

Prepared for the Big Boom!

ENTERPRISE SURE TO WIN.

Jos. Collingwood & Co.,

FLORENCE, ARIZONA.

Calls particular attention to his large stock of

GENERAL MERCHANDISE!

For Miners, Prospectors, Farmers, Teamsters, Families, and Indeed Everybody.

EXCHANGE BOUGHT AND SOLD

JOS. COLLINGWOOD.

W. C. SMITH,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN

GENERAL MERCHANDISE.

FORWARDING

COMMISSION MERCHANT,

Casa Grande, A. T.

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO CONSIGNMENTS IN MY CARE. MARK GOODS "CARE OF W. C. S., CASA GRANDE, A. T."

Barley, Chopped Feed, Potatoes, Flour, Beans, Bacon

and everything needed by

MINERS AND TEAMSTERS,

kept constantly on hand, and will not be undersold.

CALL AND BE CONVINCED.

Florence Feed Corral & Livery Stable

EUGENE CADOTTE, Prop.

Keeps the Finest Teams and Best Vehicles in the County.

Will furnish transportation to any point in this and adjoining counties. Teams left in the corral will receive the best of care and be turned out in first class condition.

PRICES REASONABLE.

CORRAL ON MAIN ST., FIRST DOOR SOUTH OF FLORENCE HOTEL, FLORENCE ARIZONA.

W. E. STEVENS.

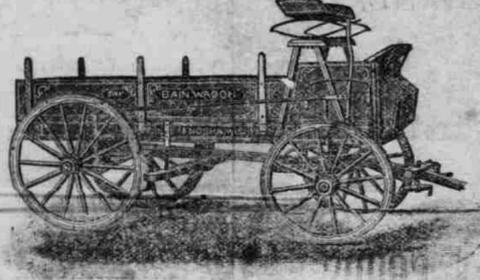
THOS. RUGGIE.

STEVENS & HUGHES,

Dealers in

Stoves, Tinware and Crockery.

Tucson, Arizona.



LEO GOLDSCHMIDT,

Tucson, Arizona,

CARRIES THE LARGEST STOCK OF—

FURNITURE!

Bedding and Carpets in Arizona.

Agent for The

Automatic Folding School Seat and Eldridge Sewing Machines.

Sole Agent for American White Bronze Co., Manufacturers of

Monuments, Headstones, Statuary, Medallions and Busts of White Bronze.

Sole Agent for NATIONAL WIRE and IRON COMPANY.

Manufacturers of

Wire and Iron Grave Guards and Fences, Ornaments and Furniture for Cemeteries and Lawns. Vases, Settees, Chairs and Lawn Fountains.

ROMANCE OF A PARSONAGE

No sleeper little town than St. Anatole lies nestled amid the vine clad hills of eastern France, none of more smiling, gracious aspect. There is picturesqueness, too, about its quiet streets, the low arcades with round arches recalling Spanish occupation of Frauche Comte, part of the rich dower of Mary of Burgundy, and bits of Spanish domestic architecture remain here and there. Round about rise the pleasant hills, more gentle declivities, although designated by the name of mountains in these parts: a little river runs by the town, hiding itself in a green valley; beyond tower the dark pine forests of the Gura; while far away stretches the Alpine fairyland, Mont Blanc, and its sister peaks, lakes of violet and amber in the far distance. So dead alive this twinning of 2,000 or 3,000 souls, so unfrequented by tourists and remote from the highways of the world, that not a carriage awakes the chance traveler who makes a halt here. Only a tumble down omnibus, for the convenience of business men, plies between the railway station and the one end of the place. Into this picturesque village, on a bright September day, stepped a lady whose appearance was little in keeping with such shabby surroundings. Her dress was simple enough certainly, a nun's were hardly planned, yet the black gown of light gauze, the long veil that seemed part of it and the small bonnet, a mere coronet of jet on the golden hair, had served to heighten the wearer's beauty. Here was loveliness of the most dignified kind, features, figure, carriage, indicated the nobility imparted by high rank and elegant bringing up, as we well know, a creature natural to some woman, and in spite of the studied sobriety of dress, evidences were there of ancestral wealth and splendor. From her small ears hung rare emeralds in the quaint setting of the Renaissance. The brooch that fastened her dress was a fleur de lis fashioned of pearls, evidently an heirloom; and as she gathered up her skirts to step into the omnibus, a plume of rich lace fell over the slender foot. There were no other passengers, and the lone bloused conductor, hat in hand, stood by the door awaiting instructions. So self absorbed, however, was the lady, that she did not notice his presence, and he was obliged at last to ask her destination.

Slightly coloring, and with the air of one aroused from deep reverie, she made reply:

"Drive me, if you please, to the Protestant parsonage."

Once or twice, when the horses slackened speed, and she thought it was time to alight, her color waned and came, she trembled violently, and her hands were cold, but when indeed the wheels stood still, by a tremendous effort she recovered self possession.

"Is the Pastor Anville within?" Her voice did not tremble, but it was in a subdued key. She had turned very pale, and was evidently asking herself whether indeed she had courage to fulfill her errand.

"The Pastor Anville—I am he," was the reply, spoken briefly and absently. The minister had evidently been disturbed in the midst of serious occupation, and had not so much as given himself time to identify his intruder. This much he felt bound to invite her within.

He was a striking looking man, in middle life—that is to say, in his prime. But for the habiliments of a Protestant pastor, he must at once have been taken for a Catholic priest. The neatly shaven head, the general respect, recalled rather the disciple of Loyola than of Calvin; and could it be the crown of the head showed unmistakable signs of the tonsure!

He was no merely a devoted son of Adam, quite the reverse; but for all that an observer would single him out of a crowd by reason of intellectual rather than physical superiority. The noble brow, the commanding look, marked him from others. He ought to have been a member of the metropolitan pulpits of the world. Such a man could but be a force, moral as well as spiritual—a mighty lover of human weils and passions, a powerful agent in the strife of good with evil.

Bright sunshine filled the little study in which the pair now stood face to face. The lady had raised her veil, her fair, gold brown hair caught the sunlight. The place seemed irradiated by her presence yet sunny beauty.

"Do you not recognize me now?" she asked, in a voice of sweet, trembling feminine appeal. "Georgette de Beaumont—often your penitent in days gone by."

"I forgot nothing," was the bitter, perhaps ironic reply. "You are one of those who came to my confessional with your selfish desires years ago."

For a brief moment he had seemed to stagger, shrinking from that exquisite presence; but, just as she had done a moment before, by a violent effort he now regained his self possession. Offering her a seat, the pastor placed a chair for himself opposite her own, then closed the door, evidently prepared for a confidence.

"You have come to me in some trouble or perplexity—that I see," he began, smiling faintly. "And you are aware of my altered circumstances. As a friend and minister of the gospel, I am ready to advise, perhaps able to comfort; the priest, the confessor, the absolver, you know—"

"I know," she said, the timid, girlishly hesitating reply.

Yet the beautiful speaker could hardly be called a girl. She was in the flower of womanhood, not its opening bud, and had certainly passed her thirteenth year.

"I should have come to you long ago," she explained, "but my courage failed me."

Then she broke off suddenly, as if courage failed her still. A lovely blush tinged her cheeks, tears glistened on the long eyelashes. A sudden light seemed to break upon his mind. He leaned forward and scrutinized her keenly.

"You, too," he said, "Georgette de Beaumont, daughter of one of the most ancient houses of Catholic France, you also have forsaken the faith of your fathers? Is it possible that you are a Protestant now, like myself?"

"I am a Catholic still," was the passionate, reckless answer. "But I am alone in the world. My apostasy could pain none. I love. Only say the word, and I place my conscience in your keeping."

ago in the confessional. The fair head, with its coronet of golden hair, was uplifted, and she looked up at him on a level with his rough hand. All shuddering, all terror, all hesitancy had left her now. The supreme moment was come, she felt entirely mistress of herself, able to utter the inmost thought of her heart.

"You had me good and happy," she said. "There is only one way. May I tell you what that way is? May I confess to you, as in the old days?"

He smiled then, a sheltering, encouraging smile, much as if she were some bewitching child fleeing to him from chimerical terrors. To his thinking, she was still the sunny, sparkling, frolicsome Georgette of old, no soulless Georgette certainly, but a worldling from the cradle, the spoiled darling of a noble house, the heiress of one of the handsomest fortunes in France.

For the moment she was rebuked by him, punished by him in the confessional, for childish shortcomings in matter of religious duty, years ago. That smile, and although it was, wonderfully irradiated his dark physiognomy. It brought back to Georgette's mind his former, so she seemed to her what he had ever been. She knew not indeed of the change, outward as well as spiritual, that had come over him during these intervening years.

For the moment she was rebuked by him, punished by him in the confessional, for childish shortcomings in matter of religious duty, years ago. That smile, and although it was, wonderfully irradiated his dark physiognomy. It brought back to Georgette's mind his former, so she seemed to her what he had ever been. She knew not indeed of the change, outward as well as spiritual, that had come over him during these intervening years.

For the moment she was rebuked by him, punished by him in the confessional, for childish shortcomings in matter of religious duty, years ago. That smile, and although it was, wonderfully irradiated his dark physiognomy. It brought back to Georgette's mind his former, so she seemed to her what he had ever been. She knew not indeed of the change, outward as well as spiritual, that had come over him during these intervening years.

For the moment she was rebuked by him, punished by him in the confessional, for childish shortcomings in matter of religious duty, years ago. That smile, and although it was, wonderfully irradiated his dark physiognomy. It brought back to Georgette's mind his former, so she seemed to her what he had ever been. She knew not indeed of the change, outward as well as spiritual, that had come over him during these intervening years.

For the moment she was rebuked by him, punished by him in the confessional, for childish shortcomings in matter of religious duty, years ago. That smile, and although it was, wonderfully irradiated his dark physiognomy. It brought back to Georgette's mind his former, so she seemed to her what he had ever been. She knew not indeed of the change, outward as well as spiritual, that had come over him during these intervening years.

For the moment she was rebuked by him, punished by him in the confessional, for childish shortcomings in matter of religious duty, years ago. That smile, and although it was, wonderfully irradiated his dark physiognomy. It brought back to Georgette's mind his former, so she seemed to her what he had ever been. She knew not indeed of the change, outward as well as spiritual, that had come over him during these intervening years.

For the moment she was rebuked by him, punished by him in the confessional, for childish shortcomings in matter of religious duty, years ago. That smile, and although it was, wonderfully irradiated his dark physiognomy. It brought back to Georgette's mind his former, so she seemed to her what he had ever been. She knew not indeed of the change, outward as well as spiritual, that had come over him during these intervening years.

For the moment she was rebuked by him, punished by him in the confessional, for childish shortcomings in matter of religious duty, years ago. That smile, and although it was, wonderfully irradiated his dark physiognomy. It brought back to Georgette's mind his former, so she seemed to her what he had ever been. She knew not indeed of the change, outward as well as spiritual, that had come over him during these intervening years.

For the moment she was rebuked by him, punished by him in the confessional, for childish shortcomings in matter of religious duty, years ago. That smile, and although it was, wonderfully irradiated his dark physiognomy. It brought back to Georgette's mind his former, so she seemed to her what he had ever been. She knew not indeed of the change, outward as well as spiritual, that had come over him during these intervening years.

For the moment she was rebuked by him, punished by him in the confessional, for childish shortcomings in matter of religious duty, years ago. That smile, and although it was, wonderfully irradiated his dark physiognomy. It brought back to Georgette's mind his former, so she seemed to her what he had ever been. She knew not indeed of the change, outward as well as spiritual, that had come over him during these intervening years.

For the moment she was rebuked by him, punished by him in the confessional, for childish shortcomings in matter of religious duty, years ago. That smile, and although it was, wonderfully irradiated his dark physiognomy. It brought back to Georgette's mind his former, so she seemed to her what he had ever been. She knew not indeed of the change, outward as well as spiritual, that had come over him during these intervening years.

For the moment she was rebuked by him, punished by him in the confessional, for childish shortcomings in matter of religious duty, years ago. That smile, and although it was, wonderfully irradiated his dark physiognomy. It brought back to Georgette's mind his former, so she seemed to her what he had ever been. She knew not indeed of the change, outward as well as spiritual, that had come over him during these intervening years.

For the moment she was rebuked by him, punished by him in the confessional, for childish shortcomings in matter of religious duty, years ago. That smile, and although it was, wonderfully irradiated his dark physiognomy. It brought back to Georgette's mind his former, so she seemed to her what he had ever been. She knew not indeed of the change, outward as well as spiritual, that had come over him during these intervening years.

For the moment she was rebuked by him, punished by him in the confessional, for childish shortcomings in matter of religious duty, years ago. That smile, and although it was, wonderfully irradiated his dark physiognomy. It brought back to Georgette's mind his former, so she seemed to her what he had ever been. She knew not indeed of the change, outward as well as spiritual, that had come over him during these intervening years.

For the moment she was rebuked by him, punished by him in the confessional, for childish shortcomings in matter of religious duty, years ago. That smile, and although it was, wonderfully irradiated his dark physiognomy. It brought back to Georgette's mind his former, so she seemed to her what he had ever been. She knew not indeed of the change, outward as well as spiritual, that had come over him during these intervening years.

For the moment she was rebuked by him, punished by him in the confessional, for childish shortcomings in matter of religious duty, years ago. That smile, and although it was, wonderfully irradiated his dark physiognomy. It brought back to Georgette's mind his former, so she seemed to her what he had ever been. She knew not indeed of the change, outward as well as spiritual, that had come over him during these intervening years.

For the moment she was rebuked by him, punished by him in the confessional, for childish shortcomings in matter of religious duty, years ago. That smile, and although it was, wonderfully irradiated his dark physiognomy. It brought back to Georgette's mind his former, so she seemed to her what he had ever been. She knew not indeed of the change, outward as well as spiritual, that had come over him during these intervening years.

For the moment she was rebuked by him, punished by him in the confessional, for childish shortcomings in matter of religious duty, years ago. That smile, and although it was, wonderfully irradiated his dark physiognomy. It brought back to Georgette's mind his former, so she seemed to her what he had ever been. She knew not indeed of the change, outward as well as spiritual, that had come over him during these intervening years.

For the moment she was rebuked by him, punished by him in the confessional, for childish shortcomings in matter of religious duty, years ago. That smile, and although it was, wonderfully irradiated his dark physiognomy. It brought back to Georgette's mind his former, so she seemed to her what he had ever been. She knew not indeed of the change, outward as well as spiritual, that had come over him during these intervening years.

For the moment she was rebuked by him, punished by him in the confessional, for childish shortcomings in matter of religious duty, years ago. That smile, and although it was, wonderfully irradiated his dark physiognomy. It brought back to Georgette's mind his former, so she seemed to her what he had ever been. She knew not indeed of the change, outward as well as spiritual, that had come over him during these intervening years.

For the moment she was rebuked by him, punished by him in the confessional, for childish shortcomings in matter of religious duty, years ago. That smile, and although it was, wonderfully irradiated his dark physiognomy. It brought back to Georgette's mind his former, so she seemed to her what he had ever been. She knew not indeed of the change, outward as well as spiritual, that had come over him during these intervening years.

consolation in the thought that we two, my nameless lover and myself, were married in memory. I lived in it still. And when I returned to Paris a few months ago, an orphan, mistress of my own fortunes, alone in the world, I learned your strange story. Force of conviction had led you to change your religion. Like myself, you were free!"

The very sound of that word seemed to have magic for her ears. The timid, hesitating look of appeal vanished, her voice grew strong, firm, exultant. Tears rose to the sweet eyes and trembled on the delicate, pink cheek, but they were tears of pure joy.

"For, of course," she said, gathering up her hands to her own, "the words she had just uttered, almost to her own thinking, made them almost one to you and myself. I have been speaking all this time, and I was not surely wrong; you loved me, did you not? To think then of the joy I felt when I learned what had happened. For the first time in my life I rejoiced in the fact that I was rich. Oh! I said to myself, 'last night my wealth can be turned to noble uses. In his hands it will become a thing to glory in. I do not care for splendor or ease. Indeed I do not,' she said, emphasizing the words with artless sincerity. "I could be quite happy in such a home as yours, by your side. My parents were made for a lofty position, were born to rule. Think, then, how useful my large fortune will be to you. If, indeed, it is a better religion, a higher truth that you now follow, you may lay the means of persuading me. I have a beautiful Protestant church in Paris, from far and wide people will flock to hear you. Once more you will be in your proper sphere, for I am sure you cannot be happy or quite satisfied here. This career of a governess is a dreary, too dreary, scribble, for a noble like you."

He bowed acquiescingly. Yes, it was all true. So much his face said.

"All that I have is yours," she went on; "my last fortune my father left me, the hotel in Paris, the means in Toulouse, there as there, and all I care for, I live for, is this."

The clear impassioned voice broke down; the fair head drooped; the hand she held to her heart was kissed and bedewed with tears.

Throughout the latter part of their interview the pastor had seemed under a spell. Once or twice he was fain to interrupt, but utterance failed him. He, too, was flushed, tearful, shaken in every limb. These last wild words, those burning sentences, his hand, his face, his eyes, and his whole being, he seemed to be playing through a momentary over her with a strange expression, as if he were calling down the blessings of heaven upon her fair head; as if, indeed, he were drinking from some magical potion, that he might never again be parted from her.

Then, without a word, he led her to the window.

It looked upon the long narrow garden stretching from the house and the church, now flooded with warm sunshine. All was calm, golden, peaceful; yet Georgette gazed with a sudden, unexplained sinking of the heart. At the further end, under the shadow of a lofty plane tree, was a dead table, and by it stood a patient faced woman, evidently belonging to the penitential class, busily ironing. Humely as was her appearance, it was, nevertheless, not without a certain dignity and pathos. She looked so absorbed in the business of ironing, so forgetful of self, so lost to a sense of her own position, that Georgette, who had just seen her, could not but be struck by her.

"You see, you poor good woman," the pastor said, as the pair thus watched the unconscious figure from the window. "I forgot another, whose story you have just heard. She died, a few days ago, of my new life, and newly awakened conscience, was at one to her I had wronged in my youth."

And romance had now surely lacked its last paragraph for the first time. With burning tears, a hand clasped, a whispered word, and one long, lingering gaze into each other's eyes, the two parted. Who shall say ever to meet again!

Strange as it would seem at first sight, this fateful meeting little affected the tenor of their outward lives. It was as if all the darling, all the heroism, all the force of these two characters had been already spent, by Georgette de Beaumont upon the initiative that had been the one truly great act of her life; by the pastor, upon the twofold sacrifice made for conscience sake. He had suddenly found himself at the parting of the ways; on the one hand, beckoned worldly fortune, the esteem of the great, a commanding social position; on the other, poverty, scorn, an abnormal condition, but, coupled with these, a conscience at rest. Then came the second choice. He might make material atonement to the peasant girl he had wronged years before, but this, having dismissed this subject of self reproach, think of the resignation he now denied him, and even dream of Georgette, the beautiful Georgette!

Once the straight path taken, the temptations of the world, the flesh, and the devil, seemed to lose all attraction, all enticement, even all capacity of looking forward.

Again and again after that interview Georgette tried to rouse him from his lethargy and entice him from the dead alive country town in which he was lost to the world. Yet he seemed not unhappy, rather passive and automatic, as if the strings of passion and action were stopped forever, brought to a standstill by some rude shock.

It was the same with Georgette. After that journey to the parsonage amid the vines, she returned whither she had come, and continued to live in the world. Again and again suitors demanded her hand, but she steadfastly refused to marry.—"M. E. B." in Temple Bar.

Contents of a Cod's Stomach.

At the regular meeting of the Biological society, Capt. J. W. Collins, the scientific skipper of the United States fishery commission, exhibited a lot of curios which had been taken from the stomachs of codfish at sundry times while engaged in rural France and asked him to deliver a paper on the subject.

He usually taking place on deck. Among the lot were a splitting knife with a wooden handle and blade six inches long, a brass handled knife of quaint workmanship, a rough piece of granite weighing three or four pounds, an old fat hat, two counters and part of a sugar can, (two carats), a fragment several inches long which the scientist thought was lignite, and a brass lamp!—American Angler.

A French Love Draught.

Two women recently went to a grave-digger in rural France and asked him to sell them some human bones, which he did for a good price. The women, who passed in the district for sorceresses, returned home, hiding the bones for a short time, and then burning them and carefully gathering up the cinders, their purpose being to prepare a love draught for a young and pretty country lass, who had ordered it to reconquer the heart of a lover who had turned her off.—New York Tribune.

UNANSWERED.

Oh, dear, dark eyes, now shut to sight and sense, White folded hands, at rest forevermore; Can you not give me back one look, one glance? Can you not see, just once, that silent door?

If I could have one look behind it given, To know you live, and love, and blame me not, My mad, mad soul would give its hopes of heaven, And die, and be forgot.

You do not come; God does not heed my grief. No voice will ever answer back from there. My longings die in longing, own unbelief—I perish in my prayer.

—Madge Morris in Frank Leslie's.

Saved From a Tiger's Jaw.

Only a few months ago, in India, in a certain planting district there was a notorious man eater. Two gentlemen, A and B, residing together on an estate, had lost, or native watchmen, within a few days, and the unfortunate men had been actually carried off out of the veranda of the house, and the tiger, therefore, determined to clothe themselves like natives, and sit during the night, armed, in the veranda, in the hope they might be able to get a shot at the man eater, who, they thought, might probably return.

They proceeded to carry out this intention, and sat up till about 2 or 3 o'clock a. m., but nothing appeared. A then said he should not stay up any longer, as he did not believe the animal would come, but B announced his intention of waiting half an hour longer by himself. There were large windows opening down to the floor of the veranda, and through one of these A retired, and after entering his room, he just closed the window, and was going out for an instant, when he saw a dark mass land in the veranda, right on to his friend, then heard sounds of a scuffle, and a cry for help. Seizing his rifle, which a sword bayonet was attached, and flinging up the window, he rushed out, in time to see B walking down the steps that led up to the veranda alongside of the tiger, with his hand in the latter's mouth.

A was afraid to fire lest he should hit his friend, so, running after him, he, with a admirable presence of mind, went up to the tiger, and plunging his bayonet into the animal's body, at the same instant fired. There was a roar and a scuffle, and B took advantage of the moment to release his hand, and the tiger, after tumbling dead, B's hand was terribly mangled.—Court Journal.

Giving Her Pet Instructions.

A little Boston maiden of 6 summers has a prize King Charles spaniel, for which a doting aunt paid the net price of \$400. The aunt was desirous of entering the dog, and obtaining permission of the girl's parents, she did so. It then became necessary to break the news to the child that for four days she would be separated from her pet. At first she refused to be comforted, answering all arguments and offers of bribes merely by extravagant lamentations; but at length she yielded, and seemed to assert itself in the case, and her small brain devoted to philosophy, and upon the theory that what must be must be, she came more calm. She was overheard, however, giving very explicit instructions to the dog, and the proper manner of conducting himself in the event of show to which he was going, and she laid special stress upon the company he was to keep there.

"Don't associate with common dogs," she instructed him impressively. "You may speak to the president's dog, Queen Victoria's dog, and—and God's dog."—Boston Cor. Providence Journal.

Little Chance for the Beginner.

I must say, in all candor, that it is beginning to look to me as if, between the syndicate system, the ready plate system, and the growth of exclusive dog journalism, that there isn't a fair chance for the developing author. He may rally forth as boldly as ever with a free lance, but he cannot get into the arena in which he longs to deport. This exclusiveness has ruined each and every one of two magazines that state that they want nothing that has not been specially ordered. In other words, the writer with an established reputation is solicited to write an article, with the privilege of naming his terms, the writer without a reputation isn't solicited, and he is wanted on any terms, no matter how excellent the article he has to offer. I am speaking of the higher fields of literature and not of serial newspapers; for it seems to me they have dropped so far beneath mediocrity that any story can figure in them provided he knows how to be improbable, sensational.—"Observer" in Philadelphia Call.

Incident of a Railway Wreck.

Later in the day when I ran upon an old acquaintance turning away from a bulletin board on Washington street with a face so white and drawn that I inquired, with an interest quite apart from the conventional insignificance of the question, concerning his health. He was not ill, he assured me. It was this same horrible story of men and women and boys and girls crushed to death out at Forest Hills. Yet this man, who blanched and trembled at the mention of a story of suffering, had inspired his regiment with his own courage under the murderous broom sweep Cemetery Ridge at Gettysburg, had borne painful wounds with a gaiety that cheered the whole hospital and has carried the reputation of a man of iron nerve.

It is not, in my opinion, self control, but of that deeper and less readily classified sentiment of sympathetic humanity, which makes the bravest seem weak when in the presence of pain and helpless either to relieve it far to combat its cause.—Boston Post.

Vibration of the Ether.

Photography has never reproduced natural colors. Scientists explain this fact by the statement that color has no objective existence. It is simply the brain's interpretation of the rapidly with which the waves of a ray of light beat against the retina. Beats more rapid produce the sensation of the mind known as violet; beats less rapid, that known as red. Violet and red are nothing but variations of the ether until they reach the optic nerve and communicate to that the vibrations, which the brain translates. To photograph color is therefore as impossible as to photograph sound.—Frank Leslie's.

A French Love Draught.

Two women recently went to a grave-digger in rural France and asked him to sell them some human bones, which he did for a good price. The women, who passed in the district for sorceresses, returned home, hiding the bones for a short time, and then burning them and carefully gathering up the cinders, their purpose being to prepare a love draught for a young and pretty country lass, who had ordered it to reconquer the heart of a lover who had turned her off.—New York Tribune.

HELM H. FRANKLIN. HARRY R. JEFFORDS. JEFFORDS & FRANKLIN. ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS-AT-LAW. Offices 212 and 214 Pennington street, Tucson, Arizona.

W. E. STONE. R. E. STONE. Dist. Att'y. SLOAN & STONE. ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS-AT-LAW. Florence, Pinal County, Arizona.

H. B. SUMMERS. ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW. Florence, Pinal County, Arizona.

E. W. MORRISON. ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW. Florence, Arizona. Practices in all courts and Departments and before all Boards Commissions, &c.

G. H. OURY. ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW. FLORENCE, ARIZONA.

WM. HARVEY, M. D. Physician and Surgeon, FLORENCE, ARIZONA.

JOHN C. LOSS. Notary Public, Real Estate & Ins. Agt. Casa Grande, A. T.

Events all kinds of papers with dispatch prompt attention paid to all collections. Will attend cases in Justice Court. Charges moderate. Office Wells, Fargo & Co., Casa Grande.

Tunnel Saloon, Main st., Florence, opposite Rittenhouse's. BEST OF WINES, LIQUORS and CIGARS. BENTON WALKER, Agt.

CASH STORE. Keeps a Full Assortment of General Merchandise, DRUGS and NOTIONS. Strictly a Cash Business. J. N. DENIER, Prop.

Pure Fresh Milk, FROM FAT AMERICAN COWS, SERVED MORNING AND EVENING. MRS. J. T. BARTLESON.

Remy's Dairy, THE PUREST FRESH MILK, FURNISHED EVERY MORNING AND EVENING. J. B. REMY, Prop.

BLACKSMITHING of all kinds, Done at Reasonable Rates. E. A. STEVENS, Cor. Main and Fourth Sts., Florence.

The Best Cigars In the Territory, SOLD AT WHOLESALE AND RETAIL, By S. H. DRACHMAN, Tucson. Agent for Louisiana State Lottery. Also buys and sells railroad tickets to all points.