

GREAT CLOSING OUT SALE
Begins at the
NEW YORK STORE
NO
Monday, January 4th, 1886.

Retiring from the Dry Goods Business in Tombstone, the entire stock, which is complete in every department, will be SOLD WITHOUT RESERVE. Away below cost. This is no humbug, but a bona fide sale, as our prices will show.

A. COHEN, NEW YORK STORE, FIFTH STREET.

Treasurer's Notice.

I will redeem all Warrants drawn on the County General Fund from Nos. 1590 to 1947, both inclusive, if presented within ten days. A. J. RITTER, County Treasurer.

FOR SALE.

Two Houses and Lots, No. 218, on Eighth street, below Fremont. This property will be sold cheap. For particulars, enquire on the premises, or at G. S. Bradshaw's Saloon.

J. V. VICKERS,

Fremont Street, Real Estate, Mines, Money and Insurance.

Real Estate—Bought, Sold and Rented, Col. lect. and made, Taxes paid, etc. Money—Bought and Sold. Money—Loans Negotiated and Investments Made. Insurance—Fire, Accident and Life.

NOTARY PUBLIC.

AT THE UNION NEWS DEPOT

Books, Toys, Stationery Musical Instruments, Periodicals, Magazines, Etc. Allen Street, in Grand Hotel Building SOLOMON ISRAEL, Prop.

A SOUND COMPANY.

The Travelers Insurance Co. Pays Indemnity.

Mr. Jones Receives \$560.71 for Insurance. ASPEN, C.J., Dec. 17, 1885. J. V. Vickers, Tombstone, A. T., Agent of the Travelers Insurance Co., Etc.: DEAR FRIEND:—Yours of the 8th inst. is at hand. Enclosed please find your receipt, signed, for \$560.71, so promptly paid on account of my accident in Bisbee in June last.

Your kindness in advancing me \$160 before I was able to present my claim, and the promptness of the company in the settlement of my claim, I shall never forget. Yes, renew my policy when it runs out and send me a bill for the premium to this place. I am now engaged in superintending James Carr's business in this place, and collecting and keeping his accounts. If necessary, change my rate accordingly. Yours very truly, THOS. J. JONES.

Thos. J. Jones paid \$25 premium. His policy assured his wife \$5,000 in case of his accidental death, and him \$25 a week if accidentally disabled. By accidental discharge of a rifle he was totally disabled for about twenty-two weeks. Therefore he received from the old reliable TRAVELERS \$560.71.

Insurance is cheap, and the best is the cheapest. J. V. VICKERS.

Our delayed grass and garden seeds of all kinds have at last arrived, and are now ready for delivery at Joe Hoefler's corner Fifth and Fremont streets.

Lost.

A plain gold ring, with initials "H. A." inside. Finder will be suitably rewarded if restored to Sommerfeld Bros. A set of composition billiard balls for sale at a bargain, at the Elite. Fresh Sonoro oranges for sale at Dyer & Baldwin's for 25 cents a dozen. A full line of nuts, this year's crop, just received at Yapple's candy factory. Two sets of composition billiard balls for sale, at a bargain, at the "Elite." The best lunches in town at the Crystal Palace Chop House. The best stock of embroidery will be seen at Summe field.

New suitings, at Harris.

Fresh nuts and candies at Pitts Bros. Pickled pigs feet and tongue at Pitts Bros. Fresh eggs received daily at Pitts Bros.

The Crystal Palace Chop House is the latest. For the best lager beer in Arizona, go to the Oriental. Ladies' Princes and other shoes at \$5.50 at Summerfield Bros.

Buy your Thanksgiving turkey at the Los Angeles Fruit Store. Gents' underwear in great variety, at Summerfield Bros.

The finest brandy in Arizona at the Oriental. Mince meat and plum pudding at R. P. Mansfield's.

This year's sugar-cured hams and bacon at Pitts Bros.

Fine live turkeys at the Los Angeles Fruit Store.

Booth's Baltimore oysters at the Los Angeles Fruit Store.

All shades of ladies' cloths, frocks and flannels at Summerfield Bros.

Dressed turkey, ducks, and chickens at the Los Angeles Fruit Store.

On account of want of space I will sell toys, games and dolls at cost. Sol Israel.

Hot meals at all hours at the Crystal Palace Chop House. Fred Parker, proprietor.

The Pioneer Mills Flour from Sacramento, at Wolcott & Mesick's Cash Store.

Lemp's St. Louis beer and all kinds of sandwiches at the Crystal Palace lunch parlors.

Oysters in every style at the Crystal Palace Lunch Parlors. Entrance on Fifth street.

Take your lunches at the Crystal Palace Lunch Parlors. Fred Parker, proprietor.

For Sale.

A first-class restaurant business located in the best part of Tombstone. The business must be sold at once, as the present owner intends to leave the city. For particulars inquire at the Epitaph office.

WIT AND HUMOR.

No. "Constant Reader," the lines reading, "How big was Alexander, pa?" have no reference to the Bulgarian Prince. Not by a Milan more. Some of the English newspapers declare that King Theebaw is a "sanguinary madman." This looks like a premature attempt to get the old beast off on the insanity dodge.

"Is Washington's birthday observed in Texas?" asked a New-Yorker who was visiting San Antonio. "Observed!" exclaimed the astonished native; "why it's venerated." It takes four car-loads of beer to fill the demand on that sacred day.—Texas Siftings.

Pompano—"Why do you work so hard, Bagley? You slave from morning until night." Bagley—"I know I do. I wish to get rich. I want to die worth a million." Pompano—"Well, there's no accounting for tastes. Now, I would much prefer to live worth half a million."—Philadelphia Call.

Mamma (severely)—"You are a bad, naughty little boy, Bobby. I don't know what I shall have to do with you!" Pops (who prides himself on his ability to govern children)—"I'll tell you what we will do, mamma. If Bobby persists in being naughty and wicked we won't let him go to Sunday-school any more."—New York Times.

Minister (just before church service)—"How is our worthy brother, Deacon Smith, getting on, doctor?" Physician—"He is in a very critical condition. I was at his house three times yesterday and once this morning." Minister (with concern)—"Indeed! I will ask the prayers of the congregation in his behalf."—Philadelphia North American.

A dispatch has come to this office announcing that the daughter of the Comte de Paris is not betrothed to a brother of the Czar. This is very significant, it will be observed, and at the same time not at all unmaidenly. We beg to say to the lady in reply that we are already married, but will always be a brother to her.—Binghamton Republican.

During the alarm of fire last night some confusion was caused in one of the churches by a number of the congregation hurriedly leaving, which was soon quieted, however, by the preacher saying: "You Alexandrians will get to a hot fire soon enough." After this remark no one left the church till the services terminated.—Alexandria (Va.) Gazette.

Horse-car conductor (refusing a Canadian 10-cent piece with an air of offended dignity)—"I can't take that." Passenger—"Why?" Conductor—"Because they won't take them from us at the office." Passenger (with feigned surprise)—"Good gracious, you don't mean to say that if you take that from me in payment of my fare they'll ever see it at the office, do you?"

Young Featherly—"Of Shakespeare's plays I think I prefer 'Richard III.'" Miss Clara—"Er—but Shakespeare did not write 'Richard III.' Featherly." Young Featherly (with an amused smile)—"Ah! I see, Miss Clara. You are one of the few left who believe that Bacon wrote Shakespeare's plays. I wonder if the question will ever be satisfactorily settled."—New York Times.

Husband—"The census-taker was in, dear. He demanded the age of each of the family, and I was obliged to give him yours. He said it was the law." Wife (enraged)—"Law! What do I care for law? John Smith, did you tell that man my age?" Husband (hurriedly)—"Yes, I told him you were 23." Wife (mollified)—"Well, I suppose the law has got to be respected."—New York Sun.

A woman in Vineland, N. J., lives on nine cents a day, repairs her own house, carries the mortar used up the ladder, and skillfully applies it. We suspect she receives about a dozen marriage proposals every day. With such a wife a man might devote seventeen hours out of the twenty-four down at the corner saloon explaining how a business boom could be started.—Norristown Herald.

In a Texas hotel—Landlady—"Mr. Winthrop, I've got you a nice bedfellow." Intruder—"Yes, stranger, the Cavortin Cataclasm of Calaveras Canon is gwine ter bunk with yer tonight. The landlady says you come here from Boston for yer health and are scared of Texas desperadoes, but none of them will come near you when the Cavortin Cataclasm is in bed with yer."—Texas Siftings.

A certain Methodist preacher of this county tells it upon himself that while on his travels recently he stopped a while before sundown at a house to spend the night, and after entering the house the dog came in, approached him good-naturedly, and then, as if he had ascertained who the visitor was, immediately went out and got after the chickens in the yard.—Anderson (S. C.) Journal.

It was a Sabbath morning in the early autumn, and the sexton met him in the vestibule of the sanctuary. "You appear to be a stranger, sir; shall I show you a seat? Would you like to go down front?" "Down front, is it? I should rather say I did! I am the regularly-ordained pastor of this church, and can find the pulpit myself." "He's got a better memory than I have," was all the sexton said as he turned away.—Lowell Citizen.

The editor of the Cour & Alege Record of Murray, Idaho, is in trouble. His paper appears without a title, and he explains: "We've got a heading. Do you want to see it? So do we. It's at Thompson. Subscribe quick, so we can pay the charges and get it here." It is to be hoped that subscribers will come in and that the troubled editor of the Record can get a head. He is not the only man in Idaho who finds it hard work to get ahead.

A man carrying a cross-cut saw and a broad-axe called at the office of a New York daily paper, a few days ago, and applied for a position on the artistic staff. He said he was a lumberman from Wisconsin, had had fifteen years' experience in chopping wood, and he thought he could hack out a few illustrations for the paper which would be a marked improvement over those it had recently published. As strange as it may appear, he was not engaged.

Brown—"Then you have given up the idea of becoming a writer?" Robinson—"Yes." B.—"I thought you had all your plans matured; that you were going to avoid prolixity—to write nothing but short, sharp, sententious sentences; in short, that you were going to be a regular condenser?" R.—"Yes, that was my plan, and I attempted to carry it out." B.—"Well?" R.—"Well, I set out to write, but I'm blessed if I could think of anything to condense."

"Mr. Dusenberry, I'm shocked to see that you will persist in fishing. It is horrible to hurt the little things in that way. I declare I'll not let you bring any of them into the house." "Well, my dear, I guess you are about right. It is excessively cruel. Of course the remark does not apply to that pretty little South American bird in your hat. Possibly it was chloroformed. While it may be wrong to supply the demands of appetite, it is perfectly right to repond to the follies of fashion. If—" "Mr. Dusenberry, you're a brute—that's what you are!"—Philadelphia Call.

A Born Drummer.

"Do you think you are fitted to become a canvasser, Walter?" "I do." "Well, suppose you were calling on a customer, should you consider it a hint to leave if he ordered you to clear out of the room?" "I should consider that an invitation to remain."

"Suppose he kicked you down-stairs?" "I should regard that as a pleasant introduction."

"What should you regard as a hint to leave?" "I will tell you from my own experience. Last winter, wishing to study Greek, and having no money, I cast to remain at the Presbyterian hospital as an invalid. As ill-luck would have it I grew so fat in a fortnight that, groan as loud as I would, they told me to leave. Only a clerk the closer to my berth. The good doctors then kicked me out of the door, but I climbed back through the window. At length they told me that all the beds were taken, and that I must sleep in the dissecting-room. I slept like a top for a week. But one day a drunken student came into the room brandishing a huge knife, and cried out: "Where's that new subject?" I lay still till he had thrust his knife two or three inches into my side. Then, fearing that all my members would secede unless I did something desperate, I cried out 'I take the hint, and skipped.'"

A New Loom.

The Hunt loom, now in operation in San Francisco, if all that is said of it is true, is a most important contribution to labor-saving machinery. As described by a correspondent of the Baltimore Sun, the loom is noiseless, has no shuttle, and weaves material four yards wide, of any kind of goods, with the same hands and steam power now required to make one yard. The labor is so lightened that it is better adapted to women than to men, and women are enabled to weave more and produce better work than men, with the great advantage that the most delicate constitutions need not be impaired. Cloth woven three yards wide is made so that it can be cut apart after being woven, making three separate and distinct pieces of cloth for market. The quality of cloth is said to be superior and easy to recognize. The loom is now in practical operation and does all it promises, but "has every now and then little breakages, so far easily repaired. Experts and business men are divided in sentiment. All agree that it must be all right, but it may take more time than calculated to assure against the breaking of small but essential parts."

The railroad restaurant on the Chicago and Alton road at Joliet is kept by a veteran baker. A sprightly young, trawler complained of one of his pies the other day. The old man became angry. "Young man," he said severely, "I made pies before you were born." "Yes," responded the traveler, "I guess this must be one of those same pies."

An analysis of some of Lord Randolph Churchill's recent speeches shows that he has spoken of Mr. Gladstone as: "An unkenneled fox"; "a purblind and sanctimonious Pharisee"; "that evil and moonstruck Minister"; "the Moloch of Midlothian."

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STAPLE and FANCY GROCERIES, Choice Brands of Kentucky Whisky, and grain of all kinds kept constantly on hand and sold at lowest prices. A full line of Assortment Supplies constantly on hand. FRANK R. AUSTIN Proprietor. D. McSWEGAN, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON Fourth Street, Opposite Occidental Hotel, Tombstone, - - - Arizona.

Cochise County Bank Tombstone, Ariz. Transacts a general Banking business. LIONEL M. JACOBS, Pres. ALBERT SPRINGER, Cashier

Notice. ALL PERSONS NOW OCCUPYING TOWN Lots on the surface of the Mountain Road mining claim in Tombstone, and who have not here before obtained the mining title, are hereby required to call upon my attorney, Geo. G. Berry, at his office in Tombstone, and make arrangements to obtain the same if they wish to avoid litigation. FORDICE ROPER. Tombstone Jan. 12, 1886.