

Arizona Weekly Enterprise.

VOL. VII.

FLORENCE, PINAL CO., ARIZONA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1887.

NO. 32.

J. M. OCHOA,

— LEADER IN —

POPULAR PRICES!!

AT HIS OLD STAND,

Wholesale & Retail Dealer

DRY and FANCY GOODS,

Furnishing Goods, Hardware,

Clothing, Groceries, Iron, Wagon Material,

Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Liquors, Tobacco, Cigars.

SWEETWATER.

CASA BLANCA.

J. D. RITTENHOUSE,

Main and Bailey Streets, Florence, Arizona.

Wholesale and Retail Dealer

— IN —

DRY GOODS,

CLOTHING, NOTIONS.

Groceries, Hardware, Tobaccos.

SOLE AGENT FOR PINAL CO. FOR

Chas. Rebstock & Co.'s Celebrated

Double Stamped Whiskies,

Which will be sold at wholesale at my store as cheap as they can be bought in San Francisco. This whisky is shipped direct to me from the bonded warehouse in original packages.

ORDERS BY MAIL PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

HER REASONS FOR LEAVING.

(Harpers' Bazar.)
"Why, Mary Ann, I'm much surprised
That you should wish to go—
There is no reason that you should—
That is, none that I know.
You have but three to work for, and
The work is very light.
With nothing to disturb you from
The morning till the night."
"Sure that's all true, mum, and that's why
I do be leavin' fur
The dread to be stayin' where
There's not a bit of stir.
I'm goin' back to my ole place—
Och! that's the place, for none—
Eight children mumm—yes, mumm—an' six
Of them toine lightin' boys."
"An' thin the master an' his wife—
Do have a leavin', leavin' 'quar—
At leas' once a week, for none."
"Fith; but it's like the ovid country,
An' back I'll go, an' not stay here
To die of pease an' quiet."

FIRE IN THE FOREST.

**A Grand Sight—She-Bear and Cubs—
Rattlesnake Den.**
(Cor. New York Tribune.)
Black mountain, as if to add to the
pleasure of the guests on Lake George,
has been presenting a sight that, for
grandeur and magnificence, exceeds any-
thing in the way of pyrotechnics ever ex-
hibited at Saratoga or the seashore. The
mountain rises 2,400 feet above the lake.
Across the spur called the Elephant, the
forests have been on fire the past week.
Broad sheets of flame spread over the
mountain slopes, as if some fair leviathan
was waving her red silk handker-
chief to attract the attention of a lover.
The mountain is overrun with various
tribes of small game, animals, birds,
and, in certain places, snakes. The fire
has spread across hundreds of acres, and
has created a perfect pandemonium
among them. Startled creatures fill the
air with their cries of peril. They moan
and wail as if turned from an old home-
stead by the cruel elements without a
dollar of insurance on their furniture.
Larger birds, like hawks and crows,
soar above the seething mass of burning
pine and oak, while the night air is
filled with dismal hootings of huge owls.
Occasional roars of bears join the chorus,
furnishing a sepulchral bass to the grand
aggregation of discordant elements.
While some men were engaged in
combating the fire, they discovered a
huge she-bear trying to stamp out a
large burning log with her paws. Two
cubs followed the exasperated animal,
and as the mother maddly beat the hot
embers with her sluggy paws the young
ones whined like whipped children. The
heat was too much for the creature, and
with blood streaming from her lacerated
and baked feet she beat a retreat. The
men pursued her, but gathering her
children, "even as a hen gathereth her
chickens," the sagacious beast soon put
a stretch of fire between herself and the
pursuers. Her victory was but transi-
ent, for a moment later a huge tree,
burned off at the roots, fell with a
crash, knocking her over a precipice to
the rocks 400 feet below. The misery
of the orphaned cubs was heartrending,
and their cries of agony filled the air
for a moment, and then both went
tumbling after their mother—and be-
came little bear angels.

Rattlesnake den is situated on the
north end of Black mountain. When
the flames reached that portion of the
mountain a stream of rattlesnakes and
blacksnakes emerged from a chasm,
shouldered their tails, and beat a hasty
retreat for safer quarters. The lizards
reptiles fairly covered the ground with
their green and black sinuous forms.

The Dirty Danube.

(Bulgarian Cor. Kansas City Journal.)
Like the Ganges, the Yangtze, the
Irrawaddy, the Salween, the Hooghly,
the Nile, the Jordan, and nearly all the
really great or famous rivers of the
effete old world, the Danube is an un-
utterably muddy river. The current is
very swift. Were it not for this fact, I
presume a stick might be made to stand
upright in this yellowish ooze which the
people call water. And the people
strive to keep it that way. Those who
afford it have it filtered; the rest take it
in a crude state. Bulgaria is deplorably
weak in the matter of a water supply.
The Danube is the only stream that you
cannot step across, and that is at the
northern frontier of the country. The
same deficiency is, however, a source of
gain to a large number of people, as you
will admit at any time when you step
down to the river bank and watch the
water carts that are being filled with the
filthy liquid.
The Danube is about a mile wide here,
I should judge. Steamers ply all the
way from Galatz, near the mouth, to
Linz, away north of Vienna. There are
places where transfers have to be made
to lighter steamers in times of drought.
The steamers are necessarily all built on
the side-wheel, shallow-draught princi-
ple, and some of them are certainly
handsome crafts.

The Red Nose of Insanity.

(Atlanta Constitution.)
The testimony of Dr. Hamilton in the
famous Rhineland case to the effect
that a red nose is an indication of in-
sanity has carried terror and conster-
nation to thousands of homes all over
the land. Heretofore the gentleman with a
Bardolphian nose has been regarded as
one of bibulous proclivities, but all this
is changed. The effect will be disas-
trous. The trusting wife who has looked
upon the bulbous protuberance of her hus-
band's nose as a mark of affection, and
the wife who registers the number of
cocktails and brandy smashes
swallowed during the day, will now view
it as the lurid headlight of a lunatic.
Dr. Hamilton says that the red nose of
insanity differs from that of alcoholism.
It is a brighter red, and is accompanied
by livid hands, a distorted countenance,
and a weak heart action. Ophelia prob-
ably had a red nose, and many a female
lunatic with a lily-like complexion has a
nose that would shame an old toper. The
fact that many politicians are disfigured
in this way is not against the doctor's
theory, but supports it. In addition to
insanity and alcoholism it may be re-
marked that tea drinking and dyspepsia
produce red noses. In order to effect a
cure the digestion must be looked after.

Professor Riley says if he were to

enumerate the six most important
substances that could be used for destina-
tion, he would name tobacco, soap,
hellebore, arsenic,
petroleum and pyrethrum.

BIG CITY CEMETERIES.

**The Memory of the Dead—Health of
the Living—Cremation.**
(Joseph Howard in Boston Herald.)
New York at one time was a perfect
nursery of graveyards, and we have now
in the city limits a score of little cem-
eteries, where hundreds and thousands of
deceasing bodies remain. There are two
things to be considered, respect for the
memory of the dead, and care for the
health of the living. I was looking in
St. Paul's churchyard a few days ago, a
plot of ground worth millions of dollars,
opposite the building of The New
York Herald, and I saw a large number
of grave stones piled one above the other.
Nobody knows where they belong,
and nobody cares. It is against the law
for anybody to be buried within the limits
of the city of New York, and a fine of
\$500 is put upon the person who breaks
the law; nevertheless there are hundreds
of persons who intend to be buried within
the limits of the city of New York, in
Trinity churchyard, in St. Paul's church-
yard, or in St. Mark's churchyard. To
be sure they are members of our "rich,
old families."

Some years ago this law was passed,
and since then cemeteries have been
built up adjacent to the city, but al-
ready the growth of the metropolis, and
its neighboring cities has been such that
even these have been enveloped and are
part and parcel of the living economy
of the time. Calvary cemetery, I saw
in some paper a few days ago, has over
half a million dead bodies under its soil,
and some of its coffins are so near the
surface that one can easily push them
with the ferrule of his cane. Green-
wood cemetery, one of the most charm-
ing spots on the face of the earth, is
the home of hundreds of thousands of
dead and is a most embarrassing block
in the highway of travel, traversing, as
it does, six or eight of the chief ave-
nues of Brooklyn. Already the vandals
hand of pickets has reached out to take
hold of it; already schemes are plotting
to drive these avenues straight through
the cemetery.

As to preserving the ashes from desec-
ration, I concede that there is a degree
of sentiment about that which is worth
considering; but, after all, how many
men or women who read these lines can
tell where what is left of their great
grandfathers, or even their grand-
fathers, is buried to-day, and who of us
is there who cares much about them
anyhow. The fact of the business is that
after we get beyond the second
generation, the horizon of honest, un-
affected affection is very limited. But
grant that a man desires to preserve the
ashes of the generations, it seems to me
that a very proper way would be to have
a public depository in which, for a
trifling sum, we could place the ashes
containing the ashes of our friends, and
leave them there for all time to come.

Baden-Baden's Baths.

(Haynie's Foreign Letter.)
Close to the new castle stands the
Friedrichsbad, the most splendid and
largest bathing-house in the world, so I
am told. It is three stories high, rising
up against the southern slope of the
Schlossberg in the form of terraces, and
backed directly against the hot springs
which give vapor for the Russian and
heat for the Turkish baths. In some of
the rooms the bathing tubs are hewn out
of the solid marble. They have steps
leading down to them, and each is pro-
vided with apparatus for a shower or a
jet douche. Some of the tubs have a
sand or mud at the bottom, they say
is good for rheumatism. In each
room there is a comfortable couch where
you may read and nap after your bath as
long as you like.
Up stairs, on the second floor, I had
some sport in a large circular swimming
bath, four feet deep and twenty-eight
feet in diameter. It is wonderfully
constructed of marble and provided with
steps around its circumference. This
magnificent bath house is 200 feet long;
it cost over \$400,000, and unlike in most
establishments of the sort, the accom-
modation for the women is precisely the
same as for our sturdy selves. It must
be permitted to add that the house ad-
jacent to the city and state, and that no
fewer than fifteen physicians of Baden
are ready daily to give visitors advice as
to the proper kinds of baths to take.

Trouble with Cats and Dogs.

(Henry Bergh in interview.)
People going out of the city for a few
weeks lock their cats in the houses, leav-
ing them no food or water. They think
the cats can catch enough rats, and they
naturally want the rats weeded out by
their return. In a few days the cats be-
come catwauling, and the neighbors
come to us with complaints. We get the
key of the house from the agent and
liberate the imprisoned felines.
The other day one attempted to get
out of a tenement-house while the family
had gone to the beach, and the cat was
a chance to clean the house of rats. The
cat jumped twenty-five feet on the roof
of another house, and then rolled down
into the water-gutter and was caught.
Eleven days afterward the cat was ac-
cidentally seen, and a report was made to
this office. We spiced two ladders,
sent a man up to rescue the cat, after it
had lived eleven days without eating.
Dogs are also locked up by families
going out of the city for a few days. The
dog naturally feels lonesome and begins
to howl, and the annoyed neighbors
naturally want the dogs weeded out. It
never learns the folly of locking up dogs
and cats during their absence. It is not
only cruelty to animals, but to the neigh-
borhood, concluded the pioneer humani-
tarian.

Must Be Frowned Down.

(Lime-Kilo Club.)
A lock on de doah of de hen-coop kin
be justified by a dozen different excuses,
but de man who will set a bar trap just
what a panson would naturally climb
over de alley fence must be frowned
down an' made to feel dat life am but
an empty dream.

Wanted a "Meat" Doll.

A cunning little toddler of six years,
convulsed the passengers in a Third
avenue, New York, car by throwing
down her doll and declaring that she
wanted a real "meat" doll like her
mother had in her arms.

There are three chandeliers in the
White House that cost \$5,000 apiece.

HISTORY OF AERONAUTICS.

**The Recent Experiment at Meudon
The Montgolfiers and Others.**
(London Times.)
No little excitement has been caused
in France by the news that a successful
experiment in balloon-steering was per-
formed at Meudon, near Paris, on the
9th of last month—a date which M.
Herve Mangon, in reporting the experi-
ment to the Academy of Sciences on
Tuesday, declared "will remain ever
memorable in the annals of discovery."
We are unable to judge the importance
of the alleged invention, for its authors
are the two military officers in command
of the government aerostatic works,
which were instituted under M. Gam-
betta's auspices, and the technical secrets
of their construction have, of course,
been disclosed to the war office only.

Without expressing an opinion—since
we have no data for doing so—on the
value of an invention which has not
been submitted to public scrutiny, we
may briefly recall what has been the
progress of aeronautics since the first
balloon rose into the air a little more
than a century ago. At this time last
year the town of Annonay was celebrat-
ing the centenary of ballooning by the
inauguration of a monument to the
brothers Etienne and Joseph Montgolfier;
but the first practical idea as to aerial
navigation may be credited to an eccen-
tric character who lived in the seven-
teenth century, Cyrano de Bergerac.
Cyrano wrote a number of fantastic
books, which were consulted by Swift for
his "Gulliver," by Voltaire for his "Mi-
crocomes," and by Fontenelle for his
"Mondes." In the most popular of these,
a "Trip Through the Moon," the hero is
made to ascend from the earth by means
of bladders filled with hot air.

The Montgolfiers improved upon this
notion by substituting one globe of silk
for several bladders; in other respects
their balloon was an adaptation of Ber-
gerac's idea, for it had an aperture at its
base into which hot air rose from a
charcoal stove in the car. The first hot-
air balloon was sent up on the 5th of
June, 1783, without a car. In August
of the same year an engineer named
Charles started a balloon inflated with
hydrogen gas. In September the Mont-
golfiers launched a new fire-balloon with
a car in which was placed a sheep, a
cock, and a duck, who all returned
safe to land; and in October the first
human aeronaut, M. Francois Pilatre des
Roziers, who was afterwards killed in
crossing from France to England, as-
cended in a captive balloon tethered to
the earth by ropes. In November this
adventurous gentleman made his first
descent in free balloon, and went up to
a height of 3,000 feet—an achievement
which excited the wildest enthusiasm
and the most fanciful anticipations. All
the practical scientists of Europe be-
came smitten with a craze for aerial na-
vigation; books and pamphlets on the
subject were published by the score, and
it was believed that a method for steer-
ing balloons would be contrived without
much difficulty.

The first ascent in England was made
from Woolwich in November 1783; in
1784 a Sig. Lannard started in a bal-
loon from Meudon, and in 1785 Mr.
Blanchard and Dr. Jeffries performed
their famous journey from Dover
to Calais in two hours. After this
no distinct advance was made
in ballooning until 1831, when
Mr. Green used ordinary coal-gas
instead of hydrogen for inflating pur-
poses. The manufacture of hydrogen
had been troublesome and expensive,
but the substitution of coal gas enabled
balloons to be blown at a comparati-
vely small cost, and from this time
they became popular objects of amuse-
ment in public gardens. The famous
trips of the great "Gassard" balloon,
which went up from Vauxhall gardens
in 1836, are still remembered by many
living persons with wonder. The
"Nassau" was 157 feet in circumfer-
ence, its full height from car to summit
was eighty feet; it was made of 200
yards of crimson and white silk, and
contained 70,000 cubic feet of gas.
Nine persons could be carried in its
car. On one of its first voyages it de-
scended in the duchy of Nassau, having
traveled about 500 miles in eighteen
hours.

From Mr. Green's days until now no
genuine advance has been made in bal-
looning. The many balloons that have
ascended with many accidents—though
not so many of these as might have been
expected; and some of these accidents un-
dertaken for scientific ends have yielded
interesting observations on atmospheric
phenomena. Mr. Glaisher and Mr. Cox-
well nearly lost their lives in mounting
to a height of 23,000 feet, but, notwith-
standing the information obtained from
Mr. Glaisher's ascents the British Asso-
ciation for the Advancement of Science
has suffered aeronautical investigation
to drop out of their programme. Before
dismissing a subject which has sometimes
been fraught with the greatest interest
and which, indeed, exercises something
like fascination upon every mind, the
association had been fairly harried by
papers on balloon-steering from inventors
of the kind who have not yet given up
trying to square the circle, and we be-
lieve the patent that have been taken
out for various contrivances in aero-
nautics can hardly be numbered. How-
ever, the problem of balloon-steering has
never been regarded even by scientists of
the first order as insoluble in theory; it is
only in practice that experiments have
failed, because it has not been found
possible to construct a motor combining
power with lightness.

Filth from Wood Pavement.

(Inter Ocean.)
London has entirely abandoned wood
paving and returned to the old Mac-
adam. The Professor Ingersoll re-
ports that, by means of continual water-
ing, wood paving becomes saturated
with street filth, and under the influence
of the sun dries and sends up a pernicious
dust that is very injurious to the
eyes and lungs.

Carp for Crawfish.

Western ranchmen advocate raising
carp in ponds and water-tanks for the
purpose of keeping them free from craw-
fish. The fish keep the water clear and
furnish fine food.

A scientific wag at a Newport lawn
party put salt on the carbons of the
electric lights. The effect was to dis-
color the faces of the guests.

The Gypsy's Love of Home.

Gypsies universally revere the marriage
and home relation. What other people
do? I say universally, and use that word
unqualifiedly. There is not an excep-
tion. The home, under dingy roof or
beneath the stars, is the dream, the type,
the realization of all attainable good. I
do not defend them in their religious in-
fidelity; but the religious faculty as we
know it, develop it, distort it, is so lack-
ing in them that another seems to have
taken its place. That is home worship.
Without ambition to rule and read and
remodel the world, their whole mental
and heart power concentrates upon and
about their own. Every earthly effort of
the gypsy man, as of every decent man,
is for the home, the concrete shrine
within his simple holding. The gypsy
wife, not being civilized into a social
haridan; not being developed into a
literary, art or church goddess; not
being cultured into a female devil fish,
reaching her greedy tentacles to every
outlying slime and then devouring her
own home for self and social distortion,
has a whole body and soul and devotion
for those who call her wife and mother.
And so this gypsy family that you scorn
and my old poet friend calls "rascals,"
form an all sufficient, invincible love
force that the combined assaults of ill
fortune can never shock or endanger.
That is surely one thing worth remem-
bering about the gypsies. Yet all this is
true without law. And it even begins
back of the suckling of the babe at the
gypsy's mother's breast. It is bred and
inbred in pre-natal assimilated loyalty.
Then as the children come along with the
years they absolutely know nothing else
or different, save about the Gorgios or
non-gorgios, among whom they see all
that should be avoided and of whom we
know a few things that should be
changed.—Edgar L. Wakeman's Letter.

An Indian Crew.

One little incident will serve to show
how rapidly the aborigines of the north-
west is forsaking the ways of his fore-
fathers and taking to the customs and
habits of the white man. A month or
two ago, while the steamer Rosebud was
climbing up the Missouri bound for Ben-
ton, the crew got to growling among them-
selves and struck for higher wages. Upon
reaching Fort Berthold (the agency of the
Mandan and Gros Ventre Indians) the
white laborers came out openly, refused
to work, and abandoned the boat. Capt.
Todd, master of the steamer, stepped
ashore and interviewed some of the red-
skins, and in ten minutes he had booked
the following crew: Little Sioux, Spotted
Wolf, Gray Head, Sheepskin, Charley
Brewer, Crazy Horse, White Bull, Two
Bulls, Stink Face, Eddie Hill, Bull Head,
Red Fox, Young Hawk and Blue Stone.
With this novel outfit the boat proceeded
on to Benton with perfect success, having
left the white strikers standing dismayed
on the bank and boiling with rage to
foot it back to civilization the best way they
could. Capt. Todd had to throw off his
coat and instruct the aborigines in the
ways of the stevedore, handling barrels,
tying ropes, moving wheat and other
things, but after the first lesson he never
had a more willing crew, and he did not
want a better. The boat arrived at Ben-
ton on time, the Gros Ventres and Man-
dians having covered themselves with
bacon grease, flour, dirt, and glory. The
only little drawback was the redskins
would stop in the middle of a job to smoke
the pipe of peace with the white men,
and also to find out just when they were
going to get paid.—Chicago Times.

The Prince Not Hopeful.

The Prince of Wales is, perhaps, the
finest friend of America among the
English. He is a man of the world,
more Parisian when in Paris than the
Parisians, but his open sympathy with
Americans is founded upon a shrewd
forecast of the future. To one of his
suite, now resident in New York, the
prince stated in plain terms that he never
expected to be the king of England, nor
did he leave his interlocutor doubtful as
to whether he meant that his mother
had died, but his open sympathy with
Americans is founded upon a shrewd
forecast of the future. "An
other nail in the coffin of the monarchy,"
he sentimentally remarked when the
engagement of the Princess Louise to the
Marquis of Lorne was announced to him.
The prince is far from being the careless
pleasure seeker that he is so often re-
presented. He is a thoughtful observer
and student of events, and comprehends
as well as anybody else the tendencies of
the times. If he makes the best of the
present, it is evident that he is anxiously
making friends for the future, and seek-
ing to stand well with all parties and all
classes in case of emergencies. This is
one of the most pregnant lessons of the
jubilee year.—London Letter.

A Peruvian "Whistling Jug."

Tulane museum, New Orleans, possess-
es a Peruvian "whistling jug," which
dates from the Incas. It resembles two
squatly, flattened bottles connected by a
bar between the necks and below by a
pipe one inch and a half in diameter.
One end above with an open brassy
bottle mouth and the other in the form
of a grotesque human head. The
hole in the latter is a small orifice at the
back of the head. On pouring water
into the open mouth both jugs are
filled above the level of the connecting
tube the air remaining in the closed side
is forced out at the small orifice, and,
striking the thin plate between the two
openings, produces a clear, shrill whistle.
By tipping the half filled vessel in various
directions various sounds are emitted—
some of the most startling, weird char-
acter.—Chicago News.

Egypt's Land of Ostrons.

It is to be noted that Egypt is again be-
coming a land of onion culture. Large
quantities are yearly shipped to Europe
from Alexandria and other ports. A few
years ago the trade hardly existed, while
in two months of last year alone 14,000
tons were shipped to Liverpool.—New
York Tribune.

One of the largest wheat fields in the
world is that of ex-Congressman C. F.
Reed, of Stanislaus county, Cal. It consists
of 10,000 acres in one unbroken stretch
along the bank of the San Joaquin river,
and much of the land is protected by
levees, as the stream is higher than the
shore.

There are forty Hebrew millionaires in
New York. The richest is Max Weil,
who is rated at \$5,000,000.

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Special attention paid to correcting irregu-
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Diseases of the mouth, either congenital or
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Is Now Open for Business,
And a Share of the Traveling Public,
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EVERY ROOM IS NEAT and CLEAN,
#31 and kept in first-class order. #31
Free Carriage from Depot to Hotel.
CHAS. J. FRESSE, Prop.

Secret Society.
Florence Lodge, No. 4, A. O. U. W., meets
every Saturday evening at 8 o'clock.
W. E. GUILD, M. W.
A. J. DORAN, Recorder.

Ivanhoe Legion, No. 2, S. K. of A. O. U.
W., meets first and third Thursday in each
month at 8 o'clock p. m.
D. C. STEVENS, C.WM. E. GUILD, S. R.

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TEXAS AND CALIFORNIA STAGE CO.
DAILY LINE OF STAGES,
Between Casa Grande and Florence, Carrying
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Leaves Casa Grande 2 a. m.
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Leaves Mammoth Tuesday's Thursday's and
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