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THE MAGNOLIA

IS UP TO THE TIMES

W. S. CLARK,

Treatment of Low Grade Ores.

"A successful and profitable method of treatment of low grade ores," says the Mining Review, "which are prevalent in many parts of the country, and may be found to a greater or less extent in the mines of every district, is one of the most imperative needs at the present time of mining industry.

Necessity is the fertile mother of invention, and there is no question but when it becomes necessary to utilize these low grade ores to meet an imperative demand, some process will be found ready to successfully solve the important problem. This is made doubly sure from the fact that in the field which is wide and extended, and at a time when ores of a high grade are easily found in large quantities, rapid improvements are being tested by practical work and trial, and many substantial steps in the right direction have already been found worthy of adoption.

It is possible that a mistake has been made by mining men in attempting to perform too much, and that a large proportion of the losses in mining enterprises may be traced to the effort to mine, mill and treat ores at the mine, when it might be found more profitable to divide this work and not attempt to do it all. It is well known that the farmer is content to produce his crops and put them upon the market; and a mill on a farm for the purpose of grinding the wheat into flour is never seen.

The question of making mining and milling two separate and distinct industries is one worthy of consideration. One of the most profitable methods of treating low grade ores at the present time, will doubtless be found in the direction of concentration, so that the cost of transportation may be materially reduced. At the present high rates of transportation it is not a wise policy to pay for the cost shipment of worthless rock which is not available for any purpose whatever.

Mining and concentrating, where necessary, would doubtless bring better results in a majority of cases, at least until more extensive developments had proven something of the magnitude of the work to be done.

The mining industry of the country would to-day show vastly better results if the money expended for mills had been put into the mines. Agriculture would have been ruined long ago, and the fields turned into a waste of desolation, if every farmer had commenced operations with the idea that every farm must support its own grist mill, saw mill, loom and forge, to fit its product for the market.

The establishment of smelters near the mines and extensive and complete refineries in the market centers where the mine products must be sold, increases the future separation of the two industries of mining and milling, and also insures better results and more profitable returns to all interested in the development of our mineral resources for the production of bullion.

A HEAD ON HIM.

At the recent veteran's reunion in Chicago was Theo. R. Davis, the artist of Harper's Weekly, who was all through the war. There was one of the Chicago veterans who sometimes took in a little too much wet stuff, and who was a little excitable when full. The visiting, the music, the marching, the cheering, and the excitement of the reunion, had made him feel quite excited, and he wanted to fight his battles over again, but the boys kept him quiet, and finally got him to bed, and soon he slept like a log. The boys were in the room telling stories, when some one called attention to the sleeping comrade, and in a second an idea occurred to Davis, the artist. He went to his room and got his water color paint, and brushes, and some court-plaster. Pretty soon the artist was at work with his soft camel's hair brushes. He first painted two black eyes, then he painted a swelling on one cheek, and on the forehead he painted what looked as though a sledge-hammer had smashed in the skull, and left the brain oozing out. Then the artist took some strips of court-plaster, and stuck one across the painted broken nose, and another across the mouth, sealing both lips, and the boys stood back to look at the stricken man, and wait for the court-plaster to dry. The boys got a strange veteran from Oshkosh to personate a doctor. After a little the sleeper began to wake up, and one of

his friends took a seat by his bedside, took hold of his pulse, and as he opened his eyes the friend said: "Now don't exert yourself, and don't try to talk. The doctor says you will be alright if you remain quiet." The victim of the joke opened his eyes, and was going to ask what was the matter, when he found his mouth held together by court plaster, and his voice sounded like that of a man with a hare-lip asking someone to go to the devil. By this time one of the jokers was having trouble to keep from laughing, so he put a handkerchief to his face, sobbed, and said: "My God, boys, this is horrible!" At this the Oshkosh villain said, hopefully: "Don't be discouraged, my boy; we will pull you through, if you do not get excited. I have cured worse cases." Then he took a pair of scissors and cut the court-plaster that held the lips together, and said: "There, how do you feel now? Don't talk much, but don't you feel relieved?" The victim looked at the doctor, and at the boys who were picturesquely standing around the bed, and said: "Doc, for God's sake, what has happened to me?" The doctor told him to be quiet, and then whispered to him: "You have had the worst fight that a man ever had and lived. A man attacked you on Wells Street, with a view of robbing you, and you defended yourself, but it was a hard struggle. Mr. Drury, please hand me that hand-glass. There, you can see for yourself. There is a contusion of the brain, the eyes are discolored, and I thought your jaw was broken, but as you can talk I guess it is only fractured. Don't talk." The victim took a long look at himself, and the first thing he said was: "Is the other fellow alive?" It was all the boys could do to keep from bursting, but they kept sober faces, and the doctor said the other fellow was alive, but he was the worst used up man he ever sewed up. He said one arm was broken, and one eye gonged out, and his face looked as if a pile-driver had struck him. The victim smiled a satisfied smile as he heard how he had whipped the other fellow, and then the boys asked him if he had any message to send home. He took the mirror and looked at himself again, and then said: "Telegraph for my wife." That was too much, and the boys roared, and the doctor tore off the court-plaster from his nose, another fellow brought a wet towel and the paint was washed off, and when he was clean the boys handed him the mirror, and he looked at himself again, and then he saw it was a joke, and he wanted to kill some of them.—Peck's Sun.

A BIG BAR.

In the Bank of California yesterday on the floor in front of the counters, was displayed a very tempting object in the shape of a gold bar, weighing 51 1/2 pounds, and valued at the sum of \$114,000. The dimensions of the bar are, fifteen inches in length, seven inches deep, and six inches broad. The gold is the result of a twenty days' run in the North Bloomfield Hydraulic Mine, in Nevada County. It is the largest ever cast in the United States, and, as far as known, in the world, and as two crucible moulds had to be used in the casting, the mystery is how such a perfect and smooth bar could be turned out. Quite a number of people, who came for a look, were told they could have the bar if they would carry it away. It is useless to add the bar is there still.—S. F. Call.

He Apologises.—"Do you mean to call me a liar?" asked one rival railroad man of another railroad man, during a dispute on business they had on Austin avenue yesterday.

"No, colonel, I don't mean to call you a liar. On the contrary, I say you are the only man in town who tells the truth all the time, but I'm offering a reward of twenty-five dollars and a chrono to any other man who will say he believes me when I say you never lie," was the response.

"Well, I'm glad you took it back," replied the other party, as they shook.

He Concluded to Go.—It was getting well along into the night. She yawned, and then asked him if he ever saw a snapping turtle.

"One," he replied, "in a show."

Said she: "It's very funny, but do you know, you sort of remind me of that bird."

"Why?" he asked.

"Oh! you hang on so."

He looked out of the window into

the darkness, said it looked like rain, and he had better be going.

On the international train that left yesterday for San Antonio there was a negro who kept sticking his head out of the window. "Keep your head inside," said the conductor, angrily. "Whaffor?" "For fear you will damage some of the iron work of the bridge, you fool."

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