

GOLDFIELD LETTER.

How the Superstition Mountains Are Built.

A Suggestion Concerning a Huge Tunnel Through Them—School Matters at Goldfield.

GOLDFIELD, ARIZ., April 17, 1895.

There will be an election for a board of school trustees on Saturday, April 20. It is understood that Messrs. Walter Lewis, J. C. Champion and John Meehan will be among the candidates. As honest and capable men, having the welfare of the rising generation at heart, are desired, it is hoped that the offices will be awarded to the above named gentlemen.

William Turnbow, formerly in the employ of Peterson Bros., has left his place to prospect on his claims in Yavapai county on the Santa Maria.

John Cave, a promising young business man of Tempe, spent Easter Sunday in Goldfield, visiting among his lady friends.

The Mammoth mill will soon be running on ore from the Black Queen mine, large bodies of free-milling ore being now available.

William A. Farris, a Denver mining engineer, was in town this week. He has been examining a property in Mexico for Goldfield, Denver and Washington capitalists. The ore, it is said, averages two ounces in gold and twelve ounces of silver, and the mine is valued at half a million dollars.

The Lamb brothers have in course of erection an arastra on their claim near the Superstition mine No. 1. They expect to do well as the ground looks favorable. The work on the Old Dominion property has been temporarily suspended.

Three has been some prospecting done of late on top of the Superstition mountains. Contrary to the general impression the mountain is highly mineralized and it is composed of broad porphyritic bands of diverse colors alternating with metamorphic rocks. Many of these porphyritic ledges contain quartz and are in no sense different from the ledges in the Goldfield basin. The Kimball lode and the Needle lode are immense mineral ledges which pass through the mountain running under what appears to be a trachyte bluff which together with diorite seems to form the capping of the mountain. It would appear to an ordinary observer from this capping that the mountain was composed of these rocks but close inspection shows the porphyry bands to form nearly one third of the mountain mass. Water is in most of the gulches near the top there being a constant flow from the rocks, of course depending in amount on the time from the last rainfall. The difficulty in making an account of the mountain is fully compensated for by the magnificence of the view spread out.

The desert appears plainly in sight; the Mesa road, with its space cleared of underbrush, winds on its way to Mesa. The Salt and Gila rivers can both be seen on a clear day. What are called mountains in the valley appear like ant hills from above. A proposition which would embrace a tunnel scheme into the Superstition mountain would develop an abundance of water and much ore probably of great value if any considerable depth is obtained on the ledges. Assays from the ores on top of the mountain and on the side show the presence of gold in small quantities, no worse than the top rock of many valuable lodes in the basin.

METALLURGIST.

CONVENT PUPILS.

Excellent Musical and Recitative Entertainment.

The concert last evening in the opera house by the pupils of the Sisters' academy was well attended and thoroughly enjoyed. The sweet little misses were all attired in their best bib and tucker and plentifully decked out with roses. The young lady pupils were also charming and sang, recited and acted in a highly creditable manner.

A number of instrumental performances were freely applauded. The program closed with a short but very amusing operetta "Cobwebs."

The pupils participating were Misses E. Bowyer, E. Giroux, M. Hurley, C. Brill, S. Righetti, C. Galpin, F. Sena, N. Tooney, N. Spinas, M. Gibson, W. Wells, A. Monihon, E. DeWitt, Rue Eberle, M. Snyder, B. Plumridge, T. Besse, Grace Munro, E. Martini, L. Martini, M. Giroux and Masters E. Grof, A. Luhrs, E. Redewill and M. Galpin.

UNITING FORCES.

Ohio Iron Miners Will Fight for an Advance in Wages.

CLEVELAND, O., April 19.—Aetna Lodge, No. 13, of the National Union of Iron and Steel Workers, at a meeting last night, surrendered its charter and at once reorganized as a lodge of the Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel workers. This is considered important by iron workers, as it marks the beginning of the dissolution of the Finishers' Union, which was an offshoot of the Amalgamated association, and its organization greatly weakened that great association.

The iron workers count on the return of the finishers to the Amalgamated association to give them strength to make the fight for an advance of wages at the coming convention of the organization in this city.

ZIMMY TAKES A WIFE.

The World's Champion Bicyclist Becomes a Benedict.

TROY, N. Y., April 19.—Arthur A. Zimmerman was married in this city tonight to Miss Grace Riley, sister of ex-assemblyman James M. Riley.

HE DID NOT LIKE PERFUMES.

But the Reminiscent Odor of a Cigar Was Another Matter.

It was at a lecture; the room was hot and crowded, and Mrs. Bittersweet noticed that her husband was suffering under a sense of injury, says the Chicago Tribune.

"What is it, dear?" she whispered, under cover of one of the speaker's rounded periods.

Mr. Bittersweet's sniffs became more audible. "It's the abominable odor of perfumery in the room," he puffed. "I'm almost asphyxiated by it. Why, I can count fourteen distinct scents every time the women about us applaud."

"O, well, try not to notice it," whispered his wife, with that cheerfulness always displayed by the friends of the sufferer in such cases. "Do listen to the lecture; it is just splendid."

"Humph; I suppose you like the odor; women always do like whatever costs money. Do you happen to know what is spent annually on perfumery in America alone?"

"No, dear, I don't. What is it?"

"Um—well, I don't remember the exact figures just now, but I assure you it is something enormous. For my part I think that the carrying of perfumes into public places should be prohibited by law, and the amount of money which would otherwise have been wasted upon them might then go towards endowing an asylum for those idiots who don't know that others have rights in public."

"Sh—sh! You are disturbing people. The lady in the violet bonnet is looking daggers at you."

"Humph, the one whose handkerchief is poisoned with patchouli; I don't care if she isn't pleased. Say, I think I'll step out for a cigar."

"Do," said his wife, with a smile. "I thought something beside the perfume was troubling you."

He came back before long with smiling face and settled himself contentedly in his place. As he did so the lady in the violet bonnet, who sat next to him, began to wave her handkerchief before her face.

"Isn't it awful," she whispered to her companion, "wherever one goes it is just the same—some horrid man poisons the air with the odor of stale tobacco; positively I couldn't endure it if I hadn't some strong perfume about me as an antidote."

QUEEN VICTORIA'S WIT.

When a Child Her Majesty Was Full of Resources.

When but a mere child, writes Alfred T. Story in the Windsor Magazine, her majesty used to delight George IV. by her quick wit.

One day when staying at the royal lodge the king entered the drawing-room leading his little niece by the hand. The band was stationed as usual in the adjoining conservatory. "Now, Victoria," said his majesty, "the band is in the next room and shall play any tune you please; what shall it be?" "Oh, uncle," replied the princess with great readiness, "I should like 'God Save the King' better than anything else."

A similar instance of childish quickness is related in regard to the queen's early studies in music:

Being one day required to practice at the pianoforte, she objected, desiring to know why it was necessary to spend so much time in the drudgery of running up and down scales. She was told that there was no royal road to music, and that she must practice like other children. The little autocrat did not agree with this, and quietly locked the piano and put the key in her pocket, saying: "There, you see! There is no must in the matter." Having made her point, however, she was soon prevailed upon to reopen the instrument, and so proceed with her lesson.

"FUDGES" OF VASSAR COLLEGE.

How the Sweet Girl Undergraduate Spoils Her Digestion.

"Nearly every night at college," said the Vassar girl, "some girl may be found somewhere who is making 'fudges' or giving a fudge party," says a writer in the Boston Globe. "Fudges are Vassar chocolates, and they are simply the most delicious edibles ever manufactured by a set of sweetmeat-loving girls. Their origin is wrapped



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"To make them, take two cups of sugar, one cup of milk, a piece of butter one-half the size of an egg, and a teaspoonful of vanilla extract. The mixture is cooked until it begins to get grimy. Then it is taken from the fire, stirred briskly, and turned into buttered tins. Before it hardens it is cut into squares. You may eat the fudge either cold or hot; it is good either way. It never tastes so delicious, however, as when made at college, over a spluttering gas lamp, in the seclusion of your own apartments. The various difficulties that this method entails but make the fudge taste sweeter."

He Dreaded a Repetition.

A minister in Glasgow was annoyed by people talking and giggling. He paused, looked at the disturbers, and said: "Some years since, as I was preaching, a young man who sat before me was constantly laughing, talking and making uncouth grimaces. I paused and administered a severe rebuke. After the close of the service a gentleman said to me: 'Sir, you made a great mistake; that young man was an idiot.' Since then I have always been afraid to reprove those who misbehave themselves in church, lest I should repeat that mistake and reprove another idiot."

Critical Logic Failed.

The late Sherlock Holmes had a favorite dictum: "Eliminate the impossible, and what is left, however improbable, must be the truth." This was not at all in accordance with the saying of Victor Hugo: "Nothing is so imminent as the impossible. What must be always foreseen is the unforeseen." Most of us will agree, from experience, with Hugo rather than with Holmes. The impossible does not happen. When "Mercy Philbrick's Choice" was published in the "No Name" series, the critics were agreed that it seemed to be written by Helen Hunt Jackson. But, as those who knew her love for flowers and acquaintance with nature also pointed out, she could not be the author, for there were several glaring mistakes in the naming and placing of blossoms in the story. Yet, as was afterward disclosed, she did write it; so all the theorizing went for nothing.

Buried Him Deep.

The beadle in a rural district in Perthshire had become too feeble to perform his duties as minister's man and grave digger, and had to get an assistant. The two did not agree well, but after a few months Sandy, the beadle, died, and Tammas had to perform the last service for his late partner. The minister strolled up to Tammas while he was giving the finishing touches to the grave, and casually remarked: "Have you put Sandy weel down, Tammas?" "I h— that, sir," said Tammas, very decidedly. "Sandy may get up, but he'll be among the hindmost."

The Prince Took Off His Hat.

According to the Philadelphia Record, the captain of the clipper Louisiana, which lately arrived at that port, tells a good story of the way an American boy, without making himself offensive, extorted a tribute from royalty. While the Louisiana was lying at Dublin, the prince of Wales, who was then the guest of the lord mayor of the Irish capital, sent word to the captain that he would like to come on board and see what an old-time American clipper-ship was like. The captain's son heard what was going on, and declared that he would make the prince tip his hat to him. He knew, it seems, that the prince was not in the habit of uncovering in this way. When the royal party came on board the boy appeared on deck waving the American flag. The prince, seeing the national colors, lifted his hat, and the rest of the party followed suit, to the great delight of the captain's son, who thus had made good his boast.

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Want to sell or trade for anything
Want to find customers for anything

... TRY ...

THE REPUBLICAN

CLASSIFIED ADS.

CANAL COMPANY.

The Rio Verde Canal Co

Has removed its offices to

No. 14 Second Ave., North,

Where they are registering the names of intending

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