

SANTA CRUZ PATAGONIAN

VOL. 3.

PATAGONIA, ARIZONA, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1915

No. 39

Mining Conditions in District Are Very Favorable for Betterment

James Ritchie made a business trip to Tucson this week.

C. A. Pierce, superintendent of the Mansfield, was in town last Monday.

Shorty LaBounty and Walter Parker came over from Bisbee last week and have gone out to the Trench mine to work.

Chris B. Wilson made a business trip to Nogales and Tucson, returning overland in a big Studebaker Six Saturday night.

Ed Massey, deputy mine inspector of Arizona, accompanied by Paddy White, well known in this locality, arrived in Patagonia Monday evening from Bisbee on a tour of inspection of the mines in this district. Mr. Massey said that although there are about 4000 men employed in the mines at Bisbee, working conditions have improved to such an extent and the men are so safeguarded that there has been but one fatality in the mines during the past four months. Mr. White will spend the winter in this district.

RESTORATION TO ENTRY OF LANDS IN NATIONAL FOREST. Notice is hereby given that the lands described below, embracing 287.50 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., 233), 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, 1908, 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^{1/4} SE^{1/4} Sec. 27, the NW^{1/4} NE^{1/4} Sec. 34, T. 22 S., R. 16 E., & S. H. M., 160 acres, application of Melvin Sorrells, Patagonia, Arizona; List 3-3609. The S^{1/4} S^{1/4} SE^{1/4} NE^{1/4}, the N^{1/4} NE^{1/4} SE^{1/4}, the N^{1/4} SW^{1/4} NE^{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 obs.; extending thence N. 54° 15' E., 22 chs.; thence E. 15 chs.; thence S. 10 obs.; thence S. 68° 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. PARROTT, Acting Assistant Commissioner of the General Land Office.

John Hoy, manager of the Trench Consolidated Mines Co., this week received two fine thoroughbred mares from Butte, Mont.

Edwin McFarland and John Youngcane in from the Sweet Bye and Bye mine, near Rosemont, Monday evening, returning Wednesday.

S. G. Bailey, superintendent of the machine department of the F. Ronstadt Co. of Tucson, is here looking over the engines at the Trench mine.

H. E. Bierce, manager of the Sterling Borax Company, accompanied by his wife and little son, came in on Monday morning's train from California.

John Writer, well-known mining man, came up from Nogales Monday morning and went out to the Morning Glory with Chris B. Wilson in his big Studebaker.

Marshall McDonnell was in from the Blue Eagle mine last Tuesday. He says they have the water out of the shaft now and will start digging high-grade soon.

A. E. Swain mining engineer in charge of the Chief mine, left for Kansas City last Saturday. It is understood that he will return shortly and operations will be resumed on the Chief and Bradford mines.

Ralph Barney, 10-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Barney of Sonoita, was bitten by a rattlesnake last Monday. He was hurried to Patagonia, and Dr. Harris soon had him out of danger. The lad was about a mile and a half from home when bitten, and it required some fast work to get him here in time to save him.

Patagonia Smoke House
Cigars, Tobaccos, Newspapers and Magazines.
All kinds of Soft Drinks
H. H. McCUTCHAN
Patagonia.....Arizona

LOCAL AND PERSONAL NOTES

F. E. Dalton was a business visitor in Nogales from Elgin this week.

C. R. Holcomb, who is hauling concentrates from Duquesne, put on two more teams this week.

Children's winter underwear, union suits, sizes two to sixteen years. Washington Trading Co.

V. P. Hanson, the Elgin merchant, was a business visitor in Nogales Tuesday and Wednesday.

Charles Brossart was a visitor in Nogales this week in the interest of the coming Santa Cruz County Fair.

Washington Trading Co. has just received a beautiful assortment of Navajo Rugs and saddle blankets.—ad.

M. G. Little, of the law firm of DeReimer & Little, returned to Nogales this week after a visit to Los Angeles.

Mrs. J. T. Archer, who has been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. K. Kane, returned to her home in Tucson Wednesday.

Mrs. A. H. Glidewell returned yesterday from her outing in California yesterday. Mr. Glidewell remained in California.

Hunting season will soon be here, and a great deal of interest is being taken in the fine assortment of guns displayed at the Washington Trading Co. The 250-3000 Savage has had a big share of admiration from the nimrods. Then there is the .22 high power, always a favorite, and the old stand-by, the 30-30 Winchester. Scabbards to fit all guns are also on display.—ad

Washington Trading Company

Home of

"DIAMOND M"

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ARIZONA

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

Elite Cleaning Pressing Works

Mrs. Anna Brown
Patagonia.....Arizona

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International Drug Co.

Nogales - - - Arizona
C. H. Hector, Manager
Box C Phone 67

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

We promise satisfaction or money cheerfully refunded.

Patagonians Picnic In Red Rock Canyon

Henry Karns Injured at Roundup

Richard Kunde was host at a picnic last Sunday in Red Rock Canyon which was attended and enjoyed by quite a number of Patagonians.

Among those who enjoyed the spread under the big sycamores were the following:

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Siebold and children.

Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Cook and daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Shields, Lela and Cecil Shields.

Mrs. C. W. Young.

Mrs. J. M. Harris and son.

All report a fine time.

J. D. Milton, U. S. line rider stationed at Fairbank, returned from Nogales Monday, where he had been on business.

J. S. Carver of Sonoita was in town Tuesday, bringing a load of butter for the Patagonia Commercial Company.

Mrs. Sam Boucher of Douglas, who has been visiting at Mowry with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Orton Phelps, returned home on Monday.

Mrs. C. F. Young and Mrs. A. L. Kinsley were visitors in Patagonia Tuesday from the San Rafael Valley.

James Kane returned from Tucson yesterday, accompanied by his sister-in-law, Mrs. W. E. Balcom, and children, who will visit here until Monday.

The Sonora Bank and Trust Company of Nogales in its last statement made a very nice showing, with resources showing over one million dollars.

E. H. Evans, the popular manager of the Washington Trading Co., returned last night from California, accompanied by his wife and little twin children, who have been spending the summer in California.

Rev. and Mrs. R. S. Withrow arrived in Patagonia last Friday evening from Naco and went out to the San Rafael Valley Saturday, where Rev. Withrow held services Sunday. Mrs. Withrow will have charge of the San Rafael Valley school the coming year.

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.

We carry the Largest Stock of

High Grade Mechanics' Tools

In the SOUTHWEST

ROY & TITCOMB, Inc.
NOGALES, ARIZONA

KITCHEN UTENSILS

Everything for the Kitchen

This beautiful collection of handy articles at a reasonable price is now on display.

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WE ASK FOR YOUR ACCOUNT BECAUSE

We are able to render you service which cannot be excelled.

We conduct a bank which is run along the line of conservatism and safety.

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The safety of our depositors is our first consideration.

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GEO.
B.
MARSH,
Inc.

Nogales - - - Arizona

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Santa Cruz Patagonian

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

"NEWS" OF A CENTURY AGO

Journals at That Time "Boiled Down"
the Information They Gave to
Their Readers.

Boston newspapers of 115 years ago and those of today were not much alike in their methods of handling news matter. Of course, at the earlier period the cables were not available, and the editors had to depend upon the kindness of ship captains for news-papers from abroad, from which to cull their foreign news.

The Massachusetts Mercury had been published for 15 years in Boston. It was a small sheet of four pages, with four columns to the page. It published comparatively little reading matter as compared with the advertising which appeared in it, and in most instances the news items were brief and to the point. All laws enacted by the state legislature were made known to the public by being published in full in this paper, which was an official organ.

Contrast the columns that appeared in the Boston newspapers when the present paper was elected, with the following item, which appeared in the Mercury, May 27, 1800:

"A new pope has been elected and declared, who is called Pius the VII; and there has been great rejoicing at Venice in consequence."

On the same date this item appeared: "The duke of York was lately, when riding, thrown from the saddle and his foot being entangled in the stirrup, he was dragged a considerable way—two of his ribs were broken and he was besides severely wounded on his head and arms. There was, however, a prospect of his speedy recovery."

Those were two items the editor thought worthy of publication from the news in the foreign papers which had come to him the night before from Captain Bates of the ship Venetia, from Dublin in 34 days. The papers were up to April 19 of that year.

This little but interesting item appeared in the Mercury of July 23: "The office of the secretary of state in the city of Washington has been broken open and about one hundred and fifty dollars stolen. The object of the thieves appears to have been money alone—as no public papers were taken."

Can you imagine the office of the secretary of state at the national capital being broken into at this time and the newspapers making no more fuss over it than that?

General Pau's Cap.

A correspondent of the Associated Press tells the following incident of the daily life of General Pau, the commander of the French army in Alsace, who lost an arm during the Franco-Prussian war.

A dozen mud-spattered French infantrymen rested in a drizzling rain under some dripping trees. Suddenly the corporal stood erect and made a hasty salute. Through the fog and rain one of the three great leaders of the French army had appeared.

"Why do you not wear your cap?" asked General Pau.

"I have lost my cap, general."

"Where did you lose it?"

"When we were attacked in the woods this morning. A branch knocked it off, and I was too much in a hurry to go back and get it. It is gone."

"Take my cap."

The corporal hesitated. He feared that he would be punished for losing his cap.

"Take it, I tell you, and wear it," said the general.

And the humble corporal did as he was told, and became resplendent in the cap with the golden oak leaves. Since that day the corporal has marched along the country roads to the frontier, proud in the cap of General Pau.

"The general himself told me to wear it," he says to those who protest. "I obey the general's orders, and the cap stays on my head."

The general knows his soldiers, and the world may understand why the tired, bedraggled and weary army goes on marching, and fighting, and dying for its commanders.—Youth's Companion.

Manufacture of Ghee.

Ghee, the native butter of India, which has been known to keep for centuries without becoming rancid, is made by boiling butter until all the watery particles and curds have been removed by skimming.

Great City's Sewage.

Every 24 hours there is poured into the Harlem river 99,000,000 gallons of New York city's sewage; into the North river 132,000,000 gallons and into the East river 254,000,000 gallons

Ambiguous.

Artist (showing latest picture)—"My object was to try to express all the horrors of war." Friend—"I have never seen anything more horrible."—Boston Transcript.

His Probable Defeat.

"A man dat buys his neckties to match de color of his eyes," said Uncle Eben, "may have good taste, but he ain't liable to have good judgment."

HOME THAT IS TRULY HOME

Its Creation Is Wholly the Art of Woman, and Really Her Life's Best Work.

A home is not merely a house; it is an atmosphere; it is a place of beloved associations, where you can wear old clothes, and think old thoughts, and hear familiar voices without hearing them. You can be happy there, and be comfortably unhappy, be thoroughly unpleasant even, and know that those you love will think no worse of you than they do already. Luxury cannot make a home, nor can books, or pictures, or rugs, or bric-a-brac. A cat, a canary, two geraniums, a Bible and an old rocking chair may make one of the loveliest homes in the world. At the same time a home is not necessarily happy because it is the house of poverty, as some would have us believe.

The art of creating home atmosphere is wholly the art of woman, and she has none more charming. More care will not do it, or mere neatness and tidiness; indeed those things sometimes work the other way. The love of prettiness will not do it; good cooking will not do it, although it is a mighty help. Even being gay and merry, and kindly yourself is not quite enough, although it helps even more than the cooking. Success in homemaking, as in everything else, requires that you shall feel a real joy in your work. If it is a drag, if it is an irksome duty, if your mind is on a thousand outside things that are not home, you cannot make home what it should be. Not that the homemaker should think of nothing else. That is neither desirable nor possible. But the woman whose first pleasure is to create that beautiful thing, home, will be a precious and permanent influence not only to her own family, but to all her household, to all her guests, to the whole community in which she lives.—Youth's Companion.

HOW TO COOK VEGETABLES

To Attain Best Results, These Worth-While Observances Should Be Kept Strictly in Mind.

1. Use the freshest vegetables that can be procured.
2. All fresh green vegetables should be placed in boiling salted water.
3. All dried vegetables, such as beans, haricots, lentils, etc., should be placed in lukewarm water.

4. The use of plenty of water in the cooking of all sorts of cabbage and sprouts is not only preservative of color; it is also advantageous in reducing the disagreeable smell which cabbage water always has.

5. Never allow vegetables of any kind to remain soaking in the water in which they were boiled; drain them at once when they are cooked.

6. It is waste of money to buy old, dried vegetables, and a waste of time to try to cook them.

Jelly Jumbles.

One-half cupful butter, one cupful sugar, one egg, one-half teaspoonful soda, one-half cupful sour milk, one-quarter teaspoonful salt, flour, currant jelly. Cream the butter, add sugar gradually, egg well beaten, soda mixed with milk, salt and flour to make a soft dough. Chill and shape, using a round cutter. On the center of one-half the pieces put currant jelly. Make these small openings in remaining halves, using a thimble, and put pieces together. Press edges slightly and bake in a rather hot oven, that jumbles may keep in good shape.

Vegetable Ragout.

Put one cupful each sliced turnips, potatoes and carrots into boiling water. Cook till tender. Melt two tablespoonsfuls of butter in another pan, stir into it one-half cupful of minced onion and fry brown. Add two tablespoonsfuls of browned flour and gradually one pint of hot water. When smooth turn contents of saucepan into it, season to taste with salt and pepper, cook slowly 30 minutes, dish and serve. Just before sending to table sprinkle a tablespoonful of minced parsley over.

Sour Cream Cookies.

One egg beaten light, one heaping cupful sugar, one-half teaspoonful soda in one cupful sour cream, one-half cupful butter, and flavoring, and pastry flour to roll. Cream butter and sugar, add egg and the cream and whatever flavoring you prefer, then flour enough so you can roll. Moisten top of cookies with little milk and beaten yolk of egg. This makes them look nice, but may be omitted.

Chocolate Caramels.

One-half pound of chocolate, one cupful of molasses, one-half cupful of butter, two-cupfuls of sugar, one cupful of milk, one teaspoonful of vanilla. Boil the chocolate, sugar, molasses, milk and butter for fifteen or twenty minutes, then add the vanilla before taking it from the fire. Pour into buttered pans, and when nearly cold cut into squares.

Old-Fashioned Lemon Pie.

Four lemons, chop the rind fine, then add the juice of the lemons, one quart of molasses, one pound raisins, chopped. Use three crusts, makes three pies. Bake in an old-fashioned brick oven, if you can.

Good to Try.

When the oil stove oven bakes too quickly on the bottom, as is generally the case, you can make it bake evenly by placing a piece of asbestos the size of your pan in the bottom of the oven.

Old Lady Number 31

By LOUISE FORSSLUND

Author of
"The Story of Sarah"
"The Ship of Dreams"
Etc.

Copyright by The Century Co.

SYNOPSIS.

Captain Abraham Rose and Angelina, his wife, have lost their little home through Abe's unlucky purchase of the Gold mining stock. Their household goods sold, the \$100 auction money, Abe had left with the rest of the Old Man's home on Andy in the Old Ladies' home. Both are self-sacrificing but Abe decides: "My dear this is the fust time I've had a chance to take the wuse of it."

CHAPTER II—Continued.

Under the pink rose a soft pink flush bloomed on either of the old lady's cheeks. Her eyes flashed with unconquerable pride, and her square, firm chin she held very high; for now, indeed, she was filled with terror of what "folks would say" to this home leaving, and it was a bright June afternoon, too clear for an umbrella with which to hide one's face from prying neighbors, too late in the day for a sunshade.

Angy tucked the green-black affair which served them as both under her arm and swung Abe's figured old carpetbag in her hand with the manner of one setting out on a pleasant journey. Abe, though resting heavily on his stout, crooked cane, dragged behind him Angy's little horsehair trunk upon a creaking, old, unusually large toy express wagon which he had bought at some forgotten auction long ago.

"Jest a minute," she murrured, as Abe would have hastened on to the gate. She bent her proud head and kissed with furlike, half-ashamed passion a fluffy white spray of the bridal-wreath. Now overtopping the husband's silk hat, the shrub had not come so high as his knee when they two had planted it nearly a half-century ago.

"You're mine!" Angy's heart cried out to the shrub and to every growing thing in the garden. "You're mine. I planted you, tended you, loved you into growing. You're all the children I ever had, and I'm leaving you." But the old wife did not pluck a single flower, for she could never bear to see a blossom wither in her hand while all she said aloud was: "I'm glad twas Mis' Holmes that bought in the house. They say she's a great hand ter dig in the garden."

Angy's voice faltered. Abe did not answer. Something had caused a swimming before his eyes which he did not wish his wife to see; so he let fall the handle of the express wagon and, bending his slow back, plucked a sprig of "old-man." Though he could not have expressed his sentiments in words, the garden brought poignant recollections of the hopes and promises which had thrown their rose color about the young days of his marriage. His hopes had never blossomed into fulfillment. His promises to the little wife had been choked by the weeds of his own inefficiency.

Worse than this, the bursting into bloom of seeds of selfish recklessness in himself was what had turned the garden of their life into an arid waste. And now, in their dry and withered old age, he and Angy were being torn up by the roots, flung as so much rubbish by the roadside.

"Mother, I be dreadfully sorry ter take yew away from your posies," muttered Abraham as he arose with his green sprig in his hand.

With shaking fingers, Angy sought a pin hidden beneath her basque. "Father, shall I pin yer 'old-man' in yer buttonhole?" she quavered. Then as he stooped for her to arrange the posy, she whispered: "I wouldn't care, 'cept for what folks must say. Le's hurry before any one sees us. I told everybody that we wasn't a-gwine ter break up till tomorrow mornin'."

Fortunately, there was a way across lots to the Old Ladies' home, an un-frequented by-path over a field and through a bit of woodland, which would bring the couple almost unobserved to a side gate.

Under ordinary circumstances Angelina would never have taken this path; for it exposed her carefully patched and newly polished shoes to scratches, her fragile, worn silk skirt and stiff, white petticoat to brambles. Moreover, the dragging of the loaded little wagon was more difficult here for Abraham. But they both preferred the narrower, rougher way to facing the curious eyes of all Shoreville now, the pitying windows of the village street.

As the couple came to the edge of the woodland, they turned with one accord and looked back for the last glimpse of the home. Blazing gold against the kitchen window flamed the afternoon sunlight.

"Look a' that!" Angy cried eagerly, as one who beholds a promise in the skies. "Jest see, father, we couldn't 'a' made out that winter thin fur all of the sun hadn't struck it jest so. I declare it seems almost as of we could see the rocker, tew. It's tew bad, Abe, that we had ter let yer old rocker go. 'Dey yew remember?" she laid her hand on his arm, and lifted her gaze, growing clouded and wistful, to his face. "When we bought the chair, we thought mebbe some day I'd be rocking a little baby in it. 'Twas then, yew ricollect, we sorta got in the habit of callin' each other 'father' an' 'mother.' I wonder if the young uns had come—"

"Le's hurry," interrupted Abe, almost gruffly. "Le's hurry."

They stumbled forward with bowed heads in silence, until of a sudden they were startled by a surprised hall of recognition, and looked up to find themselves confronted by a bent and gray old man, a village character, a harmless, slightly demented public charge known as "Ishmael" or "Captain Rover."

"Whar yew goin', Cap'n Rose?"

The old couple had drawn back at the sight of the gentle vagabond, and Angy clutched at her husband's arm, her heart contracting at the thought that he, too, had become a pauper.

"I'm a-takin' my wife ter Jine the old ladies over ther ter the hum," Abe answered, and would have passed on, shrinking from the sight of himself as reflected in poor Ishmael.

But the "innocent" placed himself in their path.

"Yew ain't a-goin' ter Jine 'em tew?" he bantered.

Abe forced a laugh to his lips in response.

"No, no; I'm goin' over ter Yaphank ter board the county."

Again the couple would have passed on, their faces flushed, their eyes lowered, had not Ishmael flung out one hand to detain them while he plunged the other hurriedly into his pocket.

"Here." He drew out a meager handful of nickels and pennies, his vacant smile grown wistful. "Here, take it, Cap'n Rose. It's all I got. I can't count it myself, but yew can. Don't yew think it's enough ter set yew up in business, so yew won't have ter go to the poorhouse? The poorhouse is a bad place. I was ther last winter. I don't like the poorhouse."

He rambled on of the poorhouse, Angy panting for breath, one hand against the smothering pain at her heart, was trying, with the other, to drag "father" along. "Father" was shaking his head at Ishmael, at the proffered nickels and pennies—shaking his head and choking. At length he found his voice, and was able to smile at his would-be benefactor with even the ghost of a twinkle in his eye.

"Much obliged, Cap'n Rover; but yew keep yer money for terbacy. I ain't so high-toned as yew. I'll take real comfort at the poorhouse. S'long."

Ishmael went on his way muttering to himself, unhappily jingling his rejected alms; while Angy and Abe resumed their journey.

As they came to the gate of the Old Ladies' home Angy seized hold of her husband's arm and looking up into his face pleaded earnestly:

"Father, let's take the hundred dollars for a family tombstun an' go ter the poorhouse tergerther."

He shook her off almost roughly and lifted the latch of the gate.

"Folks 'd say we was crazy, mother."

There was no one in sight as he dragged in the express cart and laid down the handle. Before he was a long, clean-swept path ending apparently in a mass of shrubbery; to the left was a field of sweet corn reaching to the hedge; to the right a strong and sturdy growth of pole lima beans; and just within the entrance, beneath the sweeping plumes of a weeping willow tree, was a shabby but inviting green bench.

Abe's glance wandered from the bench to his wife's face. Angy could not lift her eyes to him; with bowed head she was latching and unlatching the gate through which he must pass. He looked at the sun and thoughtfully made reckon of the time. There were still two hours before he could take the train which—

"Let's go set down a spell afore—" he faltered—"afore we say good-by."

She made no answer. She told herself over and over that she must—simply must—stop that "all-of-a-tremble" feeling which was going on inside of her. She stepped from the gate to the bench blindly, with Abe's hand on her arm, though, still, blindly, with exaggerated care she placed his carpetbag on the grass beside her.

He laid down his cane, took off his high hat and wiped his brow. He looked at her anxiously. Still she could not lift her blurred eyes, nor could she check her trembling.

Seeing how she shook, he passed his arm around her shoulder. He murmured something—what neither he nor she knew—but the love of his youth spoke in the murmur, and again fell the silence.

Angy's eyes cleared. She struggled to speak, aghast at the thought that life itself might be done before they could have one hour together again; but no words came. So much—so much to say! She reached out her hand to where his rested upon her knee. Their fingers gripped, and each felt a sense of dreary cheer to know that the touch was speaking what the tongue could not utter.

Time passed, swiftly. The silent hour sped on. The young blades of corn gossiped gently

IS YOUR HOUSE OVER-RUN WITH ANTS?

Read the Following Simple Method of Exterminating This Plague.

A house overrun with ants is not a pleasant proposition, but it is not the serious matter that it used to be. There was a time when it was practically impossible to rid a house of ants. Now, however, it is a comparatively simple matter.

This is due to the fact that a paste has been discovered which appears to have an almost supernatural power over ants. It not only drives them out of a house or store immediately, but keeps them out afterward. Thousands of enthusiastic testimonial evidence as to its efficiency.

This remedy is being put up for general use under the name of Kellogg's Ant Paste and can be obtained at all druggists. It is the little sentinel which will guard your house against ants. Try a package today and be convinced.—(Advt.)

Lost Curls Are Found.

In a picture show at a Madison street theater one evening a little girl and her mother were seated near me. A comic picture was on, showing a lady "making up" with paint, powder, false hair, etc. The climax came when the interested little girl cried out: "Oh, mamma, there's the curls you lost at Aunt Bell's party. Where do you 'spose she found 'em?"—Chicago Tribune.

Doctors and Drugs.

A large number of physicians are themselves addicted to the use of morphine. This is no wonder, considering the strenuous life they lead, and the fact that they are continually handling the drug. Conscientious physicians have for some time past refused to administer it, but then, what was the use, while there were so many others willing to do so?

Arsenic Not Fatal to Birds.

Investigations by government scientists show that the spraying of trees with preparations of arsenic to eliminate the gypsy moth is not necessarily fatal to birds. The scarcity of birds in regions where much spraying is done can be explained by the fact that the spraying diminishes the supply of insect food and the birds are obliged to seek it elsewhere.

Such Is Fate.

"He had braved a thousand dangers in the land of savage strangers, war and famine, fire and tempest, epidemics and the rest." (This was in metrical form in the London Chronicle.) "But yesterday at five (and it's lucky he's alive), he was hurt in a collision with a boy on roller skates."

Newer If Not Better.

"Can't you use a less hackneyed expression than 'He hiked for the tall and uncult timber?'" asked the editor. "Well," said the young reporter, "I might say 'He beat it to the forest reserves, where the weeping willows have never had their eyeglasses trimmed.'"

Too Much to Imagine.

Reason why men are never sponsons at launchings is they couldn't be induced to waste a bottle of champagne on a vessel's prow.

FREE ADVICE TO SICK WOMEN

Thousands Have Been Helped By Common Sense Suggestions.

Women suffering from any form of female ills are invited to communicate promptly with the woman's private correspondence department of the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence. A woman can freely talk of her private illness to a woman; thus has been established a confidential correspondence which has extended over many years and which has never been broken. Never have they published a testimonial or used a letter without the written consent of the writer, and never has the Company allowed these confidential letters to get out of their possession, as the hundreds of thousands of them in their files will attest.

Out of the vast volume of experience which they have to draw from, it is more than possible that they possess the very knowledge needed in your case. Nothing is asked in return except your good will, and their advice has helped thousands. Surely any woman, rich or poor, should be glad to take advantage of this generous offer of assistance. Address Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., (confidential) Lynn, Mass.

Every woman ought to have Lydia E. Pinkham's 80-page Text Book. It is not a book for general distribution, as it is too expensive. It is free and only obtainable by mail. Write for it today.

ONCE A RIVER VALLEY

PROCESS OF FORMATION OF BAY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

Not Always the Magnificent Land-locked Harbor That It Is Today—Report Made by the Geological Survey.

Few people in viewing the Bay of San Francisco think of it as other than a magnificent land-locked harbor about which has grown the commercial metropolis of the Pacific coast of the United States. Yet this harbor did not always exist, according to a report on the geology of the region recently published by the United States geological survey, for at one time through the depression now occupied by the bay ran a great river that drained the Sacramento and San Joaquin valleys.

This river probably flowed between the Tiburon peninsula and Angel Island, and then through the gorge of the Golden Gate, where at present the greatest depth of water is 400 feet. After the river valley was formed the coast slowly sank and the ocean entered through the Golden Gate, flooded the valley, and formed the present bay.

Thus the valley occupied by the bay is really not so very different from Santa Clara and Santa Rosa valleys and should the Pacific coast sink a few hundred feet lower, those fertile valleys would form great additions to the present bay.

But the change from a river valley to a bay happened very slowly, for even great earthquakes as a rule do not move large areas of the earth more than a few inches, and it is likely to be thousands of years before the outlines of the present bay are greatly changed by nature.

The region is particularly interesting, for it is one of the newest parts of our continent. Some of the rocks belong to the geological period known as the Jurassic, but many of them are much younger and were laid down on the floor of the ocean long after the Appalachian mountains were formed.

Although these rocks are relatively young, yet they are hundreds of thousands of years old and have been raised out of the sea and tilted until in places they stand nearly on end.

The forces which have raised these rocks and have folded and broken them are still active, yet their effects are so gradually accomplished that for the most part they are inappreciable in a generation or even in several centuries. Sometimes, however, their effect is more apparent, as for instance when they cause earthquakes. Earthquakes are due to slight movements along what geologists call "faults," which are really broken places in the earth's crust where the rocks on one side of the break or crack move past those on the other side. Some of these faults may be traced for miles—not, of course, as open cracks, for to anyone but a close observer the rocks seem as unbroken in most places along the fault lines as they do in any other part of the region.

Most of these breaks are fortunately old, and it is to be hoped that movement along them has ceased, but two are alive, and along one of these occurred the movements that resulted in the earthquake of April, 1906. Only once in several generations are serious earthquakes to be expected.

War Aids Jap Woolen Industry.

The army clothing orders received in Japan since the outbreak of war have stimulated the flagging ambition to make Japan a great wool manufacturing country. The Mainichi (Osaka), points out truly enough how the industry had subdivided itself in Europe, where England, Germany and Austria each had its own specialties and manipulated the fiber in different stages of manufacture. Seeing that Australia is the great country for the supply of the raw material, the Osaka paper thinks it would be much more rational for Japan to receive the wool and manipulate it in all stages before it was passed on to Europe than it is for it to go round to Europe and then come out to Japan in the manufactured state. It therefore exhorts the Japanese manufacturers to put the necessary energy into the task of building up a trade which European competitors will not be able to take away again after the war.—Japan Chronicle.

This Happened in New York.

"No spik English," gesticulated Hafz with rising excitement, looking rather wildly about for an interpreter, down at the Seamen's Church institute on South street. Arab translators are not frequent about the institute, and the man behind the desk down in the savings department was distinctly mystified, says the Lookout.

"He won't take this money; it's interest on the gold he deposited with us a year ago," he explained at last to a glittering-eyed man from Bagdad who finally came to the rescue.

"Oh, no, he can't. Mohammedans—they can't—any of them. It is against their religion to take interest. Hafz, he very good, very devout," protested the interpreter. And Hafz went away, virtuously content.

Homes for the War-Stricken.

Lumbermen in British Columbia have been asked to bid on a contract for 500,000,000 feet of lumber to be used in constructing 100,000 two-room houses in northern France. The houses are to be built at government expense for those whose property was destroyed in war.

MRS. WADHAM'S SCURE

Her Failure as a Matchmaker Sent her Blue Book to the Fire.

By WILLIS STRONG. (Copyright, 1915, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

The sea flashed in the sunlight and Mrs. James Wadham blinked her eyes and turned them toward the cooling green of the golf links.

Her glance sharpened as she recognized his husband's portly form. His face flamed with heat and his white clothes looked limp. Over one shoulder a bag of clubs sagged heavily. "I wonder who that man is—he looks like the one who arrived this morning; I wonder if Edith—" Her thoughts became chaotic as her husband came up the steps and sank into a chair beside her.

"Blistering hot, Meg," he puffed, mopping his brow.

"Who is that man, Jim?" she asked.

"What man?" he stared.

"The one you crossed the links with—the tall man with fair hair."

"Oh—that's Denway."

"One of the Denways?" she demanded, wide-eyed.

He nodded carelessly.

"One of the Denway twins, I believe."

"Which one?"

"Search me! I didn't ask him. Seems to me I heard someone call him Cecil."

"Cecil Denway!" Meg Wadham grew pink with excitement. Her black eyes flashed.

Her husband recognized the signs, and smiled inwardly.

"They've got all kinds of money," he egged her on.

"I know it—Jim, I've been thinking of Edith—you know she is too good for the best man on earth!"

"Right—for that reason she'll probably marry some good-for-nothing scamp who will expect me to support them both. I'm so sure of it that I'm setting aside a certain sum of money for the purpose."

Edith had been missing all afternoon and Cecil Denway had moaned around the plazas, reading the papers and yawning in a bored way. He didn't seem a bit interested when Mrs. Wadham cornered him and began to talk about Edith.

It was in the midst of a maternal eulogy of the sweetest daughter in the world that Mr. Denway leaped from his seat with a word of apology and rushed down the steps to meet a large motor car.

From the motor car descended a very pretty woman, who was ardently embraced by Cecil Denway. She was followed by four charming children and a French nurse.

"His sister-in-law, Mrs. Reggie, I presume?" said Mrs. Wadham to her nearest neighbor.

But that dowager only smiled wistfully.

"Oh, no, his wife. She was one of the Evans girls. Reggie isn't married yet, though his engagement has just been announced. He's been spending the summer in Europe, you know."

Mrs. Wadham didn't know—she felt in that instant that she didn't know anything. Never again would she trust that false prophet, the blue book.

Her husband discovered her in their sitting room, the fat book open on her lap. The page of Denways was blotted with tears.

"My dear," he said, gently, "Edith is outside—with Dick Ainslee. They want to marry each other; I'm going to boost Dick and—I told Edith that of course you wanted her to marry the man she loved."

"Of course I do!" Mrs. Wadham smiled through her tears. "Tell them to come right in—and Jim—just throw this book in the fire!"

And she gave her husband the prized blue book.

Why should she keep it when Edith had flouted the social register and was marrying the man she loved?

"I'm very glad after all," she sighed, and she meant it.

Growing Spirit of Thrift.

There is a growing tendency on the part of the people everywhere to be more thrifty, to save more and to husband their financial resources as they never did before. This quality is being preached from the pulpit, in every schoolhouse and in every well-regulated newspaper, the country over. It is developing a characteristic in people for which they will be the better off, more independent, more self-reliant, more sturdy and more resourceful.

The tendency is among the best signs of the times. A factor in this education is the newspaper advertisements of various banks appearing in the columns of the press of the country. These are causing the people to be more thrifty, to save more and to husband their financial resources as they never did before. This quality is being preached from the pulpit, in every schoolhouse and in every well-regulated newspaper, the country over. It is developing a characteristic in people for which they will be the better off, more independent, more self-reliant, more sturdy and more resourceful.

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With Edith married to Cecil Denway she would be a relative by marriage to the Countess Spatico, a triumph indeed over the old acquaintances who looked askance upon Meg Wadham's social ambitions.

Her husband's voice broke in on her thoughts.

"I saw Dick Ainslee this morning and asked him what he was doing down here. Said he was private secretary to Denham."

Mrs. Wadham shrugged impatiently. "It does seem as though Dick Ainslee was always appearing in the most unexpected places. It will be very disagreeable for him, when Edith marries Mr. Denway to occupy a menial position in her household."

James Wadham grinned broadly. "I did not tell his wife that when he had recognized Dick Ainslee on a beach a few hours ago Edith had been with him. The memory of Edith's face as she looked at Dick sealed her father's lips. But he could not help saying with a little sigh:

"Money isn't everything, my dear. We used to be mighty happy before I struck oil."

"We're happy now," insisted Mrs. Wadham, sternly. Not for worlds would she have her husband suspect that she ever yearned for those old days in the middle Western town when their modest cottage was the social center and the Ladies' Aid society her highest form of social aspiration.

"Those days you never had time for golf."

"Didn't know what it was," he confessed airily. "I didn't have to play

to work off my superfluous flesh. I wasn't fat—I worked too hard."

Mrs. Wadham was silent. She was gazing in rapt delight at the approaching form of Mr. Denway.

There were those at the Harbor hotel who watched Mrs. Wadham's game with ill-concealed amusement. There were others—Edith, and Denway himself—who suffered from her constant supervision—her scheme to thrust Edith upon his notice.

Edith herself was in a state of revolt, but after a whispered conversation with her father the old smile came back to her face and her eyes shone.

If it was just a game—why, it was time that dear, foolish mother was checkmated.

So Edith danced and rode and golfer and boated with the rich Mr. Denway—it proved to be Cecil—and Mrs. Wadham nodded and smiled and scribbled long lists and even surreptitiously ordered a few articles for Edith's trousseau. James Wadham whistled when he received the bills.

But, as Mrs. Wadham assured her husband, the sister-in-law of a countess must be properly attired.

"But, my dear," he feebly objected, "I don't believe Edith really loves the man!"

"I don't see how any sensible girl could help loving a Denway," she retorted, and was afterward angry at the silly remark.

Just when her hopes were at pinacle point—they fell with a crash.

It all happened at once.

Edith had been missing all afternoon and Cecil Denway had moaned around the plazas, reading the papers and yawning in a bored way. He didn't seem a bit interested when Mrs. Wadham cornered him and began to talk about Edith.

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The Patagonia Commercial Company

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Physician for Three R Mine.
Visits Patagonia every Thursday.

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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 Dis-
trict, 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 no-
tices of location of which are
recorded in the mining records
of Santa Cruz county, Arizona.

The labor was performed and
improvements made in compli-
ance 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 there-
of, you fail or refuse to contrib-
ute your proportion of said ex-
penditure, 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 dol-
lars, being your interest in the
American 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

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Santa Cruz Patagonian

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H. P. GREENE - EDITOR AND LESSEE	J. B. PRICE - OWNER
Copper	18.00
Lead	4.90
Silver	47.00
Spelter	15.50

ELGIN

Miss Hughes arrived Monday
from Los Angeles and opened
school Tuesday. She says she
likes Arizona very much.

A daughter was born Wednes-
day to Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Mob-
ley. Both mother and child are
doing nicely.

Earl Turner, Wert Fenter and
little Misses Stella and Verna
Turner came over from Pantano
and spent the week-end with
Mrs. Barnett.

The sewing circle gave a so-
cial Tuesday in the new school
house in honor of Miss Hughes,
the new school teacher.

Mr. Fisher was thrown from
his horse Monday and badly in-
jured. Very little hope is enter-
tained for his recovery.

John Yous was in town Mon-
day.

Robt. Slaughter went through
Elgin Tuesday on his way to the
county seat.

The sewing circle meets every
second Saturday at the home of
Mrs. W. H. Collie.

Miss Dixie Collie left Saturday
for Nogales, where she will teach
this winter.

The Rain Valley teacher passed
through Elgin last Saturday and
opened school Monday.

Mrs. Emulu Irvine went to
Nogales Monday evening on her
way to San Francisco to visit the
exposition.

SAN RAFAEL

Mrs. C. F. Young and sister,
Mrs. A. L. Kinsley were in Patagonia
on business Tuesday.

Mrs. Frank Burleson of Phoenix
arrived in the valley Wednesday
evening for a visit with her sister,
Mrs. W. D. Parker.

W. D. Parker went to Patagonia
Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben Wilson vis-
ited relatives and friends in Parker
Canyon Wednesday of last week.

James Jones of Parker Canyon
was in Nogales on business last
Friday and Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Williamson
and three daughters, J. D. Brown
and Harry Frier visited at Duquesne
Thursday.

Mrs. B. Baldwin, Clyde Baldwin
and Miss Loretta Lawless made a trip to Patagonia yesterday.

Mrs. C. W. Young, mother of
Mrs. J. M. Harris, arrived in
Patagonia last Friday evening,
accompanied by Master Junior
Harris, the young son of Dr. and
Mrs. Harris, who has been visiting
with his grandparents in Clifton while his parents were
touring California and seeing
the sights at the San Francisco
and San Diego expositions.

BUY YOUR GROCERIES

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per cent.

Freight prepaid to Patagonia, Elgin
and intermediate points.

Price List sent on application.

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WE ARE THAT HOUSE in this community.

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G. Mignardot, Accountant
L. Brauer, Sec.
C. Rivera, Cashier.

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Nogales, Arizona

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Fresh Beef and Pork.
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Prices Lowest Consistent with Quality
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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

"Mr. Barnes of Arizona"
W. E. Barnes, traveling freight
and passenger agent of South-
ern Pacific Co., spent Friday in
Patagonia. Not only does Mr.
Barnes give the business of his
company careful attention, but
he seeks in every way to pro-
mote the welfare of the com-
munities served by it. He is an
interesting writer upon the history
and resources of the Southwest,
his articles being given wide
publicity. Mr. Barnes is giving
industrial conditions profound
study. He regards Patagonia
as one of the most prom-
ising districts in the state and
predicts a great increase in min-
ing operations.

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 dis-
posal 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.

James Brash was in from his
fruit ranch east of town yester-
day and left some fine Bartlett
pears at The Patagonian office.
Mr. Brash raises excellent fruit.

Capt. John H. Cady, the
intrepid pioneer, who recently
wrote "Arizona Yesterday," an
account of the captain's career,
visited Nogales and Tucson this
week in the interest of the book.