he explained everything as clear as day. He had not sold his vote. He had not forgotten that an honest constituency was behind him and no money could have bribed his conscience. No, my friends, there is no stain on his reputation."

"Then how did he get his money?" asked three or four at once.

"Well, I don't know as I can explain it as well as he did, and I'm sorry I did not write it down. It seems that the members don't have anything to do evenings, and instead of reading novels or attending the wicked theater they gather in little crowds around the table and the one who has four of a kind of something or other rakes in something called the pot. I don't know where the money comes in, but it's somehow or other, and somehow or other our esteemed Representative always has more of a kind than any one else. This is as near as I can remember, and I suggest a vote of continued confience in our member until he himself returns to explain what the 'kinds' are, and what the pot has to do with it."—*Detroit Free Press.*

How Shot Are Made.

A shot-tower is certainly a curious place to the uninitiated visitor, and the process of manufacturing the leaden missiles is most interesting. Of course it is necessary that the shot should fall from a considerable elevation, and the height of many of the towers is over 200 feet. As pure lead will not make perfect globules, it is necessarily "tempered." This "temper" is prepared by the addition of ingredients, of which arsenic is the main property. It is run into bars convenient for use, and with pig-lead hoisted to the top of the tower. Here are two small rooms, one about twelve feet below the other, and each containing two huge kettles, in which the pig-lead and the "temper" are melted. From one or the other of the two kettles in both rooms—as each room has a separate shaft—streams of shot are constantly flowing. At the bottom of each kettle the molten stuff pours into square pans perforated at one side. These perforations are large or small, according to the size of shot desired, and separate the mass into distinct, delicate, gleaming streams, which in turn, as they come in contact with the atmosphere, separate into perfect globules, or shot, which are cooled in their 200-feet journey and the water into which they fall below.

The Difference.

One day we rode fifty miles in a railway car, seated behind four men who were playing with those awful playthings of the devil—cards. They played eucher until they were tired of it. They played a little seven-up, pedro and occasionally a trifle of poker. We never heard a dispute. Their bursts of merriment occasionally at some unexpected play repeatedly drew our eyes from our book. They never quarreled and never called names once. After we got out at our station we sat at the window and watched a party of young men and maidens playing croquet. In fifteen minutes we saw two persons cheat successfully. We heard the one player who did not cheat accused of cheating five times. We heard four distinct bitter quarrels. We heard a beautiful young girl tell two lies and a meek-looking young man three, and finally we saw the young girl throw her mallet against the fence so hard that it frightened a horse; the other young girl pounced her mallet so hard on the ground that it knocked the buds off an apple tree—they both banged into the house at different doors, and the two young men looked sheepish and went off after a drink. Now, why is this thus?—*Burlington Hawk-Eye.*

GOSSIP FOR THE LADIES.

Of Course They Met.

I heard two robins singing in the wood
One April day,
And what they said my heart well understood
That April day:
"Oh, love is sweet through all the busy daytime;
Oh, love is true in winter and in May time!"
But then, you know, the hour was Folly's playtime—
'Twas April day.

And I, to keep in tune the the merry birds
That April day,
Sang with them, thoughtlessly, some foolish words—
'Twas April day:
"My love is fair, I could not help but choose him;
My love is good, I could not bear to lose him;
My love is wise, oh, what could I refuse him
This April day?

"Yet should he hear me sing, let him beware—
This April day,
And if I say 'I love him,' have no care—
This April day,
The token that he sends—oh, yes, I kiss it;
And if he sends it not, I sorely miss it;
But promise, song or kiss, now pray what is it
This April day?"

Singing and laughing through the woods I came
That April day,
Until a clear, strong voice sang back again:
"Oh, April day!
This girl of smiles and tears, this little rover,
With pleasant jesting does her heart discover,
Thy mirth is wisdom, I her happy lover,
Thou, April-May."

He clasped my hand, and through the woods we went
That April day,
Singing like robins in our glad content
That April day.
Oh, golden sunshine, and oh, silver raining!
Oh, earnest jesting, and oh, sweet complaining!
Two happy hearts stood watching daylight's waning
That April day.

Will the Coming Woman Smoke?

The London *World* thinks she will, and gives its reasons for this opinion as follows: "In all probability 'the higher education of women' will bring about one result which its advocates have never thought of. Girl-graduates overworked and crammed, will take to the solace of smoking. The women who are pushing their way into the professions will discover the need of it. When women begin to work they will be entirely associated with the blue-stocking, instead of the anonyma and her imitators. It will be useless to protest or condemn. The use of tobacco was prohibited in Russia—the knout threatened for the first offense, death for the second—yet Russian ladies are the greatest of smokers. Pope Urban VIII. issued a bull against it; our King James fought vigorously against its introduction here. In the East the priests and Sultans declared smoking to be a sin against their holy religion, and yet the Turk is seldom seen without a pipe. Even the edict of society will not alarm the new generation of clever women. The actress smokes in her dressing-room, because she is exhausted; the authors, the artists (and we have one or two women who can paint) will smoke in their studios for the same reason. When sensible men go to see them, they will light up together and have a sociable talk. Let us console ourselves with the fact that a pretty woman who smokes because she likes it, looks well. Doubtless there will come a day when Worth will always add to his dresses a dainty little tobacco-pouch or cigarette pocket. And we may be sure, when fashion has once got a word to say in its favor, smoking will no longer be improper."

Women as Employes.

A correspondent of the *Woman's Journal* writes: "Some of the reasons why men do not like women as employes, and do not pay them as well as men, are these:

"1. The average female employe is not punctual at her business in the morning.

"2. When the women employes do come they almost, without exception, consume the first half hour in talking about the ball, party, drama or concert of the previous evening; while by them stand men and boys who have been at the same entertainment with them, or to some other place of like character, and who come in, nevertheless, with a cool nod, going immediately to their duties. We have looked sharply about in several offices and representative shops in the city, and could not but notice this absorption of girls and middle-aged women in pleasures which the very errand-boy forgets while in harness. This chatter is often kept up during the day, accumulating volume by the accretion of new matter, such as: 'My new dress.' 'I am bound to have those bangles,' and 'They say Sophronia Fitzgerald is going to have Gus at last.' Men and boys hear this, and do not respect women in trade any more for it.

"3. Women almost universally complain to men, and even to call boys, because they have to work for a living. It is not in one class of office, store or shop, that you hear these feeble wails, but in nearly all 'It's men's place to work and support women.' 'I think it is the greatest misfortune that can happen to a woman, this going into the world and earning a living.' 'I wish I was rich,' and 'I am tired of work.' Now, do not men and boys hear all this? And when our grand apostles of the new dispensation demand equal civil place for women in the State, energetic George and industrious Peter, proud of their craft, think of these jeremiades and—sneer.

"4. We often hear business men say: 'Women are uninterested in and careless about their work; they don't care how it is done, if only off their hands; they gossip with the men in the office (or shop) the minute the employer goes out.' There is certainly a lack of concentration, and inability to focus down deliberately with a man's bull-dog grip on the large issues of life. How can men help sneering when, instead of correct copy, or well-stitched garments, they read 'I wish I was married' for their patronage?"

The Sarcastic Girl.

The sarcastic girl is, in the language of the negro elocutionist and orator, growing "more prevalent" every day. She is a trifle more insufferable than her giggling, gushing, romantic-loving sister, whom, however, she always contemplates with pitying contempt not entirely free from disguised scorn.

The sarcastic girl is, in some instances, the product of a hasty or ill-advised compliment paid her by some thoughtless admirer on her making some spiteful criticism of the rude remark, concerning an acquaintance or companion.

She has not the ability to distinguish between impudence and satire, and it is an easy task to convince her that ill-bred rudeness of speech is the perfection of irony, and that to say spiteful and unpleasant things to everybody she meets is sure to win her a reputation of being sarcastic.

She eagerly cultivates her fancied talent, never allowing an opportunity to exercise it pass by unimproved, and she generally succeeds in making herself heartily disliked by those who are unfortunate enough to be numbered among her acquaintances.

Her society is not sought after by any one, not even by those young men who, when thrown into it, feel in gallantry bound to compliment her on her remarkable acquirement. She attributes this to the wholesome fear in which she is held. The family think her brilliant when every one else pronounces her insulting. The habit of being "sarcastic" (?) grows upon her, until by the time her fond parents conceive her to be a prodigy, society avoids her as a pest. As she grows older she becomes dissatisfied with her loneliness.

Then, too, she hears whispers that she has been pronounced "hateful" by the people who once told her she was brilliant.

If she marries, her husband soon tires of her society, and in common with the rest of the world avoids her as much as he can, and seems to envy those who are more fortunately circumstanced in this respect. She feels this, and it only makes her more spiteful and disagreeable. Her children find no sweet companionship in her presence; their natural affection for her is quenched by her unhappy disposition, and they early learn to withhold their respect. Her life is as miserable as it can well be, and when she dies she passes away almost, if not entirely, regretted, a warning to the sarcastic girl, if she should but discover it and profit by the lesson.

Take our advice, girls; be as bright as you can, be dignified and womanly, but don't allow yourselves to be flattered into the belief that you are modern Juniuses.—*Exchange.*

Iceland's Parliament.

The Assembly of Iceland, writes a correspondent from that far-off land, is composed of thirty-six members, thirty of whom are elected by the people and six appointed by the King of Denmark. The thirty popular members elect six of their number to serve with the six appointed by the crown as an upper house. All bills must pass both houses and be duly approved by the King, who holds veto power. Sessions are held once in two years, and the members are paid 6 kroner ($1.68) per diem and traveling expenses. I don't know how they make out on the mileage. There are no end of miles here in any given direction, but it would take an American Congressman half his time to make even cocktail money at these rates. The island is divided into fifteen districts, over each of which is a sysellmand, or judge, who collects the taxes. The sysellmand goes over his district once a year and informs the people where he will meet them and receive their taxes.

The Russian Peasants.

The St. Petersburg correspondent of the London *Standard* gives some illustrations of the peculiar ideas at present agitating the minds of peasants in the interior of Russia. He says: In one province the peasants went in a body to a large landowner and informed him that his land would shortly be divided among them. The proprietor induced several of the chief men to go with him to a neighboring town in order to discuss the matter further, and on arrival there the peasants were taken to the police station, and there treated to a round number of strokes with a rod. They were then allowed to go home, and no doubt succeeded in convincing their comrades that the idea of a speedy redistribution of lands was a mistaken one. In another province the peasants informed their employer, a large proprietor of land and manufactories, that they had received a ukase from the Czar, ordering them to wreck his property. The employer asked and obtained two days' grace, and meantime he informed the authorities. The peasants were made to produce the ukase, which proved to be forged, and, after being impressed with the falsity of the order, the peasants were allowed to disperse. From the above and many other instances, it seems clear that the revolutionists are not idle in turning the times to account by raising false hopes in the minds of the ignorant masses.

Loafing.

Does the young man who persists in being a loafer ever reflect how much less it would cost to be a decent, respectable man? Does he imagine that loaferism is more economical than gentility? Anybody can be a gentleman, if he chooses to be, without much cost, but it is mighty expensive being a loafer. It costs time, in the first place, days, weeks and months of it; in fact, about all the time he has, for no man can be a first-class loafer without devoting his whole time to it. The occupation, well followed, hardly affords time for eating, sleeping, dri——, we had almost said drinking, but on reflection we will except that. The loafer finds time to drink whenever invited, at the cost of friends. Once fully embarked on the sea of loaferdom, and you bid farewell to every friendly sail that sails under an honest and legitimate flag. Your consorts will only be the buccaneers of society. It costs money, for, though the loafer may not earn a cent or have one for months, the time lost might have procured him much money, if devoted to industry instead of sloth. It costs health, vigor, comfort, all the true pleasures of living, honor, dignity, self-respect, and the respect of the world when living, and, finally, all right of consideration when dead. Be a gentleman, then; it is far cheaper.

He Didn't Make It.

A man read a newspaper article upon the duty and necessity of making wills. It told of the evils and embarrassments which frequently follow a neglect of this important though disagreeable duty, and impressed it upon the reader that will-making was something that should not be postponed. The article produced a deep effect upon this man at once. The thought of making a will had never entered his head before, and he was on the down-hill side of life, too. He turned it over and over in his mind. True, he was in good health then, but he did not know what might happen. Men in perfect health, apparently, had been known to drop down dead. Yet he shrank from making a will. It looked too much like winding up one's worldly affairs for the final jump into eternity. But the thought haunted him. He couldn't sleep at night on account of it. He was sorry that he knew anything about wills, and regretted that he had ever read the article. After growing nervous and thin and pale over the matter he finally screwed himself up to the determination to make his will, when he discovered that he hadn't anything to will, and never had. He felt better.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

Air Your Houses.

Too many houses are built up the back in America. There are no through draughts. Front and back open, and a current set a-going—that's fresh air. Air stagnates, and curtains drawn, blinds down, carpets on floors, doors closed and one bit of a window just opened; goodness! where's the life to come from to breathe in so many cubic inches even of oxygen? Now then, in the morning open the street door for an hour and set something airing, some current into those stagnant air layers, that stuff each other up, and can neither move up nor down, nor in nor out. Ladies are faint, children droop, babies die, men swear—and all for want of a little fresh air just passing through the house. Look to it, and open your house door the first thing in the morning, and if you can set a current going do it.—*Food and Health.*

The Nose and the Face.

A somewhat singular fact has been observed with reference to the shape of the nose, or rather the setting of it in the face, so to speak. To be strictly correct, from the artist's point of view, the nose should be accurately in the middle of the face, and at right angles with a line from the pupil of one eye to that of the other. As a matter of fact, it is rarely or never thus placed; it is almost invariably a little out of the "square," and the fact of its being so is often that which lends a peculiar expression and piquancy to the face. A medical writer points out that there are anatomical reasons why a slight deviation from the true central line may be expected, and that the nose which is thus accurately straight between the two eyes may after all be considered an abnormal one; the only absolutely true and correct organ being, in fact, that which derives a little to the right or left.—*Phrenological Journal.*

PITH AND POINT.

WHAT kind of a robber is not dangerous? A safe robber, of course.

IT doesn't require a pair of horses to drag out a miserable existence.

THE man who feels certain that he will not succeed is very seldom mistaken.

PEACOCK feathers are emblems of vanity. They serve to point a moral and adorn a tale.

A FACETIOUS young man calls a certain female institute a "Vennor weather prediction," because it contains so many misses.

IN a letter to a friend a young lady states that she is not engaged, but that she sees a cloud over the horizon about as large as a man's hand.

"MARY JANE, have you given the gold-fish fresh water?" "No, ma'am, what's the use? They haven't drunk up what's in there yet."

IT was a negro who acknowledged after a tempestuous voyage at sea that he was a land-lubber. He said he lubbed it so well that he never wanted to go to sea again.

IT was not Mrs. Partington, but another old lady of the same mental build, who said, the other evening, that she wished the calcium days of her youth would return.

IT all came from educating his daughter at a seminary. She reproved her father for wiping his mouth on the tablecloth, and he went to his barn and hung himself.

"WILL you tell me," asked an old gentleman of a lady, "what Mrs. ——'s maiden name was?" "Why, her maiden aim was to get married, of course," exclaimed the lady.

"ARE you feeling very ill?" asked the physician; "let me see your tongue, please." "It's no use, doctor," replied the poor patient; "no tongue can tell how bad I feel."

A DARKY philosopher says: "I has noficed dat all great men retains in arter life de early impressions of childhood. Dis scar heah is whar my fodder hit me wid a sarssfras spont."

AN advertisement reads: "Wanted—A young man to be partly out-door and partly behind the counter;" and the Cleveland *Leader* asks: "What will be the result when the door slams?"

"I'M afraid you'll be late at the party," said an old lady to her stylish granddaughter, who replied, "Oh, you dear grandma, don't you know that in our set nobody ever goes to a party till everybody gets there?"

THE Boston *Commercial Bulletin* says: "The *American Angler* is a new paper which we hope will not live by hook and lyin'." We have no doubt it will publish de-baits, and worm its way into piscatorial circles.

"You are the worst boy I ever saw!" exclaimed Brown to his son. "Why will you go on as you do? I should think you would have some respect for your father." "How can I, dad, have any respect for a man with such a rascally son?" said the young reprobate.

THE bashful young man who asked a lady on the beach it "he could see her home" was much surprised to hear her reply, "that he could go up and see it if he wanted to, but she didn't think her father wanted to sell;" then she coolly walked off with the man of her choice.

QUESTION for debate: Which is the liveliest and jolliest person—the man who drinks tea, the man who drinks coffee, or the man who drinks beer? Carlyle was a tea drinker, Bayard Taylor a beer drinker, and the coffee man can pick out examples to suit himself.

"BARRETT'S Life of Edwin Forrest" contains many interesting anecdotes of the famous tragedian; but there still remain many which have never been printed. Once, when he was playing "William Tell" in Boston, Sarnem, Gessler's lieutenant, should have remarked: "I see you love a jest; but jest not now." Imagine Forrest's feelings when that worthy declaimed: "I see you love a jest; but not jest now!"

"I UNDERSTAND you told in a store that I wasn't a man to be depended on," said Hickenlooper to Wigglesworth, as they met the other morning. "Tain't so," promptly denied Wigglesworth; "what I said was that you was a tergiversationist." "Oh! well, that's quite another thing," responded Hickenlooper; "I'm much obliged to you for your good opinion," and he shook Wigglesworth warmly by the hand and ambled away.

IF a miserly old millionaire wants to get a reputation for liberality and philanthropy, let him offer to give $100,000 to a $50,000 town for the erection of a charitable institution, provided an equal amount be raised by the citizens. The citizens might not be able to raise $100,000 if they sold all their possessions in the world, but the millionaire gets a reputation for liberality all the same, and it doesn't cost him a cent.—*Norristown Herald.*

Boiled Eggs Flavored with Truffles.

Truffled boiled eggs owe their discovery to the forgetfulness and negligence of a cook. The epicurean master one day brought home some truffles, and gave them to his cook, with the injunction to keep them for the preparation of a pheasant that was to grace his board. The cook, not knowing where to put the precious tubercles, placed them into a glass jar where she kept her eggs. The next morning, at breakfast, the Marquis de Cussy and his friend had boiled eggs. "But your eggs are truffled!" suddenly exclaimed the sharp-scented Marquis. "Certainly they are," replied the host. "But how do you manage it?" "I feed my chickens on rasped truffles!" "No! joking aside, call up your cook and let her explain," said the Marquis. The cook came, and said that she had put the truffles into a glass globe full of eggs, the globe had been shut with a cork plug, and kept covered for twenty-four hours; the shell of the eggs seemed to be permeable, and the subtle perfume of the truffles had penetrated the meat of the eggs.—*Parisian.*

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED

STOMACH BITTERS

Hostetter's Stomach Bitters extirpates dyspepsia with greater certainty and promptitude than any known remedy, and is a most genial invigorant, appetizer and aid to secretion. These are not empty assertions, as thousands of our countrymen and women who have experienced its effects are aware, but are backed up by irrefragable proofs. The Bitters also give a healthful stimulus to the urinary organs. For sale by all druggists and dealers generally.

COSMOPOLITAN SALOON!

Main Street,
FLORENCE, - - - - ARIZONA.

A FIRST-CLASS
BIT HOUSE.
FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC
Wines, Liquors, Cigars
ETC. ETC. ETC.

Fancy drinks of every description a specialty. Come Where you can get a metropolitan drink an at metropolitan prices.
J. V. WILSON, Prop'r.
10tf

Remarkable Escape.

John Kuhn, of Lafayette, Ind., had a very narrow escape from death. This is his own story: "One year ago I was in the last stages of consumption. Our best physicians gave my case up. I finally got so low that our doctor said I could not live twenty-four hours. My friends then purchased a bottle of Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam for the lungs, which benefited me. I continued until I took nine bottles. I am now in perfect health having used no other medicine." From the above it is plainly evident that there is a cure for consumption, even in the most hopeless cases, and that cure is Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam for the lungs. Cures all coughs and colds. Cures all diseases of the lungs and chest. Cures pneumonia and sore throat, and is a sure cure for consumption, if taken in season. 3

Smith, Lucy & Co.
Manufacturers of all styles of
Family Soaps!
405 FRONT STREET,
SAN FRANCISCO, - CALIFORNIA.

PEERLESS SOAP
the best in this market, is

Pressed and wrapped, 100 bars	75 lbs.
Pressed and wrapped, 48 bars	36 lbs.
Pressed and wrapped, 24 bars	18 lbs.
Plain unwrapped, 40 bars	36 lbs.
Plain unwrapped, 20 bars	18 lbs.

Full Weight, Purity and Desirability Combined.
36-tf.

How to secure health

It is strange any one will suffer from derangements brought on by impure blood, when SCOVILL'S SARSAPRILLA AND STILLINGIA OR BLOOD AND LIVER SYRUP will restore health to the physical organization. It is a strengthening syrup, pleasant to take, and the BEST BLOOD PURIFIER ever discovered curing scrofula, syphilitic disorders, weakness of the kidneys, erysipelas, malaria; nervous disorders, debility, bilious complaints and diseases of the blood, liver, kidneys, stomach, skin, etc.

Dr. DeWitt C. Kellinger's liniment is an infallible cure for rheumatism, sprains, ameness, and diseases of the scalp, and or promoting the growth of the hair.

Rescued from Death.

William J. Coughlin, of Somerville, Mass., says: In the fall of 1876 I was taken with bleeding of the lungs followed by a severe cough. I lost my appetite and flesh, and was confined to my bed. In 1877 I was admitted to the hospital. The doctors said I had a hole in my lung as big as a half dollar. At one time a report went around that I was dead. I gave up hope, but a friend told me of DR. WILLIAM HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS. I got a bottle, when to my surprise, I commenced to feel better, and to-day I feel better than for three years past.

"I write this hoping every one afflicted with diseased lungs will take DR. WILLIAM HALL'L BALSAM, and be convinced that CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED. I can positively say it has done more good than all the other medicines I have taken since my sickness. 1

Summons.

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

THE SINGER MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Plaintiff,
vs.
F. C. GRIFFIN & W. K. MEADE, Defendants.

Action brought in the District Court of the First Judicial District of the Territory of Arizona, in and for the County of Pinal, and the complaint filed in said County of Pinal, in the Office of the Clerk of said District Court, at Florence.

The Territory of Arizona sends greeting to F. C. Griffin and W. K. Meade:

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, 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 in this district, within thirty days; otherwise, within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you according to the prayer of said complaint. The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this court for the foreclosure of a certain mortgage, described in the complaint, that the premises may be sold, and for costs of suit, all of which will fully appear by reference to the complaint on file herein, a certified copy of which accompanies this summons.

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

Given under my hand and the Seal of the District Court of the First Judicial District of the Territory of Arizona, in and for the County of Pinal, this 20th day of April, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-two. T. W. MOSER,
[SEAL.] Clerk.

LIME! LIME!

A No. 1 Article.

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