Arizona Enterprise.

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—BY—
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☞ All Communications and letters relating to business, should be addressed to THE ENTERPRISE.

THE taxpayers of Arizona have become very much out of patience with the management of affairs that consumes all their contributions to the machinery of government, and want a voice in the selection of their servants from the chief executive down. When the recently ignored law, calling for a constitutional convention, was before the legislature, and territorial matters were upon a satisfactory basis, the people believed that the time had not yet arrived when statehood could be safely and economically assumed. But the depth to which the public interests have since been plunged through the methods of an eccentric and mentally unbalanced demagogue, have presented an unexpected danger with which our present system of government threatens us. The shipwrecked sailor hopes for "any port in a storm," and so it is with those who bear the burdens of taxation—they are ready to accept any alternative so long as it is a change from their present deplorable condition. The national congress may be made to believe that the interests of the people of Arizona will be greatly subserved by legalizing their laws that have not been declared illegal, but which is used simply as a cover for future iniquity, but their arbitrary action will not and can not make wrong right. It can legalize beyond judicial judgment the most repugnant and obnoxious wishes of a despotic and thoroughly incompetent executive, but its action will not stand the test of justice and right. Legislation cannot make right out of wrong, and the external principles of truth will never change even though temporarily crushed by the arbitrary exercise of power. The time will come when all our wrongs will be righted, and it is within the ability of the people themselves to control and remedy. Let every voter exercise his constitutional privilege solely in the interests of reform, regardless of partisan exaction, and cast his ballot only for men of probity, wisdom and ability, so far as the legislative ticket is concerned, and demand of them explicit pledges of economy in public expenditures, relief from oppressive laws and the preparation of the way to the complete independence of statehood. Let these principles be made the fundamental qualifications for your suffrages and then hold your officials to strict accountability for their stewardship. Desperate measures require desperate remedies and the exigencies of the present situation demand the sacrifice of all other considerations for the public good. Upon this platform no party lines are necessary and as one object of shaking off the yoke of tyranny must be kept constantly in view.

Just at the time the removal of Geronimo's band of Apaches from Alabama to the Indian Territory is being generally discussed a renewal of depredations by this tribe of savages is reported. The coincidence is likely to give rise to an impression that the renewal of hostilities is but a part of the plan to defeat the wishes of General Crook regarding the imprisoned Indians, but the fact remains that the love of shedding human blood is the consuming passion of these unconquerable fiends. A little more of their characteristic outrages will arouse the people of Arizona to the sense of self-protection and when such a time is reached, woe be to the red fiends, root and branch. Our people have borne with wonderful patience the recurring raids of the Apaches and have restrained every semblance of active hostility in order that the government might give its imbecile policy a fair and impartial trial. But there is a point beyond which human forbearance must cease. Our homes and our families are more dear to us than life itself, and when they are permitted by our government to remain in constant danger of extermination in a manner so horrible as that practiced by these Indians, the people are justified in taking into their own hands the heroic remedy and in leaving but a memory of the cause of their sorrows and sufferings. The handful of red-handed murderers now in custody constitute a bone of contention as to how they shall be rewarded for their crimes. With such an example of criminal magnanimity before us, what hope have we of future peace and security? The temporizing policy of the government exites the most utter contempt of our people who realize the full extent of the savage character of these Indians, and but one practical solution seems open to them which, if they are goaded onto the extreme limit, will create a shudder of horror amongst the eastern sentimentalists, but it will bring eternal peace and perennial prosperity to this fairest land nature has created.

ALL the orange trees growing in this valley have passed the winter without the least injury from the cold weather. Even the recent heavy frost did no damage to any fruits. The past winter has been one of unusual cold weather and the fact that the young and tender orange trees withstood it without the least protection gives assurance that the citrus fruits well thrive remarkably well here.

THE Phenix Herald announces that in compromising their differences at Washington, the Arizona pilgrims have "come to their senses." This is gratifying intelligence, but some of them certainly developed astonishing sprinting abilities in getting there.

THE financial report of Pima county for the year ended December 31st, [illegible] the grand total expense to be $[illegible]56,271.51. Of this amount the court house, jail, court and sheriff's office accounts consumed $37,553.92.

ANOTHER gold brick swindle is reported from California and a good and pious denizen of the golden state has contributed a snug sum to the purse of an oily-tongued scoundrel who represented himself as ex-chaplain of the Arizona penitentiary. It is a sad commentary upon human frailty and its greed for unearned gold that such operators usually select for their victims the wealthy pillars of the church and play upon their single weakness for success. The tempting bait of a buried bar of stolen bullion has caught many an individual of unsuspected dishonesty, and still lies in wait for others that expect confessed scoundrels to practice magnanimity towards utter strangers who have no claim upon their gratitude.

OUR Globe correspondent has Arizona's executive official by the ear and gives him a merry waltz to the tune of common sense. Our pile is on our Globe fellow-sufferer upon general principles and his arguments are as full of logic as an egg is full of meat.

OUR Phenix correspondent, whose views upon public matters will be found upon the first page, gives sound reasons for the position he takes. In fact all thinking people of Arizona believe the time to be ripe for a quiet revolution at the ballot box.

THE Utah legislature has killed the bill providing for the adoption of the Australian ballot system in that Territory. Utah does not take kindly to reforms.

The Apache Murderers.

It appears the Apaches who murdered Herbert, the freighter, have moved north. They are evidently Tonto Apaches who formerly occupied that section of Arizona extending from the Bradshaw to the Mogollan mountains, (taking in the entire Verde valley and Tonto basin,) and being well acquainted with all of the hiding places of that section it is natural that they would flee in that direction for safety. The Tontos were moved on to the reservation in 1874 by General Crook. At the time and for two years previous to their removal they were located in the Verde valley, engaged in farming and were self-sustaining. They were much opposed to being removed from their homes and located on the San Carlos reservation. They have repeatedly asked to be allowed to return to the Verde, saying that they could and would sustain themselves by their own industry.

They have always maintained that their present location on the San Carlos reservation is sickly and that the tribe is dying off. Three years ago General Miles recommended their return to the Verde valley, but obstacles were thrown in the way of the removal and nothing was done. It has been evident for years that the Tontos, Yumas and Mohaves would never be satisfied to remain on the San Carlos, and it is also quite evident that General Miles took the practical view of the question when he recommended the dividing up of the multitude of Apaches on the single reservation, and thus weakening them. It is a fact that there are constant feuds among the different tribes of Apaches on the reservation and conflicts which end in bloodshed are frequent, and one of the results is that the guilty parties leave or attempt to leave the reservation, and settlers in exposed places are liable to be the victims.

It is quite evident that if any serious troubles come out of the present disturbance northern Arizona will be the sufferer, as it is evident from the direction taken by the Indians who killed Herbert that they belong to some of the northern Arizona tribes. It is hardly probable however that there will be any large number leave the reservation on account of the present trouble unless there is a plan for a general outbreak of the Tontos, Yumas and Mohaves, based on their long desire to be located elsewhere than on the San Carlos reservation.—Star.

Stewart's Irrigation Bill.

A Washington despatch gives the following synopsis of Senator Stewart's bill for water storage as introduced last week:

The bill provides that the United States will confer certain privileges upon organizations to be known as irrigating districts in the several States and Territories where the public lands are situated and where irrigation is required, under certain prescribed conditions.

It shall then be the duty of the secretary to cause the survey of said district and he shall include in the boundaries thereof all arable lands which can be irrigated by one general system of irrigation or which can be regulated by the same general rules or laws.

He shall also include in such district such pasture and timber lands, reservoir sites, lines of ditches and places for other hydraulic works as may properly belong to such district and shall fix the time within which irrigating works to be used in common for the reclamation of arable lands shall be completed.

He shall then divide the district into the following area: First reservoir sites, ditch lines and other places for hydraulic works; second, lands susceptible of irrigation; third, pasture lands; fourth, timber lands.

The arable lands shall be subdivided into forty, eighty and 120 acres tracts, and shall be subject to entry under the homestead laws only.

These arable lands shall be subject to the same laws as private lands of similar description and value. All charges, assessments and taxes levied by the irrigation organization upon the arable lands of the district for the purposes of constructing work of common benefit, together with legal interest, shall be a lien upon all the arable lands within the district to be irrigated by such works. All the lands in the district shall be withdrawn from entry or sale, except mineral entries and other exceptions provided for in the act. Whenever irrigation works shall have been constructed in substantial and durable manner, according to plans approved by the secretary of the interior, and there shall be an actual resident owner on each legal subdivision of the arable land in such district, the secretary of the interior shall issue a certificate that the irrigation of said district is complete and the public lands therein contained are in bona fide possession and ownership of citizens of the United States.

The timber and pasture lands in such district shall thereupon become the property of the district, and the organization shall have power and control over the same. Patents shall be issued for homestead entries in such districts.

The Mohave County Supervisors have compromised the A. & P. R. R. taxes for 1887, '88 and '89, on a basis of a $4,000 valuation per mile, with 5 per cent. penalty added. Judge W. C. Hazeldine conducted the negotiations for his railroad and said a similar assessment would be satisfactory for several years. The Judge has always offered to pay on a reasonable valuation.—Phenix Herald.

MORITURUS MORTUUM ACCLAMAT.

A Hospital Sketch of the Civil War.

BY JOHN A. SPRING.

There problably never existed a military depot of such gigantic proportions like those found at City Point on the James river during the last year of our civil war. It was an immense city mainly of canvas. Not only was it the base of supplies of every kind for the army of the Potomac around Petersburg and the army of James near Richmond, but it contained also the store houses of the Christian and Sanitary Commissions, the German Relief, State Reliefs of every State that had Union troops in the field, a library, innumerable sutler stores and a hospital which could accommodate from three to four thousand sick and wounded until such time as the great steamers could carry them off to the general hospitals situated in various parts of the Northern states. To these sufferers City Point was a haven of rest, peace and quiet; to the troops detailed to escort prisoners of war from the front it was source of great comfort, for it is not always possible during fighting times, to provide a large army scattered over many miles of wet Virginia clay with all the necessaries of life, so that our soldiers' clothing was quite frequently in a sad plight, both as to cleanliness and serviceableness and a visit to City Point was therefore considered a great boon, inasmuch as the mentioned commissions and reliefs would supply any petitioner most liberally with the creature comforts asked for, from a good suit of underwear to a pipe and tobacco, a good book to a so-called housewife, manufactured by somebody's "girl I left behind me," and containing needles, thread, buttons, etc., of every size and suited to every want. There were not less than forty places where the boy in blue could sit himself comfortably down and pen a few lines to his anxious parents, brothers, sisters, to the weeping sweetheart and let them know, that once more he has escaped unscathed from that last terrific battle. Kind hands would furnish him gladly with the necessary materials and postage stamps and even attend kindly to the safe mailing of his loving missive to the dear ones at home.

In no other place has one the same opportunity of observing how men pass from this life into the unknown beyond, like in a hospital. Upon the battle field there is no time for observation, much less for reflection: here your friend is struck down, but you cannot stop; he falls, your comrade of many battles, of many faithful watches on the lonely picket-line in the silent darkness of the night; perhaps you have just time to grasp his hand in a last farewell, to say to him one last sad word, look once more into his beloved features—and on, on you go to victory, to your own death perhaps.

The Norwegians have a poetic legend, in their country called a "saga," that the swan feels the coming dissolution a few moments before its death and although during its whole lifetime it is never heard to utter one note of song, it will, when it feels that warning of approaching death, soar high into the blue ether above and pour forth a strain of sweetest melody with the last note of which it expires. The death scene which I shall here attempt to describe, I will not even endeavor to explain, for it cannot be done; Bulwer Lytton says somewhere: "A mystery is not necessarily a miracle." The surgeon who had the case under treatment said: "If this is not a miracle, it certainly is a mystery."

Towards the end of the great struggle, late in March and the beginning of April 1865, the hospital at City Point became very much crowded; every day the trains from the front brought large numbers of wounded, victims of the severe fighting at Five Forks, Southside railroad and nearly all along the line invading Petersburg. On the 2nd of April I was also wounded and on the 4th arrived at City Point where I was placed in a hospital tent containing twelve beds, all occupied by wounded men. On one bed lay a large man about 40 years of age with a silky beard and beautiful large blue eyes. Who he was and whence he came, no one could tell, least of all himself, for he was shot just below his nose, the ball having penetrated through his mustache and lodged somewhere inside. Being also wounded in the right hand he was incapable of writing; his mouth was very much swollen and his lips were firmly shut; he was fed through the hole made by the bullet by means of a tube, of course with liquid food only. As he had lost his cap we could not even locate him as to his company, regiment or state; speech was to him an utter impossibility and the attending surgeon had no doubt that he would die before long of lock-jaw. But if he was denied the privilege of utterance, he was unquestionably a close observer and eager listener to what went on around him; you could tell that by his eyes, which were such mirrors of his intellect as to be almost speaking eyes and he was certainly very fond of music. This we found out very soon. There was in the same tent a young soldier, almost a boy yet, of a Massachusetts regiment; he had a comparatively light wound in one ankle and he had certainly the gift of song in an extraordinary degree; sing he would, as long as he saw that he was not disturbing the rest of any of us (and he was very considerate;) his voice was so sweet and soft and gentle, that we would rather have him sing than not. It was furthermore evident by the eager looks of our unknown patient that he greatly enjoyed the youngster's free vocal concerts, which latter had quite an extensive repertoire of love and patriotic songs, his favorite apparently being the martial tone of "We are coming, father Abraham, three hundred thousand strong!" Whenever he would sing this, our silent comrade would fully beat the measure with his uninjured hand upon the counterpane and his eyes would—oh! how they would speak! But he was visibly becoming weaker from day to day.

On the occasion of President Lincoln's visit to Richmond just after its surrender he came to see us also; I think it was on Aptil 9th. He shook hands with us all and addressed to us a few friendly words, reminding us to bear patiently our sufferings, that now the beginning of the end had come. When he touched our unknown's hand and said a few kindly words to him especially (he must have noticed his intense pain and pitiable condition,) two great crystal drops started from the sufferer's eyes and fell slowly over his poor mutilated face.

Shall I describe to you the terrible anguish, the deep sorrow, the wailings and lamentations that were felt and uttered in the great canvas-camp of City Point on the morning of the 15th of April 1865? As if a great catastrophe had come upon each roof, each tent; as if a death blow had been dealt to each particular heart, thus did we feel, we boys in blue. Old veterans would grasp each other's hand in mournful silence and with the other wipe the copious tears that would not be repressed. There were no songs in our tent on that day! Silent comings and goings of those who could walk or hobble on crutches for the latest dispatches only! But fearful was the anguish, the agony, depicted upon the features of our silent sufferer and the surgeon told the nurse privately: "He is sinking fast."

Thus came the night. I do not think that many slept; still silence, deep and unbroken, pervaded the whole tent which was dimly lighted by a night lamp. Towards midnight somebody came to the door and asked our nurse to go, if he could be spared a little while, to another tent near by, to lend a helping hand with a man suddenly taken with spasms; before the nurse went out he stepped to the bed of the unknown and bent over him; he found him breathing regularly, apparently asleep. A little more than half an hour later we were all startled by an occurrence as sudden as it was unexpected. Were we all the victims of a magic spell? could eleven men be at one and the same moment under the same influence of optical and aureal delusion? No! it was a fact, a most astounding fact: From the bed of the silent unknown came a strong sonorous, yet musical voice, singing correctly and distinctly the well known melody with these words:

"I am coming, father Abraha——"

Here it broke off with a gurgling sudden snap, as it were, of the last string; and there on the bed sat upright the ghastly form of our so long mute companion, his lustreless eyes wide open, his lower jaw dropped showing the hideous cavity of his multilated mouth—stone dead. He had joined the three hundred thousand gone before.

ON THE COLORADO.

Some of the Natural Sculptures Which Surprise One with a Revelation.

We know so little of the scenic beauties of our country that every day surprises us with a new revelation. The rock sculptures of the Peach Spring canyon of the Colorado river, Arizona, are marvels which very few Americans have seen.

The length of the canyon is 325 miles, and the highest cliffs rise to 7,800 feet. Some of the principal ruins—this word seems to be the only word to apply to them—have been named from time to time, and for the most part with fitness.

One is Solomon's Temple, another The Pyramid, another Sunset Peak, and still others The Sphinx, Westminster Abbey and The Beehive.

Solomon's Temple is considerably over a mile high, and the denudation and wearing of the rock by water has been such that it represents an enormous pile of architecture, with sculpture bastions, harmonious in its proportions, with great terraces at its base, and growing smaller toward the top. On the very top, in the center, is a pyramidal peak in exact proportions. This sculptured pile is from two to four miles across the facade, and to see these things standing up and against the clear, cloudless blue of the Arizona sky, produces an indescribable effect.

Sunset Peak goes up like a dome 6,000 feet, and, when the sun sets clear and has entirely disappeared behind the mountains, its reflected light rests on this topmost peak and transforms it into a minaret of gold—a heavenly light indeed.

Another architectural piece goes by the name of Babel's Tower, and is 5,000 feet high, and this has beautiful sculptured buttresses. The Castle on the Rhine is the same height.

The Pyramid is 4,200 feet above the river, and the river is 1,130 feet above the sea.

Some of these cliffs of even terraces and strata rise almost perpendicularly to a height of 2,500 feet and as high up as the eye can detect a variety of plants, including cactiperch thrive in the crevices. Some varieties of flowers bloom the year round in the canyon, so mild is the temperature, even in mid-winter.

Of course it is impossible for any visitor to appreciate the magnitude of this scene of ruin and destruction. The chimney on the top of a perfect pyramid, that was sixty feet square by actual measurement, looks to be the size of an ordinary chimney.

The full beauty of Westminster Abbey, and its likeness to its venerable, ivy namesake, is very striking only it is a far more wonderful structure.

Just before reaching it, and on the same side of the canyon, is the Temple of Jupiter, and it is unquestionably one of if not the finest part of the canyon. It is a mighty pile of stupendous harmony and sculpturing, the central facade bearing a multitude of sphinxes and classical images.

On the opposite side is "Moses Stiking the Rock," the outline of the great statue at one point being very lifelike.

On the top of one cliff is The Prophet at Prayer—a kneeling figure with outstretched hand; and there are many features not yet named awaiting christening from the clever and acute visitors yet to come—Golden Days.

POWELL ON IRRIGATION.

He Adresses an Interested Audience on the Subject of Irrigaton.

At the rooms of the Western Congressional association at Washington a gathering of western congressmen and others listened to an interesting address by Major Powell, director of the geological survey, on the subject of irrigation.

In his address Major Powell discussed the problems connected with the subject of irrigation along the valleys of the Platte, the Colorado, the Arkansas and Rio Grande valleys, and enlightened his audience with many interesting facts and figures.

He maintained that ultimately the most prolific and fruitful lands in the United States will be those now known as the arid lands. Water will be artificially applied to those lands in exact accordance with the needs of crops and not as in the case with non-irrigated lands according to the accident of rainfall.

Growing crops, he said, yield to the atmosphere each year 300 times their own weight in moisture, This is caused by exudation from the pores of the leaves and the more exactly the requirements of this evaporation are met the more prosperous are the crops. Insufficient or over sufficient evaporation results in failure, and exacteness can be secured only by careful regulation.

The Major was questioned liberally upon a number of the phases of the irrigation problem. In reply to one question stated that long continued tests and examinations carefully made by the most experienced scientists in all parts of the world had failed to show any increase or diminution in the average rainfall in any region whatever. There might be a slight variation one way or the other in a series of years, but hundred years of watchful and exact investigation had failed to show any departure from the long established averege.

This statement elicited surprise from some gentlemen present, it being their opinion that an increase of rainfall accompanies or follows the opening of settlement.

The Major's explanation of this was that the breaking up of the soil utilized and converted such moisture as existed in the surrounding atmosphere, but did not increase the supply.

Stage to Benson.

R. T. Bolen carries the mail twice a week from Riverside to Benson, and for the accommodation of travelers runs a two-horse buckboard, leaving each place on Mondays and Thursdays and arrives at each place Tuesday and Friday evenings. This route runs up the Gila and San Pedro rivers via Dudleyville, Mammoth mine, Redington and Tres Alamos. Fare reasonable.

FROM GLOBE.

OUR CORRESPONDENT DONS HIS POLITICAL WAR PAINT.

He Pays His Respects to Our Esteemed Governor and Reads the Riot Act in Plain Language.

GLOBE, February 22d.

EDITOR ENTERPRISE:—Some of our territorial newspapers are wont to boast of the imaginary good which Governor Wolfley is going to do for Arizona during his stay in Washington.

I wish I could agree with them in all their good anticipations, for certainly no one wishes more good for the people than I, but I humbly confess that I cannot see what good Wolfley can do Arizona by lobbying in Washington all winter. We have a congressman at Washington to look after our welfare in that quarter and what we most need at present is a good man in the governor's chair at Phenix.

A good governor should strive to enjoy the confidence of the people rather than the special confidence of the President and Secretary of Interior. For it is the people's welfare he is supposed to guard instead of the President. To enjoy the confidence of the people he should treat them as a free, thinking and intelligent body. This Wolfley has not done.

The friends of his reign are wont to point with questionable pride to his bills to legalize the laws of the territory, to fund the territorial indebtedness; provide for another judge and provide for the leasing of the school land. At first view this may appear all well enough but let us look at it from an Arizona standpoint.

Already there has been a bill introduced in congress (without consulting Wolfley I presume) providing for a fourth judge, and it would probably have passed as quickly if Wolfley had stayed at Phenix and attended to his own business and the Governorship. And if he was so very desirous of leasing the school lands could he not have prepared a bill and had Mark Smith, or if he preferred, some one of his Washington friends to introduce it for him? As for the funding of our indebtedness, I think the Organic Act gives that authority to our Legislature, and it is that body and not congress that should say how it should be done.

But no! he could not trust our own business to us. He must assume the reins of dictatorship, declare all our laws invalid and transfer the authority of legislation from Phenix to Washington.

By this arrogant assumption of power he has dared to do what probably no other man in Arizona would have thought of doing. He has not only defied the law and deprived the people, for a time, of the most cherished privilege of which the whole American people have been proud to boast ever since Washington, inspired by the Declaration of Independence, led our legions to victory in the war of 1776; but he has advertised to the world that the people of Arizona are not competent to legislate for themselves and by his acts has declared that he, congress, and his friend Benny are the very ones to manage our affairs for us.

The fact is simply this: He violated the law when he appointed members of the legislature to office (and be it remembered that body was not declared illegal until after they had confirmed his appointment, and had adjourned) and as he needed some way to excuse himself he must declare the laws illegal, that being the easiest way he could think of getting out of the quagmire into which he had so blindly rushed. Besides he did not like many of our laws and he probably feared the 16th would not think of them as he did. Hence his trip to Washington to tell congress what we want instead of waiting like a sensible man should until the next legislature should meet when he could, in his message, inform them of his opinions and suggest to them the legislation he might think expedient for the territory.

How easy it would be for the 16th to pass a re-enacting clause and all this humiliating controversy would have been prevented! and the people would have thought a good deal more of their governor than they do.

There is still another thing remaining to be said. I would leave it alone and let it rest in quiet if his friends were more generous to the opponents of his unscrupulous administration; but since they are so anxious to go to extremes in denouncing those opponents, and bring forth charges that are not relevant to the controversy and tend to degrade rather than elevate it—even invading the private life in individuals and bringing to light things that should be forgotten—things that every lover of a happy society should pray would be forgotten: I feel justified to state the truth when it applies to the present subject.

Section 61 of the Penal Code reads: Every person charged with the performance of any duty, under the provisions of any law of this territory relating to elections, who wilfully neglects or refuses to perform it, or who, in his official capacity, knowingly and fraudulently acts in contravention or violation of any of the provisions of such laws, is unless a different punishment for such acts or omission is prescribed by this code, punishable by fine not exceeding one thousand dollars, or by imprisonment in the territorial prison not exceeding five years, or by both."

Now does it not appear that our governor had a personal motive in view when he asked congress to sustain him in declaring our laws invalid instead of leaving the matter to the people and the courts?

No man will venture to deny that the laws are as binding on the highest officer as on the humblest citizen. If this is a fact, and undoubtedly it is, should not each and every individual whether high or low, rich or poor, be compelled to obey them?

If they are unjust laws it makes no difference, we must submit to their workings until we have them repealed, and it is unjust to compel the common people to submit to laws they don't like and at the same time suffer a single individual, who is no better than they, to violate them to degree verging upon impunity, even if he is a governor.

If our governor had approved of the Constitutional Convention Act and issued the election proclamation, and some Board of Supervisors had declared it "invalid" and tried to nullify it as he himself did, do you not think they would have been made to feel the vengeance of the penal section above quoted? I think so.

Fellow Citizen, you, I mean, who are interested, where is that beloved home rule of which you talked so much last fall? Where are the blessings you were wont to picture to yourselves what we should realize when our Governor should be chosen from our midst? Verily your fond hopes and pleasant dreams have vanished and you are now suddenly awakened to a stern realization that we have a Governor who is not only as bad as Zulick, but worse!

Citizens, arouse yourselves and continue your fights for home rule, but remember that we can not enjoy the cheerful blessing of home rule until Arizona dons the robes of statehood and we can say who our officers shall be and what kind of laws we want and need.

Then, and not till then, will we know the full meaning of home rule.

Yours Truly,
MORPHEUS KAJONES

NOGALES.

THE WEEK'S NEWS ABOUT THE LINE CITY.

A Lottery Scheme---Mining Matters in Sonora and Arizona---Matters of General and Special Interest.

[Record.]

A scheme is on foot for establishing a lottery with monthly drawings in Nogales, Sonora. It might work all right now that North Dakota has refused to grant a charter.

Major Farrell returned from Tombstone last Thursday and went on to Imuris last evening. He purchased a large number of mules and scrapers to work on the new road.

Messrs Eaton and Arp returned Monday from a long prospecting trip in the Yaqui river country. They think they have found a good gold property and expect to return there upon the arrival of some parties whom they are expecting.

Mr. John Henderson, one of the owners of the Grand Central mine that it leased to the Minas Prietas company, arrived from Boston last Wednesday. He left Thursday for the mines, to make new arrangements about working the property.

Mr. J. B. Storman, of Magdalena, has purchased a one-half interest in the Santa Ana flour mill, from Mr. Thomas Yerkes. We understand the price was $7,000. Mr. Yerkes has a mine near Querobabi that is now showing up finely. They are working a large force of men at the mine.

Ed. Sincocks came up from Minas Prietas last Monday. The Grand Central where he was employed has closed down. Mr. Sincocks is in partnership with Mike Maloney in a prospect at the Noon Camp, and took a load of supplies out there. Reports state that Mike is taking out some very good ore.

Major Read expects to have his new mill at the St. Patrick mine complete and the whistle blowing on or before the 20th of next month. He is desirous of starting up on Saturday so that his friends at Nogales and the surrounding camps may take a spin out there and with him enjoy the opening up of the new enterprise. Let her go.

Mr. J. Solenberg, who has been employed at the Grand Central mine at the Prietas, arrived last Monday on his way home to Harshaw. The ore in the Grand Central has changed somewhat and is now so base that it is difficult to work it in the Prietas mill, hence the mine is closed for the present and the mill is again working on ore taken from the Prietas mine. After suitable machinery is secured the work will be resumed on the Central.

Now that southern Pima county has a thoroughgoing, energetic, company working the St. Patrick and San Francisco mines are erecting one of the finest mill plants in the southwest, and the commencement of active operations at the Imuris mines in Sonora, indeed Nogales has cause for much rejoicing. Major Read of the St. Patrick, and Major Farrell of the Imuris mines, are doing more good towards starting a mining boom in this section than many can at present comprehend. The prospects are bright.

"Politics make strange bedfellows," sometimes. Have you lately noticed the many varied combinations among Arizona's contingent at Washington? They apparently change around and about at every turn of the wind; and anyhow to gain a point, or to down an opposing faction. But it's all for party's sake of course, and "self" has no consideration. The "dear people" can sit on the fence and see the procession go by, we suppose. However the "territorial muddle" is still with us and the territorial warrants remain at 50 cents on the dollar.

Mr. J. Lindemayer has received an order for 500 cactus of different varieties to be shipped to a gentleman at San Antonio, Texas, who will ship them to different parts of Europe, England, Germany, France and some go to Russia. Mr. L. shipped a few to the same party last year. He will make the first shipment next Monday.

Mr. Hogan has completed a contract of making 50 Winchester scabbards for Col. Juan Fenochio, commander of the customs service at Hermosillo. The colonel has given orders for 50 more and possibly will give Mr. Hogan orders for 50 saddles. Colonel Fenochio always patronizes Nogales business men when possible. The colonel is expected to arrive in Nogales about the 4th of this month.

Mr. A. L. Cox has just returned from a four month's trip to Sonora, where he has been looking up some of the old records of that state. He traveled by private conveyance, and went from Nogales to O'Possum, thence to Arispe and from there he went to Hermosillo via Ures, spending considerable time at each of these places. He was at at Hermosillo during the carnival. The Mexican boys assaulted him on flour day, and could his friends have seen his condition, they might have taken him for a clown in Barnum's circus. Among the crowd that were giving Mr. Cox particular attention was a 18 year old boy that was acting as porter at the hotel, who was obstreperous in his desire to "give it to the Gringo." Later in the day the boy appeared in Mr. Cox's room for the purpose of turning a penny by brushing the flour off our fellow towns man. The trip to that room was a disastrous one to the boy, for no sooner had he entered the door than Mr. Cox had him by the collar and proceeded to rip up the floor with him in true Arizona style, after which he was fired out with such force that he landed rather abruptly against the abobe wall on the other side of the street. Aside from this experience Mr. Cox had a pleasant trip, and thinks there is not a country on earth (Arizona excepted) that will compare with the many lovely places he passed on the Sonora river. In one body he saw about 5000 acres in wheat, all growing and about 8 inches high.—Citizen.

Pianos and Organs.

Mason & Hamlin's organs and pianos, their wonderful new invention in pianos, with their patent screw stringer, with metalic frame, the most durable and finest toned piano made and which retains its concert pitch, seldom getting out of tune, and other instruments. See "adv" in another column.

A. REDEUILL,
Box 364, Phenix, Arizona.

Certain Arizona papers are still publishing exploded accounts of disaster to the Colorado river surveying party. February 10th Chief Engineer R. B. Stanton telegraphed to Mrs. Stanton at Denver that the entire party was well and prospering finely. The dispatch was sent from Powell's Plateau, in the Grand Canyon, by way of Kanab, Utah. In a few days we may expect to hear of the intrepid railway pioneers emerging from their abysmal prison of six weeks and reporting at Peach Springs, where a public reception awaits them — Phenix Herald.

Advice to Mothers.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP, for children teething, is the prescription of one of the best female nurses and physicians in the United States, and has been used for forty years with never-failing success by millions of mothers for their children. During the process of teething its value is incalculable. It relieves the child from pain, cures dysentery, and diarrhoea, griping in the bowels, and wind-colic. By giving health to the child it rests the mother. Price **25c.** a bottle.

THEY WERE HORNETS.

A Tale Which Shows That to Know It All Is Not Always to Be Wise.

We were waiting on the depot platform in a new town in Alabama, and as the dozen of us walked up and down some one espied a wasps' nest hanging on a bush across the track. He pointed it out as a wasps' nest, but a short, solid man, who had a head like a cannon ball and a jaw denoting great firmness of character, at once replied:

"I beg your pardon, sir, but you have made the very common mistake of classing the wasps with the hornets. That is a hornets' nest."

"And I beg your pardon, sir," protested the other, who was a planter, "but hornets don't nest that way. They build mud houses under the eaves of old buildings, and one won't sting you unless you pick him up. My niggers declare that no wasp can sting if he wants to, while, on the contrary, a hornet"——

"I beg to differ with you, sir," interrupted the solid man; "that is a wasps' nest. You are right about the wasp being a peaceful insect, and I think I will take that nest along for a souvenir. They say they are a sure cure for quinsy."

"Do you know a hornet from a wasp?"

"I should remark!"

"Well, when you get through with that nest I want you to tell me whether it was occupied by hornets or wasps. Gentlemen, look out for yourselves!"

He started for the woods and we followed, and when we reached a safe distance and looked back, the man with the iron jaw was just cutting off the limb which held the nest. He held it up and called to us to come and see it, but his call was followed by a yell which would have done credit to a Comanche warrior with a double Adam's apple in his throat. The big yell was followed by a series of hoots, whoops, exclamations and ejaculations, and these were accompanied by gymnastics of an intricate character. He jumped, dodged, twisted and cavorted, and finally started down the track on a gallop. Seventy minutes later, and just as the train whistled, he came out of the woods, dead lame, one eye shut, his nose as big as his fist, and his head bare.

"Hornets or wasps?" queried the planter.

"Hornets, by thunder!" groaned the victim as he hurried to get his valise.—New York Sun.

Honesty.

A story is told of a young man who was recently married to the daughter of a wealthy merchant. The groom didn't have a cent, but he was honest. He was so honest that he wouldn't even prevaricate in the marriage ceremony. He was repeating what the minister read:

"With all my worldly goods I thee endow," read the minister.

"With all thy worldly goods I me endow," repeated the groom.

Wasn't that honest?—Chicago Tribune.

Where He Drew the Line.

Paterfamilias—No, John, I have no objection to having you for a son-in-law, but I think a young man should not marry before he is 21.

John—Yes, I am only 18, but remember, sir, Miss Julia is 27, and I could never think of marrying a woman of 30.—Munson's Weekly.

The Man Was Out.

"Jerusha," said a resident of West Spruce street to the obedient hired girl, "if anybody asks for me this evening, just tell 'em I'm out and you don't know when I'll return."

"Yes, sir," said the girl, as she bowed herself out of the drawing room.

Five minutes later the door bell rang. "Is Mr. So-and-So in?" asked the caller.

"No, he's out," replied the knowing domestic.

"Sorry. When will he be in?"

"Can't tell; probably he won't return tonight."

"Sorry. I'm going to leave the city tomorrow for a couple of months and I had a bill I wanted to pay him before I went away."

"But he's out."

"No, I'm not," exclaimed the head of the house, as he bounded out into the vestibule.

"Yes, you are," said the man who wanted to pay the bill. "You've gone away to stay over night, or probably you'll be away two or three days. Maybe you've gone to Minnesota to look after some property, or perhaps you have started for Florida to spend the rest of the winter. No, my friend, you are not in, so I can't pay you the money. I'll wait till you come home. Good night."

Then the man walked down the steps, informing himself that if there was anything he detested it was a liar.—Philadelphia North American.

Accounted For.

Patient—Doctor, I am troubled with deafness. How do you account for it?

Doctor—Which ear?

Patient—Right.

Doctor—Do you shave at a barber's?

Patient—Yes.

Doctor—That settles it!—Boston Herald.

Where Men Are Scarce.

Mother—Well, Gertrude, how do you like Vassar?

Gertrude—It reminds me of a certain island off Martha's Vineyard.

Mother—What island is that?

Gertrude—No Man's Land.—Boston Herald.

Tact in Conversation.

Novice (his first ball)—What shall I talk to my partner about?

Veteran—Her beauty.

Novice—But suppose she has none?

Veteran—Then about the ugliness of the other girls.—Boston Budget.

Usually the Case.

Miss Edith—There is that Mr. Simsonby, I don't know just what to make of him.

Edith's Father—Oh, you'll make a husband of him, I reckon.—Detroit Free Press.

Looking for News.

F—Find anything in the paper?

G—No; I was just glancing over it to see if anybody I knew had been born.—From the German, in Texas Siftings.

Proof of the Blade.

Customer—Don't you call that a dull razor?

Barber—It can't be berry dull, sah. I cut frew a man's coat, vest and shirt with it last night.—Boston Herald.

WOMAN'S WEAR.

Plain, straight skirts are losing ground.

The most fashionable muffs are very large and composed of wolf skin.

Round trains, starting from the corsage, adorn handsome ball dresses.

Both wraps and costumes are lavishly trimmed with fur and feathers.

Cloth redingotes are trimmed with passementerie and diagonally fastened.

Beaded, braided and embroidered corslets are very handsome and in great favor.

Velvet and velveteen in checkered patterns are both employed for trimming purposes.

All out door garments have short shoulders; tight fitting coats have long hanging sleeves.

Long scarfs, convenient for covering the head and throat in bitter weather, are of fine white cashmere wool.

Slate blue diagonal, the center alternating in bands of black velvet and silk plaid, is a very attractive material.

Modish women incline to all black toilets. In addition to the hat, wrap and dress, every detail should be of ebon hue.

Ostrich plumes wave as they never waved before, and right effective they are, too, when gracefully arranged on a becoming hat.

Bridesmaids' dresses are of satin brocade or China crape either pink, white or yellow, with full skirt, lapped bodice and full sleeves.

Small wraps of elaborate make and material are invariably composed of figured stuff, unless it be of velvet, with trimmings of lace.

Spanish features of dress are ubiquitous; Figaro and toreador jackets, and various devices for displaying the colors of Spain—vivid red, yellow and black.

Silk and satin brocatelles, with relief patterns raised by means of wadding laid between the upper and under surfaces of the material, are new and elegant.

Wearers of wide brimmed hats drape long scarfs of black lace around the crown toward the front after crossing on the hair and tie them in a huge bow under the chin.—The Cloak Suit and Ladies' Wear Review.

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