

The Argus

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Volume I.

HOLBROOK, ARIZONA, THURSDAY, MAY 17, 1896.

Number 23.

THE RAILROADS.

Atlantic & Pacific R. R. Co.

TIME TABLE.

EASTWARD.		WESTWARD.	
No. 4 No. 2	STATIONS.	No. 1 No. 3	No. 4 No. 2
8:30a	Chicago	10:00p	6:00p
9:00a	Kansas City	1:35p	9:10a
9:30a	Denver	7:00p	4:40p
10:00a	Albuquerque	3:00p	12:10p
4:00a	Wingate	8:25a	4:50p
4:30a	Gallup	9:10a	5:20p
12:20a	Holbrook	12:30p	5:50p
11:00a	Winslow	12:55p	9:10p
11:00a	Flagstaff	4:20p	11:20p
6:30p	Williams	6:00p	12:45a
4:00p	Ash Fork	7:40p	1:45a
12:20p	Kingman	1:55a	5:45a
10:00a	Needles	4:40a	7:50a
8:30a	Blacks	12:25a	9:20a
4:30a	Barstow	11:45a	1:40p
3:20a	Ar. Harrow	12:15p	2:10p
10:00a	Ar. Mojave	6:00p	
10:00p	Ar. Los Angeles	6:40p	6:00p
2:00p	Ar. San Diego	10:10p	
5:30p	Ar. San Fran. Co	10:40a	

Train No. 3, westbound, and train No. 4, eastbound, are fast limited trains, carrying first-class passengers only and equipped with Pullman's latest and most elegant sleeping cars, reclining chair cars, with an attendant to look after the passengers' comfort and new dining cars through without change between Los Angeles and Chicago.

In addition to the regular daily equipment, a luxurious compartment sleeping car, containing two elegant rooms and seven family rooms will be attached to No. 4, leaving Los Angeles on Tuesdays and Chicago on Wednesdays of each week.

Trains Nos. 1 and 2 carry Pullman Palace sleeping cars through without change between Chicago and San Francisco, with an annex car between Barstow and Los Angeles. Pullman Tourist sleeping cars through without change between Chicago and Los Angeles every day; twice a week between Los Angeles and St. Paul; once a week between Los Angeles and St. Louis and Boston.

SUMMER OR WINTER.
The Santa Fe Route is the most comfortable railway between California and the East. The Grand Canyon of the Colorado can be reached in no other way.

The meals at Harvey Dining Rooms are an excellent feature of the line, and are only equaled by those served on the new Dining Cars which are carried on all limited trains.

Gen'l Pass. Agent, Albuquerque, N. M. H. C. BUSH.
Asst. Gen'l Pass. Agent, San Francisco, Cal. C. W. SMITH.
Receiver and Gen'l Manager.

S. F., P. & P. Railroad.

TIME TABLE No. 15.

In effect December 25, at 12:05 a. m.

SOUTH PA'S		NORTH PA'S	
No. 31 No. 1	STATIONS.	No. 2 No. 32	No. 2 No. 32
2:00p	7:00a	1:30p	12:10p
2:30p	7:30a	5:05p	11:57a
3:00p	8:00a	4:40p	11:48a
3:30p	8:30a	4:15p	11:39a
4:00p	9:00a	4:00p	11:30a
4:30p	9:30a	3:45p	11:21a
5:00p	10:00a	3:30p	11:12a
5:30p	10:30a	3:15p	11:03a
		3:00p	10:54a
		2:45p	10:45a
		2:30p	10:36a
		2:15p	10:27a
		2:00p	10:18a
		1:45p	10:09a
		1:30p	10:00a
		1:15p	9:51a
		1:00p	9:42a
		12:45p	9:33a
		12:30p	9:24a
		12:15p	9:15a
		12:00p	9:06a
		11:45p	8:57a
		11:30p	8:48a
		11:15p	8:39a
		11:00p	8:30a
		10:45p	8:21a
		10:30p	8:12a
		10:15p	8:03a
		10:00p	7:54a
		9:45p	7:45a

Trains Nos. 31 and 32 run on alternate days. Information as to what days each will run will be furnished by agents on application.

No. 1 makes connections at Ash Fork with A. & P. vestibule limited No. 2 from the east. This is the finest train west of Chicago. No. 2 also connects with A. & P. No. 2 from the west.

Persons desiring to stay over at Ash Fork will find the best of accommodations at Fred Harvey's hotel.

No. 2 makes close connection at Ash Fork with A. & P. trains Nos. 1 and 4. A. & P. No. 1 reaches San Francisco 10:45 a. m. on Mondays.

A. & P. No. 4 is a vestibule train throughout, lighted with kerosene, dining car running through, Los Angeles to Chicago. Dining cars under the management of Fred Harvey, with his unexcelled service, care and attention to his guests.

Nos. 1 and 2 connect at Jerome Junction with trains of U. V. & P. R. for Jerome.

Connecting at Prescott with stage lines for all principal mining camps; at Congress with stage lines for Harqua Hala, Station and Yarnell; at Phenix with the Maricopa & Phoenix R. R. for points on the S. P. R.

This line is the best route to the Great Salt River Valley. For information regarding this valley and the rich mining section tributary to this road, address any Santa Fe Route representative or:

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PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
HOLBROOK, ARIZONA.

REMINISCENCES.

Personal Experiences and Recollections of Arizona, During The Past Thirty-Three Years.

"Franklin's Hole"—When and by Whom Discovered and Named, and Other Matters Incidental Thereto.

BY A. F. BANTA.

CHAPTER I.

Twenty miles southwest of Winslow, in Navajo county, Arizona, is the biggest hole in the ground, the writer ever looked into. Locally this celebrated "hole" is called "coon mountain," and as it is not a mountain at all, but simply an immense hole in the ground; to say the least, the name "coon mountain," is the rankest sort of nonsense. There are people however, endowed with so little "gray matter," in their simian skulls that are so adopedated as to think this sort of thing wit; whereas, it indicates a paucity of simple ideas.

This "hole" is an enigma to the scientists who have visited it; each propounding his pet theory as to its origin. It appears that many "tender-feet" are totally ignorant of its name and of its discovery; and some of whom are so conceited as to proclaim themselves to be the original discoverer. This sort of egotism is on a par with that exhibited by John Mass some years since. In 1882, John Mass was the General Passenger and Freight Agent for the Atlantic and Pacific railroad,

with his headquarters at Albuquerque, New Mexico. Mr. Mass got the notion into his head that he would launch out as an explorer, and by "exploring" something, send his name thundering down the ages along with that of Marco Polo. But to do this, he was obliged to leave Albuquerque and he did so, going out to Winslow, then the end of the A. & P. track at that time. After making the acquaintance of the natives of Winslow, he organized and fully equipped an expedition, which was to equal in fame, if not to eclipse, those of Park, Baker, or of Stanley. Leaving Winslow one bright Sunday morning, the expedition headed south by southeast; and after innumerable hardships, which are incidental to all intrepid explorers, the weary and almost famished travelers reached an immense cañon. Being unable to cross the cañon, the expedition pitched camp on its northwest bank. The intrepid leader of the expedition, walked to the edge of the cañon and looked down into it and as he gazed into its depths, thought to himself: "Here is fame with some to spare; I will proclaim myself the discoverer and name it, Clerk Creek." This being accomplished the travel-worn party made an "about face," and began its tiresome march back to civilization and the "busy haunts of man." Reaching Winslow in due time, Mr. Mass immediately returned to Albuquerque, where, through the columns of the Albuquerque Journal his great discovery was proclaimed to an astonished world. For a minute detail of the expedition, etc. etc., see old files of the Albuquerque Journal.

I will now proceed to examine with the X Ray this wonderful discovery (?) of John Mass. In 1863, this so called "clear creek" was known as the Big Dry Fork of the Little Colorado; yet still farther back, in the year 1853, it was then designated on the maps as the Big Dry Fork. Still farther back in 1847, it was then known as the Big Dry Fork; and to sum up, it with other points and places were named by a couple of French Trappers—LeRue and Chevlon—as far back as 1837. So much for John Mass and his discovery. By-the-way, the stream putting into the Little Colorado at or a little above the village of Woodruff, is named on the old maps of this country, Chevlon's Fork of the Little Colorado, and the Butte near to Woodruff was also named Chevlon's Butte.

To end this digression and resume my narrative—the settlement of the question of the true "name" and "discovery" of this "hole" in the ground, is the object of this short reminiscence article.

During the year 1873, or rather a part of that year, the writer was employed by the United States government, in the capacity of scout and guide for the Wheeler Expedition. The object of this "expedition" was explorations west of the 100th Meridian.

The Wheeler Expedition was subdivided into four parties, to-wit: Party No. 1, was under the immediate charge of Lieutenant Wheeler, the chief of the expedition; party No. 2, was in charge of a Lieutenant Russell; party No. 3 was in charge of a Mr. Clett, Lieut. Wheeler's chief clerk; and party No. 4, was commanded by Lieutenant Hoxie.

No. 3 was simply a "supply" or relief party, and its camps were "our base of supplies." Lieutenant Hoxie, with party No. 4 operated from the north, beginning in southern Utah and working southward into Arizona.

Parties one, two and three, rendezvoused at a point three or four miles northwest from Ft. Wingate; from this point the expedition made its start on the 3rd day of July, 1873. For sometime prior to and at the time I joined the Wheeler exploring expedition near Ft. Wingate, N. M., I lived with the Zuñi Indians, and by them was formally adopted into that tribe in the spring of 1866; and being so adopted with some formality and much lecturing upon my future conduct and religious (Zuñi) duties, was given the Indian name—Too-loosh-too-loo. The Zuñi village is situated about 45 miles in a south-westerly direction from Wingate, and it was here a special courier from Lieutenant Wheeler found me, bearing a letter from that officer requesting, if convenient to do so, an interview at his camp; the courier who was a U. S. Cavalry soldier, also brought a note from Lieutenant Fountain the A. A. Q. M. at Ft. Wingate, in which my friend Fountain urged me to "grant the interview as a personal favor to him" (Lt. Fountain), even if I did not join the outfit, in explorations west of the 100th meridian. To gratify my friend Fountain, and to pay the post another visit, I saddled my pony for the trip. No sooner did my friends the Zuñis hear of my proposed trip, than first one then another wanted me to make diverse purchases for them at the post—one desired a pane of glass, another two yards of Manta, and still another a skein of red yarn, etc. etc., to at least a dozen commissions. In their childlike simplicity, these "commissions" were perfectly natural; and knowing that any one of them, had I asked it, would have carried a single pane of glass in his hands from Santa Fe, N. M., to Zuñi; therefore, it was a pleasure to execute all their simple commissions they had intrusted to me. Reaching Ft. Wingate the first thing I did was to make the Indian purchases; the next to call upon Lieut. Fountain, who then and there persuaded me to ride out to Wheeler's camp. Suffice to say I went to the rendezvous, saw Wheeler and his corpse of scientists, was engaged for the service at \$100 per month and "found." Told Lieutenant Wheeler that I must first return to Zuñi in order to deliver my "commissions," to this he demurred by saying: "O, never mind the Indians let them go, it makes no difference about them." I said it made a deal of difference to me, and I should return to the village if no explorations were ever made west of the 100th meridian.

Party No.2, Lieutenant Russell in charge, and to which the writer was assigned by Lieutenant Wheeler, had orders to take in the country as far west as the Moqui villages of Hualpi and Tegua; thence south across the desierto pintado (painted desert), and to strike the Little Colorado at what is now called the Cascades or perhaps the Black Falls.

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MID-OCEAN RESCUE.

Perils of Saving Drowning Persons at Sea.

Many Lives Often Risked to Save One—Stirring Incident of a Trip Across the Atlantic—A Would-Be Suicide.

Much imperiling of life is demanded in the mid-ocean rescue of a drowning man, and such an incident always furnishes intense dramatic interest for a spectator. Baron de Malortie, in a recent interesting work, recalls an exciting scene he witnessed years ago, while crossing the Atlantic. The ship was several days out, when one afternoon he was idly lounging about on the upper deck. Suddenly, he says, I saw a man approach the bulwark. He threw overboard some objects—we learned afterward that they were his Bible and a rosary—and followed them with a header into the foaming sea.

"Man overboard!" I cried, but the storm covered my voice, and I rushed up to the bridge to call the attention of the officer on duty to the accident. Stop! Half-speed astern, and orders for the lowering of the boat were the affairs of a minute or two.

"Volunteers to man the boat!" shouted a young midshipman, cutting a lifeboat from the davits.

Ten men came forward for every one wanted, and, selecting four of the most powerful tars, the middy was lowering the boat when a young doctor, quickly pocketing a flask of brandy for a restorative, let himself down one of the ropes and reached the boat as a monumental wave was dashing over it.

The men pulled with a will, and the gallant little nutshell fought bravely up and down the mountains of angry waters. As to the suicide, he was far astern and only from time to time could we see the something like a human form emerge on the top of a white-crested wave.

Oh, the anxiety with which we watched both the boat and its goal! Disappearing altogether at moments, when we feared we had seen the last of these noble fellows, another gigantic wave would toss them up again like a cork. It was exciting in the extreme. But the boat was gaining; nearer and nearer it came, while we were slowly following in its wake.

There! the doctor throws a lifebelt. They are only some yards off now. But no, a cruel wave has tossed them past the object of their tremendous efforts. There, they are throwing round her nose; they are tacking; the middy has passed the rudder to an old quartermaster, and, armed with boathooks, he and the doctor stand ready for action.

Another second and the lifebelt is hooked; the man is grasping it desperately; but he has no strength left; there he slips—all is lost, just at the critical moment.

But who is that jumping overboard? Three cheers for the brave man—it's the doctor! But he, too, disappears. Are there to be two victims instead of one? No, no! And there—hurrah!—there is the doctor, his precious burden before him.

The men pull like mad to reach the two ere they sink again. The gallant young middy is watching for the right moment. More lifebelts are thrown. They help the doctor to keep above water; another pull and the boathook has done its duty, and while two of the men stick to the oars, the others are busy dragging rescuer and rescued on board.

The long cold bath, the fright and the proximity of death had wonderfully sobered the would-be suicide, whom remorse for a drunken spree had driven to this mad freak. It did not require many restoratives to bring him to, and two hours later he had an opportunity of recapitulating his adventures in dire solitude, having been condemned to be kept in irons for the rest of the voyage, a well-deserved punishment for exposing six valuable lives, the lives of six heroes indeed, in this perilous venture.

—Montreal Star.

How the Nose Works.

In ordinary respiration the nose recognizes only pronounced odors, since the filaments of the olfactory nerve are distributed only in the upper third of the lining membrane of its fossae, and in ordinary breathing the air passes directly through the upper half of these cavities. Hence a modified respiratory effort—a quick, forced respiration or "sniff"—is usually necessary in order to bring air carrying odoriferous particles to the olfactory nerve endings. Nevertheless, whenever air mixed with odorous gases and noxious particles is inhaled through the nose during a few successive ordinary respirations, the olfactory sense is awakened to a knowledge of their presence through the law of diffusion of gases, in virtue of which the odorous particles are conveyed to the superior fossae of the nose and hence to the terminal filaments of the olfactory nerve. Thus to a certain extent the sense of smell is preservative of health.—Dietetic and