

GREAT CLOSING OUT SALE

Begins at the

NEW YORK STORE

— ON —

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. Tombstone, Dec. 26, 1885.

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, Collections made, Taxes paid, etc. Money—Bought and Sold, Money—Loans Negotiated and Investments made.

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 Injuries Received.

ASPEN, Col., 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 \$5 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.

Just received last evening at the Summerfield Bros. a large assortment of gentlemen's hats.

The finest Sonora oranges for sale for 35 cents per dozen, at Dyar & Baldwin's, Fremont street.

Meals two bits and upward, at the Crystal Palace Chop House. Fred Parker, proprietor.

Summerfield Bros. have just received a large assortment of initial handkerchiefs, for ladies and gentlemen.

The most complete stock of fancy articles ever brought to Tombstone can be seen at the Union news depot.

New suitings, at Harris.

Fresh nuts and candies at Fitts Bros. Summerfield Bros. just received a fine lot of choice overcoats which they will sell at a reasonable price.

Louisiana molasses at \$1.25 per gallon also a fine assortment of Louisiana sugar, just received at Joe Hoefler's.

For the best lager beer in Arizona, go to the Oriental.

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 Fitts 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, fricos 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.

There are 25 tickets yet unsold on the doll at Sol Israel's. The raffle will take place in a few days. Parties desiring chances had better purchase tickets at once.

A set of composition billiard balls for sale at a bargain, at the Elite.

Fresh Sonora oranges for sale at Dyar & 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.

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

A PECULIAR CUSTOM.

A Ludicrous Practice in Which Many Ocean Travelers are Compelled to Take Part.

A Cambridge undergraduate, now on his way to the cape in a trading vessel, sends the following interesting communication to the Pall Mall Gazette: One of the oldest customs of the sea lately came under my notice, and in such a way as I am not likely to forget. As usual after our 6 o'clock tea, we were seated in the saloon enjoying our game of cribbage, when a blast from the fog-horn, fit to awaken the dead, put an end to our cards. Hurriedly we made for the deck, where a sight never to be forgotten met our eyes. The evening was dark and cloudy, the moon entirely hidden, but the deck was brilliantly illuminated with blue lights. From the fore-castle was issuing a procession that baffles description. First walked Father Neptune himself, leading on his arm his young and beautiful wife, Amphitrite. Neptune was dressed in long, white flowing robes—that is, a nightshirt; around his head waved his gray locks, blowing before the wind in every direction; his beard reached below his waist; on his head he wore a miter of such tremendous size as to drive any bishop wild with envy; in his hand he bore his trident.

His wife's dress was evidently on the plan of "beauty unadorned," for some red paint, a small red flag, and a pair of red bathing-drawers constituted her costume. Her flaxen hair in curly masses reached her knees. Following this august couple walked the hero of the evening—the barber. Dressed all in white, wearing a hat the shape of a dice-box, half white, half black, with curly white hair and whiskers, he was sublime; but the sublime changed into the awful when one perceived that he carried in his hands instruments of torture rivaling in their latent cruelty even those of the Inquisition. Imagine standing and gazing upon a bucket of flour and water mixed to about the thickness of liquid glue, of which you know you will receive a large share—on your head. Recover, if you can, from that sight, and look again. In his other hand he holds a razor of such magnitude that it would not be ill amiss for felling trees, and think that soon that edge of rough, rusty iron will be plowing its meandering course over your innocent jaws.

Following this torturer came two policemen armed with cudgels and dark lanterns. Behind them crowded the crew. In spite of the awful solemnity of the scene, one could not but admire the dark, cloudy sky, the sea a blaze of phosphorescence, the flickering summer lightning, the grouping of the actors. Halting before the after deck, Neptune, in a loud voice, with such disregard as to where he put his feet, would make any classical author turn in his grave, gave utterance, "Eating that some of the crew of this ship is such as they 'ave not yet crossed the loine, and bin baptized, my sons, I ham 'ere to see them done so." Evidently Neptune's intercourse with British sailors has been to the disadvantage of his eloquence.

The sailors, at the finish of Neptune's speech, cheered loudly, while from their midst stepped the two brawny policemen, one of whom was a nigger from Demerara, and seized upon T. Meanwhile the torturer was not idle. He had seated himself upon a low stool, with his bucket before him, in his left hand a brush like a housemaid's broom, while with his right he was sharpening his razor on the companion-ladder railings. Alas for poor T. He stood smiling before his executioner, who, evidently thinking the occasion far too solemn to smile at, put an end to his innocent merriment by inserting as much as he possibly could of his mixture into his mouth. While he was engaged in choking and spitting out what he could of the concoction, his head was being covered to such an extent as to render his features quite indistinguishable. Then that awful razor came into use, its broad, rusty edge scraping away the dough like a plow in a clay soil. But how difficult it is to take the dough out of one's eyes and mouth with a razor-blade three feet long, one can not imagine till one has tried! His satanic majesty, I mean the barber, having scraped off as much as pleased his fancy, the two policemen came to the fore again, armed with buckets of cold water, which, utterly regardless of what part of the victim's body received the water, they threw in quick succession over him.

I was the next victim, and went through the same terrible routine; but at last it was all over, and I issued from the cold-water cure quite ready to see the fun in treating the others to their dose. It was a novel experience, and one not likely to be forgotten. Then followed the others who had not crossed the line, some half-dozen of them, but two were missing. The police were soon after them, but it was an hour before the first was found, lying underneath the boilers in about the temperature of the place I had wished the barber in when I was being shaved. All this he endured rather than face his shaving, or, I should say, shaving his face. He was quickly dragged upon the scene, and paid the penalty of his fear by receiving a double dose. Soon after this the other, a boy, was found concealed in a sail in the rigging; he, too, got what he deserved for trying to escape justice. After all were baptized, we had some songs and dances, the barber being especially good at the latter, and giving us some excellent clog-dances and breakdowns. Poor Neptune had terrible trouble with his wife, who, suddenly discovering herself among a lot of sailors, became "skittish"—naturally, what woman would not? The songs and dancing finished, grog handed all round, and with three cheers for us from the crew, we retired to our cabins

to put on dry clothes, and to tear out handfuls of hair in endeavoring to rid our heads of dough. And so we crossed the line.

George Sheridan's Joke.

Gen. George H. Sheridan, "of Louisiana," lives now at the Union Square hotel and is coming to be known as a Union Square notability. He has had a checkered political career, but he has had a good living through it all, evidently, for he has grown stouter and stouter with each succeeding year, until his short figure now carries upward of 250 pounds of flesh. As a stump speaker he has been and still is in great demand. His talks are a mixture of witty stories and eloquence which is taking with the people. A politician of Ohio related to me yesterday an incident of one of Sheridan's engagements which had a ludicrous ending. Sheridan was posted for a speech in a manufacturing town in northern Ohio. It was an off year, and the Democrats were expecting to carry the county through Republican indifference and the labor vote. They didn't want Sheridan to make a speech for fear he would rouse up all the Republicans, but how to keep him away was a problem. They hit upon a plan at last, and when Sheridan arrived he was surprised to meet a cordial reception from several Democratic acquaintances who pressed him with invitations to go out and "smile." He finally went out with them and was conducted to a saloon where he found a number of other choice spirits, but all Democrats. They began to ply him with invitations to drink, and it soon popped into his head that they had a scheme to make him drunk and let the meeting be a failure because of his non-attendance. When he became satisfied that this was their game he went in for as much fun as anyone. It was 2 o'clock when they went into the saloon. At half-past 7 he walked out with a slightly unsteady step, but with a perfect control of his motions, while every other man of the crowd was under the table. He went to the hall where he was to speak and delivered one of the finest efforts of his life, not forgetting to tell the story of how the enemy had tried to trip him up. The county rang with his speech for a week, and was carried for the Republicans.—N. Y. Tribune.

Actresses and Their Appetites.

"There are few actresses," says Samuel Stockvis in the Cook, "who do not appreciate a good dinner or know how to select one. Adelaide Neilson was a devotee of gourmandism; ate often and large, was feted, dined, and wined on every hand, loved nothing better than to be invited out socially, and actually died from feeding too much. Champagne was her favorite wine. Patti is a light eater—all singers are—but goes in for porter and Burgundy with a will. The fact that Mmme. Seacchi refused to sign last season and compelled a "change of bill" on the ground that she had eaten too late will not soon be forgotten by the chronicler of the capricious records of prima donnas. Lillian Russell is very fond of salads, and will not eat a dinner in which they do not occupy a prominent position. Clara Louise Kellogg's fondness for pork and beans is thought by some to be her only fault. Mrs. Langtry is very fond of Blue Points on the half-shell, and is very particular about the cooking of her viands. The special weakness of the English beauty is a fondness for brandy and soda, with a distinct underlying tendency toward beer. Selma Dolara, like most English women of the stage, has fallen into the habit of taking her tea at 5 o'clock, whether she has an engagement or not. Marie Prescott keeps house in a flat, has a German cook, knows how to prepare a dainty meal herself, and has an able assistant in her husband. Rose Cogan doesn't like a heavy wine like sherry if she is going to play, and usually indulges in champagne instead. She is a 6 o'clock diner, feeds well, and when chicken is on the board calls for the white meat. Ellen Terry, while on the road, always has her meals served in her room, as do Mrs. Langtry and Margaret Mather. The latter young lady does not dine out much. Miss Mather always takes an iced lemonade before going on in the balcony scene of "Romeo and Juliet." Nothing that Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt has ever eaten has had a tendency to make her grog stouter. The great French tragedienne always takes a glass of old cognac before going on the stage, dines in the afternoon, and takes a supper after the performance. Mme. Desclée, the renowned French actress, lived for the last year of her existence, when cancer was drawing her inevitably to her grave, entirely upon grapes and milk. Mme. Judie is said to be a very good feeder, and her embonpoint gives no denial of the statement. Mlle. Aimee is highly appreciative of the pleasures of the table, but of late years, conscious of her increasing stoutness, seeks to temper appetite with judgment. When in the City she always dines at a favorite table d'hote in Twenty-seventh street. Mme. Rhea lately has been fettered almost enough to undermine her constitution, but keeps up bravely. Mme. Janish loves a good meal and never fails to get one when the selection of the dishes is left to herself, when she takes good care to remember the solidly good things of faderland."

It may interest the fair wearers of seal saques to know how many big, round, liquid eyes have been shut by the cruel lance of commerce in the North Atlantic this year. Of the Dundee fleet of steamers seven went to Newfoundland and captured 73,390 seals, as against 34,329 last year. Four ships went to Greenland and slaughtered 10,750, as against 17,119 last year.

A. COHN & BRO. CIGARS, TOBACCOS

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London, Perfumers to H.M. the Queen, have invented and patented the world renowned

OBLITERATOR,

Which removes Small Pox Marks of however long standing. The application is simple and harmless. No pain or inconvenience and contains nothing injurious. Price \$2.50

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Leon & Co.'s "Depilatory,"

Removes Superfluous Hair in a few minutes without pain or unpleasant sensation—never to grow again. Simple and harmless. Full directions sent by mail. Price \$1.

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219 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

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Manufacturers of Bluestone, also Lead Pipe, Sheet Lead, Shot, Etc.

This Company has the Best Facilities on the Coast for working

Gold, Silver and Lead Ores and Bullion.

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M. G. FAGRIE, Agent,

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PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON

Fourth Street, Opposite Occidental Hotel,

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Papago Cash Store

324 Fremont St., Tombstone.

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 Assayers' Supplies constantly on hand.

FRANK R. AUSTIN, Proprietor.

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 heretofore obtained the mining title, are hereby requested 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 ROOPER. Tombstone Jan. 12, 1886.