

Hardware.

Cassidy Sulky,
Bonanza Gang and
Oliver Chilled

Plows

AT

EZRA W. THAYER'S.

Harness and Saddles.

Harness, Dash and Top

LEATHER!

OPPOSITE CITY HALL.

WAS NEAR THE WRECK.

The Worden Case Drawing to a Close.

WOODLAND, Cal., Nov. 2.—Albert Conrad of Washington, was the only witness cross examined in the Worden trial today. He testified to having seen Worden in Washington about 11:45. He was walking on the river road about 11 o'clock on the day of the wreck.

Owing to the absence of witnesses for the defense an adjournment was taken until next Wednesday. The case will probably be submitted to the jury next Thursday.

COURTING IN COLORADO.

Some of the Difficulties an Ardent Suitor Encountered.

Such an awkward situation and inopportune time for a declaration of love—shaking about on the backs of burros which were plodding along up North Cheyenne canyon! Really, there was too much of the ridiculous about it for him to succeed. He should have known better.

To be sure the surroundings were picturesque enough, or grand would be a better word, perhaps. Those great masses of rock towering a thousand feet above them, those glimpses of higher hills in front, those solitary pines and furs, the mountain brook urging its tireless way along by the road which they were following—it was all sublime. All but the burros. Truly those laughable little beasts would spoil anything, and just as Fortescue had spoken, "crack" went the driver's whip behind them, with: "Get up, Johnny; get up, Stripes!" and the burros actually broke into a trot, and Miss Bacon and Fortescue went bobbing up and down on their backs until the natural laziness of the animals made them again subside into their slow walk. It was then that Gertrude remarked almost crossly:

"I would thank you, Mr. Fortescue, not to mention this subject again."

Poor Fortescue! but he deserved his rebuff. Why, on horseback would have been bad enough, but burro back—!

The truth of it was Fortescue was desperate. Try as he would he had never succeeded in getting a better opportunity, and to-morrow would find them going their separate ways. Miss Bacon had too many admirers for him to trust to a future chance; he would let her know that he had fallen hopelessly in love with her during these few weeks of companionship, and he did, with the result we have just related.

Miss Bacon was one of a gay party stopping at Colorado Springs, and "doing" all the objects of interest in the vicinity. Fortescue was staying at the same hotel and always made one of their party. Everything to him had taken on a new interest since viewing it with Gertrude. The Garden of the Gods, the caverns and passes of Manitou, the wonderful Cheyenne canyons, seemed altogether more awe-inspiring. Had he not sat by her side

going and coming on that wonderful cog road up Pike's Peak, and, oh rapture, had she not shyly confessed to a sense of safety with him? Had they not peered over the summit down on to the clouds below them? and surely, she had clung to him just a moment at that dizzy height.

And when they stood together by the lonely grave of Helen Hunt, in that lofty, silent spot beneath the trees, and he was thinking of the noble woman who so loved that place in life, did not Gertrude, too, stand silent as if she shared the same thoughts, while the rest of the party were making exclamations of wonder and gathering mementos? Indeed, he felt there was a bond of sympathy between them, and now, how cold, how rough, even, she had been; she might have softened her refusal a little. She might have known the pain it would cause him. Would he ever get over it, he wondered.

Fortescue had plenty of time to think of all these things, for Gertrude had managed to urge her burro forward until she caught up with some other members of the party, and he was left to the company of the guide. The party had planned to go up the North Canyon to the Silver Cascade Falls, then cross the Divide and come back by the South Canyon. They now reached the trail which led them from the road they had been traveling up the mountain to the falls, so the guide left his place at the rear of the procession and took the lead. The others followed him, single file, down steep pitches and then up—the narrow path, the burros loth to go, until they reached a level place just below the falls. There they dismounted to rest. Some of the party descended to the H. H. Falls in the brook below them, while far above their heads, down over the broad masses of gray rock, leaped and shimmered the Cascades.

Fortescue threw himself upon the ground. Gertrude had gone down to the Falls, and Benson was assisting her. If there was a person whom Fortescue despised, it was this same Benson. And he was always stumbling in these rough places. Suppose he should stumble down that steep hillside and drag Gertrude with him. But there, he hardly thought he should care—much—he would be glad to have her see that she was safer with him than with anyone else. Fortescue was plainly in an unenviable state of mind, but Gertrude had been cruel. If she had only shown a little regret.

His reveries were interrupted by the party's preparing to mount the burros, and they were soon picking their way back down the mountain. There were some rather rough places climbing the Divide, but what a view from the top. Once or twice Gertrude's eyes sought Fortescue, as he sat silent amid their exclamations of wonder and delight, but he was not looking at her. She almost decided to speak to him, then she thought:

"No, who would have believed him so stupid?" referring to the love episode, and she again felt vexed.

Now, what did Fortescue do that evening early, but go up to the different members of the party and bid them good-by, explaining that, as they were going early the next morning, he would not see them again. Gertrude, standing near the piano with several others, gave him a timid glance as he carelessly put out his hand, but she received no look in return.

That night she cried herself to sleep, and if one had asked the reason she would have replied, in all probability:

"Because."

After all, what better answer is there for some stupid questions?

The next afternoon they all met again at Cheyenne, and this is how it happened:

Starting for the east that morning, the train which carried our party met with an accident and could not proceed, so the passengers were brought back to the city.

"What shall we do with ourselves until to-morrow?" they asked each other.

"Oh, the Casino, by all means!" was the general answer.

So, out to Broadmoor Casino they drove, and had not been there long when they encountered Fortescue. He stared at them.

"How's this?" he asked.

They explained.

"You can see by my dress that the Casino was not my chosen destination. I started for Cripple Creek this morning, but the stage broke down not far from here. There was to be a long delay and I lost my desire for Cripple Creek, and at last found myself here."

"It almost looks like a fatality," said one.

At this remark, Fortescue sent a quick glance toward Gertrude. She met it and a vivid blush shot up into her cheeks. She quickly turned aside, but Fortescue felt a sudden hope. He grew animated and quite like his old self. But he did not attempt to walk with Gertrude, as the party broke up in couples and strolled about the grounds. He walked along with Miss Ellison and they went toward the lake.

"Would you like to have a row?" he asked.

"No, thanks," she replied. "I prefer to move about. I never had anything tire and cramp me so much as that burro yesterday."

"There isn't much poetry of motion about them," laughed he, "and we did some rather steep climbing and rough riding."

Tailoring.

A HASSAYAMPER

Is one who drank from Arizona's famous river in very early times.
He is tall, rugged, strong of voice, long of beard and clad in rough boots, slouch hat and blue jeans.
We never see one without wondering how he would feel and look in a handsome new suit made by

NICHOLSON THE TAILOR.

GARDEN CITY RESTAURANT

THE OLDEST IN THE CITY.

Enjoys the best stand up with trade-men. Pays everything at spot cash price and gives the BEST 25-CENT MEAL.

Tuck, Hing & Co.

TANSY PILLS!

ALL DRUG STORES. SAFE AND SURE. SEND 4c. FOR "WOMAN'S SAFE GUARD." WILSON SPECIFIC CO., PHILA., PA.

"Poetry connected with burros!" she cried, mockingly. "They make everything ridiculous. I am sure I felt awkward on mine, and I should be very careful to say only the commonest platitudes at such times."

Like a flash of lightning a possible solution of Miss Bacon's peevishness occurred to him.

"I was a fool," he muttered.

"I beg pardon," said Miss Ellison, politely.

"I was trying to think of some word to rhyme with burro," he answered.

"I believe I'll write some verses on the burro."

"They will be ugly," she replied.

"Now, how would this do?" he retorted:

"Better than taking Luny Kuro:
Is to go riding on a burro."

They were still laughing when they met Miss Bacon and her escort.

"Tell us," she urged.

"No," answered Fortescue, "not until I get a copyright, and then I will be only too glad to tell."

The four went back to the Casino together, and Fortescue sat down behind Gertrude.

The orchestra was playing "A Summer Night in Munich."

"What can be more beautiful than a summer night in Broadmoor?" asked Fortescue.

"We must stay out here this evening," replied Grayson. "I would like to remember my last evening here."

"Are you sorry to leave the place?" asked Gertrude.

"Yes, yes, aren't you?"

"Perhaps we won't get away to-morrow," answered she, evasively.

"No doubt about that; we shall baste to go."

The night proved fine. The moon was full, making the grounds look like fairy land.

Late in the evening Fortescue laid his hand gently on Gertrude's arm.

"Come and take a last look at Cheyenne," he said entreatingly.

He led her to the upper piazza, and for a few moments they stood silently gazing at the ideal mountain looming up between them and the western horizon, cutting off the world from that side. The moonlight softened its rugged clefts and rocks.

"The dancing and merriment seem frivolous," remarked Gertrude in a low tone. "I shall never forget this night."

Fortescue was silent.

"Surroundings are everything," went on Gertrude, innocently. "The people who live in continual sight of the mountains must have elevated thoughts at times, even the meanest of them."

"Too often, perhaps," answered Fortescue, sadly. "My thoughts are elevated now to something I may never attain."

She turned to him swiftly, her face illuminated.

"Strive," she said, earnestly. "Come as near your ideal as possible."

"It is you," he replied, simply.

"But I—I am such a poor ideal."

"You mean it makes you feel so to be sought by me?" and he bent down and looked wistfully at her.

Her eyes fell and the quick blush crimsoned her face.

"No," she faltered.

"I can't live without you," he whispered, and as her head sank lower he took her in his arms.

"What made you so cruel yesterday?" he asked later.

"Those horrid burros!" was the rather shamed-faced answer.

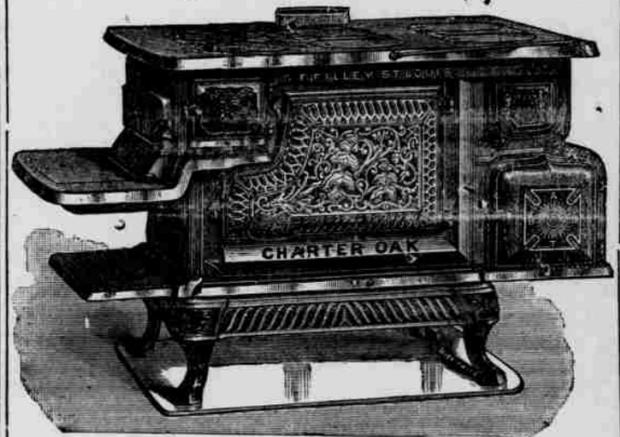
"O, woman!" murmured her lover, but tenderly.—Mary P. Harding, in Household Realm.

Visiting barbers are becoming popular. They call on their patrons at their respective houses, and there make them presentable. The price of a shave is twenty-five cents. With ten regular patrons each day, a visiting barber's weekly salary is seventeen dollars and fifty cents.

STOVES.

STOVES

Lowest in Price.
Standard Manufacture.
Largest Stock



A GREAT HEAT.

A cold snap may come any night. Our

\$9 No. 7 COOK STOVE

is a perfect gem. It throws a great heat and gives perfect satisfaction as a baker, fryer or broiler. A full line of

Round, Square or Open-Grate Heaters.

HENRY E. KEMP & CO.,

First Street, Opposite City Hall.

REAL ESTATE.

GEO. B. PERKINS,

Corner Washington and Wall Sts.

P. O. Box 323.

Phoenix, - - - - Ariz.

I want a list of your property. It makes no difference where it is, so that it is in the Salt River Valley. I can sell all grades, whether cheap lots, choice residence lots, business lots or acreage. It costs you nothing if I do not sell. Carriage at door. No trouble to show property.

I now have buyers for both city and country property

IMPROVED AND UNIMPROVED

and can guarantee satisfaction to both property owners and investors.

Money Loaned

on first-class security at reasonable rates. Borrowers and lenders are invited to give me a call.

GEO. B. PERKINS,

Phoenix, - Ariz.

Awarded
Highest Honors—World's Fair.

•DR•

**PRICE'S
CREAM
BAKING
POWDER**

MOST PERFECT MADE.

A pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder. Free from Ammonia, Alum or any other adulterant.

40 YEARS THE STANDARD.