

# SANTA CRUZ PATAGONIAN

VOL. 3.

PATAGONIA, ARIZONA, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1915

No. 38

## Mining Activity in the Patagonia District Brings in Investors

Harry Stevens and Marshall McDonnell are busy opening up the Blue Eagle mine.

Larry Finley was in from the Trench mine this week and passed a few days in Nogales.

A shipment of steel wheel barrels came in this week for the Duquesne Mining and Reduction Company.

The Duquesne company is getting quite an order of mining timbers from the local lumber company.

Good progress is being made with the cottage which is being built at Harshaw for Manager Hoy of the Trench mine.

Col. Richardson was out to the Hardshell Group several days this week, where he has opened up a big lead-silver mine.

J. M. Cunningham, one of the best known mining men in the county, has been passing the week here as the guest of the E. E. Bethells.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Powers came down from the World's Fair mine Wednesday and left on the evening train for a trip to Nogales and Tucson.

Reports received from the Murome mine, near Harshaw, show that Superintendent Wiedland has a good tonnage of shipping ore blocked out.

Morris Dunn, the Bisbee mining man, is here this week, accompanied by James Ovens, who recently returned from the Michigan School of Mines.

Lists 3-3609, -3616.  
RESTORATION TO ENTRY OF LANDS IN NATIONAL FOREST. Notice is hereby given that the lands described below, embracing 237.50 acres within the Coronado National Forest, Arizona, will be subject to settlement and entry under the provisions of the homestead laws of the United States and the act of June 11, 1906 (34 Stat., 253), at the United States land office at Phoenix, Arizona, on October 30, 1915. Any settler who was actually and in good faith claiming any of said lands for agricultural purposes prior to January 1, 1906, and has not abandoned same, has a preference right to make a homestead entry for the lands actually occupied. Said lands were listed upon the applications of the persons mentioned below, who have a preference right subject to the prior right of any such settler, provided such settler or applicant is qualified to make homestead entry and, the preference right is exercised prior to October 30, 1915, on which date the lands will be subject to settlement and entry by any qualified person. The lands are as follows: The SW 1/4 SW 1/4 Sec. 26; the S 1/2 SE 1/4 Sec. 27; the NW 1/4 NE 1/4 Sec. 34; T. 22 S., R. 16 E., G. & S. R. M. 160 acres; application of Melvin Sorrells, Patagonia, Arizona; List 3-3609. The S 1/2 SE 1/4 NE 1/4, the NW 1/4 SE 1/4 Sec. 1; T. 23 S., R. 17 E., containing 35 acres, also a tract of 42.50 acres within Sec. 6, T. 23 S., R. 18 E., described as follows: Beginning at corner No. 1, whence the quarter corner between Sec. 1, T. 23 S., R. 17 E., and Sec. 6, T. 23 S., R. 18 E., bears S. 5 deg. 15' E.; extending thence N. 54 deg. 15' E., 22 chs.; thence E. 15 chs.; thence S. 10 obs.; thence S. 68 deg. W., 35.40 chs.; thence N. 10 chs., to the place of beginning; application of Bud Baldwin, San Rafael, Arizona; List 3-3616, August 18, 1915. D. K. PARROTTE, Acting Assistant Commissioner of the General Land Office.

## MINING TIMBERS

The season for Assessment Work is now commencing and we can give you close prices on all timber used in mining.

Complete line of Lumber, Shingles, Lath, Sash and Doors, Roofing and Builders' Hardware. We are prepared to meet all competition, both as to price and quality.

Mail Orders Promptly Shipped

PATAGONIA LUMBER CO.

## LOCAL AND PERSONAL NOTES

Mrs. Mark Manning of Sonoita was a passenger on the Monday evening train for Nogales.

Supervisor J. S. Gatlin was in Nogales this week in attendance at the meeting of the county board.

Prospector Miller was in town Monday from his gold claims northeast of here. He had some fine samples and is confident that he will open up a good property.

W. M. Sanders, who has had charge of the installing of the flotation process and the new mill at the Duquesne mine, returned this week from a visit to the coast.

Chris. E. Wilson was a passenger Tuesday evening for Nogales, where he passed several days on a business trip. He will also visit Sahuarita, where he has a truck on the Mineral Hill ore haul.

A. E. Swain, the mining engineer who has been in charge of the Chief and Bradford mines, returned Monday from Nogales, after a several days' business visit, and leaves the last of this week for Kansas City.

John Wagner, who has been doing development work for Ashburn and Woods on their group joining the Three-R property, recently purchased the mining property of William Leek in Harshaw canyon and is doing the development work necessary to open it up. It is said to be very promising ground.

### Notice for Publication Serial 027743

Department of the Interior, United States Land Office, Phoenix, Arizona, August 28, 1915.

Notice is hereby given that Crittenden Cattle Company, transferee, has filed in this office its application to adjust to survey Forest Lieu Selection No. 3373 of Rollin R. Richardson under the provisions of the Act of June 4, 1897, (30 Stat., 36), to the following described land:

Lot 2, Sec. 7, T. 22 S., R. 17 E., G. & S. R. M.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the land described, or desiring to object because of the mineral character of the land, or for any other reason, to the disposal to applicant should file their affidavits of protest in this office on or before the 5th day of October, 1915.

THOMAS F. WEEDIN,

Register.

First published Sept. 3—Oct. 1.

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Smoke House

Cigars, Tobaccos, Newspapers and Magazines.

All kinds of Soft Drinks

H. H. McCUTCCHAN

Patagonia Arizona

## Elite Cleaning Pressing Works

Mrs. Anna Brown

Patagonia Arizona

—Adv.

For Sale—Young pigs, priced from \$2 up, at J. B. Isinhood ranch, Patagonia. 2t-p

Take Notice!

The barber shop of William Fessler will be closed on Sunday hereafter in compliance with the state law. —adv

Saloon for sale. Fine location in Nevada. Address Nels Nelson, Goodsprings, Nevada. —adv

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SPECIALTY

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Rexall, A. D. S., Dykes' Specialties

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Pendergrass's Amusement Parlor

Cigars and Tobaccos

Pool Table Soft Drinks

Patagonia, Arizona

## Santa Cruz County Fair

The Fourth Annual Settlers' Picnic will be held at Russell's cottonwood grove near Sonoita Saturday, September 18. A big barbecue will be given and everything free. It will be a regular basket picnic. Prominent speakers will be present and deliver addresses.

Progress is being made in perfecting arrangements for the Santa Cruz County Fair, to be held here Friday and Saturday, October 8 and 9.

The track is graded and the stone on the ground for the foundation of the grand stand. The Rigsby and Woodward well drilling outfit is at work near the grandstand.

A little army of men has been at work on construction. George J. White, Wilbur Woodward, Mr. Davis, Mark Manning and others too numerous to mention were pushing the grading.

Messrs. Purdum and Bryant looked after the lumber. Hugh S. White, Herman Passow, M. G. Rouse and William Gorson hauled the stone on the field. White and Passow quarried 12 loads, which Rouse and Gorson put on the ground in one and one-half days, counting ten hours to the day—I call that work.

But "a thing of beauty and a joy forever" will be, especially to lovers of fine stock, the track.

Since we can see the outline and get a bird's-eye view of the grounds, we are delighted, and ask ourselves: "What will it be after Charles Brossart gets to growing Carolina poplars and other trees on these beautiful grounds and those of the schoolhouse?"

John Hoffman of Kansas, after visiting California, returned via Sonoita to have a look at our country and visit his grandfather, J. S. Gashwiler, and aunts, Mrs. G. J. White and Mrs. G. B. Frye. He is just delighted with our country, but that is nothing new, for all who breathe our bracing mountain air, loaded with the sweets of the untold variety of flowers of our valley, are just as enthusiastic.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander and son are here from Tempe. The heat of the Salt River valley was too much for Mr. Alexander, but he has found so much relief here at Sonoita that he has taken steps to secure a home among us. We are so glad to have him and his family. We have a warm welcome for all such citizens.

One such brings more of the same kind. His big auto was accompanied here by a trim little Ford, and on being introduced to the occupants by Mrs. Alexander, we discovered no less a personage than Prof. Frizzell of the State Normal at Tempe. He, with his wife and handsome daughter of 14 summers are enjoying for the first time our delightful summer. He said: "I shall be delighted if I am able to pass other summers here. I did not know that there was such a beautiful and delightful place in Arizona as I find in Sonoita. I can now eat and sleep. It is a delightful rest from the work of

teaching mathematics, although I like my work so much."

All crops are looking fine, but those that were planted from March on to the first of June are grand. R. F. Fassett planted corn and dwarf milo in March. I think he may gather fully 2000 pounds to the acre. I should be glad to mention others, but I am going to ask you not to omit mention of "Grandpa" Rouse.

We call him "grandpa" because we love him and because he blazed the way for most all of us to Santa Cruz county.

He is past 70 and has out a large crop

and it was put in well and looks fine.

It was put in early. He has two fine young milch cows

and some fine steers to sell, but you must pay for the fat steers if you get them. He has fine hogs and will put up his own cured pork.

Farmers, go to Grandpa Rouse and learn to be wise.

## House-warming at J. L. Gatlin Home

A delightful house-warming affair and dance was given last Friday night at the new home of Mr. and Mrs. Jesse L. Gatlin in Squaw Gulch, west of Patagonia, and a large number of their friends were present, including:

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Francis and Miss Gladys Francis, Patagonia.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Chapman, Howard Chapman, Joe Chapman, Lonnie Chapman and Robert Bergier, from Alto.

Dr. and Mrs. J. M. Harris, Patagonia, and Mrs. Simmons of Texas.

"Patsy" Patteson and Miss Anita Holcomb, Patagonia.

Miss Hilda Trask, Benson.

Val Valenzuela, Jr., G. Lou Stevens, Woody Gatlin, Jewell Trask, Frank Blackledge, P. L. McIntyre, Charley Brown, William Hankins and H. H. McCutchan of the Patagonia Smoke House.

Miss Mac Farrell, Miss Hattie Chrisman and Will Farrell, from Harshaw.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert A. Gatlin, Miss Mabel Sipe and Lawrence Sipe, from Temporal ranch.

James Gatlin and Henry Karns, San Rafael.

Glenn Perry, Pennsylvania ranch.

Miss Ruby Shields, Clyde and Cecil Shields, Patagonia.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Wilson and Miss Lottie Wilson of Patagonia.

Everybody had a good time and "Sure they would," says Herb, "when they come from Patagonia, Harshaw, Benson and Alto."

Tom Shultz, representative of the Logan Heights Investment Company of El Paso, Texas, is in the city on a business trip. Mr. Shultz is an old-time newspaper man well known to Arizona pioneers.

Forest Supervisor R. A. Rodgers, Ranger Stanley C. Wilson and Mr. Young, a geologist who is in the service of the University of Michigan, were here from Canille yesterday.

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## MINING MACHINERY

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NOGALES, ARIZONA

## Santa Cruz Patagonian

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

### COUNSEL AND GUILTY CLIENT

Man's Right Seems to Be Determined by Court and Not by His Lawyer.

Ought an advocate to defend a prisoner whom he believes to be guilty? Mr. Justice Darling, in a recent case in which a solicitor was the plaintiff, made some observations on this familiar problem which ought not to go unrecorded. He protested, says the London Globe, against the notion that a lawyer, whether barrister or solicitor, was under an obligation to cease to conduct a case which he realizes to be bad.

"If an advocate, in the course of a trial for murder, comes to recognize that his client is guilty, is he," asked the learned judge, "to say to the court, 'Hang my client'?" Judges have seldom asked about the ethics of advocacy in open court. It was, however, in a considered judgment in the court of exchequer that Baron Bramwell made his famous contribution to the law.

"A man's rights," said the baron, "are to be determined by the court, not by his advocate or counsel. It is for want of remembering this that foolish people object to lawyers that they will advocate a cause against their own opinions. A client is entitled to say to his counsel: 'I want your advocacy, not your judgment; I prefer that of the court'." Mr. Justice Darling, in the jargon of the courts, concurs.

Laymen have usually been reader than lawyers to discuss the ethics of advocacy. "What do you think of supporting a cause you know to be bad?" Everybody knows Doctor Johnson's reply when Boswell asked him this question. "Sir, you do not know it to be good or bad till the judge determines it."

Less generally known is Sydney Smith's contribution to the discussion. "Justice is found experimentally to be most effectually promoted by the opposite efforts of practiced and ingenuous men presenting to the selection of an impartial judge the best arguments for the establishment or explanation of truth. It becomes, then, under such an arrangement the decided duty of an advocate to use all the arguments in his power to defend the cause he has adopted and to leave the effects of those arguments to the judgment of others." This was said in an amiss sermon the famous wit preached at York in 1824, to which a characteristic touch this—he gave the disturbing title of "The Lawyer That Tempted Christ."

### THEN HE WORE THE HAT

David Warfield Felt He Could Follow Style That Was Set by King of England.

David Warfield claims "the" honor of having led the style in one particular at least. But he says it wasn't his fault. He entered a hat shop not long ago and disconsolately turned from one shape to another until his eye fell on one that pleased him.

"What about this?" he asked.

"Oh, that—" diplomatically hesitated the clerk, who did not wish to lose a customer, but who had fears of consequences—"why, that—do you think you would like that, Mr. Warfield?"

"I do like it," said the actor. "Why not? I like the shape. It is such a nice dull shade, too—so soft in tone."

The clerk said no more, and the actor took the hat.

When he looked at it the next day his teeth met in a way that boded no good for the bashful clerk. The hat was green. However, he determined to make no complaint. He recalled the hesitation of the man in the store, and so in the daytime the green hat hung in the closet. At night Mr. Warfield did not hesitate, to wear it to and from the scene of his labors. His friends all asked: "Where'd you get the hat, Dave?" But "Dave" never would tell, for he knew the joke was on him.

Each morning he would gaze longingly at his favorite hat, and then with shake of his head would hang it back on its hook.

"I haven't got the nerve," he would mutter. "The shape's all right, but the color!"

One day recently a member of his family, who was reading a newspaper, suddenly looked up and exclaimed: "Why, what do you suppose?"

"I don't know," answered Warfield. "Somebody dead or married, I guess. I give up."

"The King of England's wearing a green hat like yours."

"No, really!" said the actor. "The king can do no wrong. Hand me that hat. I'm going to wear it. Wonderful how great heads fit in the same hats—what?"

Boston Spirits. Hubb—I see that Chinese streets are always made crooked to keep the evil spirits out of them.

Dubb—And yet here in Boston the more crooked the streets the more saloons there are on 'em.

British Columbia Timber. The annual cut of British Columbia timber is approximately 2,000,000,000 feet.

### FOR THOSE FOND OF ORANGES

Recipes That Will Appeal Particularly to Lovers of Healthful and Appetizing Fruit.

Oranges are so healthful they should be introduced as often as possible; try these recipes:

**Orange Delight.**—Soak half a box of gelatin, or one envelope of powdered gelatin, in one gill of cold water fifteen minutes, now add three gills of boiling water, stir until dissolved; put into it half a pint of granulated sugar, three gills of sour orange juice and the strained juice of one lemon, stand in cool place; harden in the refrigerator.

**Orange Icing.**—Put one running-over tablespoonful of strained orange juice in a bowl, one teaspoonful of lemon juice and one teaspoonful of sherry wine or brandy, with the grated yellow rind of one small sour orange; let it stand for 20 minutes, then stir in half a teaspoonful of confectioner's sugar, then the slightly beaten yolk of one egg; stir, now add sufficient confectioner's sugar to make it the consistency to spread easily over the cake; it should not run; spread evenly, then put in a cool dry place to stiffen.

This icing will be rich and creamy, never becoming "rocky," like so many people make. If cake is rubbed on the edge with sugar the icing seldom runs off the sides.

### HINTS FOR THE ECONOMICAL

How Dressmakers' Bills May Be Saved and Garments Kept at Their Proper Freshness.

A cake of magnesia and a clothes brush are a frugal woman's best friends. After brushing a dusty gown rub both sides of any soiled spots with the magnesia, which comes in cakes for that purpose, hang it away for a day or two and then brush again. The spots will be found to have disappeared. Care taken with dainty clothing is the secret of dressing well on limited means. The late Mme. Modjeska had a wonderful collection of lace which were worn instead of being kept for show alone. They were cleaned with magnesia. Liberally sprinkled through the meshes, the whole wrapped in tissue paper to remain until the chalk absorbed all the lot?

Nothing in the familiar old kitchen was hers, Angeline reflected, except Abraham, her aged husband, who was taking his last gentle ride in the old rocking chair—the old armchair with painted roses blooming as brilliantly across its back as they had bloomed when the chair was first purchased forty years ago. Those roses had come to be a source of perpetual wonder to the old wife, an ever-present example.

Neither time nor stress could wilt them a single leaf. When Abe took the first mortgage on the house in order to invest in an indefinitely located Mexican gold mine, the melodeon dropped one of its keys, but the roses nodded on with the same old sunny hope; when Abe had to take the second mortgage and Tenafly Gold became a forbidden topic of conversation, the minute hand fell off the parlor clock, but the flowers on the back of the old chair blossomed on none the less serenely.

The soil grew more and more barren as the years went by; but still the roses had kept fresh and young, so why, argued Angy, should not she? If old age and the pinch of poverty had failed to conquer their valiant spirit, why should she listen to the croaking tale? If they bloomed on with the same crimson flaunt of color, though the rockers beneath them had grown warped and the body of the chair creaked and groaned every time one ventured to sit in it, why should she not ignore the stiffness which the years seemed to bring to her joints, the complaints which her body threatened every now and again to utter, and fare on herself, a hardy perennial bravely facing life's winter-time?

Do you cover your own buttons? It means a saving and gives variety to a costume. It can be done by crochet stitches or by needlework as well as by bits of fancy silk, too insignificant for any other use. I have heard objections on the score that the result was not as satisfactory as professional work, but the answer to that is the injunction to do all work neat. Slip-stitch methods are to be condemned everywhere, although I grant that time is wasted in the inside finish of frocks. Even expensive dressmakers have taken a hint from Paris and concentrated on externals.

### In Muffins.

This recipe was introduced to a certain household by a servant from Hungary. She explained, she served salt pork, but she found bacon better than pork.

She sifts a cupful and a half of flour with a teaspoonful and a half of baking powder, a teaspoonful of sugar and a half teaspoonful of salt. Then she adds a beaten egg, a teaspoonful of melted butter and half a cupful of sweet milk. After beating smooth she adds half a cupful of bacon. The bacon is first fried or broiled until crisp and then chopped and measured. The muffins are baked in hot muffin pans until done and they are eaten without butter. The bits of bacon throughout the muffins give sufficient flavor of the sort butter would supply.

### Auburn Molasses Cookies.

To one cupful of lard and butter mixed and melted allow two cupfuls of molasses, two teaspoonfuls of soda dissolved first in two tablespoonfuls of boiling water. Then beaten into the molasses until it foams two eggs, a pinch of salt, a tablespoonful of ginger and a teaspoonful of cinnamon.

Add flour to mix very soft and let the dough stand for an hour before rolling out. Cut into cookies a quarter of an inch thick and bake in a rather hot oven until a rich brown.

### Pigeon Fricassée.

Cut eight pigeons into small pieces and put in a stewpan, with one pint of water and the same of claret. Season with salt, pepper, mace and onion, a bunch of herbs, a piece of butter in flour; cover close and let stew until there is just enough for sauce; then take out the onion and herbs, beat up the yolks of three eggs, push the meat to one side and stir them into the gravy. Keep stirring until sauce is thick, then put the meat in a dish and pour over it.

### Baked Oysters.

Put a round of toasted bread into a small baking cup or dish. Spread with butter and fill the cup with oysters. Season with salt, pepper and butter. Fill as many cups as required, place them in baking pan in the oven, cover with a pan and bake about ten minutes.

### A Tea Hint.

If a lump of sugar is put in the teapot when making tea it will prevent its spoiling the table cover if spilled.

# OLD LADY NUMBER 31

By LOUISE FORSSLUND

AUTHOR OF "THE STORY OF SARAH," "THE SHIP OF DREAMS," ETC.

COPYRIGHT BY THE CENTURY CO.

More than one faded, fragrant romance is revealed in the chapters of this homely little story.

Through it runs like a golden thread, the tender devotion of the aged husband and wife.

### CHAPTER I.

#### The Tea Table.

Angeline's slender, wiry form and small, glossy gray head bent over the squat brown teapot as she shook out the last bit of leaf from the canister. The canister was no longer hers, neither the teapot, nor even the battered old pewter spoon with which she tapped the bottom of the tin to dislodge the last flicker of tea-dust. The three had been sold at auction that day in inquiry, "What am I bid for the lot?"

Nothing in the familiar old kitchen was hers, Angeline reflected, except Abraham, her aged husband, who was taking his last gentle ride in the old rocking chair—the old armchair with painted roses blooming as brilliantly across its back as they had bloomed when the chair was first purchased forty years ago. Those roses had come to be a source of perpetual wonder to the old wife, an ever-present example.

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Angy lifted her knotted old hand and smoothed back the hair from her brow; for through all the struggling years she had kept a certain, not unpleasing, girlish pride in her personal appearance.

Abraham had risen with creaks of his rheumatic joints, and was now walking up and down the room, his feet lifted slowly and painfully with every step, yet still his blue eyes flashed with the fire of indignant protest.

"Me a-bunkin' comfortable in the Old Men's, an' yew a-takin' keer o' them Halsey young 'uns for ten cents a week! I wouldn't take keer o' em fer ten cents a short breath. Thar be young 'uns an' young 'uns," he ejaculated, "but they're tarts!" Shocked and contrite, they covered their eyes with their trembling old hands and murmured together: "Dear Lord, we thank thee this day for our daily bread."

Angy opened her eyes to find the red roses cheerfully facing her from the back of the rocking chair. A robin had hopped upon the window sill just outside the patched and rusty screen and was joyfully caroling to her his views of life. Through the window vines in which the bird was almost meadowed the sunlight sifted softly onto the stripped, bare and lonely room. Angy felt strangely encouraged and comforted. The roses became symbolic to her of the "lilies of the field which toll not, neither do they spin;" the robin was one of the "two sparrows who fall not to the ground without your Father;" while the sunlight seemed to call out to the little old lady who hoped and believed and loved much: "Fear ye not therefore. Ye are of more value than many sparrows!"

I've brought yer ter this passa. Lemme bear the brunt o' it."

Ab, the greatest good of all had not vanished, and that was the love they bore one to the other. The sunshine came flooding back into mother's heart. She lifted her face, beautiful, rosy, eternally young. This was the man for whom she had gladly risked want and poverty, the displeasure of her own people, almost half a century ago. Now at last she could point him out to all her little world and say, "See, he gives me the red side o' the apple!" She lifted her eyes, two bright sapphires swimming with the diamond dew of unshed, happy tears.

"I'm a-thinkin', father," she twittered, "that now me an' yew be a-gwine so far apart, we be a-gittin' closer together in speret than we've ever been afore."

Abe bent down stiffly to brush her cheek with his rough beard, and then, awkward, as when a boy of sixteen he had first kissed her, shy, ashamed at this approach to a return of the old-time love-making, he seated himself at the small, bare table.

This warped, hill-and-dale table of the drop-leaves, which had been brought from the attic only today after resting there for ten years, had served as their first dining-table when the honeymoon was young. Abe thoughtfully drummed his hand on the board, and as Angy brought the teapot and sat down opposite him, he recalled:

"We had bread an' tea an' apple sass the day we set up housekeeping, dew yew remember, Angy?"

"An' I burned the apple sass," she supplemented, whereupon Abe chuckled, and Angy went on with a thrill of genuine gladness over the fact that he remembered the details of that long-ago honeymoon as well as she: "Yew don't mind havin' no butter to-night, dew yer father?"

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"I see," he said, "I see. It is like the case of Mr. Smith. Mr. Smith, an American, said to his wife at a Paris restaurant:

"Strange! I spoke to the proprietor in French, and he didn't understand me."

"Well," said Mrs. Smith, "no wonder. He's a Frenchman."

# Life's Little Jesus



### USING THE FRENCH LANGUAGE

Belgian Refugee Painted at Cheers Given by Students at His Description of Ruined Louvain.

Professor Poussin, the Belgian refugee professor at Harvard, was pained at a dinner in his honor by the applause and cheering which greeted his description of ruined Louvain and wrecked Liege. But when it was explained to Professor Poussin that the Harvard professors and students had a very slight knowledge of French—he had spoken in French—his perplexity vanished, and he smiled.

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"Well," said Mrs. Smith, "no wonder. He's a Frenchman."

Genuine Art.

"That man says he wants his picture to look perfectly natural," said the photographer's assistant.

"Make it as handsome as possible," replied the proprietor.

"But he insists that he doesn't want the picture to flatter him."

"He won't think it flatters him. He'll think that at last somebody has managed to catch the way he really looks."

Nearly Caught Him.

Mrs. Bacon—Where were you last night, John?

Mr. Bacon (in alarm)—Why, dear?

"I heard you talking in your sleep."

"You did? What did I say, dear?"



LAZY GRAY.

All the other squirrels called him Lazy Gray, which was really not a very nice name for a squirrel to have, but it fitted this squirrel, and I am going to tell you how he came to be called by such an unpleasant name.

When Lazy Gray was born there were three little squirrels in his family, but he was the youngest, and his mother thought he was the prettiest, and all the rest of the family used to wait on him a great deal, and his mother did not ask him to do errands or to climb trees or do any other hard tasks that most squirrels have to do. And Lazy Gray took advantage of the kindness of his mother and his brothers and sisters and used to ask them to wait on him. When he was thirsty and wanted a drink of water, he would call to his mother and say: "I am thirsty," and she would take a nutshell and go down to the brook and fill it with nice cool water and bring it to him for him to drink. And sometimes he would not even say, "Thank you," when he had finished.

And he used to make his brothers go on long journeys through the woods to get a particular kind of nut of which he was very fond; and if they happened to bring him one that was not good, he would find fault with them and tell them that they did not know good nuts from bad ones.

All through the summer he foisted away his time sleeping and lying in the sun, and never a single nut did he gather for himself. But when fall came and his two brothers were taken ill, his mother said that he would have to help her gather nuts for the winter, because she could not gather enough to last the whole family through all the long winter. Lazy thought it was very hard that he should be called upon to work for his brothers even if they were sick, and he complained very bitterly about how hard it was for him to climb trees all day and store nuts. Whenever he could, he stole away and lay down behind a rock and kept hidden until his mother came and found him. And then she would tell how, when it got cold and there was snow all over the ground and he was hungry, he would wish that he had been a good squirrel and had gathered the nuts while he could.

But he did not believe her, and said, "Oh, I have gathered all the nuts I shall want, and am not going to work any more!" and then he would go to sleep again.

Weeks passed by, and it grew colder and colder, and the snow came, and all the squirrels began to draw on

his sides began to be less plump and his cheeks less full, and by springtime he was a pretty sorry-looking squirrel, with his ribs showing plainly through his sides and his bushy tail looking bigger than the whole of the rest of him.

But it taught him a good lesson, and early in the next summer, just as soon as there were any nuts to be had, he began to store them away, and when winter came again, he had a big hole in the tree filled full, and his mother was much pleased.

"You see," she told him, "how wicked it is not to provide for the future and store up things that are needed against the time when you need them." And Lazy agreed with her and told her that never again so long as he lived would he merit the name of "Lazy."

#### WATER WINGS AID SWIMMER

Main Object of Recent Invention is to Provide Means for Preventing Wings Slipping.

The Scientific American, in describing and illustrating water wings, the invention of C. Holroyd of Pittsburgh, Pa., says:

This invention refers to inflated bags commonly known as water wings and used by persons who are unable



Water Wings.

to swim, and the main object thereof is to provide a means for connection with the bathing suit in order to prevent the wings from escaping from the bather, and to prevent the wings from slipping to one side of the body, both of these faults in the water wings as now provided tending to decrease the confidence of the bather, particularly when being taught to swim in deep water.

#### TEACHING CHILDREN TO SAVE

Idea Is to Have Young People Deposit Small Sums Which Belong to Them as Result of Work.

(By CHARLOTTE A. BAKER, Colorado Agricultural College.)

When you are worried to death about your bills, do you ever think of Mr. Micawber's definition of happiness and of misery? "Annual income nineteen nineteen six, results happiness; annual expenditure twenty pounds ought and six, result misery . . . and, in short, you are forever floored." Part of a child's education should be learning to avoid being "forever floored," and this means he must be taught to save.

In 1913 we had 1,839,174 children in the public schools, and about one child in eight had earnings in a school savings bank. It is not the idea of these banks to have the children beg money from their parents or friends, but to deposit small sums which belong to them as the result of self-denial or work.

If you are interested in this movement and want to know what has been done and is being done to teach children self-control and thrift, read the government bulletin called School Savings Banks. You may get it by writing the United States Bureau of Education, Washington, D. C., and asking for bulletin forty-six of the 1914 series.

#### LEARN TO USE YOUR BRAIN

Householder Had Not Missed Winding Clock Every Night for Years—It Was an Eight-Day Affair.

Most of us plod along doing the things we have always done or doing what all the rest do. It is a bold man who shortens a path. Most of us waste an hour, now and then, doing something that could be done better in ten minutes if we would use our minds.

An old man had a fine clock with chimes, says the Twentieth Century Farmer. When a guest was with him he said, "For 35 years I have never missed a night winding up this clock at 10:30 o'clock."

The guest, who happened to be a jeweler, examined the clock closely and a quizzical smile overspread his face.

"What's funny?" inquired the householder.

"Why," said the visitor, "I was trying to figure out how much time you have wasted. This is an eight-day clock."

You can waste time dawdling over a lesson, or reading one thing and thinking of another, or listening with one ear, or doing things at the wrong time so they have to be done twice, or forgetting what has just been said.

If asked the time right after looking at your watch, do you look again?

#### Wings Puzzled Marion.

Little Marion was looking at the picture of an angel. "Mamma," she queried, "how do they get their wings on over their wings?"

## A PERFECT NUMBER

Seven Figured Largely in the Wooing and Wedding of Arthur Raymond.

By ANNE DOUBLEDAY. (Copyright, 1915, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Arthur Raymond closed his desk and, locking the door of his law office, went slowly down the street. His brisk step had lost its elasticity and there were white threads in his dark hair.

At the white gate of Hiram Tweedy's house, Arthur turned in and went up the path between the stiff rows of box. From the garden came the sickly-sweet smell of day lilies standing like white sentinels among their patches of bright green leaves.

Hiram Tweedy was sitting on the narrow front porch, smoking his evening pipe.

"How are you, Arthur?" he asked cordially.

"Good evening," responded Arthur, sitting down on the steps. "I don't suppose you've heard anything?"

Hiram removed the pipe from between the thin line of his hard lips.

"None, not a word. I was telling Ella this morning that Amy was an ungrateful minx! I'm really ashamed to own she's my niece."

"She hasn't done anything except go away to earn her own living," retorted Arthur; "and you taunted her into that, Hiram. You admitted it yourself."

Hiram laughed raspingly.

"Well, Amy's such a little spitfire I just couldn't help it, anyhow," he admitted. "Lord! I didn't expect the girl would flare up and run away. Why, she might run away from me and her Aunt Ella, but I'll be hanged if it shows much sense in her to run away from her best fellow."

Arthur arose. "Well, if there's no news from her, I'll go on. I suppose you're making every effort you can to find out where she went," he added.

"Of course, I am, Arthur. She's my own niece, even if she ain't treated me right," returned Hiram in an injured tone. "Nobody knows what I've done for that girl."

"Amy has only lived with you two years," observed Arthur coldly. "Since her father's death, it has always been understood that Amy's help here has been more paid for her board."

"I'm the one who ought to know!" retorted Hiram truculently.

Arthur turned without another word and went down the street, his head bent a little thoughtfully.

Hiram smoked on unconcernedly until a thin, sallow woman appeared behind the screen door that led into the house.

"Was that Arthur Raymond?" she asked curiously.

"Yes—asking about Amy."

"He's gone to bother about her," remarked Mrs. Tweedy, sourly. "She didn't care enough about him to stay here."

Hiram stilled her voice with a wave of his pipe.

"You better keep still, Ella; I heard what you said to Amy that night—I heard you telling her that Arthur Raymond was tired of her and that he was sweet on that little Weeks girl! I expect it was that that drove her away—more than any of my teachings."

"The very ideal!" quavered Mrs. Tweedy tearfully. "If that isn't just like a man—always blaming everything on his wife!"

"I know what you said, and I know what I said, and I know that the girl packed a few clothes and went away before we was up the next morning. Is supper ready?"

Arthur Raymon went toward his boarding place with the ever-present vague hope that in the gathering of good gossip around the hospitable board of Miss Milly Brown he might hear some news about Amy. He was conscious that the Tweeds entertained a hostile feeling toward him. Why, he did not know; only he was aware of it.

His hopes were verified.

It appeared that Miss Milly Brown's sister was the wife of the station agent, and that afternoon Miss Brown had made a long-deferred call upon her relative. She came home primed with a bit of news that Arthur Raymond seized upon eagerly.

The Tweeds are so close-mouthed about where Amy went it would make you laugh," remarked Miss Brown, as she ladled out generous portions of clam chowder. "Just as if folks weren't bound to find out sooner or later. My sister says that Jabez told her that Amy Flood had gone to New York—he sold her a ticket that morning. She went on the 7:07 train."

Arthur Raymond didn't listen to the remainder of the gossip. The magic words or numbers, "seven-seven" were an inspiration to him. Seven was his lucky number; without being superstitious on any other subject, Arthur stoutly claimed that the number seven was his mascot always; all through his life it had appeared at important periods. He had even been born on the seventh day of the seventh month in the year 1877, and once, when he was quite young, he had declared he wouldn't marry until he possessed seven thousand dollars.

There was a tinge of irony in the fact that he now had the seven thousand dollars, but the only girl he wanted to marry had gone away without a word of farewell or explanation.

But Miss Brown's news kindled his aching hope of finding Amy Flood.

The magic numbers seven-seven danced before his eyes as he hunted out a time-table and discovered with a thrill that the number of the train had been 77.

So Amy Flood had left for New York on train 77 at 7:07 a.m.

"I'll find her," decided Arthur, and he made preparations to leave town on the same train early the next morning. All of which might have been superstitious nonsense, but at the same time it was very human.

Train 77 landed Arthur Raymond in New York city at noon of a hot July day. In the crowded railroad station he began to realize what a task he had set before him, but, clinging obstinately to his magic number, Arthur went to the nearest hotel, and after surprising the room clerk by requesting room 77 if it was vacant, he took his key and went up in the elevator with a degree of satisfaction.

After lunch he started on his quest. How was he to pick out Amy Flood from a city of countless girls?

"I'll begin with the shops," decided Arthur, and, having compiled a list of the great dry goods firms from the city directory, he set forth.

His first day's work was discouraging. He had visited five shops and not one could boast of the name of Amy Flood on its pay roll. Amys there were in plenty, but none answered his description.

The second and third days were as fruitless as the first. Arthur was beginning to lose hope. He even inserted an advertisement in the personal column of a morning newspaper, wording it carefully so that no inquisitive eye at home might detect its authorship.

The morning of the seventh day found Arthur starting on his quest with renewed zest. On this day of the magic number something might be expected to happen.

There was a big store on Sixth avenue which he had not yet visited, and another one near by which had declined to render him any assistance or to give him any information whatever. He would go there again and seek the employment department, as had been his custom; he diligently visited every sales department of the store.

Red-haired girls bobbed before him from behind laces and ribbons, but not Amy. At last he stood dejectedly before the jewelry counter, looking blankly at the glittering array of ornaments. Two of the salesgirls were talking.

"Number 77 is home sick," remarked one of them.

"She is? I'm sorry for her if she's left to old Goggins' care! Once I was sick for a few days and she charged me double board for sending Hilda up with my meals—such meals—skim milk and burned toast and such tea—you couldn't have told it from water except that they called it tea!"

"The poor kid's homesick, that's what's the matter with her," went on the first speaker in a kindly tone. "I say to her last night, 'Now, see here 77, why don't you write home and tell your folks what you're up against—sure they'll send for you to come home.' What do you think she said? Said she didn't have any home—wouldn't that jar you? Most everybody's got some kin somewhere!"

Arthur was listening shamelessly. One of the girls noted his interest and stepped forward.

"Can I show you something, sir?" she asked.

"No—but you can tell me; you're speaking of a girl you called 77—that is her store number of course?"

"Yes, sir."

"Does her name happen to be Amy Flood?"

"Right! Are you some of her folks?" asked the girl bluntly.

For answer Arthur took out his watch and showed her Amy's fair face photographed on the inside case.

"That's her—that's 77!" cried the girl eagerly. "Say, she needs some of her folks—like enough Mrs. Goggins wouldn't let you in to see her, but wait till noon time and you can go home with us, and then—well, I guess I'll be mighty glad to see a home face."

Arthur thanked the kind-hearted girls and, having arranged to meet them at one o'clock, he tried to kill the intervening time by the purchase of an absurdly large basket of luxuries to tempt the appetite of an invalid.

Mrs. Goggins' hideous parlor witnessed a tender meeting. Amy, no longer white and wan, but a lovely rose pink with happiness, greeted the relieved young lawyer in a manner that quite satisfied him.

"When the store gave me that number, 77," said Amy, "I remembered your superstition regarding it, and I thought something lovely must happen to me because of it—but the days went by and I began to believe that Aunt Ella was right after all—that you were fond of Madie Weeks, and that your engagement to me galled you. But, now it is all right! Oh, Arthur, how can we do honor to that precious number 77?"

"Well," said Arthur, "today is the 7th of July—the seventh month. It is also my thirty-seventh birthday. I believe we had better be married at seven o'clock this evening to keep the magic number on the family record. I've been carrying a marriage license around in my pocket for seven days, and if it isn't good we will go over to Jersey or somewhere else and find a minister to marry us. There!"

There was a tinge of irony in the fact that he now had the seven thousand dollars, but the only girl he wanted to marry had gone away without a word of farewell or explanation.

But Miss Brown's news kindled his aching hope of finding Amy Flood.

## Weak Women!

Some women are weak because of ills that are common

### In Girlhood—Womanhood and Motherhood

The prescription which Dr. R. V. Pierce used most successfully—in diseases of women—which has stood the test of nearly half a century—is

**Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription**  
Take this in liquid or tablet form as a tonic and regulator!  
**Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate stomach, liver, bowels**

### An Easy Choice.

Bishop Sanfor & Olmsted said at a dinner party:

"The charge that the church is governed by mercenary motives is an insidious one. I think the charge was best answered by the prison chaplain.

A chaplain was addressing a congregation of prisoners, many of whom had given more than one proof that they were profiting by his visits. But there was a certain rough, brutal-looking fellow who always scoffed and sneered. And today this fellow, when the chaplain greeted him, said:

"No, I don't want to shake hands with you, parson. You only preach for money."

"Very good, my friend; have it so," the chaplain answered. "I preach for money. You steal for money. Let God choose between us."

**NEW MODERN DANCING**  
E. Fletcher Hallomore, the leading Dancing Expert and Instructor in New York City, writes: "I have used ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE, the antiseptic powder to be shaken into the shoes, for ten years, and recommend it to all my pupils." It cures and prevents sore feet. Sold by all Drug and Department Stores, 25c. Sample FREE. Address: Allen S. Olmsted, La Roy, N. Y. (Adv.)

**Irony.**  
The inventor seldom profits by his production. The Chinese invented gunpowder.—South Bend Tribune.

**This is Free.**  
If you want your advice to be appreciated, charge money for it.—Los Angeles Times.

**Optimistic Thought.**  
A clever man's inheritance is found in every country.

# The Patagonia Commercial Company

DEALERS IN  
GENERAL MERCHANDISE

Mining Supplies,  
Groceries, Dry Goods, Shoes, Clothing and  
Furnishings  
HAY AND GRAIN

Drugs and Patent Medicines  
Wholesale and Retail Orders Attended to Promptly

The Patagonia Commercial Co.  
"ON THE CORNER"

PATAGONIA, ARIZ.

**COMMERCIAL HOTEL**  
UNDER MANAGEMENT OF THE OWNERS  
Clean, Cool, Quiet  
**ROOMS**  
Dining Room in connection  
**PATAGONIA, ARIZ.**

**Wm. POWERS**  
Mines and Mining

Thirty-three years in the  
district.  
Properties bought and sold.  
Correspondence solicited.  
Patagonia, Arizona.

**H. W. PURDY**  
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON  
With W. F. Chenoweth, Nogales  
Physician for Three R Mine.  
Visits Patagonia every Thursday.

**E. K. CUMMING**  
General Real Estate and  
Insurance Broker  
Nogales, - - - - - Arizona

**S. F. NOON**  
Attorney and Counsellor at Law  
Nogales, Ariz.

**Patagonia Barber Shop**  
WM. FESSLER, Prop.  
Hot and Cold Baths  
Shop Closed on Sunday  
**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 Pipe 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 expendi-  
ture, as co-owner, to-wit:  
One-fourth, or twenty-five dol-  
lars, 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 Ameri-  
can Boy, and one-sixth, or  
sixteen and two-thirds dollars,  
being your interest in the Long-  
fellow, 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 un-  
dersigned, your co-owners, who  
have made the expenditure re-  
quired by law.

J. B. DAVID  
GEORGE CLARKE  
JENS PETERSEN

First publication July 2, 1915.

## Santa Cruz Patagonian

Subscription	\$2.00 a year
Entered at the postoffice at Patagonia, Arizona, as second-class mail matter.	
H. P. GREENE - EDITOR AND LESSOR	
J. B. PRICE - OWNER	
Copper	18.00
Lead	4.90
Silver	47.00
Spelter	15.50

The question of putting the  
county on a cash basis is being  
generally discussed and favorably  
commented upon. The scrip  
that is issued for services to the  
county is subject to a large dis-  
count on account of the length  
of time that it has to be held be-  
fore payment, and a hardship is  
worked on the citizen who is  
called for jury duty and finds  
that the scrip given him in pay-  
ment for his services is not suffi-  
cient to pay his expenses while  
in the county seat. The amount  
necessary to put the county on  
a cash basis will be more than  
offset by the interest on the  
Santa Fe railroad bonds which  
will be refunded to the county,  
amounting to about \$85,000,  
and the back taxes which will  
be received from the Baca float  
lands. The purchases of the  
county will be made at a less  
cost for cash than when bidders  
know they will have to wait a  
long time for their money or  
accept a discount at the banks.

Elmer King was here from  
Elgin Thursday and gives an  
encouraging view of the crop  
situation in the north part of the  
county.

Miss Hattie Chrisman, who  
has been visiting Miss May Far-  
rell at Harshaw, left Thursday  
morning for Phoenix, where she  
will teach the coming school  
year.

The corn fields of Harry Riggs  
and Louis Quinn on Col. Rich-  
ardson's land are growing ex-  
ceptionally well and a big crop  
will in all probability be har-  
vested.

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

Notice for Publication

Serial No. 028082  
United States Land Office,  
Phoenix, Arizona, August 6th,  
1915.

Notice is hereby given that  
Jesse Lee Gatlin of Patagonia,  
Santa Cruz County, Arizona,  
has filed in this office his applica-  
tion to enter under the pro-  
visions of Sections 2306-7 of the  
Revised Statutes of the United  
States the following described  
lands: NW 1/4 NW 1/4, Section 15,  
T. 22 S., R. 15 E., G. & S. R. B.  
& M., Arizona.

Any and all persons claiming  
adversely the land described, or  
desiring to object because of the  
mineral character of the land or  
for any other reason, to its dis-  
posal to applicant, should file  
their affidavits of protest on or  
before the 15th day of September,  
1915.

Thomas P. Weedin, Register.  
First Pub. Aug. 18—Sept. 10

The Patagonia school opened  
Tuesday with a good attend-  
ance. The teachers are Mr. Carr,  
principal, for the past three  
years in charge of the school at  
Pearce, in Cochise county; and

Mrs. Anna H. Fortune and Miss  
Jeanette Shaw, who were here  
last year. Mrs. Grace Farrell  
resigned on account of illness.  
The present year promises to be  
a successful one in this school.

J. D. Brown is visiting at the  
home of J. W. Williamon in the  
San Rafael valley.

Mrs. C. F. Young visited at  
Duquesne the last of this week.

Mr. and Mrs. George Ring-

wald and young son were in  
Patagonia on Monday for sup-

plies and a shipment of house-

hold goods.

J. D. Brown is visiting at the  
home of J. W. Williamon in the  
San Rafael valley.

Mrs. Andrews of Sacramento,

who is here visiting her sister,

Miss Grace Van Osdale, is re-

ported seriously ill.

## BUY YOUR GROCERIES

of us and save from 15 to 20  
per cent.

Freight prepaid to Patagonia, Elgin  
and intermediate points.

Price List sent on application.

Nogales Cash Grocery Co.  
O. H. WEAVER

First publication July 2, 1915.

## A. S. Henderson

When you want to save money on  
groceries, come to us.

Your table will be well supplied with the best the market  
affords if you buy your groceries and provisions from us.

Your bank account will be amply safe guarded because  
our prices are away down, as low as possible for groceries  
and provisions of quality.

Your health will be amply protected because we sell only  
goods of known purity and excellence.

Your appetite will be well satisfied because we sell gro-  
ceries of quality that possess an unusual amount of nutriment  
and they are good to the taste.

**A. S. Henderson**  
General Merchandise  
PATAGONIA : : ARIZONA

Ad. Bley, President G. Mignardot, Accountant  
Max Muller, Vice-Pres. L. Brunner, Sec.  
C. Rivera, Cashier.

PAID UP CAPITAL \$100,000

**Sonora Bank and Trust Co.**

Commercial-Savings-Trust

Accounts carried in both American and Mexican money.

A general banking business transacted.

Nogales, Arizona

## PATAGONIA MEAT MARKET

Fresh Beef and Pork.  
Jerked Meat and Tallow.

Prices Lowest Consistent with Quality  
of Meat

## CLOTHES

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

## Royal Tailored

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 Amuse-

ment Parlor.

**J. M. HARRIS, M. D.**

Physician and Surgeon.

PATAGONIA, ARIZONA

## MONEY IN BANK

Gives you a financial standing, and  
a financial standing contributes  
largely to your success in life.

Open an account with us today

## The First National Bank of Nogales,

NOGALES, ARIZONA

ASSETS OVER \$2,000,000.00