THE ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC.

What the Arizona Saints are Doing to Improve the Country.

The Atlantic and Pacific railway, extending west from Albuquerque, the most populous town of New Mexico, to California, is a standard gauge, well equipped road, and is well patronized by the traveling public. From the genial, courteous treatment accorded to travelers by all the persons connected with the road, at least so far as I met them, from Mr. F. T. Berry, of the general freight and passenger department, down to the conductor and trainman, and not less so because of the very interesting country which the road traverses, I should say that it fully deserves the patronage it receives. Unusually fine opportunities are afforded travelers for viewing the villages and fields of those most interesting Pueblo Indians, the Yaletas, Laguna and Zuni, all of which are situated near the line. It was too early in the morning when we passed Yaleta to find many of the Indians astir, but when we reached Laguna traders from the village, mostly squaws, were soon beside the train trying to dispose of various articles of southwestern native manufacture. Some of these squaws spoke very good English, having spent four years at a school in Pennsylvania, and all of them appeared to possess considerable natural intelligence. The principal village of the Zuni is situated some distance south of the railway, but smaller villages and isolated houses are scattered along what is known as the Zuni Wash, on the bank of which the railroad wagon-tracks, wherever there is a piece of land susceptible of being cultivated and water sufficient to irrigate it, be obstructed from the meagre stream that dribbles down through the rough, broken, volcanic rock which fills the bottom of the hollow for miles beneath what has evidently been at some time in the misty past an active center. In the vicinity numerous pools of water of various sizes are found which serve as breeding places for innumerable wild ducks and a favorite resort for sportsmen. Cattle in immense numbers are seen on either side of the road as the journey westward progresses and occasionally Navajo Indians riding the range, and in almost every instance with a red cloth around their heads.

On reaching Holbrook I was more than pleased at finding my old time friends Joseph Fish and Edwin Webb, in charge of a large branch store of the Arizona Co-op. Mercantile Institution, the former as superintendent and the latter as secretary. I learned from these brethren that the three stores with which they are connected, the other two being situated at Woodruff and Snowflake, sell goods during the year to the value of $100,000, the Holbrook store, which is chiefly supported by stockmen, cowboys, Indians and residents of localities more or less distant who go to Holbrook to receive freight, doing much the greater part of the business. No inconsiderable amount of their trade seems to be in Navajo blankets, of which a large quantity embracing samples of all grades and varying in price from $3.50 to $35 was in stock. They usually sell them to dealers in the east who retail them as curiosities. Specimens of partially woven blankets were also exhibited with loom attached which are intended to illustrate, to those who are sufficiently curious to examine, the process by which they are manufactured. I have witnessed in France the operation of manufacturing the famous Gobelin tapestry at which artist operatives are employed who devote their whole lives to the work, and on examining the process in vogue among the Navajoes, some of whom are evidently real artists in their line, I was struck with the similarity of the two.

On visiting St. Joseph, twelve miles from Holbrook, to the northwest, I found the fields and gardens in a painfully dried up condition owing to the recurrence last February of the almost annual calamity of having the dam in the Little Colorado by which the water is turned into their canal, being washed away by the flood. The indomitable perseverance and unyielding faith displayed by Stake Counselor J. H. Richards, Bishop John Bushman, John McLaws, Jr., the Porter brothers and the few other residents of this place is almost superhuman and commanded my highest admiration. Without any more indication of discouragement than so many patient ants would display while building the mound of sand that serves them as a home after it had been demolished by the careless or malicious tread of some animal of a higher order, so many times as the St. Joseph dam has been washed away, these courageous brethren were found working away like beavers to replace it at a cost of $600 and in the face of a strong process of an early freshet which if it came before the work is completed, would doubtless carry the whole structure away and swell their loss by these disasters to the enormous sum of $50,000.

At Woodruff, twelve miles southwest of Holbrook, I found a similar condition of things prevailing with the same conquerable spirits, including my old friends Stake Counselor L. H. Hatch and J. C. Owens and a few others of like courage "holding the fort" and working away to put in their dam across the river for the seventh time, which when finished, as they hope to have it soon, will swell the amount expended by them in this structure and its six predecessors to the sum of $54,000.

I learned here with pleasure that the last session of the Arizona legislature appropriated $1500 towards the building of this dam from which the building is realized $[illegible] when converted to available pay. A most generous spirit had also been manifested by the Saints in the other settlements of this stake in gratuitously sending men and teams lately to assist their brethren in the two stricken settlements mentioned in rebuilding their dams.

C. C. L.

TAYLOR, Apache county, Ariz., June 29th, 1891.

Size—It's disgusting to see people so demonstrative in public places. Who's that man across the street, who kisses his wife and lets on the door-step when he leaves every morning? He—That's Dobbins, who writes cynical paragraphs on matrimony.

A PICTURESQUE FIGHT.

ALMOST ANOTHER GETTYSBURG THAT CAME ONE YEAR EARLIER.

Malvern Hill, on James River, Where McClellan Defeated His Match in a New Boss, Proved a Slaughter Pen to the Confederates.

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BITTER disappointment for the Confederates over the result of the battle of Malvern Hill, on James river, July 1, 1862, was most natural when the circumstances. As things looked to them a day or two before the battle, on that fatal day had hopes of a decisive victory over McClellan's moving army as soon as it should be found in the open, and when they learned, on the night of the 30th of June and morning of July 1, that it had come to a stand with its back to the river, and as far their own lines failed, the prize seemed already within their grasp. When, however, the southern generals reached the conclusion that it was the strongest one McClellan couldn't be expected from his position by direct attack, even if their loss of thousands should be sacrificed to the last man. The first description of Malvern Hill was carried to the Confederate headquarter, Robert E. Lee, by one, D. H. Hill, and in giving to his information the honor observed, "If Mac McClellan is there in force we had better let him alone."

Gen. Longstreet was present, and said forcibly to Hill, "Don't get scared now that you have got him whipped."

Lee apparently sympathized with Longstreet's view, for he ordered an attack, and Hill's division moved across Brand's.

By singular good fortune I saw the whole Union armament on Malvern Hill as it appeared from the enemy's lines about an hour before the battle opened, and I remember distinctly two thoughts suggested to my mind. One was that I would be happy to get inside of our lines on that hill as soon as possible, and the other that the Confederates would find the place a slaughter pen should they attempt the same feat.

Our division had been in the rear guard the previous day, June 30, defending the crossing at White Oak Swamp, and had held on until midnight. Between 3 a. m. and daylight on the 1st we had marched toward the James river on parallel roads with Lee's troops, and we climbed up the sloping garden on to Malvern Hill just ahead of the enemy, as then the preparations made to receive them were complete for our reception. For a mile before we reached the front line on the slope every exposed spot in the road, and, so far as we could see, in the adjoining fields, was covered by our cannon. The line was a semi-circle, resting on James river on one side and on a swamp and creek on the other, and every commanding knoll was crowned with cannon, and most only for a mile or two by the Confederates, across open fields or here slopes, where the range of our rifles and artillery would be unobstructed.

The most exposed positions were occupied by Miscll's and McCall's divisions of Fitz John Porter's Fifth corps and by Couch's division of Keyes' Fourth corps. Porter's corps had made a desperate fight at Mechanicsville and Gaines' Mill, June 27 and 27, the same as on the "Seven Days'" battles, but had been spared during the subsequent engagements to be fresh on the closing day of the series. Couch's division was fresh, but all the other troops of our army had seen hard work marching and fighting night and day for a week. Couch's division occupied the right of the line, and in front of it the ground was cut up by numerous deep ravines a quarter of a mile distant. The eight regiments in a strong solid Western Bus and could not be naked turned.

Porter's two divisions occupied Couch's Hill on the extreme left of McClellan's line. The positions held by both Porter and Couch had been selected on the 30th by Porter, who, in anticipation of what he had appointed to lead on this last day of battle as he had done on the fields of June 26 and 27, before Richmond. McClellan examined the positions shortly before the Confederates opened the attack, and approved of them, and as fast as the remaining troops—the corps of Sumner, Franklin and Heintzelman—reached the field they were placed in reserve. By 10 o'clock the hill had the appearance of a vast amphitheater lined from pit to crest with rows of cannon, interspersed with battalion after battalion of men, whose bayonets glistened in the bright summer sun.

Lee gave the honor of leading the attack to the brigade of Gen. Lewis A. Armistead, whose soldier career was ended in Pickett's will charge at Gettysburg a year later. Armistead's was to be the first of nine brigades of "Prince" Magruder's command that would assault Porter's division on the left of Couch's Hill, simultaneously Gen. D. H. Hill's division of five brigades was to assault Couch's position on the direct front, while Whiting's division, of Sumner and Jackson's corps, would make a flank attack on Couch's right.

The whole movement was to be preceded by a vigorous cannonading by the Confederate batteries, and he was the idea that the Union guns, Armistead first, then Magruder's entire command on the right, Hill in the center and Whiting on the left, were to rush forward to the assault. The moment the batteries attempted to do the work assigned them it was found that McClellan's line was not merely a line of military specimens, but an army open for the hottest work of war.

The first Confederate battery that attempted to play its first part on the generous was knocked to pieces in a few minutes. In order to reach near enough to our lines to the execution, the cavalry or artillery had to advance along some of the narrow lanes or roads that threaded the slopes and reached on Lee's front. These lanes as I before stated were commanded by our cannon, and as soon as the first of a Confederate battery appeared it could be knocked to pieces. Two batteries that attempted to get into position in front of Armistead were quickly disabled, and a third lost a team and 2 horses before getting its guns in place, and in two hours' time had 11 men and 9 horses and had to retire. Armistead drove away our sharpshooters and pickets on his front, and vainly attempted to get his brigade to clear the ravine for a charge, as ordered.

Meanwhile Hill had similar experience with his artillery. The first battery that showed itself on his front was knocked to pieces in two minutes, and others coming up singly shared the same fate. About 3 o'clock, however, the battle-cloud broke over on the line of Magruder, and proximity is to be a signal ordered an advance. The Alabama brigade, led for the first time by Col. Gracie, moved out from the woods, pushed on to within 200 yards of our lines, and had cost 400 men out of 1,000 in one charge. The Third Alabama had 300 out of 350. Six another brigade were then drawn into engagement, and the seventh carried off only a portion of the staff, the flag being literally shot to pieces. It was impossible for men to live in the face of the fire concentrated there now. Our artillery delivered their shots with coolness and precision as shot and shell, and after the first time at least no ammunition reserves were put in. Although the Army of the Potomac had fought and marched day and night for a week, the last half its whole strength of infantry, there was no lack of ardor in this, the closing fight.

The loss to our infantry were so small and weak the enemy, but they could hardly be restrained from advancing when the Confederates fell back from each bloody repulse. In one instance a whole Palmer's Union brigade upon Gorman's brigade of Hill, the rebels of the Fourteenth North Carolina was captured by the Thirty-sixth Illinois Vol.

On the other flank at Cox's Hill the result was the same. After vain efforts for hours to get his batteries to work Magruder, in desperation, ordered a charge on the opposing batteries. Armistead, with his troops already well in advanced the whole Confederate army, partly swung his cap in the air and dashed forward, followed even by the brigades of Wright and Semmes.

IT FORGOT TO THE SIDE.

Wright's brigade, 1,000 strong, the leader while his cap passed on his glittering blade, pressed on into the teeth of Porter's men on Cox's Hill, and wheeling, reached the rear of the Union left. Its intention is, they note the Portsmouth New York will indeed and were repulsed with heavy loss. With a remnant of only 300 Wright swung on to the left of Hill's line, and Porter's cannon until dark. Semmes' brigade advanced against the angle between Wright and Armistead and was repulsed with loss, three of our guns the around the buildings of the Cox farm. Armistead's men charged six times upon the deadly battery in vicinity of the house, and lost 400 of their corps. One of his regiments, the Thirty-eighth Virginia, has its color-sergeant and 3 sergeants killed, and 3 sergeants severely wounded, so each time it went up the falling colors. Finally the intrepid colonel seized the staff and was wounded, and a captain who succeeded to them was soon hit by three balls. The colonel was seized the staff, but it was knocked from its hand and shattered, and the flag was sought by the wounded color-sergeant and carried through the fight, flying from a bayonet. So finally was the fire on this point, on the Confederates, in their desperation made herculean efforts to dislodge us.

On this field, also, Confederate during had its match. There were the Forty-fourth New York, Eighty-seventh Pennsylvania, and the Eighty-third Pennsylvania, two regiments then afterward joined the storm of Little Round Top at Gettysburg and held it gallantly to the finish on a year ago. The Eighty-third had lost 41 killed at Gaines' Mill, June 27, and now suffered a further loss of 38 dead. The Forty-fourth and Eighty-third charged twice upon the advancing enemy and captured a regimental flag. The Forty-fourth had forty color-bearers killed, and lost 200 in killed, wounded and missing. Although twice severely wounded, refused to give up the staff until he could do so to the colonel who had intrusted it to him. Another soldier of this regiment was almost during a part of the fight on special duty, and when the command was relieved after emptying its cartridge boxes, he refused to be relieved because he had a few shots left. In the ranks of the Sixty-ninth Irish regiment he fought on until his empty box exhibited his very last cartridge in the rear.

The world reads volumes about the glorious achievements of the Army of the Potomac in after years, but the story of those battles of 1862 show that it was during Lee days that the fame was forged that shattered the grand armament of the Confederacy in 1864. Malvern Hill was fought on our side by every soldier, many of the men having had no food for twenty-four to thirty-six hours, and then only a scant allowance of water. Fortunately their wants were relieved, when the supply transports unloaded into James river by McClellan on June 28, in anticipation of his change of base, and filled their stores into the laps of the heroic soldiery.

The Confederate loss at Malvern Hill was about 4,000 killed and wounded. This swelled their casualties lost during the "Seven Days" to 15,000 against the Union loss of about 8,000.

Lee was fairly outwitted by his boyish opponent, for he should have known that McClellan was leading for James river and seized Malvern Hill ahead of him. As it turned out, Malvern Hill served to the Army of the Potomac a new base with gunboat co-operation and free water communication with the north.

Rebuking a Greedy Client.

A Philadelphia lawyer, now dead, who had a national reputation, having been honored with high positions of trust both at Washington and Harrisburg, was famous for his tremendous charges. One day a client for whom he had collected $1,500 called at his office to receive the money, and the lawyer handed him a check for $900. The client looked at it and remarked that the lawyer must have made a mistake, and had given him the check which he meant to keep for his fee. "Let me look at the check," said the attorney, and glancing over it he declared that it was all right and no mistake had been made. The client kicked against a fee of $1,400 for collecting $1,500.

"Oh, well, if you want to be a hog about it take that," said the man of laws impatiently, and he wrote out another check. This was for $150, and with that the client had to be content, the lawyer pocketing $1,200.—Philadelphia Times.

ONE KISS BEFORE PARTING.

The Request of a Mysterious Admirer Attended by a Young Shopgirl.

A lady of fashion had been loitering for nearly an hour in a fashionable music shop recently. She had purchased a copy of nearly every piece of music that had a sentimental title, and had sent out to her carriage a whole portmanteau full of "love"—going through every mood of the feeling, past, present, or future—and was following their example when she paused upon the step as if meditating whether she should take it or some other step that was evidently turning itself over in her mind.

The shopman, who had been somewhat moved by the tender tone of voice in which she had asked him, "Will then love on then as now?" waited for with an anxiety that betrayed itself by pausing in the adjustment of his shirt collar and the arrangement of his hair. Suddenly the lady seemed resolved, as it with one bound she cleared the pavement, and, breathless, pale, her auburn ringlets fluttering in the wind, stood once more before the admiring shopman.

"I had nearly forgotten," she said, in a voice that seemed to sail her blushing words, "Dear dear! I cannot tell where my head is today! I come back to ask you if you should"—here she paused, as she take new courage, while the trembling shopman posted his two thumbs elegantly on the mahogany counter and bent his body longingly forward—"to ask you to be kind enough to give me one kiss before parting."

"Of a-a-a-a-m!" exclaimed the astonished shopman.

"I want you," repeated the mortified shopman, "to let me have one kiss before parting."

She raised her beautiful blue eyes full upon him, and met them boldly and unblushingly. She then, without to try any emotion, repeated her question, adding, as calmly as possible, "If you cannot give it to me now, I will call some other time."

He could doubt no longer. Springing over the counter, he seized hold of the lady's full form and then and there gave the kiss which she so earnestly begged for previous to departure. To his great astonishment the only return the lady gave was a box on the ears. This was followed by a volley of blows dealt by her parasol over his head, which was accompanied with an equal number of shrieks that never terminated till the police came into the shop.

The affair was carried to the nearest police court, but was soon dismissed upon its being explained that "One Kiss Before Parting" was the name of a song which the unsophisticated shopman, blindly guess from his native Bilds, had never heard of before.—Sheffield Telegraph.

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DELINQUENT NOTICE.

Lake City Mining Financial Exchange of Salt Lake City, Utah, Office of Secretary, Salt Lake City, Utah, June 1, 1891.

NOTICE.—THESE ARE DELINQUENT on shares of no assessment of Ten Cents per share, and unless on or before the 20th day of June, 1891, shall be sold at public auction, to the highest bidder, at the office of the Secretary, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Name.	Certificate	No. of Shares.	Amount.	Date.
J. J. Hunt	[illegible]	[illegible]	$ [illegible]	[illegible]
John Bryant	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
C. W. Bryant	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
J. F. Robinson	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
" "	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
E. E. Pepper	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
S. H. Parkhurst	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
H. E. Dennis Jr.	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
E. F. La Grange	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
E. C. Bier	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
" "	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
" "	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
" "	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
" "	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
" "	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
J. H. Grant	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
David Burnham	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
A. J. Wilson	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
" "	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
" "	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
" "	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
" "	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
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