

SANTA CRUZ PATAGONIAN

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PATAGONIA, ARIZONA, FRIDAY, JULY 16, 1915

No. 30



Opening of Trench Mine

Beginning of Revival in Harshaw

The reopening of the Trench mine will bring the Harshaw section again into prominence, it being the greatest of the many properties which brought millions into the thriving village of Harshaw up to the late nineties, when the low prices of lead and silver, combined with the wasteful methods of mining at that time, caused the properties to be closed down. The economical methods of mining and reduction now in practice will permit of large earnings from the vein on the Trench ground, which runs high in silver and lead.

The Trench mine is about one and one-half miles northwest of Harshaw, in a small tributary to Alum Gulch, at an elevation of 500 feet. It is easily accessible, being only one-third of a mile off the stage road.

The mine was first worked by Col. Titus and Thomas Gardner about 1859, closed down, and reopened by Thomas Gardner in 1870, and later was sold to J. B. Haggan, by whom it was patented in 1872. It was worked later by Senor Sanchez and a large tonnage of high grade ore was produced.

George Hearst of San Francisco purchased the mine in 1880 and sunk a 400-foot shaft, but the ore encountered was not the rich Trench vein and the mine was closed down.

The Haggan and Tevis interest then leased the property, opened up the rich ore body and took out a number of shipments.

William Powers, Jack Morrison, J. Sillenborg and Benjamin Black leased the property in 1889 and operated it for a time, shipping to the Crittenden smelter about one hundred tons of ore which averaged 40 per cent lead and 60 ounces of silver per ton and netted \$4,400. They had five feet of fine ore, but their commissary outfit was burned on Christmas night and the lease was given up.

Charles Marsden then leased

Notice for Publication

016604

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Phoenix, Arizona, June 4, 1915.

Notice is hereby given that Cornelius Ferris, of Sonoita, Arizona, who, on February 2, 1912, made Homestead Entry, No. 016604, for W $\frac{1}{2}$ NW $\frac{1}{4}$, Section 9; E $\frac{1}{2}$ NE $\frac{1}{4}$, Section 8, Township 20 S., Range 17 E., G. & S. R. B. & Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make three year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Edward L. Mix, Clerk of Superior Court, at Nogales, Arizona, on the 27th day of July, 1915.

Claimant names as witnesses: Edward S. Black, George J. White, Fred L. Putnam, All of Sonoita, Arizona; Ernest R. Purdum, of Nogales, Arizona.

Thomas F. Weedin, Register. First pub. June 18—July 16

Notice for Publication

017099

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Phoenix, Arizona, June 4, 1915.

Notice is hereby given that Fred L. Putnam, of Sonoita, Arizona, who, on April 1, 1912, made Homestead Entry, No. 017099, for E $\frac{1}{2}$ NW $\frac{1}{4}$, N $\frac{1}{2}$ SW $\frac{1}{4}$, Section 9, Township 20 S., Range 17 E., G. & S. R. B. & Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make three year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Edward L. Mix, Clerk of Superior Court, at Nogales, Arizona, on the 27th day of July, 1915.

Claimant names as witnesses: Cornelius Ferris, Edward S. Black, Both of Sonoita, Arizona; Horace B. Hall, Lelia I. Hall, Both of Nogales, Arizona.

Thomas F. Weedin, Register. First pub. June 18—July 16

There is a record for square dealing back of every foot of Lumber in our yard.

PATAGONIA LUMBER CO.

Mining Men, Contractors, Carpenters and Ranchers will find our yard stocked to meet all demands for first class material.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL NOTES

Charlie Dumont, nephew of Mrs. James Kane, is here from Sahuarita.

John Russell was in town on Wednesday from his ranch in Parker Canyon.

Harry B. Riggs and Louis Quinn have some fine corn on the sacaton field east of town.

Walter Carroll was in this week from Washington Camp, where he has been filling a wood contract for the big mine.

A. M. Valenzuela was a passenger for Nogales on Wednesday evening, later going to Tucson, and will return Monday.

Annual Session of Mining Congress

The Nogales Chamber of Commerce is desirous that Santa Cruz county be properly represented at the eighteenth annual session of the American Mining Congress to be held at San Francisco on September 20-22. It is probable that several mining men of the county contemplate visiting the exposition and could arrange to go about the date mentioned, and if so, the Chamber of Commerce would like to be so advised.

Harold E. Bierce, manager for the Sterling Borax Company at the Flux mine, left Saturday for Pasadena and the coast, where several weeks will be passed on a vacation and looking after business affairs.

W. L. Taylor, the engineer sent out by the Amhurson Company of Roanoke, Va., to put up the tram on the Flux property, left for the east last Saturday morning, after a several months' stay. The tram is working smoothly.

James Cunningham was over from the Conquest mine last week. This fine copper property on the west slope of the Santa Ritas is owned by Chris B. Wilson and Mr. Cunningham. The latter is building a road from the mine to connect with the county road from Amadoville.

Van Tyne Pritchard of Peoria, Ill., representing the St. Louis Smelting and Refining Company, was a guest at the Commercial several days, during which he gained a familiar knowledge of the district, which he says has the greatest field of undeveloped mineral resources in the country.

Gasoline Engine for Sale
Gasoline Engine, with pump jack, all complete. James H. Reagan, Patagonia, Arizona.

Pigs for Sale
Two months old pigs. Call or address C. F. Young, San Rafael Valley, Arizona.

Elite Cleaning Pressing Works
Mrs. Anna Brown
Patagonia, Arizona

THE REXALL STORE

International Drug Co.

Nogales - - - Arizona
C. H. Hector, Manager

Box C Phone 67

MAIL ORDERS OUR SPECIALTY

Physicians' Prescriptions prepared at all hours, day or night, by Registered and Competent Druggists only. A full line of Rexall, A. D. S., Dykes' Specialties always on hand.

We promise satisfaction or money cheerfully refunded.

Mrs. Dora Kane left Wednesday for a several days' business trip in Nogales.

James E. Gatlin was in town Thursday from the San Rafael Valley on a business trip.

Judge O. H. Phelps was in from the Mowry Wednesday and left for Nogales to transact business.

A. H. Glidewell was a passenger for Nogales Wednesday night, going from there to Los Angeles.

Miss Ruby Shields returned home Thursday after entertaining visits with friends in the San Rafael Valley.

Frank B. Mosen was over Tuesday from Hereford in his car, accompanied by Mr. Stephens of Cananea and Hereford.

George Beebe of Elgin came down Wednesday on his way to Bloxton to get his auto, which had been left there on account of motor trouble, and proceeded to Nogales on a business trip.

Jewell Trask had two fingers broken Wednesday. He roped a big steer, which turned around a nearby tree, the horse taking the other side, and in the mixup Jewell got two fingers caught between the rope and saddle horn. The wounds were attended to by Dr. Harris and Jewell is again in the saddle, but will not be able to handle a rope for some time.

The Improvement Season Is Still in Progress

J. W. Miller, manager of the Patagonia Lumber Company, says there has been some movement this week in the building line.

Albert Gatlin built a garage for his new car.

The Trench mine has been using considerable mining timbers.

Harry Stevens put up a garage for his car on the Lou Stevens ranch northeast of town.

H. Z. Bellue, the contractor, is putting up a ranch house near Vaughn for his nephew, who is a new settler in the county.

Col. Richardson is having the Patagonia Commercial Company building and his offices repainted and George Coughlin is doing a fine piece of work.

"Safety First"

The train last Friday morning was delayed while running between Calabasas and Bloxton by a number of cattle being on the tracks, the engineer stopping five times to get the animals out of the way, the wires being off the posts for some distance. One of the steers jumped out of the brush and was run down and killed before the engineer could bring the train to a stop. The passengers and trainmen should be protected and the company can do it by having the fences in repair. The S. P. company laid off all its section men three days the last week in June to make a showing for the fiscal year which closed June 30th.

Pendergrass's Amusement Parlor

Cigars and Tobaccos

Pool Table Soft Drinks

Patagonia, Arizona

Road Bond Issue Petition Presented

The board of supervisors received and filed last week a petition for calling a bond election, which was signed by 144 taxpayers, representing more than 51 per cent of the taxpayers of the county. Engineer H. Gordon Glore was appointed to make preliminary surveys and estimates of the cost of the proposed system.

News From Cochise County

The Tombstone Epitaph has the following by Joe Bush of Turner: In a cattle stealing case tried in Justice Brinley's court here last week a subpoena had been issued for Inspector Billy Bennett, who had the stolen steer in his possession, at Benson, to be present with the said animal. The subpoena was served on Billy too late for him to come on the train, so he hogtied the calf and brought it over in a Ford.

Billy's stunt was never heard of before and will have a tendency to revolutionize the cattle rustling business, as several of the cowhands heretofore not interested are contemplating purchasing Ford machines.

Local visitors to the Fourth and Fifth celebration at Nogales returned much refreshed and well pleased with their treatment, especially the frequent trips across the line.

Supervisors J. S. Gatlin and George W. Parker came up Saturday from Nogales, after having passed a week in the county seat at the Fourth celebration and several days' session of the board.

Mrs. John Archer of Tucson came over Friday evening for a visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Kane. She was accompanied by her nephew, Cecil Wilson, who will pass some time with his grandparents.

Notice for Publication

016044

024473

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Phoenix, Arizona, July 2, 1915.

Notice is hereby given that Fred Gentle, of Elgin, Arizona, who, on December 8, 1911, made Homestead Entry, No. 016044, for E $\frac{1}{2}$ SW $\frac{1}{4}$, W $\frac{1}{2}$ SE $\frac{1}{4}$, Section 5; and Add'l H. E. No. 024473, March 25, 1914, for SW $\frac{1}{4}$ SW $\frac{1}{4}$, Sec. 5; S $\frac{1}{2}$ SE $\frac{1}{4}$, NW $\frac{1}{4}$ SE $\frac{1}{4}$, Section 6, Township 20 S., Range 18 E., G. & S. R. B. & Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make three year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Edward L. Mix, Clerk Superior Court, at Nogales, Arizona, on the 10th day of August, 1915.

Claimant names as witnesses: Michael T. Lavelle, William H. Smith, Tjitzie Abes de Boer, Emma C. Marsh, All of Elgin, Arizona.

Thomas F. Weedin, Register. First published July 9—Aug. 6

Services Tonight at School House

Rev. R. S. Withrow, who is in charge of field work in this district for the Baptist church of Arizona, will be here tonight, July 16, and hold services in the school house at 8 o'clock, and all are invited to attend.

Services will be held in the San Rafael Valley school house on Sunday, July 18.

Bracey Curtis, president of the First National Bank of Nogales, returned home this week after a several weeks' business trip in the east.

Mrs. Silas Nash Hall and little son came in Tuesday from the San Rafael Valley and left on Wednesday morning for Douglas to join Mr. Hall.

Mrs. C. F. Young came in Thursday from the San Rafael Valley and left this morning for Los Angeles, to be with her mother, who is very ill.

Miss Isabella Stone was a visitor in Nogales Wednesday, going down in the county car with Sheriff McKnight and returned in the Gatlin car.

Mrs. John B. Aspinall, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. O. H. Weaver in Nogales for several months, left last week for her home in England.

H. H. McCutchan received a shipment of ice Thursday, which he is selling at \$1 per 100 lbs. Ice storage room open to local residents from 7 to 8 a.m.

ELGIN

Everyone is glad that the rains have started.

The grant that has just been fenced is now being rounded up.

Don't forget the dance at the Elgin school house, Saturday, July 17!

Dr. Perrin and son passed through Elgin Monday, going to Nogales.

Mr. Stutsman has just received a fine "Cracker Jack" windmill for his farm.

Mr. Bartlett, cousin of Mrs. W. H. Collier, left Monday en route to Nogales.

T. J. Turner, the well known cattle king, is here from Hereford, visiting his family.

Miss Helen Rodgers returned Tuesday from Nogales en route to her home in the Canille country.

The new Elgin school house is now being completed and everyone is looking forward to the big dance that is to be given in it July 17.

Patagonia Smoke House

Cigars, Tobaccos, Newspapers and Magazines.

Ice Cream Parlor in Connection

H. H. McCUTCHAN

Patagonia, Arizona

LUMBER

We make a specialty of giving our customers what they want.

ROY & TITCOMB, Inc.

NOGALES, ARIZONA

Santa Cruz Patagonian

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY
H. P. GREENE Editor and Lessee
J. B. PRICE Owner

BEGGARS MAKE EASY MONEY

Numbers of Them on City Streets Are Men With Comfortable Bank Accounts.

There has long been a suspicion that many supplicants for charity might not be so destitute as they seemed, and the case of a Syrian peddler named Lukas Habab recently fined in Brooklyn confirmed the suspicion for once at least. Habab happened to make his pitiful pleading to Magistrate Maguire, who gave him 50 cents to buy food. Later Habab was carried to a Long Island City hospital, where a search of his clothes revealed \$50 sewed up securely in an otherwise very ragged garment. He was promptly arraigned and fined \$5.

Tellers at some of the savings banks declare that deposits are frequently made by men and women who are wretched and woebegone in appearance. These deposits are not always for small sums either. Beggars with bank books are not unknown to the workers for charitable institutions, but they have learned that there is no use exposing them. Even when charitable men and women are warned against giving to those who may have more money than they have themselves they declare the sum they give is too small to quibble about, and that it is even smaller business to prosecute them.

For several years after the Spanish-American war fever-stricken folks—at least they looked as if fever-stricken—collected money by asserting that they had contracted incurable troubles while serving in Cuba. The national guardsmen were especially easy victims. They also, when a culprit's rascality was brought to their attention, refused to prosecute, scoffing at the idea of "making a fuss over a little piece of money."

One of these Spanish-American war beggars collected \$5 at a time from veterans of the Cuban campaign by telling them that he had lost a leg—he was minus a leg all right—through the maltreatment of a young army surgeon who did not know his business. When he was finally arrested it was shown that he had never been in the Spanish-American war, but had lost his leg in a railroad smashup.

Queen Elizabeth.

She—Elizabeth—was a hard mistress to serve. Irresolute and yet obstinate, she frequently refused to act or decide, procrastinated, delayed, hesitated, while her ministers watched disaster approach or opportunity vanish.

Even her most influential advisers found it impossible to overcome the inveterate trait of indecision. Their correspondence shows them driven almost to despair in times of exigency at the queen's vacillation and unreasonableness. An endorsement by a clerk on a letter of 1600 still exists in faded handwriting to testify to this habit. "A letter which her majesty willed me to write to her secretary, and to send it by post, but before I had fully ended the letter she sent me to bring it to her before it was closed, which I did upon the point of six o'clock, and then her majesty having read and scanned it three or four times and sometimes willing me to send it away, and sometimes altering that purpose, commanded me at last to stay both the letter and the post."

—E. P. Cheyney.

A New Profession.

In time one may become familiar with this sort of business card: "Society Knitting Sought—All the latest fancy stitches imparted in six easy lessons. The New Needle Nip, the Double Drop and the Pavilova Lock Stitch, illustrated by diagrams. Half-knitted hose constantly in stock. Work started for beginners. Full supplies of gold and silver needles, lambswool yarn and rainbow worsteds—scented and unscented. Write for our handbook, 'Knitting as a Society Art.' Every applicant is given a copy of the 'Knitknit Gavotte.' Start a class now. Address Mme. Click-Click, the Hummer apartments."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Auto Races on Tracks of Salt.
How would those of you who own an automobile and are fond of speeding like to travel over a roadway made of natural salt beds, 65 miles in length and eight miles in width, furnishing a smooth, unbroken surface, level as a table, and from two to twenty feet in depth? Great! you say. Well, there is such a road at Salduro, Utah, and it is considered the most novel automobile racing track in the world. The salt is crystallized, 98 per cent pure, and white as snow.

Daily Thought.

I call it improper pride to let fools notions bind you from doing a good action. There's no sort of work that could ever be done well if you minded what fools say. You must have it inside you that your plan is right, and that plan you must follow.—George Eliot.

Suspicious.

When a man starts off by announcing that he views something more in sorrow than in anger we always suspect that he is really pretty mad about it.

NEEDED SUPPLY OF TENORS

Impresario's Explanation, However, Was Unsatisfactory to Singers He Had Engaged.

A young singer who had been singing for opera work had the good fortune to be engaged by an impresario for a tour through South America. His chest swelled with pride as he walked the deck of the steamer that was to take him on his first trip to foreign lands. On the second morning out he was much surprised to meet an old classmate, who, like himself, was a tenor singer.

"Well, well, where are you from? Where are you going?" each asked the other.

And each answered: "I'm engaged by an opera company for a South American tour."

"My manager is on this steamer," said one.

"And mine, too."

Within five minutes both singers found that they had been engaged by the same opera company for the same part. "What does the man mean by hiring two different men for the role of first tenor?" asked one.

"Pardon me," interrupted a youth who had been standing near, and overheard their conversation. "You have myself and two other young singers for companions in this affair. We have just found to our surprise that we have all been engaged by the same man for the same part on the same tour. What under the sun can he mean by having five first tenors?"

The five youths took counsel together, and decided that they would see the manager and demand an explanation.

They found him on the forward deck. He listened, seemingly amused at their complaint, and said: "Gentlemen, don't you worry. I am an old and experienced man in this game, and know what I am doing. If you were acquainted with the climate of South America, you would know yourselves that it is absolutely necessary. We shall scarcely arrive there before three or four of you fellows will be stricken with the deadly tropical fever. Experience has taught me in all my tropical tours to allow for all sorts of mishaps and misfortunes. Of course, you can see what excellent prospects are offered to the chap who is able to withstand everything." And with these words the manager retired to his cabin.

The five young singers then sat down and debated the "excellent prospects." They soon came to a decision. One chance in five of being a star singer instead of a dead one did not prove sufficiently attractive. So when the steamer stopped at Liverpool, the youths went ashore, and the impresario never saw them again.—Youth's Companion.

Mourning in London.

"Like every other human institution," says the London Globe, "the wearing of mourning may be carried to an extreme, as it was during the last century, when it became so ostentatious that the inevitable reaction took place, synchronizing naturally with the spiritual reawakening that began silently years ago, and has developed so wonderfully in these days of storm and stress. The spiritual minded do not fear death, in whatever guise it comes; do not abandon themselves to violent grief, nor assume heavy 'weeds.' Yet mourning attire is widely and rightly worn today, in memory and honor of our heroes who have fought and died for us."

He resolved to sound Katherine out then and there. He turned over in his mind the most cold-blooded proposition that a man ever made to a woman. He was planning to ask her to marry him, when he should be free to decorate his home, preside at his table, share his wealth and the honors of the chief executive of the state. There would be no warmth in his tone, no love in his heart, no hunger of his lips for hers, no yearning of his arms for her yielding figure, there would be none of the fire of youth, nothing of the love of little children, nothing of the spirit that makes of marriage a sacrament rather than a thing of convenience.

As Katherine walked across the room, moving toward him with the quiet grace and dignity of the well-trained, well-gowned woman, he had fleeting memory of the slight, badly dressed little woman, whose indifference in strange surroundings had always fretted him. She a governor's wife?

Impossible! He rose and stood beside the woman whom he proposed to use as another living stepping stone.

"Miss Strickland," his mind fully made up, "you've done a lot for me in the last few weeks while you've been making that bust. I think I understand you in a way. The more I see of you the more I think—I'd like to make a—well, a bargain with you. That doesn't seem to be quite the word," he hesitated as the girl averted her eyes. "Yet I think that's what we call it."

"A bargain!" echoed Katherine.

"Yes, a bargain," he repeated. "I never knew but one woman well—that was Mrs. Slade. She's a good woman—a mighty good woman, but we can't—I never had a home—not a home like Strickland's. When I have another house—that'll be what I'll want, I'll want my friends, my acquaintances, to come there. I want—well—headquarters. And I want a woman at the head of my house that I can be proud of—like Strickland."

Katherine was not surprised. She had anticipated some such move as this on his part, but now that she was face to face with the unvarnished suggestion, she found herself more shocked than she would have believed.

"In a couple of months I'll stand free," he went on. "Perhaps sooner. I don't expect any woman's going to love me—she isn't. Got to do that when you're young. But I'd do all I could for the woman. She'd have everything—money and—the power that goes with it. I want to say right here that I wouldn't speak if I thought young Hayes had a chance. I saw he didn't."

At the mention of Hayes' name Katherine had an instant's vision of Bob's tender face—his eyes burning with love looking into hers—of his youth—his strength—his fine honor, and her heart cried out desperately, pitifully, for the shelter of his arms.

The Governor's Lady A Novelization of Alice Bradley's Play By GERTRUDE STEVENSON

Illustrations from Photographs of the Stage Production

Copyright, 1913. (Publication Rights Reserved) by David Belasco.

SYNOPSIS.

Daniel Slade suddenly advances to a penniless miner to a millionaire. He is ambitious to become governor of the state. His simple, home-loving wife fails to understand him. Slade meets Katherine, daughter of Senator Strickland, and sees in her all that Mary is not. Slade decides to separate from his wife and takes rooms at his club. His desire of divorce激起了 public comment. Editor Merritt is won over to the support of Slade because he cannot otherwise supply the money for a European trip demanded by Mrs. Merritt.

As Slade watched her standing straight and white, he feared he had been too brutally blunt.

"You needn't think it over now," he hastened to add. "Perhaps you will later, and perhaps you won't. That's for you to decide. I guess I've said all I can say."

But Katherine was not a woman to shrink from a situation because of its unpleasant features. She knew that she couldn't have all the things she wanted without some suffering, some pain. Her father's world had taught her that love was a thing of small consideration where marriage was concerned, unless it went with the advancement of one's ambitions. Love was not of the world. Place, power, wealth—these were of the world and this man offered them to her.

"This isn't a matter of sentiment," she agreed with him calmly. "It will happen"—Hayes jumped up and threw himself out of the room—"tomorrow—the next day—any hour."

"I see," and the senator looked grave. "Is this irrevocable, Slade?"

"Irrevocable," declared Slade, positively. "As I have told you several times, senator, it is irrevocable. I'll stand by that."

Convinced that Slade knew his own mind in this matter as well as he had the reputation for knowing it in all other matters, Strickland returned to the waiting politicians.

Slade had been alone but a few minutes when Katherine returned.

"Well, Mr. Slade," the girl exclaimed, "things seem to be coming our way."

Slade was in no mood for mere conversation. He was annoyed at Hayes' attitude, and incensed because his private affairs were being publicly discussed in the next room. Mentally he consigned Hayes to the devil, his wife to the far East of the country, and registered a vow with himself that he would have that divorce and the woman he wanted in spite of everybody and everything.

He resolved to sound Katherine out then and there. He turned over in his mind the most cold-blooded proposition that a man ever made to a woman. He was planning to ask her to marry him, when he should be free to decorate his home, preside at his table, share his wealth and the honors of the chief executive of the state. There would be no warmth in his tone, no love in his heart, no hunger of his lips for hers, no yearning of his arms for her yielding figure, there would be none of the fire of youth, nothing of the love of little children, nothing of the spirit that makes of marriage a sacrament rather than a thing of convenience.

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At the mention of Hayes' name Katherine had an instant's vision of Bob's tender face—his eyes burning with love looking into hers—of his youth—his strength—his fine honor, and her heart cried out desperately, pitifully, for the shelter of his arms.

"So this is what Slade has done!"

His fists were clinched. "This is what he's after. This is what you want. I'm not surprised," he went on, blithely. "It was always in you."

"Yes," she met this accusation, an

angry light in her eyes. "It was always in me. I always had to have everything, be everything. I can't stay here and be a nobody. We're getting horribly poor. If we look prosperous, it's because nothing is paid for. When I was a child I always had to lead all the little games." She was talking rapidly, earnestly. "Then when I grew up there was only one leader here—Katherine Strickland and after there was never but one woman left this place and did the things. I've done and made the success I've made, and now—to come back here—and settle down! When I'm Mrs. Slade I'll have the life I'm after—money and power and Europe—the world."

"Don't forget Slade," came sarcastically from Hayes. "Don't forget Slade," and he came toward her. "You'll have Slade, too. You'll have to live with him, a man who has lived all his life with another woman—who he had never seen, was only a name."

"Don't!" she commanded. "He is only marrying me for a—sort of housekeeper."

"You'll be his wife just the same."

"Every word was a sting."

"Yes—you'll have your revenge."

Katherine answered quietly, more to herself than to him. Her voice dropped herself. "Every time he kisses me—every time he comes into the room. But I'll get used to him I suppose. Women get used to that sort of thing."

"Yes, and then go to the devil! I tell you what I think of you," he stormed. "You're a bad woman. You're an rotten as they make them. There's no type so low. You're bad to the marrow. London and Washington and Paris have done for you. You've butterflied all over the world till you're a heartless jade, junketing about from one embassy to another with all your pretty little cheating tricks and not a decent thought in your head."

"I won't listen," she gasped, amazed at his denunciation of her.

"You will listen!"

"Don't, oh, don't say such things Bob," she pleaded.

"Why not?" he demanded. "You who plan to do such a devilish thing in the eyes of God and of men, can you be afraid to hear what it really is you plan? You will listen!"

He took a step nearer. He caught her roughly by the shoulders. He buried his lips into the soft tendrils of hair around her ear as he almost shouted: "You are going to rob a poor little woman—step into her house and snatch away her husband—and the only excuse you can offer is that you want his money. Why don't you rot somebody outright and get away with it? It's more honest."

Katherine shrank from him with a cry of protest.

"And all the while you love me, he went on, passionately, "you love me—"

"I don't," she sobbed.

"You lie!" he accused, hotly.

"Well, supposing I do—what will you give me?" she asked coolly.

"What can I give you?" he repeated.

Then with a look of utter loathing in his eyes: "You contemptible little—"

and he flung her from him.

"You're going to sell what's mine to the highest bidder," he panted.

"But Slade's not divorced yet, and before you get out of this dirty mire you'll regret it. You'll find yourself deep in scandal."

"I won't," Katherine protested, weeping.

"I won't have a scandal."

"They'll say he's your lover," his rage turning into fury.

Katherine looked at him as if she had been turned to stone. Then the real significance of what he had said fanned to a flame the rage that was burning in her heart—rage at him—at conditions—at everything!

She gripped her fingers around one of the lovely roses at her belt and crushed it to a pulp. Then she ripped them from her gown—his roses—and threw them among the blazing logs in the fireplace.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ROLL-TOP DESK IS BARRED

In the Interest of Efficiency Eastern Railroad Equips Its Offices With Modern Furnishings.

IS EPILEPSY CONQUERED? New Jersey Physician Said to Have Many Cures to His Credit

RED BANK, N. J.—(Special).—Advices from every direction fully confirm previous reports that the remarkable treatment for epilepsy being administered by the consulting physician of the Kline Laboratories, of this city, is achieving wonderful results. Old and stubborn cases have been greatly benefited, and many patients claim to have been entirely cured.

Persons suffering from epilepsy should write at once to Kline Laboratories, Branch 190, Red Bank, N. J., for a supply of the remedy, which is being distributed gratuitously.

Sole Prisoner Paroled.

Elwood Armstrong, the sole prisoner in the Sussex county jail at Georgetown, Del., who recently complained to Sheriff Jacob West that he was lonely and afraid to remain in the jail at night without company, will no longer be afraid.

He was paroled for two years to Charles S. Richards of Georgetown, formerly secretary of state, and brother of Robert H. Richards of Wilmington, formerly attorney general. This was done after he had confessed to the theft of five dozen eggs.

Accordingly, the jail is now empty. The turnkey has taken a vacation and the sheriff does not have enough to do to keep him busy.

Chickens are roosting in the cells, some of which are modern steel affairs, and the jail yard will soon be planted in early corn.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated, tiny granules. Easy to take as candy. (Advt.)

Dead Man Took Last Bible.

The stock of Bibles at one of the big hotels has run out. At some New York hotels there is one in every room, but the number at this particular hotel was limited to two, except such as were owned by the guests. A few weeks ago a man borrowed one and took it away with him when he left town.

Yesterday the custodian of the books called up the room clerk.

"What has become of the gentleman who was in No. 495? He borrowed last week the sole remaining Bible we had," she said.

The clerk looked over the address book.

"Why, that room was used by a man who died the other day," he informed her.

It Cures While You Walk.

Allen's Foot-Ease is a certain cure for hot, sweating, callous and swollen aching feet. Sold by all Druggists. Price 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Trial package FREE. Address Allen S. Oimsted, Le Roy, N. Y. (advt.)

True Greatness.

True greatness first of all is a thing of the heart. It is all alive with robust and generous sympathies. It is neither behind its age, and ahead of it only just so far as to be able to lead its march. It cannot slumber, for activity is a necessity of its existence. It is no reservoir, but a fountain—Roswell D. Hitchcock.

True Art of Life.

The art of life is to be kind, to endeavor to look at everything from the point of view of the other fellow, to be more eager to give than to receive, to love one's neighbor, and to be the protector of the weak and helpless, whether they be little children or the flowers that grow by the wayside.—Sidney Dare.

WOMEN CAN HARDLY BELIEVE

How Mrs. Hurley Was Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Eldon, Mo.—"I was troubled with displacement, inflammation and female weakness. For two years I could not stand on my feet long at a time and I could not walk two blocks without enduring cutting and drawing pains down my right side which increased every month. I have been at that time purple in the face and would walk the floor. I could not lie down or sit still sometimes for a day and a night at a time. I was nervous, and had very little appetite, no ambition, melancholy, and often felt as though I had not a friend in the world. After I had tried most every female remedy without success my mother-in-law advised me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I did so and gained in strength every day. I have now no trouble in any way and highly praise your medicine. It advertises itself."—Mrs. S. T. HURLEY, Eldon, Missouri.

Remember, the remedy which did this was Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. For sale everywhere.

It has helped thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, bearing down feeling, indigestion, and nervous prostration, after all other means have failed. Why don't you try it? Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

AT MISS CADY'S ZOO

Violet Lane Found Both Home and Happiness in It.

By JOHN TRENT.

(Copyright, 1915, by the McClure News Syndicate.)

Among the frivolous young folk in the village Miss Arabella Cady's select boarding house was known as "The Zoo." As Sally Hecker vivaciously explained it to her fellow teachers at the high school, "It is a human zoo, anyway, if there could be such a thing!"

"First," said Sally, "there is our own reverend principal, Mr. Dale—is not a perfect bear, a big, growly, grizzly bear? And Doctor Coleman is a perfect polar bear, so cold and unmannerly and restless! And Miss Twitchell is a feline—soft and purry and with sharp claws that scratch, and a biting tongue. And," Sally giggled, "I heard Mr. Dale say that the new boarder, the young man who works in the drug store, was a puppy, and everyone knows what a silly goose Mrs. Jones is, and all the rest of the house full are just as funny and fresh. Oh, no; Miss Lane, don't go to the Zoo to board!"

Violet Lane, the new teacher, smiled mirthfully at Sally's description of Miss Cady's boarders.

"You are too late, Miss Hecker; I've engaged board there and I don't care what you say about the rest of them, but I do think Miss Arabella is a perfect dear."

A gale of laughter greeted her remark.

"A dear! What did I tell you girls?" cried Sally. "Oh, don't mind our foolishness, Miss Lane; you are a dear yourself and entirely eligible to go to The Zoo. Perhaps you can do some missionary work among them all!"

Violet smiled and was silent. She could not explain to these giddy girls how pleasant and homelike was the little chintz-hung room at Miss Cady's, where she had unpacked her belongings that very morning. How quiet was the home atmosphere of the place and how delicious the well-cooked food!

They could not appreciate what this position in the Vineland school meant to a girl who had worked her way up from an orphaned and friendless childhood, who had paid for her own education and who had never known what a real home was like.

To Violet Lane Miss Cady's Zoo was a charming colonial home filled with delightful people. It was more than that, it was home.

So, accompanied by the unwarranted pity of her companions, Violet Lane turned in at Miss Cady's gate; smiled as they hurried away in affected fear of its inmates, and was still smiling as she opened the front door.

The smile died away as she met the fierce, dark gaze of Homer Dale, the principal of her school. Mr. Dale, a tall, dark, studious-looking man, growled a greeting, tried to smile and failed utterly, before he desperately bolted into the sitting room and hid himself behind a newspaper.

Violet was puzzled. "I don't believe he likes me," she thought, as she mounted the stairs. At the top she met Little Miss Twitchell, who had lived for many years at the Zoo. She had a little, dried-up face and form, and spoke in a rasping little voice.

"Oh, it's you, Miss Lane—Lane or Dane, did you say? Oh, Lane! I really thought you were a little girl; but la! when our school teachers wear such short skirts and flounce around so, how is a body to know? Humph!"

"She is scratchy!" decided Violet as she removed her hat and slipped off her gown preparatory to dressing for supper. "But I don't care—a real home has cats and dogs, and sometimes, I suppose, a tame bear, and I may as well make friends with them; make pets of them, perhaps."

She sat down at the crowded table, with violet eyes and rosy lips and cheeks and hair like pale corn silk; surely this flower face did not belong here among these sterner countenances.

The drug clerk passed the butter twice to Violet and ventured a remark about the weather. Mr. Dale frowned at his overtures and again passed the butter to the new boarder.

Miss Twitchell made a scratchy remark and fat Mrs. Jones giggled.

Violet blushed and Doctor Coleman emerged from his polar-bearishness long enough to remark that she looked feverish, and suggested to Mr. Dale that there might be an epidemic of scarlet fever threatening the school.

"Oh, I have had scarlet fever," reassured Violet, hastily.

Doctor Coleman froze up again and asked for another cup of tea.

The remainder of the meal was eaten in silence and the guests passed out to the broad piazza where each one immediately appropriated a comfortable chair.

Violet sat down on the top step and felt very lonesome. The women were embroidering and talking in low tones; Doctor Coleman was reading a medical journal, the drug clerk had returned to his soda water fountain, and Mr. Dale was looking very stern and unapproachable behind a newspaper.

Miss Arabella Cady, fat and rosy, bustled out dressed in her second-best attire.

"I'm going over to Sister Amy's for a while," she said as she went down the steps. She paused beside Violet

and laid a plump hand on the girl's head. "Don't get lonesome, honey—there's a piano in the parlor—make yourself at home!"

"Thank you, Miss Cady," quavered Violet, for she was very near to tears. Presently she arose and went into the dim parlor. She had learned to play by ear and she had a sweet, untrained voice. There were so many old songs that she knew by heart, and as the melodies threaded out from her fingers she sang softly to their accompaniment.

"Annie Laurie," "Bonnie Doon," Tosti's "Goodby," "Love's Old Sweet Song"—and as she sang the words of this last favorite love song of several generations Violet became aware that other voices were added to her own.

Somehow, the dim room had mysteriously become populated with shadowy forms. There was the reedy treble of Miss Twitchell, the throaty alto of Mrs. Jones, and the rich baritone of Homer Dale. Miss Crotty, the milliner, hummed like a bee, and the Bennetts, husband and wife, sang all off the key in no particular voices at all.

But they all enjoyed it and Violet said never a word, but when the song was finished her fingers drifted into the melody of "Silver Threads Among the Gold," and something in the old song brought tears to many eyes and it ended in a quavering sob quickly stifled by Miss Twitchell.

Then they were silent while Violet sang "The Rosary." At the end of the first few bars Mr. Dale's baritone took up the song and together they sang it through to the end.

Violet was trembling with happiness when the piano was closed at last and she went out to the porch with her fellow boarders.

How animated they all talked; Doctor Coleman, reminded of his boyhood, told witty stories; Miss Twitchell confided a half-forgotten love affair that had to do with a church choir in which she had once sang; Mrs. Jones had been reminded of a lost little one, and ever after that the listeners treated the middle-aged widow with tender deference; Miss Crotty told of how she had always wanted to study music, but there had been no money and many mouths to feed and millinery paid better wages.

Homer Dale was silent; his eyes never left Violet's lovely face as the girl, in return for the confidence of these new-found friends, told the sad story of her loveless life. She told it simply and straightforwardly.

"My dear," quavered Miss Twitchell, at last, and she quite forgot to scratch, "you are a wonderful girl—and I believe we are going to love you—and I hope you will forgive me for what I said on the stars!"

"Dear Miss Twitchell!" murmured Violet, as she impulsively kissed the faded cheek so near her own.

Still Homer Dale said nothing. The others chattered so fast that they entirely forgot his presence.

When bedtime came Violet saw his extended hand, and her own little one was lost in its warm grasp.

"Thank you, Miss Lane, for confiding in us this evening," he said gravely.

As she prepared for bed a tender smile curved her lips. "If these are the bears and cats and geese of Salley's story, I must say that I adore the occupants of Miss Cady's Zoo! I believe—I'm—going—to be very happy here!" And Violet drifted into slumber.

Sally Hecker faced her fellow teachers with a tragic wave of her hand toward Violet Lane, who was walking home with Homer Dale.

"Girls, look!" she commanded.

"There goes the most successful animal trainer in the world—Violet Lane!"

What is her record? Merely that she has tamed Miss Cady's Zoo to a man—or a bear! Miss Twitchell swears by her—Miss Crotty worships her—Doctor Coleman grows her praises to whoever will listen—the drug clerk is hopelessly in love with her—and Mrs. Jones has offered to adopt her! What can we do? The menagerie is tamed by a little blue-eyed girl!"

"There is Homer Dale, the big, brown, growly bear," reminded Miss Fenn, mischievously.

"Oh, he is the most cowed of them all," retorted Sally, brightly. "In fact, Violet is to lead him through life with a chain of roses—fact, girls, they are engaged! Isn't it lovely that she is to have a real home and real folks at last?"

World Learns Slowly.

Landsmen, as well as mariners who a few centuries ago sailed round the earth, should have observed, even with a little travelling, that objects such as mountains, hills, towers, trees, etc., which had not been sooner seen, suddenly began to come into view, then to grow higher and higher as they were approached until their full height appeared, thus duplicating the appearance and disappearance of ships at sea. Yet through ages these simple phenomena, proving beyond doubt the rotundity of earth, to say nothing of eclipses, which showed the circular shadow of earth on the moon, taught little or nothing to the greatest of men, to say nothing of the merely shrewd ones; and there are many people clever in everyday affairs of life today who still cling to the ignorance of ancients and of years so modern as those of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

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MAKES BEST IRONING BOARD!

Housewife Tells Tow Useful Apparatus for the Kitchen May Be Constructed.

The most rigid ironing board I ever used is a carpenter made for me out of thoroughly seasoned oak, one and one-quarter inches thick, smooth and free from knots.

The length of the board was five feet; the width at widest point, 16 inches, which tapered to eight inches and rounded off.

On the under side of the board were fastened two braces or cleats of wood, three-quarters of an inch in thickness and three inches in width.

One of the braces was made flush with the widest end of the board—the front brace, two feet three inches from the wide braces, supported a tongue that reached the back and rested on the floor against the base-board.

Fastened to the brace on the wide end of the ironing board were two sections of a pair of loose joint hinges, so fastened that they would fit into the remaining part of the hinge that had been previously made fast to the window sill.

This enabled me to couple my ironing board to the window sill. The tongue that supported the front of the ironing board was made fast to the cleat by a strap hinge.

When not in use the board was easily removed, the tongue placed against the board, then placed behind a door or in a closet. When in use I simply had ironing board perfection, because the window flooded with light the work I was doing and the article being ironed seemed to be on a foundation as solid as the floor, while the construction of the device allowed me to iron any garment on it without mussing.

Any ironing board can be fixed in the same way by adding a cleat and tongue.—Exchange.

HINTS OF PRACTICAL VALUE

Proper Ingredients for Crust of Pie—Easy Method of Opening Glass Fruit Jars.

It will aid the young housekeeper to know just what to use to make crust for one pie. Here is a reliable recipe:

Take one generous half-pint of pastry flour, one generous tablespoonful of shortening, half a teaspoonful of salt, half a teaspoonful of baking powder. Sift the dry ingredients, rub in the shortening, moisten with cold water only sufficiently to roll out, wet pie crust is never crisp; a quarter of a cupful of water should be ample for rolling.

Pie crust should be rolled in one direction—away from you.

Do not put meat directly on the ice; it draws the flavor and spoils it.

A cloth moistened with alcohol is effective in cleaning piano keys.

Place tiny canton flannel disks or soft doilies between your decorated plates when not in use, as a protection.

It is easy to open glass fruit jars without the aid of a knife if a hot stove plate is put on top and allowed to remain for three minutes; this will allow the lid to be easily unscrewed and not injure it.

Hot Lunch Rolls.

One quart flour, one teaspoonful salt, one teaspoonful baking powder, one tablespoonful butter or lard, one pint milk. Sift together flour, salt and baking powder; rub in the shortening, add milk and mix to a smooth dough to be easily handled. Flour the board, turn out the dough, pat it out a little to give evenness. Roll out to about one-half inch thick. Cut into three-inch circles. Press pencil across center of each; rub edges with soft butter. Double each and lay one inch apart on flat greased pans. Brush with milk and bake in hot oven for 20 minutes.

Hungarian Salad.

One pint cold boiled potatoes sliced very thin, one small onion, grated, two cold boiled beets, diced, five sardines, boned and mashed, one tablespoonful minced cold cooked ham, one small green pepper thinly shredded. Sprinkle with salt, add one-half cupful French dressing. Chill.

When Cooking Fresh Eggs.

In cooking a perfectly fresh egg it should be allowed to boil at least half a minute longer than one which is several days old.

Corn and Tomatoes.

The Patagonia Commercial Company

DEALERS IN
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Groceries, Dry Goods, Shoes, Clothing and
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Attorney and Counsellor at Law
Nogales, Ariz.

Patagonia Barber Shop
WM. FESSLER, Prop.
Agent Nogales Steam Laundry
Laundry sent on Monday, returned Saturday

Notice of Forfeiture.

Patagonia, Arizona,

July 1, 1915.

To A. L. Cane, deceased, his heirs
and assigns:

You are hereby notified that we, the undersigned, expended during the year 1914 the sum of six hundred dollars in labor and improvements upon the following lode mining claims, situated in the Wrightson Mining District, Santa Cruz County, State of Arizona, to-wit:

The Pine Tree, the Fraction, the Snow Storm, the Great American, the American Boy and the Longfellow, the notices of location of which are recorded in the mining records of Santa Cruz county, Arizona.

The labor was performed and improvements made in compliance with the requirements of the United States laws, being the amount necessary to hold said mining claims for the year ending December 31, 1914.

Now, therefore, if within ninety days from the personal service of this notice, or within ninety

days after the publication thereof, you fail or refuse to contribute your proportion of said expenditure, as co-owner, to-wit: One-fourth, or twenty-five dollars, being your interest in the Pine Tree; one-fourth, or twenty-five dollars, being your interest in the Fraction; one-fourth, or twenty-five dollars, being your interest in the Snow Storm; one-sixth, or sixteen and two-thirds dollars, being your interest in the Great American; one-sixth, or sixteen and two-thirds dollars, being your interest in the American Boy, and one-sixth, or sixteen and two-thirds dollars, being your interest in the Longfellow, in all, the sum of one hundred twenty-five dollars, for the said year 1914, your interest in the said mining claims will become the property of the undersigned, your co-owners, who have made the expenditure required by law.

J. B. DAVID
GEORGE CLARKE
JENS PETERSEN

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H. P. GREENE - EDITOR AND LESSEE
J. B. PRICE - OWNER

| | |
|---------|-------------|
| Copper | 19 75@20.00 |
| Lead | 5.50@5.75 |
| Silver | 474 |
| Spelter | 22 00 |

Boston Commercial Optimistic
Regarding Copper Situation

George L. Walker's Weekly Copper Letter in the Boston Commercial says the increase in the foreign visible supply of copper consists almost wholly of standard, that is, unrefined copper, which cannot be used for ammunition making, and which the British government will not permit the owners to send to this country to be refined, an embargo having been placed upon all exports of copper. The decreased exports of raw copper from this country and explanation in the fact that our shipments of copper in manufactured and partly manufactured shapes has enormously increased.

There is every reason to believe that the world's consumption of copper is continuing to increase steadily from day to day and that it will soon exceed production sufficiently to cause a further substantial advance in the market price of the metal. The next time that a general buying demand develops, and this is pretty sure to occur within a week or two, it is quite likely to be found that there is not enough copper to go around and backward purchasers may be obliged to pay a cent or two a pound more than the early arrivals.

Domestic buying is reported to have shown a considerable increase recently. Apparently the strictly home consumption is beginning to make notable gains and an immense tonnage is being converted into shells, copper rings and other war munitions in this country for export.

Col. Richardson has had fine success with the field north of the Crittenden road, which was broken up and planted to corn.

The last two weeks have been busy ones on the Sonoita Grant, where Manager Northcraft is having about 70 acres planted in corn and 120 acres in millet for fall hay. The weather conditions have been perfect for growing corn and one can see the growth it is making from day to day.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Chapman, Miss Willie Chapman, Joe and Lonnie Chapman were down Tuesday from their ranch near Alto on a shopping trip. They report the range pretty dry on the western slope of the Santa Ritas, but the Salero section looks fine from the recent rains.

SAN RAFAEL

Elbert Kinsley was a visitor in Patagonia on Wednesday of this week.

R. N. Keaton made a trip to Patagonia on Monday, bringing out a load of freight and supplies.

Misses Loretta Lawless and Ruby Shields, with Ed Lawless, visited at Duquesne and Mowry Friday of last week.

The Valley has been made beautiful by this week's generous rains and the farmers are busy putting in their late crops.

Valleyites in town last Saturday for lumber and supplies were Duke Parker, Clyde McPherson, Lester Woods and Billy Gates.

Canille, July 23, 10 a.m., at Bower's farm; W. E. Bower, local leader.

Sonoita, July 24, 10 a.m., at Manning's farm; Mark Man-

A. S. Henderson

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Spring and Summer Underwear

Shoes

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A. S. Henderson

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Modern men wear modern clothes—the day of the hand-made is past.

Let your next suit be

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Fit and satisfaction guaranteed

And buy it here at home from the local agent,

GEO. T. COUGHLIN

SELLS GOOD CLOTHES CHEAP

PATAGONIA - - - ARIZONA

Location Notices for sale at McCutchan's Patagonia Smoke House and Pendergrass's Amusement Parlor.

J. M. HARRIS, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon.

PATAGONIA, ARIZONA

SAVING IS A RARE GRACE

But there are a lot of "graceful" people in this community if we may judge by the number of depositors in our Savings Department.

Have YOU acquired the grace of saving? Better make the start today—one dollar does it.

Savings in a bank are a mighty good thing—when you need money in a hurry. And the time is sure to come when you WILL need it.

The First National Bank of Nogales,

NOGALES, ARIZONA

ASSETS OVER \$1,500,000.00