

AFTER "MARK'S" JOB

Senator from Arizona Has a Wagonload of Opposition. Served with Distinction

The following was published as a telegram in the Baltimore Sun:

Every democratic member of the "Smith family in the Senate" will retire from that body March 4, 1915, unless re-elected. And the democratic end of that famous group of statesmen comprise about all of it.

There is Senator John Walter Smith, of Maryland; Senator Hoke Smith, of Georgia; Senator Ellison D. Smith, of South Carolina, and Marcus Aurelius Smith, of Arizona. Only William Alden Smith, of Michigan, is a republican.

And it happens, too, that all four of the democratic Smiths have real opposition in their states. Smith, of Maryland, has his Marbury; Smith, of South Carolina, has his Blease; Smith, of Georgia, has his Howell, and Smith, of Arizona, has a whole wagonload of people who are eager to take his seat.

The case of the Arizonan is interesting, just as he himself is one of the most interesting characters in the Senate. His is a new state. Its people never, until two years ago, enjoyed public honors. They were merely citizens of a territory, disfranchised except in local affairs.

OFFICE SEEKERS WERE LEGION

Therefore, when Arizona was admitted to statehood innumerable party leaders aspired to office. They had had only poor pickings in all the years gone by and many there were who were anxious to assume important official responsibilities and incidentally to draw official salaries. But a state having only one congressman and two senators does not offer a great variety of places for its ambitious citizens to pick from. Yet the people of Arizona could not and did not fail to reward "Mark" Smith with one of the three great offices in their gift.

This reward came as a result of twenty years of hard fighting for statehood. Smith had been a delegate to Congress from the territory almost continuously for a decade. As delegate he had no vote, but he had a voice in debate, the privilege of the House floor and an opportunity to reflect the demand of his people at home for recognition and enfranchisement.

HE STALKED STATEHOOD

And Smith voiced this demand in season and out. He haunted committee rooms, he laid siege to the White House, he importuned House and Senate leaders, he made speech upon speech, he dickered, he negotiated, he maneuvered and he played politics with republicans when they were in power quite as persistently as with democrats when they controlled, all to advance the cause of statehood for Arizona.

Finally, a little more than two years ago, Congress and the president moved to admit Arizona to the sisterhood of states. With this act a completed Smith went back home. He was no longer a delegate. He was merely a private citizen who served a constituency long and successfully.

But this veteran fighter was not to remain in retirement. The people of the new state still needed him in Washington. They needed his experience in legislation. They needed his wide knowledge of public men and public measures. They needed his resourcefulness and his leadership in battles that were to come, involving the great vital interests of their state. And realizing all this they sent him back to the United States Senate.

It was necessary that there should be a long term and a short term for the two senators from each of the new states to prevent the two of them being elected and re-elected at the same time. By a mere chance Smith drew the short term. That is how it happens that he is not in the same class of the other democratic Smiths of the Senate, whose terms of office expire in two more years.

HE AND "TOM" REED WERE FRIENDS

Senator Smith was a great friend of Speaker Reed. They were of different parties, but they liked each other and often talked people and matters over. In one of the many Congresses in which Smith served there were two very talkative Congressmen from the same state. These two statesmen were on their feet with something to say just as often as they could get there.

One day Smith said to Reed: "Tom, which of those two fellows is the biggest bore?"

"There is no difference," replied Reed, "between them except one is more general and the other more intense."

Costly Treatment

"I was troubled with constipation and indigestion and spent hundreds of dollars for medicine and treatment," writes C. H. Hines, of Whitlow, Ark. "I went to a St. Louis hospital, also to a hospital in New Orleans, but no cure was effected. On returning home I began taking Chamberlain's Tablets, and worked right along. I used them for some time and am now all right." Sold by all dealers. Adv.-24-5t

The Siege of the Seven Suitors

By MEREDITH NICHOLSON

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CHAPTER XIV. The Riddle of the Sibyl's Leaves.

MY question as to which Cecilia I should find in the library was quickly answered. Her frank smile, the candor of her eyes, confessed a new tie between us. We were becoming conspirators within the main conspiracy, whatever its character might be.

"As to Providence and the cook, what luck?" I asked.

"Oh, I managed that very easily. I ran into some friends who were going about for the winter. They have a staff of unusual servants and were anxious to keep them together until their return. I promptly engaged them all, and they are even now installed."

"Well, I have had an adventure of my own," I remarked, after expressing my relief that she had solved the servant difficulty with so much ease. "Three gentlemen representing the suitors' trust no unimpaired headquarters at the Prescott Arms, warned me solemnly to keep off the grass. In other words, I am not to interfere with their designs upon the heart of Miss Cecilia Hollister."

"She flung open a fan, held it at arm's length and scrutinized the daffodils that were traced upon it.

"So they dared you?"

"So they dared me. And I took the dare."

"Why?"

"Her eyes met mine gravely, but behind her pretty pout a smile lurked delightfully.

"If I should tell you now it would be flirting, which is a sin."

"I had imagined, Mr. Ames, that sort of thing came easy to you. But if it's 'daffodil of course'—"

"But you do not rule me out! You give me a chance!"

"My earnestness caused her manner to change suddenly. Her beautiful gravity came like a swift falling of starlit twilight. I had never been so happy as at this moment. Preposterous as were the circumstances of my presence in the house the juxtaposition of Cecilia Hollister gave me unalloyed delight.

"I want to serve you now, hereafter and always," I added. "These men can have no claim upon you greater than that of any other man who dares!"

"No, none whatever," she replied firmly.

"And the mystery, the whole story, is in the little silver book?"

"She started, flushed, and then laughed, raised her lips and eyes. The book was not in her hands nor in sight anywhere, but I felt that I was on the right track and that the little trinket had to do with her plight and her compact with her aunt. Best of all, the fact that I had chanced upon this clew gave her happiness. There was no debating that.

"You had best have a care, Mr. Ames. You have spoken words that would be reasonable if they came from me, and I must not countenance them."

"But you will tolerate from me words that you would not permit another to speak? Do I go too far?"

"She bent her head to one side, with the slightest inclination, as of a rose touched by a vagrant wind.

"If I could only half believe in you," she said, "you might really serve me."

I had thrown this out in the hope of eliciting some remark from her touching the Swedish maid's visit to Peppertown's office, but Miss Octavia met my gaze unflinchingly.

"You are a clever man, Mr. Ames, and I have every confidence that you will not only solve the mystery of the library chimney, but find the ghost that switched off the lights on the stair last night. I prefer that you should accomplish these feats without any help from the plans. I myself have no suggestions. I am gratified that you are meeting the emergencies that have arisen here with so much determination, but it is what I should expect of the



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I thought this well spoken, but she seemed amused, though without an kindness, by the earnestness of my speech.

"If your wit is equal to your valor, you may go far. But—and she turned her eyes full upon me—"we must play the game according to the rules."

"And as for Hartley Wiggin," she said up very straight, and the sudden disdain in her face startled me. I had forgotten my overdrinking in the clump of raspberries on the day of my arrival. Certainly Wiggin had been decidedly in the race then, and my heart throbbed in resentment as I recalled her own message, or comment of encouragement, which I had borne to Wiggin at the Prescott Arms.

"I will tell you something Mr. Ames. This afternoon, as I drove from the station I came round by the lake merely to cool my eyes on the water, and I saw Mr. Wiggin and my sister seated on a wall in an old orchard. They were so busily engaged that they did not see me. At least, he did not, but I think Hezekiah did."

"Hezekiah," I answered, relieved by the nature of her disclosure, which could not but prejudice Wiggin's case. "Hezekiah is dead of orchards. I dare say this was the same one in which I saw a charming talk with her myself. Doubtless she was amusing herself with Wiggin just as she did with me. She finds the genus homo entertainful."

"She is the dearest girl in the world—the sweetest, the loveliest, the brightest. Mr. Wiggin has treated her outrageously. He has taken advantage of her youth and susceptible nature."

"His punishment is sure," I answered complacently. "Hezekiah laughed when I mentioned his name. And you know today at the thought of him."

"Aunt Octavia is coming," she remarked, fidgeting at once a careless air, but I was content that she let my remark pass unchallenged.

Miss Octavia's entrances were always effective. She appeared tonight charmingly poised, but the bright twinkle in her eyes made it clear that no matter of dress could affect her humor or spirit. She greeted me, as she always did, as though our acquaintance were a matter of years rather than of days. I even imagined that the distance were pleased to find me back again. She asked no questions as to my day's occupation, but as we went in to dinner called forth cheerfully upon a description of her own activities.

"After I had baked my required quota of pies this morning I sought recreation at the traps. The stable boy who has been pulling the string for me having struck work, it most providentially happened that I espied Lord Arrowwood hanging on the edge of the maple tangle beyond the barn. I summoned him at once and put him to work managing the traps for me, finding him most efficient. He seemed extremely dependent, and after I had satisfied myself that two out of three was not an impossible record for one of my years, I brought him to the house and made tea for him. I left the oven for a moment—I had taken him into the kitchen, where, during the lumbercumbency of the regular cook I hardly dare venture myself, and he made himself comfortable quite near the range. The pies on which I had been engaged all morning lay cooling near him. I had composed twenty-nine pies—I am an excellent mathematician and I could not have been mistaken in the count. What was my amazement to find after his lordship's departure that one pie was missing!"

"His lordship was doubtless hungry," I suggested. "Even nobility must eat. I passed Lord Arrowwood in the highway early this morning, sitting upon a stone, with sundry items of hand baggage reposing beside him. I have rarely seen any one so depressed. Now that the little matter of the servants has been adjusted, we must have a care lest the newly arrived phalanx, which Providence so kindly sent you today, is not stampeded by any further manifestations of the troubled spirit of the unfortunate Briton who was hanged on the site of this house."

"Mr. Ames," replied Miss Octavia impressively, "that matter is entirely in your hands."

"But if I could see the plans of this house I should be better able to grapple with his ghostship."

I had thrown this out in the hope of eliciting some remark from her touching the Swedish maid's visit to Peppertown's office, but Miss Octavia met my gaze unflinchingly.

"You are a clever man, Mr. Ames, and I have every confidence that you will not only solve the mystery of the library chimney, but find the ghost that switched off the lights on the stair last night. I prefer that you should accomplish these feats without any help from the plans. I myself have no suggestions. I am gratified that you are meeting the emergencies that have arisen here with so much determination, but it is what I should expect of the

son of Arnold Ames of Hartford. Opportunity is all that any of us need to find ourselves truly great, and if in the ordinary course of our lives the gate does not open freely we are justified in picking the lock. When I determined to seek adventures in my old age, I resolved that I should miss no chance and that I should be prepared for any beckoning of the hand of fate. An odd fancy struck me at the beginning of my new life that Boston would some day be the starting point of some interesting experience. This has not yet developed, but in order that I may be prepared for anything that may occur I keep a blue silk umbrella constantly checked at the Parker House. The presence of the little brass check in my purse is a constant reminder that Boston may one day call me."

A discussion of the Parker House umbrella followed, Cecilia and I joining, and I slipped away so fruitfully a topic that it carried us to our coffee.

Three suitors were announced a little later, and I slipped away without excuses, while Miss Octavia and Cecilia adjourned to the library.

The ghost, I had sworn, should not baffle me another night.

As I crossed the second floor hall I passed the Swedish maid walking toward Miss Octavia's room. I was somewhat annoyed to find on looking over my shoulder to make sure of her destination that she, too, had paused, her hand on Miss Octavia's door, and was watching me with interest. She vanished immediately, but to throw her off the track I went to my own room, closed the door noisily and then came out quickly and ran up to the third floor.

Bassford Hollister's mysterious exit had lingered in my mind as the most curious incident of the eventful Friday night. Having been baffled in my effort to get hold of the architect's plans, my thought now was to await in the upper part of the house a repetition of the various phenomena that had so puzzled me. By the process of exclusion I had eliminated nearly every plausible theory, but if the ghost manifested himself with any sort of periodicity (and the hour of the chimney's queer behavior had been nine) I was now prepared to meet him in the regions he had chosen for his exploits.

I had a pretty accurate knowledge by this time of the position and function of all the electric switches between the lower hall and the fourth floor, but I tested them as I ascended, glancing down now and then to make sure I was not observed. From the sound of voices in the library I judged that most of Cecilia's suitors must now have arrived, and so much the better. I argued, for, with Miss Octavia and her niece fully occupied, I could the better carry on my ghost hunt above stairs.

At a quarter before 9 I switched off the lights on the third and fourth floors and established myself at the head of the stairway and quite near the trunk room door. This door I had opened, as I fancied that if Bassford Hollister were at the bottom of the business he would probably wish to find his way to the roof again. So far as I was able to manage it the stage was in readiness for the entrance of the goblin.

The clock below struck 9, and almost upon the last stroke I heard a sound that set my nerves tingling. I crouched in the dark, waiting. Some one was coming toward me, but from where? The bottom of a well at mid night was not blacker than the fourth floor, but the switch lay ready to my hand and my pockets were stuffed with matches of the sort that light any where. The stairways were all carpeted, and as I have said, and yet some one was ascending bare treads, lightly and with delays that suggested a furtive purpose. Meanwhile, as a background for this unreality, murmurs of talk and occasional laughter rose from the library.

This concealed stairway, wherever it was, could not be of interminable length, and I had counted, I think, fifteen steps of that strange ascent when it ceased. I heard a fumbling as if some one seeking a latch, and suddenly a light current of air swept by me, but its clean fresh quality was not in itself disturbing. I stooped and struck a match smartly on the carpet and at the same time clicked the switch. I should say that not more than ten seconds passed from the moment the soft rush of air had first advertised the opening of a passage near me until the hall was flooded with the glow of the electric lamps overhead. My match had also performed its office, but finding the electric current behaving itself normally, I blew it out. What I saw now interested me immensely.

In the solid wall near the stair and almost directly opposite the trunk room a narrow door had swung outward—a neat contrivance, so light in its construction that it still swayed on its concealed hinges from the touch of the hand that had released it. How it had opened or what had become of the

prover who had unlatched it remained to be discovered. It seemed impossible that whoever or whatever had climbed the hidden stairway had descended, nor had I been conscious of a ghostly passing as on the previous night. I had only my senses to apply to this problem, and their efficiency was minimized for a moment by fear.

The opening in the wall engaged my attention at once, and I was staid by the thought that here was a practical matter susceptible of investigation. I stepped within the door and lighted a candle, and just as the wick caught fire a click went a switch somewhere and out went the hall lamps. But, having so to speak, put my foot to the mysterious stair, I would not turn back, and I continued on down the steps.

Great was my astonishment to find that I had apparently stepped from a new into an old house. The stair treads were worn by long use, the plaster walls that enclosed them were battered and cracked, and I seemed to have plunged from the glory of Hopefield into some dim lost passage of a domicile of another era that lay within or beneath the walls of the Manor. As I slowly descended, holding high my candle, I recalled, not without a quail, the story of the British soldier whom tradition or superstition linked to the site of Miss Hollister's property.

At the foot of the stair I found two rooms, one on either side of a small hall, and these also were clearly part of an old house that seemed to be somehow merged into the Hollister mansion. I remembered now that the mansion stood wedged against a rough spur of rock and that the front and rear entrances were upon different levels, and it was conceivable that the back part of the mansion might inclose these rooms of an earlier house occupying the same site. Why they should have been retained was beyond me.

Through the carefully preserved windows, many paned and quaint, of these hidden rooms the infolding walls of the new house were blank and black. One door only remained in this shell of the old house, and I hastened to fling it open, still lighting my way with a candle. Before me lay the coal cellar, at which I had merely glanced on the morning after my installation at Hopefield. I now began to get my bearings. I remembered two iron lids in the cemented surface of an area on the east side of the house where fuel was deposited, and mounting a few steps that were of recent construction and had evidently been built to afford communication between the remnant of the old house and the subterranean portion of the new, I found to my relief and satisfaction beneath one of these openings a short ladder, through which the court might be reached. Here, then, the manner of ghostly ingress was illustrated by perfectly plausible means. The lid of the coal hole was entirely withdrawn, and a bar of moonlight brightening upon a pile of anthracite at the foot of the ladder.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

For Sale

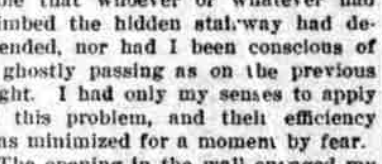
One four room brick house, with bath and mountain water, near business district. Inquire of WEAVER BRIER. 17-tf

Advertise in THE GUARDIAN.

Advertisement for Parowax, a product for sealing jars. It features an illustration of a jar and text describing its benefits: 'No danger of mold or fermentation if your jellies and preserves are sealed with Parowax (Pure Refined Paraffine). Seals air tight. Easy to use. Absolutely pure. Guaranteed under the Pure Food and Drugs Act. Dealers Everywhere. Standard Oil Company (CALIFORNIA) LOS ANGELES SAN FRANCISCO'

LOST

Dark bay mare, brand on left hip



Ten dollars reward. Return to Geo. Frank, Thatcher Meat Market, Thatcher, Ariz. Adv-24 tf

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Will pay cash for all your poultry at any time. If you have hogs or beavers for sale see me. I am in a position to buy them. H. C. WHITE, Safford. Phone 463 50-tf

Let Stephen paint your house. Hay taken at market price. Between depot and Jones Hotel. Adv-23 5t

FINE BOOT AND SHOEMAKING

After June 1st, Cowboys wanting new boots, ladies or gentlemen wanting new shoes, or persons having repair work to be done, can be served at Clayton Shoe Shop, next door to Dowden's Pool Hall, Safford, as cheap as the cheapest and as good as the best. If you don't believe it, just give us a call.

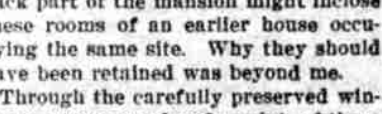
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BREAD MAKES BRAUN and good, pure, wholesome, nourishing bread makes boys muscular and healthy. Our bread is made from the finest hard winter wheat—the kind that retains the nutrients of gluten and phosphates. Consequently it is rich in nutrition, and is absolutely pure in every particular of baking and handling. And a big loaf costs but little money.



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PNEUMONIA

left me with a frightful cough and very weak. I had spells when I could hardly breathe or speak for 10 to 20 minutes. My doctor could not help me, but I was completely cured by DR. KING'S New Discovery Mrs. J. E. Cox, Joliet, Ill. 50c and \$1.00 at ALL DRUGGISTS.

DR. KING'S New Discovery

Mrs. J. E. Cox, Joliet, Ill. 50c and \$1.00 at ALL DRUGGISTS.

Superior Court Notice

In the Superior Court of the county of Graham, state of Arizona. In the matter of the estate of Perry Tucker, deceased. Order to show cause why an order of sale of real estate should not be made.

It appearing to this court, by the petition this day presented and filed by John F. Greenwood, administrator of the estate of Perry Tucker, deceased, that it is necessary to sell the whole or some part of the real estate of decedent to pay the debts of the decedent, the expenses and charges of administration. It is therefore ordered that all persons interested in the estate of said decedent appear before the said Superior Court on Tuesday, the 2d day of September, A. D. 1913, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, at the court room of said court at the court house in Solomonville, said county of Graham, State of Arizona, to show cause why an order should not be granted to said administrator to sell so much of the real estate as shall be necessary, and that a copy of this order be published in THE GRAHAM GUARDIAN, a newspaper printed and published in said county, for four successive weeks. Dated July 19, 1913. A. G. MCALISTER, Judge of the Superior Court. Attest: R. W. SMITH, Clerk. 23-4t

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of Graham County, State of Arizona. Glines Hardware Company, a corporation, Plaintiff vs. Sarah E. McGowan, John B. Lassator, Laura Lassator, Sarah E. McGowan, executrix of the last will and testament of James R. Lassator, deceased; J. D. Grosbeck and Sarah E. McGowan, guardians of the said Laura Lassator, a minor; Berry F. Pascoe, late of the County of Graham, State of Arizona, whose first name is unknown, and the unknown heirs of Berry F. Pascoe, deceased, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the county of Graham, State of Arizona. The State of Arizona sends greeting to Sarah E. McGowan, John B. Lassator, Laura Lassator, Sarah E. McGowan, executrix of the last will and testament of James R. Lassator, deceased; J. D. Grosbeck and Sarah E. McGowan, guardians of the said Laura Lassator, a minor; Berry F. Pascoe, late of the County of Graham, State of Arizona, whose first name is unknown, and the unknown heirs of Berry F. Pascoe, deceased, Defendants.

You are hereby summoned and required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff and answer the complaint filed with the clerk of the above entitled Court at Solomonville, in the county of Graham, State of Arizona, within twenty days exclusive of the day of service after the service upon you of this summons, if served in this county, in all other cases within thirty days.

You are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the complaint as directed by law judgment by default will be taken against you. Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court aforesaid at Solomonville this 24th day of July, 1913. R. W. SMITH, Clerk.

W. R. Chambers, attorney for plaintiff.

First publication Aug 1-31

NOTICE OF SHERIFF'S SALE

Under and by virtue of an execution and order of sale issued out of the Superior Court of Graham County, State of Arizona, docketed 20th day of June, A. D. 1913, in a certain action, wherein William R. Bingham, et al are plaintiffs, and The Webster Bros. Milling Company, a corporation, defendants, for the principal sum of Six Hundred and Fifty-five and 67/100 dollars, (\$655.67) with interest thereon at the rate of 6 per cent per annum until paid, together with \$102.35-100 costs and disbursements, at the date of said judgment and accruing costs, \$250.10, as appears of record, and which said judgment and said execution and order of sale orders and directs me, the undersigned Sheriff of Graham County, State of Arizona, to sell at public auction, to the highest bidder, for cash in hand, and to apply the proceeds of such sale to the discharge of said judgment, the following described real estate to-wit:

All of that certain piece of land situated in Graham County State of Arizona, and more particularly described as follows: Beginning 87.5 feet east of the northwest corner of Block 31 of Block 12 of the Thatcher townsite survey, as the same is recorded in the office of the County recorder of Graham County, State of Arizona, and running south 45.92 feet; thence running east 14.62 feet; thence south 31.02 feet; thence east 22.25 feet; thence north 73.6 feet; thence east 135.56 feet; thence north 141.22 feet; thence west 171.56 feet to said point of beginning, but excluding therefrom a piece of land 50 feet east and west by 13.32 feet north and south, particularly described as follows: beginning 13.4 feet east of the northwest corner of said Lot Three 3/4 Block Twelve 12 and running south 13.32 feet; thence east 50 feet; thence north 141.22 feet; thence west 50 feet to said last named point of beginning.

Now Therefore, Notice is hereby given that on Saturday, the 18th day of August, 1913 at two o'clock, p. m. of that day, in front of the County Court House in Solomonville, Clerk, County State of Arizona, I said Sheriff, will sell all the right, title and interest of The Webster Bros. Milling Company, a Corporation, defendants in and to the above described real estate, or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy plaintiff's judgment and execution and Order of Sale, with interest, thereon and costs, at public auction, to the highest and best bidder, for cash in lawful money of the United States of America. Dated July 26, 1913. T. S. ALDER, Sheriff. By W. A. BENNETT, Chief Deputy.

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