RAT-KILLING.

THE BIG RED ROOSTER OF WASHOE VALLEY.

Twenty-one Rat Skins as Trophies of the Plucky Bird's Prowess.

"Old Snorter's" Victory—A Farmer Sauer's Account of His Exploits.

I n making a trip through Washoe valley last week a friend of the Chronicle while driving past Curie, Sauer's farm near Franktown observed a big lot of rat skins nailed on the side of it, and stopping to count them found they numbered twenty-one. The rest of the story is given in his own words:

"Hallo!" I shouted to Sauer, who was at work near the barn; "where did you get all these rat-skins?"

"Them's Snorter's scalps," said he.

"Oh, Snorter is your dog, eh?"

"No, he ain't; Snorter's my boss rooster."

"You don't mean to say that you've got a rooster that kills rats?" I said.

"Them's his skins," replied Sauer; "he killed every rat that used to live inside o them pelts."

I wanted to see that bird, so I asked the rancher if he would show him to me. He said yes, and I jumped out of the buck-board and went with him. He took me around to the other side of the barn and pointed out a big red cock that looked belligerently at us. He was surrounded by a lot of admiring hens and seemed strong enough to get away with a coyote.

"Dunno what his pedigree is. I bought an old hen three years ago with a brood of chickens. The Snorter was one of them, and there he is. Dunno how many more rats he's killed besides them twenty-one that I skinned, for it is only a year ago that I found out that he was a ratter. I was passing by the yard one day when I heard a great cackling and the loud squalling of a rat that was evidently in trouble. I looked and saw the big rooster tugging away at a rat's tail that he had caught with his bill as the rat was skipping into his hole under the barn. After two or three jerks out comes Mr. Rat, and quicker than a wink the rooster swung him over his back and slapped him with all his might against that big stone at the end of the barn. After whacking him three times he chucked the rat away, and there wasn't no more life or buckleone left in that rat'n there is in a wet dish rag. Since then we have found twenty more big rats dead in the yard. Every time we'd find one we'd find a fresh spattering of blood on the big stone, and that's the way we knew that Snorter had killed it. So we nail their skins on the barn as fast as we get them and they are known all over the valley as Snorter's scalps."

On looking again at the rooster I saw that there was a big patch of feathers missing from his back and that they were also pretty well thinned out on his neck and one wing.

"Big chicken hawk," said Sauer in reply to a question; "That was the rattling-est scrap that I ever see. It happened only last week. One of the biggest old hawks that I ever saw was hanging about here, sailing around most of the time with his eye on my barnyard. One day I stood over in that field there, when all of a sudden I saw something dropping like a big stone out of the sky right into the barnyard. In a second I knew that it was that old chicken thief, and I started on the run for the yard. When I got there the darndest hullabaloo I ever heard was going on among the chickens. There was Snorter with his jaws fastened on that hawk's neck, and just a lifting him in the air and swattin him down on that rock yonder, like an old woman whacking the dust out of a door mat. I just stood back and watched the fight. That hawk wan't far from being as large as the rooster, and Snorter found out that he hadn't tackled no durned squealing rat. The hawk thrashed his wings about and slashed with his claws until the rooster's feathers flew around that yard like dead leaves in a gale. But Snorter had his iron jaw grip on the hawk's gullet, and after ten minutes or so the chicken stealer sorter let go all holts, and then the rooster soon pounded the life out of him. I'm having the hawk stuffed and that'll be a scalp worth showing.

"Old Snorter," added the farmer, "will have no fighting going on around his premises that he don't do himself. Sometimes some of the young dude roosters try to settle a pullet dispute by a little sparring match between themselves, but if the old boss is around he hosses that fight off right short. He just flies over to where the young fellers are whacking away at each other and smuts one one way and the other the other, and seems to know and savvy at them like a father. The other day he broke up a fight, but he had no sooner walked away when the two youngsters were hard at it again; then Snorter walked over and caught one by the back of the neck and carried him out of the yard—flew on the top of the fence and dropped him on the outside. He kept that young rooster outside all day, and the next day everything was as peaceable and quiet in the barn-yard as a Sunday school picnic."

A great many curious things happen down in Washoe valley, according to the testimony of the natives, the minister said at the conclusion of his story, and it does look a little that way. Still, the fight of the rooster and the hawk is not at all improbable, for this veracious reporter has witnessed in his younger days a battle of that kind, in which the hawk was worsted but managed to escape.

After the above yarn was put in type the discovery was made to the editor that it was a "shoot-off" of considerable antiquity. Jim Townsend, the Talking Terror of Talktown says he read it when he was two years old. It is therefore, a vile plagiarism, but it read well as it has.

Too Late.

The government in giving orders to General Crook to kill the Indians on sight, is just the thing to suit that brave man. For a couple of weeks these murdering red devils have been out, and after they are beyond the reach of our soldiers, here comes the order to kill them. If the government would give the residents of this and adjoining territories a reward for every scalp they should bring in, the Indian question would soon be settled. Just about the time that this and adjoining territories get on their feet through these Indian raids, and the timid eastern capitalists feels assured that no harm will come to them and everything looks prosperous for our people, the war whoop of the murdering Indian is heard over the land. There is only one way to settle this Indian problem, and that is to remove them to the Indian territory, every one of them, and if ever they show their nose off of it to send them to the happy hunting grounds, and they will then be good Indians.

Our territory, with its rich mineral resources and the finest grazing lands in the world, is kept back, just to please some would-be great general and the thieving Indian agents, who know that if the Indians are removed that there will be no use for generals or agents. As long as the system prevails to keep the Indians on reservations, scattered through the United States, just so long will the white people be killed. It is impossible to make a good Indian unless you kill him.

Passed Away.

The many friends of Mr. John Tappenier in this city and Bisbee, will be pained to hear of his death, which occurred in this city last night. Mr. Tappenier was one of the pioneers of this city, having arrived here in 1880, where he carried on business, and afterwards removing to Bisbee, where he was engaged until after the murder of his son. Mr. Tappenier then returned to Tombstone, where he has been engaged in business up to the time of his death. Mr. Tappenier leaves a family in Los Angeles, and a married daughter, who resides in Bisbee. He was a member of good standing of Tombstone Lodge No. 3, A. O. U. W., and by his death his family will receive $2,000. Since the killing of his son at Bisbee, the old gentleman has never appeared to be the same, as he was thoroughly in love with his boy, John. By his death Tombstone loses one of its most honest citizens, and a thorough gentlemen.

Charles Harris comes to the front. I received to-day, the latest and finest and best pants patterns ever seen in Tombstone. If any gentleman wants a pair of pants made of the latest goods and perfect fit, I will guarantee it or no pay. Pants made from $11 up to $14. Come and examine my goods. It don't cost you a cent to examine my goods.

CHARLES HARRIS.

Bauer's Block, Fourth St. Tombstone 5 4tf.

Don't Forget

All kinds of tailoring done. Clothes made, cleaned and repaired at the lowest living rates at the tailoring establishment of Chas. Harris, in Bauer's block, on Fourth street.

For a first-class livery turn out call at the Fashion Stables. 6 24-1m

CITY PICK-UPS.

OUR JOURNAL OF EVERYDAY HAPPENINGS.

The Tombstone's Gist of Interesting News, Both Local and General.

A Lively Row in Mill in Cold Water is the only Weapon Employed.

The thermometer stood at 97 degrees in the shade this afternoon.

Bat Cheff is expected in Tombstone from his ranch this week (or month).

Mr. W. W. Clark and Dr. Riggs, of Benson, are visiting the city.

Good shooting matches still come off at Harry A. Drake's gallery to-morrow, at Grand Central range.

The various flags throughout town were lowered to half mast to-day in honor of decoration day.

Mr. Fowler, of Clark City, arrived from that camp last night, and reports no Indians in that vicinity.

In another column will be found a legal notice—a summons to the Copperopolis Mining company.

Assessor Burke left this afternoon for Charleston.

M. B. Joyce is expected to arrive in the city next week.

Assessor Burke has commenced the assessment for the county, and will present the same in a few days.

[illegible] A. Lyon, T. P. Dunlap, [illegible] A. N. Wade, Hennessy, Chas. [illegible] A. L. Maxwell, Sam Jaggar, E. S. Baker, Dodge, are registered at the Grand Central hotel.

On and after July 1, 1885, the new postal law passed by the 47th Congress goes into effect. Under this law a letter weighing one ounce can be sent to any part of the United States for two cents. Half an ounce is the maximum weight allowed under the existing law.

The body of John Tappenier, who died in death is announced in another column, was buried this afternoon by the Knights of Honor, and will be buried by Tombstone Lodge A. O. U. W. tomorrow, by the [illegible] nearly two years ago.

This afternoon, Miss Hattie, the [illegible] of Mayor Thurston, while playing in an old [illegible] field, and but for the timely assistance of a brother who heard her cries, a sad loss would have occurred, and it would have never been known what had become of the little fellow. He [illegible] to have strayed [illegible] the [illegible] escape of little Hattie.

Two fellows who live on the upper part of Fremont street, got into a [illegible] fighting and one of them getting angry, [illegible] the other, knocking his [illegible] and drenching his [illegible]. As soon as the crowd got [illegible] the people [illegible] clothes, the [illegible] and [illegible] a warrant for the arrest of his assailant. [illegible] the result of the [illegible] and the [illegible] Judge Alvord at the [illegible] Monday morning.

John Dunlap has been engaged for the last few months in fitting up [illegible] and has taken a great deal of pains and expense with them, and had succeeded in raising about one hundred and twenty flat fishers, and this morning when he went to [illegible] them, he found that some one had entered his fish yard and stolen about one hundred of his chickens. The air in that yard was fine for a few fishers, and there was a very strong smell of infinitesimal beer. It would be very healthy for anyone whom John may find in possession of those chickens, for if he is afraid of Indians, he can't whip a chicken thief.

Missing.

During the last week in last February, just three months ago, Amy Katz, a brother of Morris Katz, of this city, and Julius Soto left Tucson, Sonora, to purchase cattle.

The only money they took with them was about $700 which Mr. Katz carried to meet their traveling expenses. Both were mounted on good horses and went out comfortably fixed for the journey. Mr. Soto has many relatives throughout Southern Arizona and Sonora, and no matter where his journeyings or footsteps may lead him, he meets with the hearty welcome of his kinsmen.

It was thought that he would proceed to the ranches of some of his many relatives who have large herds of cattle for sale, and after the purchases were made, would make the trip leisurely homeward.

About sixteen days ago, one of the horses purchased by them for the trip, returned to its old pastures at Aguirre's ranch, sans bridle or saddle. It was poor and looked to have been badly used. This circumstance, added to their long absence without having communicated with their friends at home, led to an inquiry concerning them, but so far no tidings can be learned of them. No one seems to have seen them along the course of their supposed route, and only one hope now remains. Mr. Soto has an uncle near the coast of the Gulf of California, upon whose range are large herds of cattle. They may have visited this far off place and finding the cattle too small to travel well, are permitting them to gain strength for the long drive. This is indeed but a faint hope. The relatives of both parties are thoroughly alarmed and another searching party will leave here to-morrow morning to make [illegible]

The Ball at Charleston.

The ball given at Charleston hotel, [illegible] was a grand affair. The hall was tastefully decorated with flags, evergreens and flowers. At midnight a bountiful supply of refreshments was served from the [illegible] in which [illegible] was spread. A [illegible] when the [illegible] and an [illegible] and footed [illegible] the dancers [illegible] the programme of [illegible] was [illegible] the last [illegible] the grand of [illegible] success [illegible] Tombstone [illegible] the [illegible] in the leading [illegible].

The [illegible] of the [illegible] mainly due to the efforts of the following gentlemen who managed the committee of arrangements: Charles Kimball, [illegible] Katzenstein, M. Kaufman and Mr. Mouldson.

Lost.

On the road from Charleston to Tombstone, a gray pacing horse, [illegible] years old, branded [illegible] on the shoulder by leaving the same at the Tombstone Stables.

If you want good [illegible] for your horses, send them to the Grand Central ranch, 18 miles from Tombstone. For terms and particulars apply to [illegible] at the Fashion Stables, Allen street. [illegible]

Lost or Strayed.

One horse, four years old, about [illegible] hands high. No brand. One black horse, 5 years old, about 14½ hands high. Mexican brand on left hip and J. H. on shoulder. The above were last seen on the ranch of Thomas Dunlap at Tres Alamos. A liberal reward will be paid for this return to the Fashion stables.

Notice to the Public.

Give the new tailoring establishment a call. I guarantee perfect satisfaction, or no pay. [illegible] All work done at short notice. Call and see him. [illegible] Hafner's hotel block on Allen street.

Notice.

All persons indebted to the undersigned are hereby notified that the firm of Parker, Parker & Parker, has been dissolved by mutual consent, and all bills payable to the firm are to be paid to the undersigned.

[illegible]

Fine Brown whisky, liquors and cigars at the Bank Exchange. [illegible]

Anheuser Busch beer on draught, for sale at the Bank Exchange. [illegible]

Schweifler and Hartley in Fire Tombstone, the progressive grocers.

Already the ladies are beginning to make their dresses for the masquerade ball to be given by the Grand Central miners. Tickets are only $1.

OFF SHOOTS.

Good linen shirts $1.00 at Meyers.

[illegible] for $1 at J. Meyers & Bro.

Genuine [illegible] per pair at Meyers.

Flannel undershirts for cents at Meyers.

Tom Keefe's whisky at Hafner's saloon.

Fresh [illegible] per pound at Meyers & Bro.

Go to Schwartz for your Easter [illegible].

Open every night at the Bank Exchange.

Don't [illegible] Tom Keefe's whisky, [illegible] Copperopolis.

Fence! Stop that! Hafner's. At the Bank Exchange to-night.

A fine leather trunk given away with each purchase at Meyers & Bro.

The [illegible] roll at the Cash Store of Walker & Mesick.

Turn down your [illegible] at the Cash store of Walker & Mesick.

Schwartz keeps the only Stetson shoe here in Tombstone.

Fine imported [illegible] at the Fashion. Meals served to order.

All good boots cost at J. Meyers & Bro. Allen and Fifth streets.

Mrs. Jones, the enterprising proprietress of the International Restaurant, has secured the services of first [illegible] of the culinary, A. Bergstead, who takes the helm to-day. Cooking done only in first-class style at the old hours and place.

Full stock cash boots for $1 at J. Meyers & Bro.

Spring foot children's shoes in great variety at Schwartz's shoe store.

Genuine [illegible] boots from two to five dollars at Schwartz's shoe store.

Newark is selling boots and shoes for less than any other dealer in town.

Procure your tickets for the big Stello keno pool to take place Sunday night.

The Pioneer mills flour, Sacramento, is the best in the market. For sale at the Cash Store of Walker & Mesick.

Schwartz only keeps white men's goods and this is more than a great many stores here.

MEMORIAL DAY.

THE DAY WHEN THE BLUE AND THE GREY

Meet as Brothers, and Weep and Strew Flowers over the Sacred Graves

Of Those Noble Sons who Fought for their Firesides and Homes.

Our city presented quite an animated appearance to-day, in fact assumed the air of a holiday. The bank was closed, the various county and city officers were off on a holiday, and in fact it has been a regular holiday, in which all took a hand, except the newspaper man, who never has a holiday except when he is dead.

At 3 o'clock this afternoon, the members of Burnside post, G. A. R., of this city, dressed in full uniform, about 40 strong, left their hall and with a drum and fife marched through the principal streets of the city and back to their hall, where a bountiful supply of beer, crackers, pipes and tobacco was spread out for the members and their numerous friends. The beer table was presided over by H. J. Fickas, the gentlemanly quartermaster. The pipes and tobacco were dealt out by Joseph Dwyer.

During the good time THE TOMBSTONE printers were not forgotten, and partook of beer, crackers and smoked the clay pipe of peace. Burnside Post deserves a great deal of credit for the manner in which they have prepared the entertainment for the day and evening. The afternoon was spent in telling stories and having a good time generally. This evening at Schieffelin hall will be the concluding exercises of the day. The hall has been tastefully decorated with flags, evergreens and flowers. The evening's entertainment will commence with an oration by Gen. H. G. Rolling, one of the most gifted orators of Arizona, to be followed by tableaux and other exercises.

Beset on All Sides:

By malaria, how shall we escape the dread infection? is the question which the denizens of fever and ague districts ask themselves. The answer comes from former sufferers who for periodic scourge, through the visitations of the antiseptic of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. When the necessity for using preventive measures arises, use this means prevention at once. It regulates the liver; invigorates digestion and liberties impurities from the system, when such exist, by promoting healthful action of the bowels and kidneys. Act early. In all regions where miasmatic vapors breed disease, it is absolutely necessary to be provided with a safeguard, and this is true, though a sojourn in such localities is destined to be brief. No one can afford to dispense with it for a short time. The Bitters is a sovereign specific for rheumatism, debility and nervousness. Keep it on hand.

Summons.

IN THE JUSTICES COURT, TOWNSHIP NO. [illegible] in the county of Cochise, territory of Arizona. Before John Richardson, Justice of the Peace. E. Shillingsleis and J. Martin, Plaintiffs vs. Copperopolis Mining Co., a corporation organized and existing under the laws of the state of California, and doing business in said county of Cochise, Defendant. Demand, $100.

The Territory of Arizona sends greeting to Copperopolis Mining Company, Defendant.

You are hereby summoned and required to appear before me at my office in the City of Tombstone, County of Cochise, on the [illegible] day of July A. D. 1885, at 10 o'clock, A. M., to answer to the complaint of the above named plaintiffs, who demand of you that you are indebted to them in the sum of One Hundred dollars for labor performed on the "Copperopolis" Mining Claim, during the month of November, A. D. 1884, at the request of said company's agent.

And if you fail to appear and answer said complaint as herein required, the plaintiff will take judgment against you as demanded and for the costs of the suit.

Given under my hand at said township, the [illegible] day of May, 1885. JOHN RICHARDSON, Justice of the Peace of said Township.

Dated May 26, 1885.

CAUTION NOTICE.

It having come to my knowledge that Chaggie Buford is going around telling the merchants of this city that I am going to withdraw my freight teams from Fairbank and Tombstone and discontinue business, I brand it thus—a lie; willful and malicious, and done for the purpose of injuring my business. I will state that I will remain here and continue my freighting and livery business.

NETS WARRINGTON

May 28, 1885.