

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.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that I have this day purchased all the right, title and interest of S. A. Hitchcock in and to the Carriage and Wagon and Blacksmithing shops on Third street, and have taken possession thereof and have moved therein, where I will hereafter be found by all old and new customers.

A. K. WADDELL. Jan. 9, 1886.

Notice.

ALL PERSONS NOW OCCUPYING TOWN lots on the surface of the Mountain Road mining claim in Tombstone, and who have a title thereto 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 ROPER. Tombstone Jan. 12, 1886.

Stockholders Meeting.

The regular annual meeting of the stockholders of the Santa Ana, San Juan, Revista and B. O. mines mining companies, all of the Territory of Arizona, for the election of officers and directors for the ensuing year, will be held at the office of the said companies, in Tombstone, A. T., on Monday, January 13, 1886. A. J. HENNE, Secretary. Tombstone, A. T., Dec. 29, 1885.

NOTICE!

To the Occupants of Lots on the 'Way Up' Mining Claim Surface.

I have heretofore notified you that I own three-fifths of the surface ground of the Way Up mine. I now notify you that I claim no right to said ground against any one who has been in possession of a lot or lots thereon for five years, as I think the five years statute of limitation commenced to run on September 22, 1880, when the patent to the townsite issued. But, in any event, I would not disturb any one who has improved on a lot for several years; unless, in the case of one who has identified himself with those who fraudulently obtained the townsite title from Alder Randall, mayor, or who now buys or has lately bought of them or given them aid or assistance.

But, as to all of the lots on said Way Up mine now vacant or unoccupied, or that have lately been settled on or bought from the townsite claimants, or claimants under the Way Up mine, I will assert my rights, but will sell at a reasonable price, reserving my right to refuse to sell to any one who, by purchasing lots as aforesaid from other claimants and paying for more than two-fifths thereof has identified himself with the frauds.

N. B. The two-fifths interest in said Way Up surface which I do not own or claim, does not belong to any one in Tombstone, as near as I can find out by the records of the county.

JAMES REILLY.

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

Meats 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.

A barrel of fresh sauerkraut just received at the Los Angeles Fruit Store, Fifth street.

A large invoice of overcoats of fine styles just received at Summerfield Bros. which they are selling at reasonable prices.

New suitings, at Morris.

Fresh nuts and confections at Pitts Bros. For the best lager beer in Arizona, go to the Oriental.

Buy your Thanksgiving turkey at the Los Angeles Fruit Store.

The finest brandy in Arizona at the Oriental.

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.

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

Fresh Sonora 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.

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

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.

Summerfield Bros. just received a fine lot of choice overcoats which they will sell at a reasonable price.

Job Seamans & Son announce to their many patrons that they have in stock the most elegant and artistic display of diamonds and Christmas presents, etc., etc., that has ever been offered to the citizens of Tombstone. They desire further to inform the public that their reputation for upright, square and legitimate dealing is so well established that they are not driven to resort to deception—hanging out the "red flag," or advertising "snide prize packages," but on the contrary, they give a "fee simple" to every article sold by them. A No. 1 goods, genuine articles and small profits for cash is their motto.

A Desperate Thought.

"What if there is no God?" The dreadful thought took hideous shape within my mortal brain. Then instantly my share of mortal pain pressed heavier on my heart. Like some great blot, hurled out on space, some blighting useless spot, reeking with tears and bloodshed, greed and pain. This sorrow-laden world seemed made in vain, and but a ghastly jest, man's anguish lot.

MISTAKEN.

Thoughtless Words and the Results They Wrought in Two Young Lives.

A cool breeze blew up from the river. It played among the reeds and tall grasses on the bank and ran lightly up the slope toward the white mansion on the hillside, fluttering the vines that fringed the wide piazza where a group of young girls sat chatting, resting, or busying themselves with dainty needlework.

"What a delicious breeze!" exclaimed Florence Freeman, rising as she spoke. The slender, thoughtful-looking young man reclining unseen in the depths of a large easy chair just within one of the long windows glanced up from the pages of a book in which he had been absorbed, and his dark eyes followed her graceful figure admiringly.

"It sets me wild to be doing something," she continued, pacing up and down the long porch. "Do you know, girls," pausing abruptly, "we're a set of slaves!"

"O, Florry!" exclaimed a laughing voice, "now don't give us a lecture on woman's rights!" "Never fear; that isn't what I was thinking of. We are hindered by circumstances from being and doing what we feel is within us to be and do."

"Listen, girls," interrupted another voice, "Florry is up her high horse. Now we shall see some prancing."

"Laugh away," returned Florence. "I'm in earnest. Why must we, because we happen to have drifted into a certain channel, or because a particular course is marked out for us by friends, drift on down the stream or keep on in the same course to the bitter end, even though we must smother the best there is in our natures in doing so?"

Intense feeling emphasized her words, and her unspoken listener found himself wondering what personal experience had prompted them. Amy Gray lifted her eyes.

"Duty is often unpleasant," she said, "but it is best, after all, to have a settled plan and purpose and cling to them through everything. Think what a chaos would result if we all followed our own inclinations, and, worse than that, whatever might for the moment be our ruling passion!"

Florence did not answer for a moment; her eyes were roving across the wide sweep of the river, where a white sail glimmered in the afternoon sunshine.

"O, yes; there must be plans, of course, and they must be carried out, or nothing would be accomplished. But take special cases. There is cousin Dora, for instance. Why must she give up her painting to marry Fred Long, merely because she promised to when a mere child, and didn't know what she wanted? Of course I don't say anything against Fred. He is good as gold, but he can't appreciate her talents. Why, he has begun to interfere with her plans already. Says she works too steadily, and wants her to give up some work she had undertaken in order to be married sooner. She only laughed over it. Of course she wouldn't say anything, but we can all see she doesn't love him. How can she, when he has no sympathy with her on that subject? Now, why can't she say so, and be free?"

"She feels her responsibility," said Amy's soft voice. "She knows how devoted Mr. Long is to her."

"Sh-h! here she comes," whispered Edith Stanley as a bright-faced girl fluttered up from the garden, like a dainty white butterfly, and perched herself on the steps. A dead silence fell on the group for a moment, and then Dora turned her laughing face toward her cousin: "Go on, Florry. You were giving a lecture, weren't you? I could hear you 'orating,' but couldn't catch a word of the discourse."

"It's ended now," said Florence coolly, mentally resolving never to be so careless again in mentioning "special cases," "and unless some one has taken notes you can never hope to know anything about it, for it was quite impromptu." And, taking her cousin's arm, she marched her up and down the piazza humming a gay air.

Meanwhile, within the windows the young man sat motionless, his finger still between the pages that only a few moments ago held him spellbound, although his world had fallen in ruin around him since Florence began her "lecture." Outside the breeze rang among the tree-tops and ruffled the shining bosom of the river. The August sunshine lay mellow on the grass, but he heard nothing, saw nothing.

The tea bell rang suddenly and startled him out of his meditations. The girls disappeared with much chatter and gay laughter, and he rose mechanically and walked like one in a dream down through the garden and on into a little grove beyond, his one thought to be alone where no human eye could add to his torment with its questioning glance. There, under the trees, where he and Dora played in childhood, he walked to and fro, one sentence ringing in his ears like a sentence of doom: "We can all see she doesn't love him." It was hard to come down from the pinnacle where he had imagined himself crowned king of one heart.

When Dora, only 15 then, had given him her hand so confidently as they walked together in this very grove—only it was morning then, and spring-time, and the air was filled with the scent of wild crab-apple blossoms, and she wore them at her throat; how plainly he could see her now, all in white, and the pink of her cheek so like the dainty blossoms—he had taken the gift unquestioningly, and no doubts had ever assailed him. He knew her devotion to art and was proud of her success, but he had never dreamed that it would be his rival in her affections.

"Have I been so blind?" he questioned. "O, my little Dora!"

Something must be done, and that at once. Should he go to Dora and ask if these things were true? That would be like saying "Have you been deceiving me all these years?" He could not do it. He must wait, with what patience he could, until he could decide for himself. He was very thankful that Dora had not quite decided to be married in the fall, as that would be one test he could put her to. It is something to have an idea that can be acted upon at once, and he retraced his steps toward the house with this one purpose in view. How shall he find a minute in which to speak alone with Dora? He feels that he cannot bear the suspense until another day shall come, and then mutters to himself, "Fool! what if it must last a lifetime? What if I am never to know?"

As he reached the piazza a girlish voice cried out eagerly: "O, Mr. Long! where have you been hiding yourself?" and in an instant he was surrounded by a laughing group, who scolded and questioned with such vivacity that their victim found it unnecessary to say a word; it was, in fact, quite impossible. Then Dora rose from the piano.

"Here, Dora!" called Edith Stanley, "here is the deserter. What shall be done to him?" And they led him before his bright-eyed judge.

Dora had never before seemed to him just as she did at that moment—so far away, as if a great gulf were fixed between them. He could scarcely believe in her bright looks, everything seemed so unreal, his life was so shaken to its foundations. It was only by a great effort that he aroused himself to make some commonplace excuse.

Dora's first careless glance at his pallid face changed to one of alarm. The light from an open window fell upon it and she saw its deadly pallor. "Why, Fred!" she cried, "you careless boy! You will be sick again. Come and have some tea." And she led the way to the dining-room. How he longed to say, "Come Dora, I have something to tell you," and then, having her all to himself, pour out these miserable doubts and fears in her ear and so be free from them. But no; here was this crowd of chattering girls—besides, she must not know he had such doubts. Even if she said, "I love you," could he be sure she was not saying it because she believed it to be her duty. And so he finished the evening as best he could, and all night long his heart tormented him with ceaseless questionings.

Several days passed before he found an opportunity to speak alone with Dora. The house was filled with a number of young guests, and Dora must be everywhere.

Fred Long was just now taking a well-earned vacation. After years of hard work and months of illness he had come back to the home of his childhood to regain lost health and strength. He had called this the happiest summer he had known, but now an untimely frost had spoiled its beauty. Among the friends whom Dora was entertaining her cousin Florence Freeman was the only one he had previously known. Naturally they drifted together during these miserable days. With Dora he was miserably ill at ease and restless; her quick eyes noted the change, and she looked about for a cause. Those same quick eyes soon noticed the walks and talks with cousin Florence. "No wonder she admires him," she said, with a sharp little pang at her heart, mentally contrasting tall, handsome Florence with her own little self.

Presently the flock of merry school girls took flight. "Only Florence, and you, and I," said Dora; "just as it used to be." But for both the old charm was destroyed.

One day they walked together along the river bank, and Dora said, "Our playtime is done."

"Yes," he answered, "I must go back to my law books and you must have time for your painting."

A light came into her eyes. "Then I am to go on painting?"

"Yes," he said slowly. "I am making this sacrifice for you. I do not wish you to marry me until you have finished this work you have set your heart upon. It will occupy your whole winter?"

"Yes; perhaps more. Give me a year," she said eagerly, quite unconscious of the pain her words inflicted, and only anxious for time wherein to prove whether, after all these years of devotion, Fred could be won from her.

"Very well," came the answer, calm and steady. No trembling in the quiet tones to betray the heart's unutterable anguish as it whispered to itself, "How glad she is to be free even for a year."

As for Dora, her heart was saying, "He does not care."

And then they talked of indifferent matters, these two foolish ones, and the precious hours in which they might have understood each other slipped away and were gone forever.

Once more apart, their letters were exchanged at regular intervals—Fred's kind and loving. "Of course," said Dora, "it is his duty," while Dora's were a curious study had her lover but known. Each one a little cooler, a little briefer than the last, until by the time spring had dressed the fields and woods in green again poor Fred had well-nigh made up his mind that Flo-

rence was right. Dora's heart was all in her painting; she had grown quite weary of him.

"This suspense is killing me," he would say; "but I'll wait—it is better—it will soon be over."

And Dora, working herself to a shadow over her painting, would think: "The end cannot be far off. He will soon be free."

Early in the summer Fred found himself again in the old familiar haunts, but, alas! the old joyous light was wanting everywhere. A shade, a mist, seemed hanging over everything, and Dora was farther away than ever.

There were no merry guests to divide her attention; but, so absorbed, so silent, did she seem, he could hardly believe it was the same Dora he had known in other days.

A week passed by—a week of mingled paradise and torment. Sometimes he would be on the point of saying to her: "Dora, I will stand in your way no longer," but a faint hope still lingered, and he could not crush it so ruthlessly. At other times he could almost believe himself mistaken—all these months a fearful dream—when her eyes met his so earnestly and seemed filled for a moment with the old, warm light.

They sat together one day upon a little rustic seat, chatting and resting after a walk. Fred had taken some letters from his pocket which he wished to show to Dora. A picture fell from among them. Dora stooped to recover it. "Cousin Florry," she murmured, and Fred began making some commonplace remark upon its correctness. Then, glancing at his companion's face, he was startled at its deadly pallor. "Dora!" he cried, "you are ill. We walked too far. You must rest."

"No, I'm not ill," she said almost sharply. "How lovely Florence is."

"Yes, indeed. She is well-nigh perfect. But there is only one Dora in all the world," taking her little, cold hand in his. "Without Dora the world is meaningless to me."

Dora's eyes were scanning the distant hills. She made no reply. She was stealing her heart against him. "He wants to be true," she thought, "but I will have no such love."

"Dora, you are not happy."

She started. "Not perfectly so. What mortal is?"

"It seems to me I would be if only things could be as they once were between us."

This was the first allusion he had made to the fact that he had noticed any change in their relations.

Dora realized that a crisis was coming. She simply awaited it in silence. She would neither strive to avert nor to hasten it.

"I have sometimes feared that you and I have been mistaken. That is the word, I think. If so, I love you too well to ask you to keep a promise which has become hateful to you."

Dora rose from her seat; a sudden fire flamed in her pale cheek. She held her hand out toward him—the dear little hand that wore his ring. Something in her air bewildered him. He stood a moment motionless, then seized the hand in both his own. She shook him off impatiently and drew the ring from her finger. Now he understood.

"Without a word, Dora?" he said, struggling for self-command as a man might battle for life against the waves of a sea.

"What is there to say?" asked Dora, her voice clear as a silver bell, while her eyes shone like two stars. And again he told himself that lie: "She is glad!"

And so they parted. The tie formed almost in childhood was broken, and they went their separate ways.

Day after day Dora's pale, resolute face bent over her canvases, and she staid her trembling hand for greater achievements. She worked too hard, they said. She was too ambitious; she put too much of her life-blood into the strokes of her brush, and a few months ended the struggle.

He came again to the dear old house beside the river; a crowd of friends had gathered there, but Dora gave them no welcome. Pale and silent she lay and stirred not a finger nor an eyelash for any of their tears. He stood there with Florence, and that still form between them; its smiling lips were no more silent now than they had been in life. A dumb patience was marked on the sweet face, but they never guessed its meaning.

"If she might only have lived!" sobbed Florence. Fred spoke not, but the bitter cry of his heart was, "If I could only know that she loved me!" And they never dreamed, these two—her nearest and dearest—that they had slain her.

Russian Stoves.

The Russian stove is made of fire-resisting porcelain, is always ornamental, and frequently a highly artistic, handsome article of furniture. Internally it is divided by thick fire-clay walls into several upright chambers of fires, usually six in number. Some dry firewood is lighted in a suitable fireplace, and is supplied with only sufficient air to effect combustion, all of which enters below and passes through the fire. The productions of combustion, being thus undiluted with unnecessary cold air, are very highly heated, and in this state pass up and down through different compartments. At the end of this long journey they have given up most of their heat to the twenty-four heat-absorbing surfaces of the fire-clay walls. Then all communication with the chimney is cut off, the fire is put out, having done its work, and the interior of the stove has bottled up its caloric ready for emission into the room, and, passing through the non-conducting walls of the stove, is radiated into departments.