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B. PALM, Proprietor.

Keeps constantly on hand a choice assortment of

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Also Ice Cold Beer and Mild Beverages always in stock.

I am now established in my large new building, and am prepared to treat my customers courteously. I keep the best regulated and most orderly house in Arizona.

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"What man can love his country when his country lets him starve?"

Free Subscription.

The Spirit of the Times.

Communicated
EDITOR GUARDIAN:—As the first issue of the GUARDIAN is about to appear before the public, and desiring its success as a county paper, I hereby contribute a few lines for publication. Could I know the contents of this number I would have given you something diverse from other articles, as I am very fond of variety. A subject that should be of interest to all is the tendency of the present times.

Can the student of history call to mind any time in the history of the world when such conditions existed so universally and so oppressively as they do to-day? People actually starving in a land of plenty; going illy clad when there is a cry of overproduction; great sea cities of money when there are millions locked up in the banks of the world, and great amounts of bullion waiting to be coined and put into circulation. One class of people combining against the other; capital against labor, and in all instances the wealth power has a strong grip on the government of all countries and in every instance it is the national law maker or dictator of the laws. I ask again, was there ever a time in the history of the world when these conditions did so universally exist as they do at the present time?

There was a time in the history of England when King John claimed to be the owner of the souls and bodies of his subjects and also the lands and properties that they used and lived upon. In a time of difficulty with the Pope of Rome he yielded the souls of his subjects to the Pope but retained their bodies and properties as his own. Yet in this time of extreme slavery the song of "Merry England" was heard throughout his realm. None were lacking for bread and all were well clothed. Such distress as now prevails was not then known. In 1861 when nearly all civilized Nations of the world had abandoned slavery and held it as a relic of barbarism, our own Nation, desiring to be foremost in civilization, light and liberty, took it in hand to abolish slavery and no longer hold the negro in bondage. Yet the Negro of 1861, like the subjects of King John, sang the song of mirth and in most instances were happy, well fed, clothed and housed. It was to the interest of their masters to see that they were well cared for and kept in a healthy condition for daily service. But who is there in all God's creation that cares for or provides food, clothing and shelter for the white slaves of to-days. The solemn sequel to this question returns to us, none. The Negro has been freed, but the white man has gone into deeper servitude. The inhuman money autocrat has continued to increase his wealth by oppressing the hirling in his wages, and when they are insufficient to supply himself and family with food and clothing there is no overseer to see that he has enough to eat and a good place to sleep; that his body may be strong and healthy.

Far more is the system of servitude of to-day than it was thirty years ago, both for the colored as well as the white servant; not because food and clothing is harder to produce, for this is not the case. It is produced with less labor to-day than it has been in the past. What then is the cause of the distress that prevails throughout the country? Wealth and the power of wealth is the cause. As men became wealthy they grew cold and unfeeling for their employees, and soon began to cut their wages until at last the laboring classes were obliged to form unions for self protection. Yes, more than this; when encroached upon by capital, labor was obliged to order strikes for their wages were those of starvation. To live in this way they would have to scrimp their families, for their wages were not sufficient to supply them with the actual necessities of life.

What were the laboring classes to do? Become outlaws? The wealth power of the country had so framed the laws that in some instances labor had to submit to semi-starvation or become such. When strikes were ordered the of wealth dispersed the strikers with the military and in some instances fines and imprisonments were imposed for merely asking enough to live upon.

But this is not all; the money kings have entered our National treasury and filled their own coffers with a great abundance. Laws have been framed to suit their purpose and legislators have been bought. Yea, more; The President seems to have yielded to their wishes. The same condition of affairs has entered into the States, Territories, counties and municipalities, and the whole country is distressed by this wealth power. Plenty reigns throughout the land but the money kings will not give a just portion to the poor.

Now the great question is what shall we do? or what can we do to restore prosperity to the country? If the laboring classes would confer their ballots, one election much prospect. But men respects, toward

id out plausible prom-laborer, until they lead him... he mire, and leave him there or shoot him down if he attempts to help himself, as they did last July in the city of Chicago. There are only two ways to solve this question. One is the peaceable way, at the ballot box with a united effort. The other is the terrible way, war, bloodshed and destruction. Let us hope that the latter way will not be the case.

Respectfully,
A. PERKINS.

PAROLE OF PRISONERS.

SECTION 1. The governor of this Territory shall have power, and is hereby authorized to order and direct that any convict who is now or who may hereafter be convicted of any crime and imprisoned in the Territorial prison, and who shall have served one year from the time of his sentence, and who has not been previously convicted of a felony or served a term in the Territorial prison, may go upon parole outside of said prison, subject, however, to be taken at any time and returned to the inside of said prison, as hereinafter provided.

SEC. 2. The governor shall make and specify the terms of such parole, and may at any time order that such convict on parole be arrested and returned to the Territorial prison and imprisoned therein, and a written order signed by the governor, directed to any sheriff, constable or marshal in this Territory to that effect, shall be sufficient authority for all sheriffs, constables or marshals in said Territory, or whoever else may be named in such order, to arrest the convict named therein and return him to said Territorial prison; and it is hereby made the duty of all sheriffs, constables and marshals to execute such order, as any other criminal process issued from a court of competent jurisdiction.

SEC. 3. The governor in making the order paroling any convict, shall state therein the terms of the parole. If it be that the convict shall remain in this territory and be permitted to remain outside of the prison walls, so long as he does not violate any of the laws of this Territory or any municipality thereof, then if he shall leave the Territory or violate any of said laws, he shall be held as an escaped convict and may be arrested as such and returned to the Territorial prison. If they be that he depart from and remain out of the Territory, then, if he shall fail to depart from or return to the Territory after departing, he shall be arrested at once on the order of the governor and returned to the Territorial prison.

SEC. 4. If a convict while out on parole shall violate any of the terms of his parole or shall be convicted of any misdemeanor or felony while out on such parole, the time he shall have been out on parole shall not be counted as a part of the term for which he was sentenced.

The above is a copy of the leading features of the parole bill now pending in the Legislature. The same law or laws containing the same general features are in force in a number of States and have proven very satisfactory. The provisions of the foregoing bill cover the ground very well, although it would seem that good conduct while in prison should be one of the amendments to the first section and a further amendment to the bill might be made by providing that a parole with good conduct while upon parole would in time operate as a pardon to the offender. From the date of imprisonment there would be a continual inducement to good behavior and a constant invitation to return to manhood and good citizenship.

Such a law will prove a great saving to the taxpayers.

The social given the old folks at Layton, Feb. 22d, is commendable in every respect. To much care cannot be given to the elderly people, and the younger ones should exert themselves to make their lives as pleasant as possible. The people of Layton could not have selected a more appropriate day for the old folks than the one they did—Washington's birthday.

An exchange says the marriage of Miss Anna Gould to Count Paul Ernest Boniface de Castelaue was solemnized March 4th, archbishop Corrigan officiating, at the residence of her brother, George J. Gould. The relatives and 80 intimate friends witnessed the ceremony. The bride's wedding gown was a heavy ivory satin duchess, tastily trimmed with point d'Angleterre lace, 12 inches wide, and of rare and beautiful pattern.

Ten coaches of New England excursionists were in the city about two hours Sunday. They were a green lot, so far as knowledge of the "wild and woolly west" went. A red-haired Mexican baby, in its mother's arms, created a tremendous sensation in front of the San Xavier hotel. As soon as a pale-faced, red-legged young man, on whose upper lip there was yet no suspicion of a mustache, discovered the infant he gave a snow-balling yell to the mother and babe.

On Samoa.

In October last Wm. A. Moody and Foster Cluff, of Thatcher, and R. A. Smith and Robert Welker, of Safford left as Mormon missionaries for the Samoa and Friendly Islands in the far away region of the South Pacific ocean. The following, which is published by request, from Will Moody, will indicate somewhat the experiences of life at Samoa.

Away off on Samoa where the Mormon elders go How we count our loans and crackers when our cash is running low? Where 'we eat corned-beef and hard-tack, and we wish we had some more— And we wonder how they'd like it over on the other shore.

Away off on Samoa brightly shines the summer sun, Till the floods of perspiration down our cheeks begin to run. Where the rain comes down in torrents about eight days in a week; And the roof is just a fine one that does not chance to leak.

Away off on Samoa where we use the butcher's steel To whet the rusty razor that does with our whiskers deal. Where the ants and their leisure moments raising board upon our chin, Which we value very highly, though it be so pale as this.

Away off on Samoa where the cock-roaches abound, And the bed-bugs linger, lest we sleep too sweet and sound; Where the ants and midlew gather on dishes, clothes and books, And we do our weekly washing regardless of its looks.

Away off on Samoa, oh! the rat parade is grand; And the lizard, sleek and slender, makes its path along the sand. Where the ants and uncles—cousins in our sugar—creep and crawl; And the spider's fancy network fills a space upon the wall.

Away off on Samoa, we must keep our mouths shut tight Or some fly or other insect may down our throat seek flight. Here, a thousand humming voices of mosquitoes, bees, young and old, Chant the praises of their country till it makes our blood run cold.

Away off on Samoa—life is pleasant—alint it now? When a fellow wants to talk and can't, because he don't know how; Oh! don't be think of mother; and of hen, so nice and fair, Whom he loves, yes fairly worships, waiting for him over there.

Away off on Samoa, there's a crowd of honest boys, Sharing all each other's sorrows, sharing all each other's joys; Trying hard to learn the language, so that they may teach the plan Of salvation, which the Savior has revealed to fallen man.

Away off on Samoa, they tramp from town to town; They with the dusky natives, in their rude huts, sit down To partake of palamoi or Kalo—with raw fish; And they try to learn the language, it's a very dainty dish.

Away off on Samoa, they watch the monthly mail, And off for Fagalli, they tread the weary trail, And their hearts beat very lightly as they scan their letters o'er, If each man should get a dozen he would surely wish for more.

Away off on Samoa, if one neglected be, By some dear friend or loved one in the land across the sea; When he counts his letters over, there's a look of deep despair Creeping o'er his noble features that is noticed every where.

Away off on Samoa, there's a heart so lone and sad— There's another month of waiting, weary waiting for the lad. There are sighs and dull missings till the days roll slowly by, And a loving, welcome letter clears the mist from that fond eye.

Away off on Samoa, we think it just a sin For a single friend to slight us when the mail comes rushing in. We love your friendly wishes, your prayers, but this you know— If you think of us at all, you might write and tell us so.

Fogale Upolu, Samoa, Jan. 24, 1895.

The Arizona Plan.

More effective than an injunction from Judge Ricks and decidedly more speedy in its operation is the method adopted by a man in Arizona to tie up a railroad which had been built across his land without his consent. It appears from the dispatches that, when the man returned from a business trip the other day, he discovered that the railroad had built its line across his ranch. He had not been consulted and was wroth. He felt that his rights had been infringed upon to a degree that was wholly unwarrantable. But he did not seek relief in the courts—not he. He had read in the populist platforms that the courts are the tools of corporations and he wouldn't trust them.

So he proceeded to build a house on the railroad track and to surround it with a barbed wire fence. Then he moved his family into the new house and awaited developments. The first development was a railroad train that came as far as his fence and stopped. The second development was a railroad president who alighted from the train and told his men to cut the fence. Then the outraged landowner did some development himself. His development took the form of a double-barreled shotgun with both barrels loaded. He pointed this at the second development and told him to get into the first development add clear out. His argument was brief but it was convincing, and the president and the train returned the way they had come. The road is effectually tied up and there has been no sympathetic strike—except when the president struck for home. The man with the gun still lives in the house and the house is still on the railroad track. The matter is res-adjudicated, although the president threatened to apply for a writ of certiorari and for a mandamus. But until he gets a habeas corpus order for the house, his road is tied up tight. The Arizona plan possesses certain features which commend it to the consideration of all who intend to fight a railroad.

Coming Nation.

The foregoing is one of the numerous accounts given by the press generally of the recent trouble between our new railroad and one of Safford's citizens.

The ground for a new school building was dedicated at Thatcher a week ago last Sunday, Elder Benj. Cluff offering the dedicatory prayer. This building is to be 50 feet long and two stories high, the basement

Journal Miner.

To one who never examined or ever seen the mines bordering on the Colorado river from Yuma to the Needles, they are a revelation. Some time since while at San Xavier in Tucson, Arizona, a very prominent mining engineer, knowing that I was interested in mining, asked me if I had ever been along the Colorado. "If not" said he, "do not go back to New York until you have seen that wonderful rich country in gold, silver, lead and iron." Tin had not then been discovered in any quantity he said. I have spent several weeks in a careful examination of the different mining districts, and as a result I can say that within the next five years the country between Ehrenberg and Yuma will surprise the world in its output of gold silver and lead. Copper does not amount to anything, but iron, manganese, zinc and other minerals will come in time, when cheap transportation and living can be had. The great cement belt of gold, east of Ehrenberg, the gold veins nearer the river, the great gold vein at Pichacho—the finest free milling belt of gold ores I have ever seen, together with those further back from the Colorado, will astonish us all, while the rich silver and lead districts of Castle Dome, Eureka and Silver districts will open the eyes of our silver producing sections. Just at present but little can be done on account of the high cost of provisions and the exorbitant freight rates. But the grand key-note has been struck by a party of capitalists, whose names are purposely withheld from the public at present, who have at Barrie Rocks on the Colorado river, near Pichacho, a large millsite for water power for the largest electric plant ever constructed. The river at this point is divided into four channels or water ways by great piers of rock thirty-five to seventy feet above the river, and having a base of 100 to 150 feet square, being 75 to 125 feet apart, and extends out into and down the river far enough to give room for the construction of from 100 to 150 distinct water wheels, which can be built so that they stand in lines or series of three or four each, one or different shafts in line. These wheels will be suspended or hung from iron or steel bridges which will rest on the great piers which nature has already constructed.

The entire work will be of iron steel and aluminum. In short, the plan is this: To furnish power and light for running all the mines, mills, furnaces, smelters and reduction works within a radius of 100 miles; to run a narrow gauge railroad which will be built to connect the mines and mining plants with each other; to run steamers from the Needles to Yuma and the Gulf; to pump water for irrigating all the valleys along the Colorado, and also into the canals that will be built to irrigate the great valley of the Colorado below but adjacent to Yuma; to supply power to every manufacturing industry, to ever farmer, fruit grower and mechanic who may want it and who shall settle along any of the main station.

Within the area named there are at least 1000 good mines that will furnish ore for nearly 10,000 stamps or their equivalent in crushers smelters and other reducing appliances; and that from 40,000 to 50,000 horse-power can be developed at Pichacho and Barrier rocks. There is no other such place on the Colorado, at least below the Needles. While at Pichacho I found that it cost the great English pumping plant \$132 per day for wood alone, not counting the handling of it. The electric company will furnish the same power for \$16 per day. No wonder the pumps are idle at the present time. Moneyed and mining men, experts and mining engineers from Montana, Idaho Colorado and the Dakotas are quietly coming into these sections, carefully examining the mines and minerals, getting the price of properties and reporting to their principals, and in all I have met, I have found but one man, a Montana bloater, who did all of his prospecting in a boat with a well filled demijohn, claiming that he was sent here by all the millionaires in Montana, and he condemned everything, yet tried to get a bond on one of the best mines on the river.

Left for Colorado.

On last Thursday, Mrs. Samantha Ratliff, teacher of the Safford grammar school, left for Colorado where she will visit a sister whom she has not seen for many years. Before leaving Mrs. Ratliff received the sad intelligence of the death of her eldest son in California. Mr. Ratliff was a student at one of the medical colleges in San Francisco. Death was caused by diphtheria.

Roll of Honor.

Following are the names of the pupils of the Safford Grammar school who have not missed a day during the school season just closed
Alberta Madsen,
Sena Thorstenson,
Dianna Ellsworth,
Maud Zufelt,
Laura Kemp,
Pearl Austin,
Nellie C.