

SANTA CRUZ PATAGONIAN

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Many Mines in District Are Busy and Several Are Shipping Regularly

Larry Finley is out at Harshaw working on the Trench.

Charles Wittig came over from Bisbee this week and is working for the Ruby Copper Company at Mansfield Camp.

"Brocky" Shannon, who owns a prospect in Alum Gulch, returned to the district this week and is working at the Hardshell Group.

Sinking at the Trench mine was stopped several days for lack of steel for the machine drills, which was delayed in shipment from Jerome.

The freighters hauling the Duquesne ore were busy several days this week taking out the mill machinery for the experimental plant being erected at the big mine.

Mr. and Mrs. Anton Klein came in Tuesday night from Bisbee and went out to Harshaw, where they are interested in the Eldorado Group, from which a shipment of copper ore was made recently.

George B. Hosier and H. E. Stevens came up from Nogales Wednesday morning and were taken by Chris B. Wilson to the Morning Glory mine, where they are making a thorough investigation of the property.

Frank Powers, owner of the World's Fair mine, who was away on a several days' business trip, returned Thursday. He opened up a good body of silver ore in sinking and the old producer will soon be again in the shipping class.

J. Wells Smith, owner of the controlling interest in the Santo Nino mine, near Duquesne, has been out from Los Angeles for

some time, and left for the coast this week. A body of shipping ore has been developed, but on account of litigation no shipments can be made at the present time.

George H. Brooks of Duquesne, one of the pioneer mining men of the district, returned Wednesday evening from El Paso and went out to his home on the stage Thursday morning. Mr. Brooks started to drive over to El Paso, taking a camping outfit and mining tools along. The horse got away from him on the desert east of Rodeo, N. M., and being unable to find him, Mr. Brooks abandoned the outfit and reached the S. P. mainline and proceeded to El Paso, where he remained several weeks.

Miss May Farrell passed Sunday in Patagonia, being the guest of Miss Gladys Francis.

Miss Ruby Shields returned last Saturday evening from Elgin, where she had passed a pleasant visit with the Misses Rothrock.

SAN RAFAEL

R. Arthur Sr. and Miss Pearl Arthur drove to Patagonia last Friday.

Mrs. A. L. Kinsley was called to Los Angeles on account of the serious illness of her mother.

Mr. Kroeger was in Patagonia Wednesday and returned Thursday with a load of freight.

Clyde McPherson went to Patagonia last Thursday and brought out a load of lumber and building material for his new house.

Mrs. Asa Cline and son Everett drove to the Valley last Thursday and returned to Patagonia Thursday, having visited friends during their stay here.

ELGIN

Dr. Perrin and Mr. Beck are in Elgin looking over the grant.

R. B. Collie went to Fairbank Wednesday on a visit to his son, M. S. Collie.

Mrs. T. J. Beaty was in Elgin from her ranch at the Papagos and says everything is nice and green out there.

Mrs. Neil and Miss Neil, mother and niece of F. Neil, returned to Bisbee Wednesday, after an extended visit with Mr. and Mrs. Neil at their ranch.

Mrs. Klein of Bisbee passed through Elgin Tuesday on her way to Harshaw. She has been to the fair, but is glad to get back to dear old Arizona once again.

Mrs. James Barnett returned Tuesday from California. Mrs. Barnett visited in Stockton, Oakland, Los Angeles, Glendale and San Francisco, but says there is no place like Arizona. She was much pleased with the fair and said it was grand.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL NOTES

Stonewall Collie was here this week from his ranch near Elgin.

Mrs. Richard Farrell and son John were here Wednesday on a shopping trip.

J. P. Chapman was a visitor in Nogales this week from his ranch in the Huachuclas.

Roy K. Smith, one of the young ranchers in the San Rafael Valley, was here on business Monday.

Mrs. Simmons, daughter of Edwin McFarland, came in last Friday night for a visit at the McFarland ranch.

Harry Stevens has painted his automobile, the body of the car being red and the rest of the machine is black, giving it a very pleasing appearance.

Miss Tootsie Stone returned home Monday after pleasant visits at Tucson and Vail, several days being passed at the latter place as the guest of her sister, Mrs. Leroy Palmer. She also visited Hopewell ranch, near Pantano, the guest of Miss Pearl Grissom.

Juan Paredes, brother of Mrs. John H. Cady and Crispin Paredes of Patagonia, was killed in Tucson last Friday morning. He was a driver for the Arizona Mill and Lumber Company and his death resulted from a runaway accident. Mrs. Cady left for Tucson last Saturday morning and was in attendance at the funeral.

G. Lou Stevens, J. H. Reagan, H. H. McCutchan and A. D. Page were unfortunate enough last Friday night to have the engine of Mr. Stevens' machine die out a few miles west of Bloxton while they were returning from Nogales. The car was abandoned and they walked several miles to Bloxton, where a team and wagon was secured to bring them into Patagonia.

Dr. Thomas J. Iles and L. W. Klene of Elgin, and I. P. Fraizer of Fruitland were in Nogales on business this week and attended the meeting of the Chamber of Commerce Tuesday night, and made short addresses. Dr. Iles telling of the prosperous outlook in the Sonoita-Elgin country. Mr. Fraizer spoke of the good coming from thoroughly organized associations, and Mr. Klene concluded with a talk in favor of retaining the farm advisor in Santa Cruz county.

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Chris B. Wilson was a business visitor in Nogales the first of the week.

P. J. McCarty was a passenger for Elgin last Saturday, returning to his Canille ranch after a business visit in the county seat.

Men's high cuff gauntlet gloves—best glove made. Regular price \$3.00. Sale price, while they last, \$2.25, at Washington Trading Company. —adv

Samuel J. Pressler, one of the energetic ranchers in the San Rafael Valley section, was here Monday on his way to Nogales, where he transacted land business, returning Tuesday morning. He is getting ready to make final proof on his fine homestead in the valley.

SONOITA

Miss Faye Carver has a fine stand of corn and sudan grass.

Supervisor Parker was here Saturday looking over the road to Greaterville.

Frank T. Berry has a fine pair of colts and expects to take first prize at the fair with them this fall.

M. Johnson has just completed a fine adobe house. He expects Mrs. Johnson and children to join him soon.

Mrs. Black received a visit from her husband last week. They have a fine ranch and lots of good crops on it.

H. F. Sprung has completed a fine new barn. He has about twenty acres of crop in milo and beans—all up and looking fine.

They say there is to be a new teacher in Sonoita. How about it?

The meeting at Mrs. Frank T. Berry's Sunday afternoon was largely attended and Mrs. Berry did a lot of good. Meetings every Sunday afternoon.

Levi Shanks, the "Bachelor," has a fine lot of white faces. Levi says when he can find a good mate he will show the people of Sonoita something. Girls, look out!

James Holmesley returned on Saturday afternoon, July 31, from the Panama exposition. He was accompanied by his brother-in-law, Dr. Martin, of San Luis Obispo, California. The doctor expects to locate in Santa Cruz county.

Pendergrass's Amusement Parlor

Cigars and Tobaccos
Pool Table Soft Drinks
Patagonia, Arizona

Calles Troops Raid Border

Mexican soldiers from the "army" headed by Gen. Calles have been raiding the ranches of Americans on the southeastern border of Santa Cruz county and cutting the fences and running off the stock.

The fences of James Parker Sr. in Parker Canon were cut and a large number of cattle run over the line by Mexican raiders on Tuesday night, and other ranchmen have suffered losses.

Deserters from Maytorena's army killed several head of cattle on the Wise ranch near Calabasas, but were caught and placed in the county jail.

Supervisor Parker sent a request to Col. Brown at Fort Huachuca for a border patrol.

This morning a special train with two troops of cavalry, mounts and supplies passed through on the way to Nogales.

Dance Tonight at McCutchan's Hall

The young men of Patagonia will give a dance tonight (Friday) at McCutchan's Hall and good music and a good time are assured all who attend.

El Paso Financiers in Nogales Bank

Mr. A. F. Kerr, vice-president of the El Paso Bank and Trust Company, and Mr. W. H. Land, who has been vice-president of the First National Bank of Fort Sumner, N. M., have purchased an interest in the Santa Cruz Valley Bank and Trust Company of Nogales, and Mr. Land has been elected to the directorate and made vice president and manager of the bank.

George T. Coughlin and Frank Blackledge are building a 4-room house for Jesse Gatlin in Squaw Gulch.

Mrs. James E. Gatlin and children were in Thursday from their San Rafael Valley ranch on a shopping trip.

Judge and Mrs. Orton Phelps motored down from Mowry on Thursday and took out supplies to their mountain home.

Free Illustrated Lectures August 15

Elder J. E. Bond, who spoke to interested audiences here the first week in July, has made arrangements for Evangelist P. L. Knox of Los Angeles, Cal., to deliver a series of free lectures on historical and Biblical themes.

The evangelist is here and has already made many friends. He will begin the meetings Sunday, August 15.

Mrs. Knox, who is an able soloist and pianist, will be here throughout the series of meetings and will be appreciated by all who enjoy good music.

The lectures and many of the songs will be illustrated by beautiful stereopticon pictures. The evangelist has a great many of the most famous pictures on the life of Christ, which are really works of art. All will be thrown upon the screen and will be of special interest to all who love the beautiful.

W. H. Collie of Elgin was in Nogales on business this week.

B. Lewis, who has a well stocked ranch in the Parker Canon section, was a business visitor in Nogales this week.

Mr. Knox, who has charge of C. B. Wilson's blacksmith shop, was severely injured last Saturday morning. He was using a chisel and a piece was broken off and driven into his forearm near the wrist, severing an artery and lodging between the two forearm bones. A bandage was placed around the arm to stop the flow of blood and Mr. Knox was taken to Nogales to have the piece of steel removed and the artery sewed up. The latter was accomplished, but the steel splinter was so securely wedged between the bones that it was impossible to remove it, and has caused Mr. Knox much pain.

Patagonia Smoke House

Cigars, Tobaccos, Newspapers and Magazines.

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PATAGONIA LUMBER CO.

Santa Cruz Patagonian

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

Pay Day in the Trenches.

The pay department of the British army now employs nearly 700 officers and about 7,000 clerks. This is nearly ten times as many people as were required for the work in times of peace. The housing of the constantly growing staff of the paymaster's office was one of the first difficulties, and the London main office has moved twice since the war began. Lately it has taken to adding private houses to its office area. Much of the time since the first of August the whole army pay organization has worked day and night.

The soldier receives his pay, if he wishes it, not only at the front, but even in the trenches. The cash, in French currency notes, is issued by his company officer in the field, and is accounted for on the so-called "acquittance rolls." Every soldier carries his paybook right through the war. As far as possible he is paid weekly. Men in the advanced trenches draw their pay almost as if they were in the barracks at home.

A Hearty Meal.

"When I was a little girl," says a friend of the Companion, "I had the honor of being introduced to Mark Twain. It was just before Thanksgiving, and I very proudly told him that I was going to spend the holiday with my aunt in New York."

"Really," he drawled, with the most flattering show of interest. "Well, I hope you will feel, after dinner, just as I did when I went there to a banquet a few months ago."

"Of course I instantly demanded to know, 'How was that?'"

"Very thankful," answered Mr. Clemens, with preternatural solemnity. "Very, very thankful because I still had one article of apparel that wasn't too tight a fit for comfort."

"Oh, I know," I guessed eagerly; "your shoes!" But the humorist shook his head.

"No, no," he corrected with gentle sadness; "my umbrella!"—Youth's Companion.

Season of Aspiration.

O springtime, the season of aspiration! with what delight in life thou fillest the heart! On one side, the spiritual world is attracting us, and we feel assured that only in its closest bond of union can our true happiness be found. On the other hand, Nature with her thousandfold witcheries calls back our hearts and our senses to her own eternal life. It is hard that neither the internal nor the external can fully satisfy our desires, and that the souls in which the two are united are so few. A life purely spiritual cannot satisfy us; there is something in us that has a longing for reality. As the thoughts of the artist can find no rest until he has embodied them in an external representation, so the object of all our aspiration is to find in the perfect material, the counterpart and reflection of the perfect spiritual. —Von Schelling.

His "Daughter-in-Law."

My husband and I had just been married and my small brother-in-law overheard his mother refer to me as "my daughter-in-law." A short time after that the little fellow visited me in my new home, and upon sending him to the store the groceryman, seeing he was a stranger, said: "Well, little boy, I have never seen you before. Do you live in this neighborhood?" "No, sir," said the child, "but my daughter-in-law lives across the street and I am visiting her."

Mushrooms Somewhat Neglected.

The artificial production of mushrooms is carried on in Europe to an extent never attempted here, though the growing of them in America is rapidly increasing, mushroom "barns" being available in cellars, caves, stables, fields, outhouses of all kinds. It is one of the many attractive spectacles of the great markets of Paris to see high pyramids of mushrooms, fresh from the "farms," white as snow and of whose luscious edible qualities there can be no doubt.

That Boy Again.

The boy stood on the burning deck, whence all but he had fled. The smudge pot filled the air with smoke, the red fire glowed real red. The thunder roared, the lightning flashed, and still he would not go. "For if I did I'd spoil," quoth he, "the motion-picture show." The camera clicked, the film rolled on, the boy was burning money. That picture made him a reputation, and bought his bread and honey.

Wouldn't Be Snubbed.

A man who visits my home quite frequently was wont to tease my two-year old niece. One morning while she was breakfasting at my home he came in and paid no attention to her. She felt rather slighted, and after watching him for a few moments remarked: "Tee heah."—Exchange.

Unquestioned Antiquity.

We never did like the mother-in-law joke, but have learned to respect it because of its great age. The joke was a distinguished contemporary of Methuselah, and as we all know, has survived that ancient citizen by something more than two thousand years.—New Orleans States.

MUSIC PAINFUL TO BISMARCK

"Melodies Cling to Me," Said the Chancellor, "and I Find It Difficult to Release Myself."

Talking of the arts, Bismarck said: "Of music I am very fond, but now I have to abstain from hearing it, because tears come only too readily into my eyes. My heart is stronger than my head. Indeed, what self-control I have has been bought by experience." Many instances occurred during our conversations which gave the truth to this assertion.

The extreme mobility of his countenance and the various shades of expression which passed over it told of a sensitive, emotional temperament. "But I have a fire within me still which burns at times with fury." Upon that I asked: "Are you in reality the Iron Chancellor?" "No," he said, "not naturally; the iron I have created to use when necessary." And that I believed to be true.

I asked him if he knew Wagner personally. "Yes," he answered; "but it was quite impossible for me to care for him or to encourage his society. I had not time to submit to his insatiable vanity. Before breakfast, at breakfast, before and after dinner, Wagner demanded sympathy and admiration. His egotism was wearisome and intolerable, and his demand for a listener was so incessant that I was obliged to avoid his company. I was too busy with my affairs to be able to give him all or even a portion of the demands he would have claimed upon my time. But I admire his music greatly, though I have been compelled to give up going to the opera, because the beautiful and touching melodies I cannot get out of my head; they cling to me, and I find it difficult to release myself from them, and now it tries me to be so much moved."—From "Conversations With Prince Bismarck," by W. B. Richmond, the English Painter, in the North American Review.

Splendid Memory.

Recently Philip O'Day, a coal dealer of Brooklyn, died and it was found that for nearly twenty years he had kept complete tally of his business in his head. He had not the slightest knowledge of arithmetic, as taught, but according to his own methods was able to remember who owed him and whom he owed, down to a cent.

His sons associated with him in the business kept a private account book, but they never dared let their father know about it. Just before his death the coal merchant told them the names of all debtors and the amounts due. Even in his dying moments he spoke with scorn of the need his sons found for using pencil and paper to take down what he told them. After their father had passed away the sons found his memory was even better than their account book, for they had neglected putting down certain sums the old merchant had reported to them.

Coroner's Ancient Nuisances.

Somewhere invented coroners three centuries before Columbus discovered America. It was a job of much distinction and there were no fees attached, says the Philadelphia Ledger.

But even when Oliver Cromwell was a lad, folks in England began to abuse coroners and call them grafters, or whatever it was they called folks in that day who got something for nothing. And Blackstone, whose name is often used as a synonym for common law, declared that coroners were not only an unnecessary nuisance but that they often stood in the way of justice.

Several states are now trying to abolish coroners, but progress is slow. If it were as easy to eradicate an old office as a new one, I fear no coroner would survive the slaughter. When I asked an eminent judge what coroners are good for, his reply was: "To draw salaries."

Soldiers of the King.

The change which education has made in the British army in the last quarter of a century comes alive in the craving of the King's Liverpool regiment for magazines to read—"always acceptable in the trenches and defense." The illiterate private of Mr. Kipling's early stories has vanished, leaving in his place a man as physically capable and as high-spirited and also of quicker and better-furnished intelligence, who has triumphantly shown himself to be able to make a success of the new military training, with its wisely bold policy of evoking the soldier's capacity for making the best use of himself on the battlefield. The needs are not those of the old Mulvaney and Learys—If these ever existed—but those of sensitive, highly-civilized men.—Manchester Guardian.

Effective Water Sterilizers.

Two ozone water-sterilizing plants at Nice supply 40 and 80 gallons of absolutely germ-free water per second. The ozone generator is of copper plates, with glass sheets between, and the air between the plates is decomposed by a silent electric discharge of 70,000 volts. The nitrogenous products being removed by a filter, the ozone is passed into a chamber into which the water falls as rain through gravel-covered netting.

Air Over Land and Sea.

A report on the atmospheric-electric observations made during the second cruise of the Carnegie is published. The radioactivity of the air over the ocean areas far removed from land is small, compared to that found over land; while the ionization over the ocean was at least as large as that found over land.

The Governor's Lady

A Novelization of Alice Bradley's Play

By GERTRUDE STEVENSON

Illustrations from Photographs of the Stage Production

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SYNOPSIS.

Daniel Slade, suddenly advances from a penniless miner to a millionaire. He is ambitious to become governor of the state. His simple, home-loving wife fails to rise to the new conditions. Slade meets Katherine, daughter of Senator Strickland, and sees in her all that Mary is not. He separates from his wife and takes rooms at his club. Editor Merritt, who has been attacking Slade, is won over to the latter's support because he cannot otherwise supply the money demanded for a European trip for Mrs. Merritt. Katherine agrees to marry Slade when he is free. Bob Hayes, in love with Katherine, has a stormy session with her over her affair with Slade. Mary, anxious to make it up with Slade, appears at Strickland's house during a political conference. Slade informs her that separation is final. Mary declares that she will fight a divorce. She returns to the little cottage where they started out in married life.

CHAPTER IX—Continued.

Conscious of the song, Mary remembered the lamb stew that she had left cooking on the kitchen fire. Dan had always loved lamb stew; that is, her lamb stew. She remembered how heartily he always ate of it, how he never failed to pass his plate for a second "helping," and how he used to look up at her and say:

"This is lapping good, Mary. I think I will have a bit more."

Just as if he needed any urging!

Mary found her thoughts growing very tender when she suddenly remembered that tonight she must sit down alone at the table, that instead of two she would only serve one plateful of that stew. Her heart contracted

with a pathetic, futile longing for things as "they used to be," and grew bitter as she remembered conditions as they were. She sat with her face pillowed on her arms, so absorbed in her unhappy reflections that she didn't hear the door open, didn't hear a step until someone leaned over and kissed her tenderly on the faded cheek that Dan used to pat so lovingly and declare was lovelier than their garden roses.

"Oh, Rob!" Mary exclaimed, starting up in glad surprise. "I didn't hear you drive up."

"I didn't," Bob laughed, good-naturedly. "My car is stranded two blocks back," and he threw his linen jacket on the sofa as Mary hastened in her fond little way to take his hand and hover about him.

"It's strange how near town this place seems to be," Bob rattled on. "When we lived here before it was clear out in the country, but with a motor car it's right next door to town."

"Well, aunty," and he stretched himself out in an easy chair, "I suppose it's like heaven to you to get back here to the old home you lived in so many years?"

"Yes," Mary agreed, rather indifferently.

"Any of the old neighbors left, I'd like to see them—some of 'em."

"I never noticed before how many questions old neighbors could ask, Rob," Mary sighed, as she recounted the curious visits of her old friends, who had inquired anxiously and repeatedly for Mr. Slade, how he was getting on, and when he would be down, and a dozen other questions in the phraseology of people who, as old friends, take the liberty of coming as near as possible to demanding that you unburden your soul to them on the spot.

"You'll kind of have to judge 'em, Bob. I don't know when I've lied so. What do you think of 'em who force a woman to lie?"

"Well," Hayes hated the old subject, hated the thought of Mary dwelling continually on her unhappiness. "Didn't they know about Slade?" and he began to toy with the spoons of thread that Mary had been using for the inevitable sewing that had so annoyed her husband.

"Either they don't know or they want to find out more than they already know," Mary answered, wearily. "So I sit here lying and lying."

"You intend to stick it out and stay here?"

"Yes," Mary answered with a quiet determination.

"Well, he can't call this desertion," Hayes went on. "You own this house together. It's your home as well as his."

"Yes," agreed Mary, "but it's awful fighting my husband. What's the matter with you, Bob? You used to tell me a lot about Miss Strickland, and lately you—have you had any trouble?" she asked, kindly, forgetting her own sorrow at the thought of the possible unhappiness of this young man whom she loved as tenderly as if he had been her own son.

"Don't let us talk about her," Bob objected.

"All right, Robert," Mary attempted to be cheery as she saw how abstracted and dejected Bob was. "Dinner will be ready in a minute and you can sit right down."

"I won't give in to him!" she declared as she put on an extra plate and knife and fork. "I'll never give him that divorce."

"Don't you ever think of anything else?" Hayes questioned, soberly.

"No; it's no use, Robert; I get hot and cold hating my husband when I think how he is treating me. I know I'm wrong, but I do! Sometimes when I wake up suddenly in the night and see the old room and remember that he's living at his club and enjoying

life and me here miserable, I just get sick hating him."

"Now, aunty!"—Hayes was anxious to divert her attention—"I wouldn't think of that. You have the best of him. You've got him beaten. I have a good lawyer for you, and he'll be out to see you today. You know I'd take the case myself, but it wouldn't be professional. You've positively made up your mind to fight the divorce to a finish?"

"Tooth and nail!" Mary's answer came through set teeth.

"Then you've got him. He can't fight a woman in the courts in his position, with his nomination before him."

"I've got him, have I? Mary was all eagerness now."

"You're sure of it? Was he very mad about my coming here? Has my lawyer seen his lawyer?"

Hayes answered the last of her many questions first. "They met today."

"Did you get me two lawyers, Rob?"

"Yes, I got two. I got a whole firm."

"Do you think I need another—so's to be sure?"

Hayes laughed.

"You have all you need, aunty."

"Thank God, I got the telephone in so they can call me up." Mary was almost feverish in her excitement. "I couldn't go on the witness stand. He doesn't know that, though. Any signs of Dan going back to the house, now I'm out of it?"

The bell that never hesitates to interrupt at any moment rang insistently. Mary jumped about in her excitement and finally took down the receiver. She dropped it as hastily and backed away.

"You'd better answer it, Rob."

"It's Slade," Bob declared, holding his hand over the transmitter. "He wants to talk to you."

"No, siree!" Mary was vehement.

"Cut him off! I ain't going to talk to him. I've got two lawyers. Tell him to have his lawyer talk to mine. My heart's so hard against him—I couldn't listen to the sound of my own voice," and she sank weakly into a chair as Hayes continued to converse with Slade. "No, she says not," he was saying. "No, I am not out here winding her up or advising her," and he banged up the receiver.

"What'd he say?" Mary was wringing her hands in her uncontrollable excitement.

"Oh, he just called me a skunk and cut off," answered Hayes, as he nonchalantly lit a cigarette. He paced up and down the room for a moment and then turned on her:

"God! I'd like to haul him through every court in the country. The scoundrel!"

"I don't like to hear you talk like that about him, Rob," Mary remonstrated. "—s been a pretty good friend to you."

"Well, perhaps," Hayes tried to calm herself for her sake. "He's all right, I suppose."

"I dunno that he is." Mary's mood was variable. "When I think of that divorce—"

"Slade's coming down here today, aunty. He declares you're here under his very eyes, and he's determined that you shall go away, and desert him and give him the opportunity to divorce you. He says the whole country will know of the trouble unless you go away. That's what he said over the phone."

"Well, I'll stay right here. I can't get over it, Rob, and her voice quivered in spite of herself. "I can't get over the suddenness of it; his wanting that divorce happened just like that," and she snapped her fingers to illustrate her meaning. "Before that he never thought of it. It's curious," she paused, thoughtfully; "do you know that sometimes when I get to thinking about it—I—something comes over me, an idea that—shut that outside door, Rob," she commanded before she would continue. "I wonder if there isn't—I declare I'm ashamed to say it—but I wonder if it could be possible that there's—some woman,"

she finally managed to get the word out.

"Auntie!" It was not necessary for Hayes to feign surprise, for, although he knew the situation, he had been confident that such a thought had never entered Mary Slade's pure-minded thoughts.

The pent-up emotion of days broke, and Mary sank sobbing into a chair, burying her face in her hands. With the expression of the thought that heretofore she had never admitted even to herself, her self-control vanished and she cried out desperately:

"Well, what do you think he wanted that divorce for so suddenly?"

"People usually do get divorced when they can't get on, don't they?" Hayes was willing to lie to shield her from the knowledge that he knew would be the bitterest part of all the wormwood that she had already tasted.

"Sometimes I wonder," Mary continued, reflectively, "sometimes I'm almost positive that—No! Slade isn't that sort of a man. My husband isn't that sort of a man, Rob."

"No, of course he isn't."

"You didn't know what I was going to say," she objected.

"Yes, I did. About women."

"He never noticed any other woman," she told herself positively.

"No," Hayes agreed.

"You haven't heard of anything like that, have you?" she questioned.

"No, no, I haven't." Hayes was finding the cross-examination extremely trying, convinced as he was that Mary must be saved from the knowledge of Katherine at any cost. "If there were anything, you'd hear it. Don't worry."

"Robert," and she looked at him tentatively. "Would you tell me it—"

"No, I would not!" asserted Hayes vigorously. "Haven't you got enough trouble now?"

"But, Robert, you are my friend, aren't you? You ought to—"

He was saved from any further questions along that unwelcome line by the sound of the doorbell and a moment later Merritt opened the door without ceremony.

"Well!" Hayes was far from cordial.

"I beg your pardon for entering so abruptly," Merritt was the same old talkative, suave, good-fellow, I'm-your-friend-Merritt, "but I was bound to see Mrs. Slade. I'm for the Slade family—but I'm for all the Slade family, so I hope you won't make a stranger of me."

Mary was politely indifferent and Hayes, with back turned, was tapping his foot uneasily on the floor. Altogether not the warmest welcome a man ever received.

"This man is likely to publish anything you may say, aunty," Hayes warned over his shoulder.

"Oh, come now, Hayes," objected Merritt. "I'm here on a perfectly friendly visit. I well remember this little place," and he looked about. "I stopped here some years ago and Mr. Slade brought us a drink of water. Slade was in his shirtsleeves, I remember. Big man, Slade!" and he eyed Mrs. Slade inquiringly. "Big man!" he exclaimed again as Mary remained silent, her features giving no clue to her feelings.

"Well, my wife has gone off to Europe on a long-extended tour." Merritt was determined to make conversation if he had to do it alone. "I'm quite alone. In fact, we're in the same boat—alone."

"I'm not," Hayes burst forth.

"Thank God, I've got my troubles, but I'm not married, so I'm not quite alone."

Merritt laughed good-naturedly, glad at any kind of response.

"Pardon me, Hayes," he cleared his throat nervously. "I'd like to talk with Mrs. Slade."

"Oh, all right," and with his hands thrust into his pockets, Hayes strolled leisurely into the kitchen.

"My dear little woman," Merritt began in his most engaging manner, as soon as Hayes had left the room. "You have my deepest sympathy and most profound respect. Your position is touching, if you'll excuse me for saying it. I can see your side of it, too. Now the point is this: A week ago when you called at the senator's house, Slade had just said you were going East to live permanently. I must say very few women—very few—would do as much for a man. For instance, Mrs. Merritt, I know, wouldn't. I needn't tell you that the whole community will admire you for your reserved dignity—

if you go, Mrs. Slade."

"I'm not going," Mary's voice was ominously quiet.

"You're going to oppose the divorce?"

"Yes," came the soft answer.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

streamers against the stainless and tender blue of the sky, and still the brother watched, quiet again and composed; he had given only that one sign to show that he loved her whose ashes now lay among the charred and smoldering logs. Or rather it was only for the moment that, thinking of days of childhood and dawn by the riverside, he forgot that it was not she who had been consumed in the flames of the pyre. Then he remembered again, and looking up from the pyre to the dazzling river, he saw there on our boat his friend, the Brahman, and smiled to him—From "The Heart of India," by C. F. Benson, in the Century.

Function of Judges.

Judges ought to remember that their office is to interpret law, and not to make law.—Bacon.



HE WAS SWEET-LOOKING COP

Humble Maid Servant Expresses Admiration for General Wood, Chief of Staff of the Army.

Gen. Leonard Wood, chief of staff of the United States army, has had many expressions of admiration voiced as to his personal appearance. It remained, however, for a humble maid servant to apostrophize his looks.

A young girl—who, knowing the general, worships him as her hero—always keeps a photograph of him in uniform on her dressing table. One day, entering her bedroom suddenly, she chanced upon her newly acquired maid, who stood agape, with gleaming eyes, holding the photograph in her hand.

Startled into speech, the servant asked:

"What's he, miss?"

"He's an officer, Norah." The young mistress deemed that answer sufficient.

"Gee, miss," was the breathless comment as the maid put down the picture lingeringly; "but ain't he the sweet-lookin' cop!"—Neale's Monthly.

SHE ATTRACTED THE COPPERS.



Mrs. Oldwed—Why did you pick out such a pretty cook?

Mrs. Newwed—My husband is away a great deal, and I wanted to have police protection.

Convincing Proof.

"How can you tell whether a man has been married only a short while, or long enough to get used to it?"

"You can tell that very easily by observing how he says, 'I have a wife to provide for.'"

"Yes?"

"If he says it proudly, he hasn't been married long, but if he says it with an air of deep dejection you may be sure that the iron has entered his soul."

Doubtful.

"How would you like to be a wounded French soldier from the trenches, convalescing in a luxurious Paris hotel, which had been converted into a military hospital, and with a beautiful nurse to wait on you who was probably a nobleman's daughter?"

"No doubt that would be fine, but I don't believe I would enjoy heaven much if I had to go through hell to get there."

Getting Serious.

Mr. Newpop (2 a. m. at the phone)—Hello, doctor! Can you come down and see the baby right away?

Doctor—What seems to be the trouble?

Mr. Newpop—I—I'm not quite sure, but I think he has insomnia.

Deserved Punishment.

"Did you ever have a desire to go on the stage?" asked the man who had a minor part in the show.

"Oh, yes," replied his neighbor.

"The first time I ever saw you try to act I did."

Used to Growling.

Mrs. Nyles—What has become of that nurse you used to have for your pet dog?

Mrs. Styles—Oh, she's married.

"She ought to get along all right. She's used to growling."

Seemed So.

Bacon—I see the human family is subject to about twelve hundred different kinds of disease and ailments. Egbert—Well that can't be right, for my wife has over twelve hundred ailments alone.

A Scarecrow.

Bill—I see a woman who conducts a farm near Los Angeles wears male clothing when at work.

Jill—That possibly saves the trouble of putting up a scarecrow.

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Santa Cruz Patagonian

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

Copper.....18.25
Lead.....5.75
Silver.....47.00
Spelter.....18 50

Supervisor George W. Parker was in from the San Rafael Valley on a business trip Thursday.

Harry Fryer returned from Nogales last Saturday, en route to his ranch in the San Rafael Valley.

Mrs. Forsythe was here last Saturday from her ranch near Calabases, returning on the evening train.

J. D. Rountree was a week-end visitor in Nogales from the Sonoita-Elgin section, where he is busy with his well drilling outfit.

Edward S. Black, who has been visiting his family at Sonoita, returned Saturday to Twin Buttes, where he is employed at the Bush-Baxter mine.

Fred Gentle of Elgin was in Nogales several days early in the week on land business. He will make final proof next Tuesday on 240 acres of fine land near Elgin.

FREE PORTS BUILDERS OF COMMERCE

CONGRESS SHOULD GIVE THEM
PREFERENCE IN APPROPRIATIONS.

By Peter Radford.

This nation is now entering upon an era of marine development. The wreckage of European commerce has drifted to our shores and the world war is making unprecedented demands for the products of farm and factory. In transportation facilities on land we lead the world but our port facilities are inadequate, and our flag is seldom seen in foreign ports. If our government would only divert the energy we have displayed in conquering the railroads to mastering the commerce of the sea, a foreign bottom would be unknown on the ocean's highways.

This article will be confined to a discussion of our ports for the products of the farm must pass over our wharves before reaching the water. We have in this nation 51 ports, of which 41 are on the Atlantic and 10 are on the Pacific Coast. The Sixty-second Congress appropriated over \$51,000,000 for improving our Rivers and Harbors and private enterprise levies a toll of approximately \$50,000,000 annually in wharfage and charges for which no tangible service is rendered. The latter item should be lifted off the backs of the farmer of this nation and this can be done by Congress directing its appropriations to ports that are free where vessels can tie up to a wharf and discharge her cargo free of any fee or charge.

A free port is progress. It takes out the unnecessary link in the chain of transactions in commerce which has for centuries laid a heavy hand upon commerce. No movement is so heavily laden with results or will more widely and equally distribute its benefits as that of a free port and none can be more easily and effectively secured.

DARIUS

The neigh of a horse made Darius King of Persia, the six contending powers for the throne agreeing among themselves that the one whose horse should neigh first should possess the kingdom. This ancient method of settling disputes among politicians could be revived with profit today. If our partisan factions and petty politicians could only settle their disputes by the neigh of a horse, the bark of a dog or the bray of a donkey, it would be a great blessing and would give our citizens a better opportunity to pursue the vocations of industry free from political strife.

Let those who pick political plums by raising rows and who flash swords dripping in the blood of industry understand that they cannot turn the public forum into a political arena and by a clash of personal aspirations still the hammer and stop the plow and that their quarrels must be settled in the back alleys of civilization.

ARTHUR W. HOUCK

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Douglas, Arizona
Assayer and Chemist
Laboratory 355 Tenth Street
Agent for ore shippers at Copper Queen and C. & A. smelters.
Umpire and Control Work a specialty.
Gold and Silver Bullion purchased.

George T. Coughlin

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE
NOTARY PUBLIC, Deeds, Bills of Sale and Other Legal Documents, Hunting Licenses Issued.

Notice for Publication

017162
025474

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Phoenix, Arizona, July 10, 1915.

Notice is hereby given that Ermon David Johnson, of Elgin, Arizona, who, on April 8, 1912, made Homestead Entry, No. 017162, for NE 1/4, and add'l H. E. 025474, for SE 1/4, Section 9, 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 17th day of August, 1915.

Claimant names as witnesses: Clarence L. Beatty, of Elgin, Arizona; Victor J. Wager, Charles V. Fowler, Thomas P. Thompson, All of Nogales, Arizona.

Thomas F. Weedon, Register.
First pub. July 16—August 13

Asa Cline was in Nogales on a business trip, returning Monday morning.

There was no meeting of the board of supervisors this week on account of two of the members being at the state tax conference. An adjourned meeting will be held Monday.

William Stringfellow, who was employed for some time in driving the motor truck for the Sterling Borax Company at the Flux mine, left last Saturday for his home in Texas.

W. B. Barrow was down from his ranch near Elgin this week. He reports the crop conditions to be excellent. He has been busy lately in breaking horses, having a number of well gentled ones for sale.

Miss Isabella Stone is out in the San Rafael Valley, the guest of Miss Pearl Arthur. Frank O. Stone accompanied her to the Valley, but had to proceed down the Santa Cruz river to the ranch for which he is riding.

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Clean, Cool, Quiet

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Properties bought and sold.
Correspondence solicited.
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Visits Patagonia every Thursday.

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S. F. Noon

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Stag Barber Shop

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Hot and Cold Baths

Nogales, - - - Arizona

ASSAYS

(Revised Prices)
Gold or Silver 75c Gold and Silver \$1
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(by best methods)
Lead or copper with gold and silver - - - - \$1.50
Lead, copper, gold and silver in same sample - - - - \$2.00
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Patagonia Barber Shop

WM. FESSLER, Prop.

Hot and Cold Baths

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 CLAREE

JENS PETERSEN

First publication July 2, 1915

A. S. Henderson

CAR OF OLD WHEAT FLOUR

will be sold at a reasonable price considering the market

New stock of Good Work Shoes

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Fresh Beef and Pork.

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Prices Lowest Consistent with Quality
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Don't make the man, but goodness, how they help!
Modern men wear modern clothes—the day of the hand-me-down is past.
Let your next suit be

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Fit and satisfaction
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And buy it here at home from the local agent,

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Location Notices for sale at J. M. HARRIS, M. D.
McCutchan's Patagonia Smoke
House and Pendergrass's Amusement Parlor.
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