

orevice in a large gigantic boulder. It is proposed to send it to the World's Fair.

In eight days the twin sons of W. J. Smith, aged fourteen years, of Salmon creek, Martin county, with the assistance of their dogs, killed five coons, two wildcats, one fox and one coyote, securing the latter after a twenty-mile chase.

An effort is being made to organize an artillery company at Ch'co. More than the requisite legal number of men have signed a petition for its formation, pledging themselves to serve in the company when it is instituted.

Petitions are being circulated and extensively signed at Deming, N. M., remonstrating against the passage of the bill now pending in the legislature requiring insurance companies to deposit \$15,000 as a requirement to do business in the territory.

AN ENGLISH journal furnishes the interesting information that "Isdies at the theater in America take off their hats and use them as fans." The writer is probably a student of equity and was controlled in the foregoing by the rule that whatever ought to be done is presumed to be done.

Stockmen who are fondly proclaiming that there is no longer any money to be made raising stock should sell out, quit business, and give place to men who will say the business, properly followed, is as profitable as it ever was, and who will make their words come true.—*Phoenix (Arizona) Gazette.*

THE REAL friends of Mrs. Maybrick, the American woman serving a life sentence in an English prison for poisoning her husband, ought to bribe, persuade or compel Gail Hamilton to cease her misdirected efforts in the convict's behalf. Her latest letter to Mr. Gladstone is almost insane in its impudence.

It is currently reported in Silver City, New Mexico, that two employees on the ranch of Head & Hearst, in the Animas valley, which is about sixty miles in a southwesterly direction from Deming, were killed by Indians. Nothing has been heard of the killing here and the report is considered a canard.

The directors of the Linda Vista Irrigation district, California, on Saturday, opened bids for the purchase of \$840,000 worth of bonds. There was only one bid. It was from Wade & Cooper, representing one of the largest syndicates of bond buyers in the United States, and was an offer of ninety cents on the dollar. It was accepted.

The sentiment of the people is in favor of immediate statehood for Arizona, and if it is not secured the blame will rest with those politicians who can only hope for place or preferment through their friends at Washington. The people's choice will not fall upon them, and they know it, and hence they do what they can to thwart the people's will.—*Arizona Enterprise.*

A report has reached town, says the Prescott, (Ariz.) *Courier*, that John B. Jones, of Chaparral gulch, had made another strike of rich ore while doing assessment work on one of his many claims. An assay of the ore shows a value of \$728.41 gold and \$6.48 silver

per ton. This makes the fourth working mine in the Jones group, which is proving a bonanza.

The number of sheep shorn in Arizona during the past year was not less than 800,000 head, producing 5,400,000 pounds of wool, which including the marketing of 100,000 wethers, made a cash income from the sheep industry for the year, not less than \$1,000,000, a ten percent earning on \$10,000,000, the value of the sheep industry of the territory.

Charles J. Fox, a prominent citizen of San Diego and largely interested in the proposed road between San Diego and Phoenix, has addressed a large and enthusiastic audience at the Southern Pacific Hotel. He said that the citizens of Phoenix had subscribed heartily to the scheme and hoped that Yuma would do the same, and outlined the advantage that would accrue from such a railroad.

The budding roses, the roses in full bloom, and the tender shoots of all kinds of vegetation now in Yuma goes to show that spring time is near at hand, and a season of remarkable earliness in this locality says the *Sentinel*. The lazy lizzard has already come out to sun himself, and the ant is busy renovating his nest, all of which points towards the early melting of snow, the new leaves of verdure and high streams of water, to which our section is so much indebted for its many blessings.

Altogether about one hundred people connected with the boundary survey are now at Yuma, Ariz., says the *Times* of that place. The commissioners have their offices in the quartermaster's warehouse and the employees are accommodated in about thirty tents. The old corral is again alive with government mules. Not in many years has the reservation presented such a lively appearance. Another wagon train is on the road from Tucson, which comprises the remainder of the American part of the commission.

Colonel C. F. Crocker, first vice-president of the Southern Pacific Company has arrived at San Antonio, Texas, from Durango, Mexico, accompanied by General Manager Kruschmitt of the same company. They went for a tour of inspection over the San Antonio and Aransas Pass system, accompanied by C. B. Peck, assistant general manager of the latter road. Colonel Crocker stated that the formal transfer of the Aransas Pass road to the Southern Pacific Company would take place in a few days. He is well pleased with the Mexican International road, and says that the Durango extension of that line is already doing good business.

The railroad conspiracy is creating no end of excitement in Las Vegas, N. M. It has been understood for two years or more that a systematic effort of robbery was in progress on the Atchison road. For the last three months six detectives have been in the city and on the road. They finally ran down the whole thing. So far only Conductor Norman and brakeman R. D. Salisbury and George Bunting have been arrested. They are in jail. Gorman is most deeply implicated and he is expected to "equal" on the others. Fireman

Arthur Mounts is badly compromised. He gave a lot of goods to his step-mother, who came up from Albuquerque to testify against him. He could not tell where he got the goods, the storekeepers mentioned by him declaring that they never had and consequently never sold such goods. There are all sorts of rumors about different dealers in town being compromised by the finding of stolen goods in their possession, but these reports have not been found to be correct.

## AN INTELLIGENT PONY.

(From our Dumb Animals.)

Mrs. Daniel M. Moulton, of Jamaica Plain, owns and drives the most intelligent Shetland pony it has ever been our good fortune to see. On entering the barn we were formally introduced to this prince of pets, when the following bit of by-play took place between mistress and pony.

"Dick, these ladies do not belong here; put them out!" Dick came stamping toward us with his mane erect, seeming determined to protect his home from invasion.

"That will do; now come back, and show them your pretty face." Dick walked demurely to his mistress, side, turned around, and peeped shyly through his forelocks.

"There is one side of your neck very handsome; show it to the ladies." Turning his head, he exhibited a large, pure white spot, which he seemed extremely proud of.

"Now, what is mistress proud of when she goes to ride?" Turning completely around, he lashed his long black tail back and forth in a very decided manner.

"Dear me! Where's my handkerchief?" Down went Dick's nose to her pocket; and with his teeth he drew out the missing article, gently placing it in the lady's hand.

"If you would like some oats you must speak for them." A long, sharp neigh was his answer, when he was supplied with the article wanted.

"And now," said our hostess, "you must let me drive you up to Dick's birthplace, so you can see how well he remembers his old home."

Dick's sire and dam were imported from Shetland by a lawyer named Austin, from whom his present owner purchased him. As soon as he struck the road he started into a rapid trot, and it was really amusing to see the little fellow strain and pull, trying to pass every team upon the road.

Of his own accord he turned up the broad carriage-drive leading to his former home, stopped in front of each door, listened, looked up at the windows, vainly trying to see some familiar face; and when at last he reached a level green where a portion of his babyhood had been spent, he looked anxiously over it, neighed long and mournfully, then walked towards the road.

Dick is ten years old, weighs five hundred pounds, is of a dark chestnut color bordering on black, with a black mane, and tail that sweeps the ground, and he knows no more the use of a whip than as though one had never been made.

Happy little Dick! May the loving hearts of those who care for you never stop beating while you live!