

GREAT CLOSING OUT SALE Begins at the NEW YORK STORE

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 Maid mining claim in Tombstone, and who have a title thereto obtained by 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.

Stockholders Meeting.

The regular annual meeting of the stockholders of the Santa Ana, San Juan, Bevilacqua and Bronson's 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 19, 1886. A. J. HUNTER, 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 improvements 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.

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.

For Rent.

Two or more handsomely furnished rooms in adobe building on Fourth and Bruce streets. Two furnished rooms for gentlemen; low price. One five-roomed cottage. One three-roomed house. Inquire on premises corner Fourth and Bruce streets or of Robt. Eccleston, City Wood & Coal Yard, Fourth and Toughnut streets.

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

The finest brandy in Arizona at the Oriental.

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

Fresh Sonoro 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 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 To: Hoefler's.

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

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.

The soil and climate of Tombstone are well adapted to the culture of many kinds of fruits and flowers. Mr. William Branche, whose nursery is on Fulton street, near Second, has just received a choice assortment, well suited to the neighborhood of Tombstone. A full stock of fruit trees, grape vines, and all kinds of small fruit constantly on hand.

Mrs. H. G. Howe will open her school again on January 5th. Pupils of all grades are solicited and parents desiring private instructions for their children, may be assured that every attention necessary for their advantage will be thoroughly given, as Mrs. Howe is a teacher of many years' experience. Apply at residence on Fifth street, between Third and Fourth.

Tennysonian.

Two Extracts from the New Volume of the English Poet-Laureate.

The New York Independent has received by cable two extracts from Tennyson's new volume. The first, which is reputed one of the best of the short poems, is as follows: EARLY SPRING.

Once more the heavenly power makes all things new, And dunes the red-plowed hills with loving blue; The blackbirds have their wills—the throats, too.

Opens a door in Heaven. From skies of glass A Jacob's ladder falls on growing grass; And o'er the mountain walls young angels pass.

Before them fleets the shower and bursts the buds, And shine the level lands and flash the floods. The stars are from their hands flung through the woods.

The woods with living airs, how softly fanned! Light airs from where the deep, all down the sand, Is breathing his sleep, heard by the land.

O, follow leaping bird, the season's lure; O heart, look down on up, serene, secure, Warm as the crocus bud—like snowdrops pure.

Past, future, glimpse and fade through some slight spell, A gleam from yonder vale some far blue fell; And sympathies how frail in sound and smell.

'Till at thy chuckled note, thou twinkling bird, The fairy fancies range and lightly stirred, Ring, little bells of change, from word to word.

For now the Heavenly powers make all things new, And thaws the cold and fills the flower with dew. The blackbirds have their wills—the poets, too.

The second extract is from the poem "Tiresias," which, while wandering in the forest, happened to see Minerva bathing, and was punished by the angry goddess with loss of his sight. The life of seven generations was accorded him, and his gift of prophecy, like Cassandra's, was so cursed that no one might believe him. Tiresias speaks:

Then, in my wanderings, all the lands that lie Subjected to the Heliconian ridge Have heard this footsteps fall, although my wont

Was more to scale the highest of the heights, With some strange hope to see the nearer God. One naked peak, the sister of the sun, Would climb from out the dark and linger there.

To sliver all the valleys with her shafts. There once, but long ago, five times thy term Of years, I lay. The woods were dead for heat:

The noonday crag made the land burn and sick For shadow; not one bush was near. I rose, Following a torrent till its myriad falls, Found silence in the hollows underneath.

There in a secret olive glade I saw Phyllis alone climbing from the bath In anger. Yet one glittering foot disturbed The lucid well. One snowy knee was pressed Against the margin flowers. A dreadful light Came from her golden hair, her golden helm, And all her golden armor on the grass, And from her virgin breast and virgin eyes, Remains fixed on mine till mine grew dark Forever; and I heard a voice that said:

"Henceforth be blind, for thou hast seen too much; And speak the truth that no man may believe."

He Got His Case.

A good story is told of a celebrated lawyer of Massachusetts. He had a client who had patented a process for preserving meats, and another party living outside the state had commenced suit for infringement. All the courts had decided against the lawyer except the supreme court of the United States, and before the case reached that court the lawyer was searching to find some body who had used the process before, and after much time and money had been spent in traveling around the country they found a man in Philadelphia who, it was said, had a process of similar nature. The attorney was not long in reaching that city and finding his man, who proved to be an undertaker and a German. The interview took place just after the German had had his dinner. He was asked if he preserved the bodies in his business, and making a favorable reply, was asked what he used and how he applied it.

The sexton slowly described the articles from which the preserving material was made and carefully explained its application. The lawyer was delighted, but did not dare to show it, for he knew he had been searching for years. He asked of the undertaker the privilege of witnessing the operation, but was told that strangers never came there.

The lawyer determined to see the thing through, if he possibly could. The undertaker said that he did not want anybody loitering around at such a time. This gave the undertaker an opportunity to offer his services as "helper," whereupon the man of bodies said if he wanted to "help around," when he was doing the job, he could come. This was more than satisfactory, and the lawyer made arrangements with the undertaker to send word to his hotel when he had a subject. Back to the hotel the man of law went, and quickly got together some old clothing, for he expected he would be called at any moment. Early the next morning the message came, and the searcher after knowledge repaired to the place of the dead. The body was placed in position, and the attorney, acting the part of the "boy," brought water and sponges, and with his own hands mixed the chemicals, at the direction of the undertaker, and applied them to the body. The body was very hot and he watched the body until it was ready to be dropped into the grave, when he was ready to leave the old undertaker and give him a chance to hire another boy.

When the case was called in the supreme court, it was but a short time after his experience at the undertaker's in Philadelphia, and when he argued his case he showed a wonderful familiarity with the subject, and as it was shown conclusively that the process had been in use years before the plaintiff had secured his patent the lawyer got his case. It was some years before the facts came out, and it is a question now if the other side in the case has found out how its opponent got posted on preserving bodies.—Boston Herald.

In first-class passenger carriages on English lines they put pans of hot water in the compartments to keep the passengers warm. Stoves are not used.

A FRENCHMAN'S TRICK.

How he Reaps a Golden Harvest in New York City.

"Parlez-vous Francais, monsieur, s'il vous plait?" asked a figure that stepped out from the shadow of a tree into the middle of one of the walks in Madison square the other evening. The reporter said he did, a very little, and then looked inquiringly at his questioner.

The latter touched his battered cap in true military style, and then thanked all the saints in the calendar that he had found some one in this forlorn country who could understand him. He was a soldier, a veteran of Magenta and Solferino, of Sedan and Metz. As he said this he straightened his lean figure, twirled the long mustache under his aquiline nose, and drew the stiffly-waxed imperial through his fingers.

"But now," said he striking his breast, over which the shabby frock-coat was buttoned tightly up under the chin, "now, I am starving—without a sou! Would monsieur be merciful enough to help an unfortunate one who had been vainly looking for work ever since he came over from Paris, five weeks ago?"

The reporter gave him a quarter. The ex-soldier of Solferino saluted and marched down the path away from the electric light.

Ten minutes later the reporter was crossing the square again. As he stopped in the shadow of a tree to light a cigar he saw the figure of the veteran come up a narrow path and stop in front of a lady and gentleman who were approaching. The same question which had been asked before was again asked, this time with a bow in honor of the lady. The gentleman evidently answered in the affirmative, for the veteran launched forth in an impassioned appeal in French for a little money to keep him from starving. The gentleman put his hand into his pocket, then into the veteran's hand, and then passed on with his companion.

Hardly had they turned the corner of the path when a young man in a bob-tailed overcoat and very high collar with the ends turned over loomed up.

The veteran met him as he had met the others. The young man in answer to the question, "Parlez-vous Francais, monsieur?" stammered out an incoherent answer, whereat the veteran said in English that he was "very hungry," and then began to recite in French his pitiable condition. The young man listened as if he understood it all, and then giving him a half-dollar walked on with a self-satisfied smile on his smooth face.

"See here," said the reporter stepping out of the shadow, "if you'll tell me how long you have been playing this game, and how you do it, I'll give you half a dollar."

The veteran scowled, but as the half-dollar glittered in his questioner's hand he hesitated a moment and then laughed.

"Of course you aren't a Frenchman?" said the reporter.

"Oh, yes, surely, monsieur," said the beggar, earnestly; "but I am not exactly a veteran. I was a regimental cook once, but I have lived in America for five years. Business was dull last summer and I bethought myself how to make money. At last I had a little idea. Said I to myself, everybody admires being thought to speak French, and if I can make myself a flatterer to their vanity they will pay for it. So I came out one night and began, just as I asked you to-night, 'Parlez-vous Francais, monsieur, s'il vous plait!' It is certainly not every gentleman I meet who will stop, but the great number do. If they are with ladies they are more sure to stop a minute and let me tell them my story, for in that way they make an impression on the fair one with them. Many a one does not understand the language, and so he hesitates. Then I say in English that I am hungry, and then I go on in French. They know then that I am asking for money, and they listen and pretend to understand. They almost all give me money, but the most liberal are the postulantes, or dudes, as you call them, like the one with the cane and the overcoat that just went past. But, *voila*, it is a fair exchange. They think they impose on me by pretending to understand me, and I make them pay for thinking so. *Merci, monsieur, bon nuit!*" And with another salute he pocketed the silver and marched down the path toward Broadway, where among the hundreds of theatregoers he resumed the carrying out of his little linguistic idea.—N. Y. Sun.

A Clever Cheat.

Henry Keys, who left the Pioneer Park, Oakland, Cal., recently, played a trick by which he realized \$65 for forty gallons of water. wishing to see one, he "doctored" a barrel so as to dispose of it as full of pure whisky. He arranged in the barrel a piece of hose two feet long, with one end hermetically sealed. He then filled the hose with a quart of the finest whisky—old, oily and rich. He then fastened the unsealed end to the faucet on the inside, headed up the barrel and filled it with water. Ready was he for a purchaser for "forty gallons of rare old whisky," and Max Marcuse proved a willing customer. Marcuse sampled the liquor drawn from the hose, pronounced it good and bought the barrel for \$65. After drawing a few drinks the supply in the hose gave out, and an examination showed the deception. In the meantime Keys had left the town, and he has not been heard from. Two warrants await him—one for obtaining money under false pretenses, and the other for disposing of fixtures in the Pioneer Park which are said to belong to the estate of Michael Reese. Max Marcuse is figuring how much to charge profit and loss in his ledger for the purchase of one barrel, two feet of hose, one quart of whisky and forty gallons of water.

Mountaineers and Turkeys.

The mode of hunting wild turkeys, adopted by the Blue Mountain hunters of Tennessee, is to "corn" a suitable part of the woods frequented by the birds—generally in old clearings.—Coring is simply the scattering of corn upon the ground and making choice feeding places, that the turkeys, which fly in flocks, are not long in discovering. When a hunter discovers the presence of a flock in his "field" he corns it, and generally feels certain that in time he will have every one of the turkeys bagged. When the clearing is scattered with the corn, the hunter takes a position in it from which he has a view of the feeding-place, but where he cannot be seen by the birds. The turkeys drop into the clearing with a great flutter and much gobbling by the males. The hunter picks out the bird he wishes to secure on the ground, and another at which he will shoot when they rise. He shoots the one on the ground and the other in the air. Large shot are used, and heavy charges of powder, as the feathers of the game are very close and the skin tough. A skilful hunter rarely fails to bring down his two birds, but a novice usually sees both birds take wing without any apparent damages from his charges. It is almost useless to try to get a shot at a flock of turkeys by flushing them, as their hearing and sight are extremely acute, and a flock always gets up and removes itself from harm's way long before the hunter is within gunshot.

But while so wily in that respect, they lack all semblance of shrewdness in visiting the "corned" places. No matter how large a flock is, it will continue being reduced in number by regularly visiting the place in the morning where it was shot at the evening before, and in the evening after having been shot in in the morning. This is kept up until only one bird comes to feed where all of its companions were killed.—Sometimes, when a pair of turkeys remain, the two will join another flock, and accompany it to the feeding place it has selected.

There are many pot-hunters among the Blue Mountain people who trap snare, and net the turkeys, and the legitimate sportsmen destroy scores of their traps and nets every season.

Hawks and foxes destroy many turkeys. The hawks are of immense size, some that have been killed measuring six feet from tip to tip. Wild turkeys weigh from eight to twenty pounds, and large numbers are sent from the Blue Mountain region to New York and Philadelphia markets. Sportsmen from the cities visit the region every season, and spend weeks at the cabins of the local hunters who serve as guides to the hunting-grounds.

Hokusai.

One hundred and twenty-three years ago—in the year just before the first observed transit of Venus—there was a looking-glass maker in Yedo, who was made happy by the information, "It's a boy." Neighbors and friends rushed in to congratulate Mrs. Middle-Island, the happy mother, whose son, North-house (Hokusai) was to become the most famous artist in Japan.

As the boy grew up he was fond of drawing, and always had a pencil or brush-pen in his hand. He made pictures of babies on their mother's backs, of chubby children playing, of the ownerless wolfish dogs and bob-tailed cats of Yedo. Nearly all the Japanese artists before North-house, had painted only lords and ladies of the court, nobles' costumes and gorgeous silk dresses, and gold-lacquered vases and palanquins belonging to the Mikado. Many of their subjects were Chinese, but silken curtains and red temples and pagodas, with abundance of gold clouds in the picture to cover up the plain or common parts, were what one saw on most famous works of art.

But Hokusai was a man of the people. He cared next to nothing about Chinese heroes, or high lords of the court,—except to make fun of them,—and so he struck out in a new line. He pictured farmers and mechanics, thatched cottages and shops and markets, pack-horses and street dogs, and everything in humble life. He especially entered into the juvenile world,—which is only as high as a yard-stick,—and while his brother artists soaked into the mountains and clouds Hokusai kept on the ground, with the result that even the babies understood his drawings, and dyers bought his books for their patterns. To study some of the dainty pictures dyed into a *daimio* (Japanese lord) lady's skirt, or to read a Japanese fairy tale on a bride's robe, is often to recognize Hokusai's pictures reproduced in color.

Hokusai opened a studio in Yedo in 1810, and labored steadily with the brush until 1849—about five years before Commodore Perry entered the Bay of Yedo. His chief books of pictures are his *manga*, or albums of sketches. Occasionally he made journeys, and the fruits of his travel were his "Hundred Views of Fuji-Yama," besides many pictures of natural scenery. His drawings are more simple and less finished than ours, but are much clearer than those of most Japanese draughtsmen, so that, of them all, Hokusai is best understood by foreigners.

Hokusai is dead, but thousands of Japanese still chuckle over his caricatures; and in American metal-work, silverware, wall-paper, silk, embroidery, and a hundred forms of decorative art, the strokes of his pencil are visible, with a character all their own.—"A Japanese Funny Artist," by William Elliot Griffis, in St. Nicholas for March.

Eighteen karat gold is worth about \$16 an ounce. The last importations of cocaine cost \$8 a gramme or \$224 an ounce. An apothecary's pound of this substance would, therefore, cost over \$3,500.