

Henry Libbey

# THE CLIFTON CLARION.

VOL. VII.

CLIFTON, GRAHAM CO., ARIZONA: WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 28, 1889.

NO. 20

## CLIFTON CLARION.

PUBLISHED WEDNESDAYS BY THE CLIFTON CLARION PUBLISHING CO. W. W. JONES, Manager.

TERMS: ONE YEAR (in advance) \$4.00 SIX MONTHS 2.50 To British subscribers the subscription price of THE CLARION is £1, postage prepaid. Subscribers may remit by exchange on New York.

F. & A. M.—THE REGULAR MEETINGS OF F. & A. M. Lodge, No. 8, 107 1889, will be as follows: Saturday, April 13; Saturday, Sept. 7; Saturday, May 11; Saturday, Oct. 5; Saturday, June 8; Saturday, Nov. 2; Saturday, July 6; Saturday, Dec. 7; Saturday, Aug. 10; ABRAHAM, W. M. TRGS. SMITH, Secretary.

### OFFICIAL DIRECTORY OF GRAHAM COUNTY.

PROBATE JUDGE: JOHN BLAKE, Solomenville. SHERIFF AND EX-OFFICIO ASSESSOR AND TAX COLLECTOR: Wm. WHEELAN, Solomenville. Deputy—W. J. PARKS. TREASURER: W. W. DAMRON, Solomenville. COUNTY RECORDER: EDUARDO SOTO, Solomenville. Deputy—P. S. SOTO. DISTRICT ATTORNEY: A. M. PATTERSON, Solomenville. SURVEYOR: C. D. BROWN, Thatcher. BOARD OF SUPERVISORS: S. A. CUTLER, Ft. Thomas; J. E. BAILEY, Bailey's Wells; F. DYSART, Solomenville.

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### ARIZONA & N. M. RAILWAY.

#### TIME TABLE.

GOING SOUTH.	GOING NORTH.
Lv Clifton 7:00 A.M.	Lv Lordsburg 1:20 P.M.
N. Siding 7:30	Summit 2:30
S. Siding 7:36	Ar. Duncan 3:30
Cottonado 8:24	Lv. Duncan 3:50
York's 8:54	Sheldon 3:52
Sheldon 9:12	Coronado 4:55
Ar. Duncan 9:42	Cutting 5:12
Lv. Duncan 9:52	S. Siding 5:44
Summit 11:00	N. Siding 5:50
Ar. Lordsburg 12:00 M.	Ar. Clifton 6:20

CLIFTON TO—	CLIFTON TO—
North Siding 8.50	Sheldon 2.50
South Siding .70	Duncan 3.50
Guthrie 1.20	Summit 4.80
Coronado 1.60	Lordsburg 5.50
York's 2.10	

Children between five and twelve years of age half fare. One hundred pounds of baggage carried free with each full fare and 20 pounds with each half fare.

FREIGHT RATES. Following are the rates per ton on the different classes of freight:

First Class.	Second Class.	Third Class.	Fourth Class.	Fifth Class.
Clifton to—				
N. Siding 9.75	8.25	6.75	5.25	3.75
S. Siding 1.04	.70	.45	.20	.25
Guthrie 1.78	1.36	1.01	.72	1.36
Coronado 2.38	1.81	1.35	1.01	1.36
York's 3.12	2.34	1.71	1.28	1.36
Sheldon 3.73	2.82	2.11	1.63	1.36
Duncan 4.32	3.24	2.39	1.77	1.36
Summit 4.92	3.66	2.67	1.91	1.36
Lordsburg 10.60	8.00	6.00	4.50	3.00

Mining timbers, 6x4 and 8x8 12 and upwards, \$7.00 between Lordsburg and Clifton.

CLASSIFICATION: Coke, Bullion and Copper Matte... Fifth Class Ore valued at \$150 and over... First Class Ore valued at \$150 and under... Second Class Ore valued at \$100 and under... Third Class Ore valued at \$50 and under... Fourth Class Limestone... Third Class Mining timbers... Sixth Class Matte containing silver... First Class Not otherwise specified... Second Class

JOHN SHENNAN, General Supt.

## THE ARIZONA COPPER COMPANY'S STORES.

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### THE ARIZONA KICKER.

Its Motto is "Live and Let Live"—An Obituary and a Free Pass.

The last issue of The Arizona Kicker contains the following interesting items: CAN'T DO IT.—We have been offered \$25 in cash and a barrel of wild plum vinegar to publish the record of the man who runs the weekly further down the street. While there is no doubt in our mind that he is a bigamist, horse thief, barn burner and anarchist sympathizer, we know what belongs to decency and we positively refuse the bribe.

There is too much mud throwing among the editors of the west, anyhow. They seem to have forgotten what is due to the position. If one of our doctors kills a patient by some mistake the rest are always ready to swear him clear. If one of the editorial fraternity makes a trip, the rest are eager to pitch into him. It shouldn't be so. There should be more of the fraternal spirit—more of the pride of profession. Therefore, while we are perfectly satisfied that the bald headed, bow legged, squint eyed old coyote who calls himself the editor of the moribund dish rag eleven doors below ought to be in state prison for life, we are not going to forget what belongs to the amenities of editorial life.

PASSED AWAY.—"Injun Joe," as he was familiarly called, has finally passed in his checks, although he hung on for a year longer than any one thought he could. He crept into one of the A. & T. stage coaches and surrendered to the grim destroyer. We always looked upon Joe as half witted, but we beg to acknowledge our mistake. In his last hours he wrote down the fact on a bit of paper that we owed him seven dollars borrowed money, and that bit of paper was left where it could not help but be seen. The first we knew of his death was when the coroner brought in the note. We borrowed the money a year ago, and as Joe had never dunned us we supposed it had slipped his mind. We shall probably have to pay it, but whether we shall do so before appealing to the law remains to be seen.

DESERVING OF PATRONAGE.—It is over seven months since the A. & T. coaches were put on to connect our town with the outside world. The Kicker has not before mentioned the fact, for the reason that no pass was sent to us. If a stage coach or a railroad company starts out with the idea that it can paddle its canoe without the aid of the press, the best way is to give them rope. We have been giving the A. & T. line rope. Yesterday it threw up its hands and sent us a beautiful annual pass.

The Kicker now takes pleasure in calling public attention to the fact that the A. & T. Stage Line company, limited, has three roomy and comfortable vehicles running from the post-office to Topknot Station, on the U. P. road, nine miles away. The fare is very low, the drivers safe men, and the speed satisfactory. It is an enterprise which deserves patronage, and we hope the company will have the support and good wishes of every citizen of the town.—Detroit Free Press.

### He Won't Enthus.

"This George Washington they are making such a fuss about was the old George, wasn't he?" he queried, as he leaned against the city hall fence yesterday.

"He was," replied the other.

"Wasn't the George Washington, of New Orleans, who fought twenty-three rounds after his left arm was broken?"

"No."

"Wasn't that George Washington, of Chicago, who carried a billiard table around a square on a bet of \$5?"

"No."

"There was a George Washington in Omaha who held up a bank cashier for \$6,000. Do you think he could be the man?"

"Oh, no. This is the original George—used to be president."

"Led the American army and suffered at Valley Forge, didn't he?"

"Yes."

"Crossed the Delaware one night in the winter?"

"Yes."

"Got the bulge on Cornwall at Yorktown?"

"He's the one."

"All right, then. If he's the man I'm not going to split my coat up the back. If it was some of the boys I've met I'd be willing to help the thing move off lively and push 'em up a peg. I never try to get in any work on a dead man. He can't recip."—Detroit Free Press.

### A Very Human Little Boy.

Little S—, 4 years old, was taken to church one day, and, in the course of the service, it gradually dawned upon him that the attention of the congregation was centered, not upon himself, but upon the clergyman, who was unservant of S—. He felt the neglect keenly. He exhibited signs of restlessness, sighed most wearily, and finally attracted the attention of a lady sitting directly behind him, who leaned over and whispered:

"What is the matter, S—?"

"Oh," he replied, "I can think of so many things to do so much better than this."—Drake's Magazine.

### A Bright Little Boy.

Susie—Tommy is a bright little boy. He is going to school now, and is learning very fast.

Tommy (aged 6)—I know what a lot of words mean.

The Young Man Who Calls on Susie—Do you, indeed?

Tommy—Yes, I know what "pals" means. The Young Man—What does it mean?

Tommy (triumphantly)—You and Mr. Brown are pals, and pals means companions in crime.—Yankee Blade.

### A Sad Sight.

Bagley—I saw a melancholy sight a few days ago—a messenger boy standing pensively on a street corner.

Pege—That's nothing.

Bagley—No; but some one had hung on the boy's back a sign that read: "Will move about May 1."—America.

### Mr. Quickwit Moralizes.

Mr. Quickwit to Mrs. Coarsair, who is profusely bedecked with imitation diamonds—Madame, you remind me of an open faced watch.

Mrs. Coarsair—How so? To, he, he!"

Mr. Quickwit—Your crystal is so prominent.—Jeweler's Weekly.

### Literature in Chicago.

Eastern Man (in Chicago)—Collecting subscriptions for the Browning club, eh? What do you need a fund for—to rent a hall?

Chicago Youth—No, we have a hall, but we want to raise money enough to buy two copies of Browning and a billiard table.—New York Weekly.

### ONE WAY TO TRAIN A BRONCO.

A Western Lad Who Does Not Believe in the "Throwing" Principle.

It has been and is still believed by some that to break a bronco he must be roped, thrown, beaten, conquered before he can be utilized. I believed so once, but the method has always struck me as a dead failure. Were the breaker of as fine intellect as the bronco, in many instances he might gracefully submit to a reversal of situations and allow the bronco to train him, for out of the brains of bronzes we may learn wisdom, as well as out of the mouths of babes and sucklings.

I had a friend once, as brave a man as ever graced a saddle, leveled a Winchester or loved a child, and he owned a bronco. If he would saddle the animal once or three times a day the pony must be roped, thrown and blinded on each occasion. My friend said it was the "nature of the brute." I knew he could not be wantonly unkind to anything. It never occurred to me that it might be education, and that nature had nothing to do with it.

Several years later the madam and I were camped near an old log road in the mountains in the vicinity of a friend's ranch. One morning, as I was about building the fire for coffee, the ranchman's son, a lad of 18, came up the road with a horse on his arm. He stopped near us and began to whistle, as one would for a dog. After he had whistled a few times I heard a whinny, and in a few moments the rapid beat of a horse's hoofs broke upon the sweet peacefulness of the summer morning. Looking in the direction of the sound, I presently saw a pony coming down the old road on a keen run. A dappled gray pony, with ears erect and mane flying; his neck was outstretched and his eyes seemed to flash with exquisite pleasure; he came leaping on as if moved by thoughts of love, absolutely free, beautiful in form, graceful in his liberty and in every movement. Within a few rods of the lad the reckless gallop resolved itself into a swinging trot until he reached his friend, when he came to a halt and rubbed his nose against the boy's shoulder. The loaded whinny was softened and the arched neck pressed against the lad for the expected caress. It is a good twenty years since that bright morning, and yet the memory of it is as fresh as if I saw it now; I can taste again the very sweetness of the balsam laden air, can see the tender blue mist that lingered about the distant hills, and see the pony's head resting against the boy's shoulder; and it seemed to me then as it does now, that if there had been hands instead of hoofs, he would have hugged the boy and would have kissed him on the lips, instead of on the hand, had he known how.

"Where did you get that horse, Harry?"

"Out of —'s band."

"You don't mean to say he's a bronco—he's too kind and handsome?"

"That's what he is."

"How long have you owned him?"

"About three months."

"But how did you break him? I supposed that they had to be roped and beaten and"

"Now, don't you believe a word of it. I haven't even spoken cross to him; have I, Dick?"

The pony corroborated the statement beyond cavil. The madam went out and shook hands with the boy and hugged the horse, and I should not have blamed her had she hugged the boy, as I looked down into his honest, laughing gray eyes.

Patience and its attendant genius, kindness, without any exhibition of man's "dominion," a simple endeavor to bring himself up to the horse's standard of intellect, and the result was two loving friends. That they could not talk Greek, Latin or English to each other dignified the situation; the understanding between them was quite perfect and beautiful in its eloquence.—Forest and Stream.

### Chevreul and the Photographer.

The late centenarian, M. Chevreul, although one of the patrons of photography, refused during the greater part of his long life to have his picture taken. Not until 1883, when in his ninety-seventh year, did he overcome this antipathy. It happened, as he wrote to a friend, in this manner: "I entered the carriage to go to the institute, when a gentleman in the politest manner possible addressed me: 'Monsieur Chevreul, you can do me the greatest service.' I replied that I was in a great hurry, but he persisted and begged permission to accompany me in my carriage. I acceded to his request. He had scarcely taken his place at my side, however, when he said: 'Monsieur Chevreul, you can be my fortune or my ruin. I am a photographer.' I trembled, but he added: 'The emperor of Brazil (you know Dom Pedro, who is a true servant and who decorated me with the Order of the Rose), wishes to have your photograph, and if I succeed in obtaining your permission, my future is assured.' I could not resist him, and in the name of Dom Pedro accompanied the photographer to his studio."—Chicago Herald.

### Only Three.

The conversation turned upon a certain gentleman who is not what you may call a brilliant speaker. "He has only three faults," a friend apologetically remarked: "1, he reads his speeches; 2, he reads them badly; 3, they are not worth reading."—La Caricature.

### Too Fraternal.

"You're a nice editor, Chubb!" "What's the matter now?" "Why? you say 'the publisher of The Daily Voice is an unmitigated ass.'" "Well, he is!" "But you add: 'We advise our brother journalist to reform his stupid ways!'"—Chicago Ledger.

### HARD ON THE NERVES.

A dog down in Pennsylvania swallowed the baby's rattle the other day. It hasn't affected the dog seriously, but it's awful wearing on the people of the house. Every time the dog moves it sounds as though a rattle-snake was after you, and the result is that about two-thirds of the time everybody in the house is either climbing up on a chair or jumping down from one.

### OUT OF FLY.

"George, I called to see you this morning and the maid said you were out." "Yes, uncle, I'm sorry that I was." "But you were not, for I saw you sitting at the window as I came away." "Yes, that's just it, the maid did not specify she only knew I was out. Sometimes I am staying out, sometimes walking out and sometimes looking out. She was stupid not to say which."

### DEPRIVITY IN HIGH PLACES.

Queen Marguerite of Italy plays the violin-cello. By the most desperate expedients and constant vigilance on the part of the royal family the matter has been kept secret for a long time, but it has leaked out at last. On account of the respectability of the queen's connections we suppress her last name.

### A DUCK-TRANCE.

"I see," said the man with the newspaper, "that a French journalist has been killed in a duel." "At last!" exclaimed the man reading the time card. "Yes, died of old age waiting for the other fellow to come." "Well, the French are terrible fighters when they make a business of it."

### REPARATED.

Particular Boarder—This fish, waiter—Terrible! Waiter (promptly)—Was killed this morning. Particular Boarder approvingly—You did right to kill it. Particular Boarder (inquiringly)—Yes, sir. Particular Boarder (firmly)—Because it has! been asleep so long it had forgot how to swim, and would have drowned if ever it went to sea again.

### THAT'S ALL THAT SAVES THE POINTS.

The "educationist" has not his light under a bushel as long as he can. He is now determined to let his light shine, to lift up his voice and spare not to magnify his office for all it is worth and to his honor if he doesn't sell a clam. A Chicago educationist, discussing the elements of a successful recitation, speaks of "other pieces like 'Mother and Post,' 'The Raven,' and like productions of no great literary merit, but produce many of us effects when well rendered." Often wondered what kept those mediocre jingles alive so long, when some of my own finest efforts, worthy to go ringing down the echoing aisles of the cozy gymnasium, stranded on the slungy beach of the cold and selfish W. B. It's the "recitation" that has rescued Mrs. Brown and Poe from the insatiate maw of that relentless monster, O. B. Livion, Sr.—Robert J. Burdette in Brooklyn Eagle.

### Lessons of Experience.

Anxious Mother—My son, that young lady you admire knows nothing about house-work.

Son—Well, mother, you know you don't either.

"True, my son. Your father's brother, however, married a girl who did, and the money she saved was invested in real estate, and they are now living in a brown stone palace."

"Oh, well, his fortune couldn't all have come from that."

"Maybe not, maybe not; but your father and I are living in a rented house, and one of our old servant girls owns it."

### AN INCORRECT DIAGNOSIS.

A business man and financier of the first rank in Boston is so accustomed that he occasionally forgets to go to his dinner. He is usually a half an hour late when he remembers it—is 2 o'clock. The other day, quite absorbed in business, he worked steadily on until 4 o'clock, and then began to have a quite natural sense of emptiness and yearning in his stomach.

"Dear me," he said, musingly, applying the flat of his hand to his waistcoat, "I wonder what I ate for dinner that disagrees with me!"—Boston Transcript.

### Where They Fall.

Caller at a photograph gallery—That is a grand picture of the centennial parade; every face perfect.

Photographer (proudly)—Yes, it is an instantaneous picture of the troops on the march—best I ever took.

Caller—Yes, every motion appears to have been caught; the marching troops, waving flags, galloping horses, rushing crowds—but what are those blurred spots on the grand stand?

Photographer (sadly)—I don't know, but I guess they are ladies.—Puck.

### Strength in Union.

"Which do you love most, your papa or your mamma?"

Little Charlie—I love papa most.

Charlie's Mother—Why, Charlie, I'm surprised at you. I thought you loved me most.

Charlie—Can't help it, mamma, we men have to stick together.—Texas Sitings.

### His New Horse.



"Say, mister, why don't yer let him out 'bout 'bout 'bout?"

One Whaler's Patient.

First Boy (with a parchment for the seal)—Say, Billy, wouldn't you wish you could go a-whaling?

Second Boy—Not, Dad does all the whaling; for our family.—Boston Outing.

### A Chicago Diplomat.

Duffard—I see old Kullmer has taken to drinking. Is he having any success?

Rightly—Success? Why, he's cured twenty-eight times last winter.—Lowell Citizen.

### It Would Break the Engagement.

Miss Crimp—People say I look like my sister. What do you think about it, Mr. Softy?

Mr. Softy (after his sister's beau)—I think you look very much like your sister, but please don't tell me I said so.—Yankee Blade.